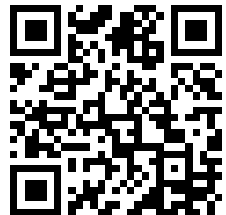
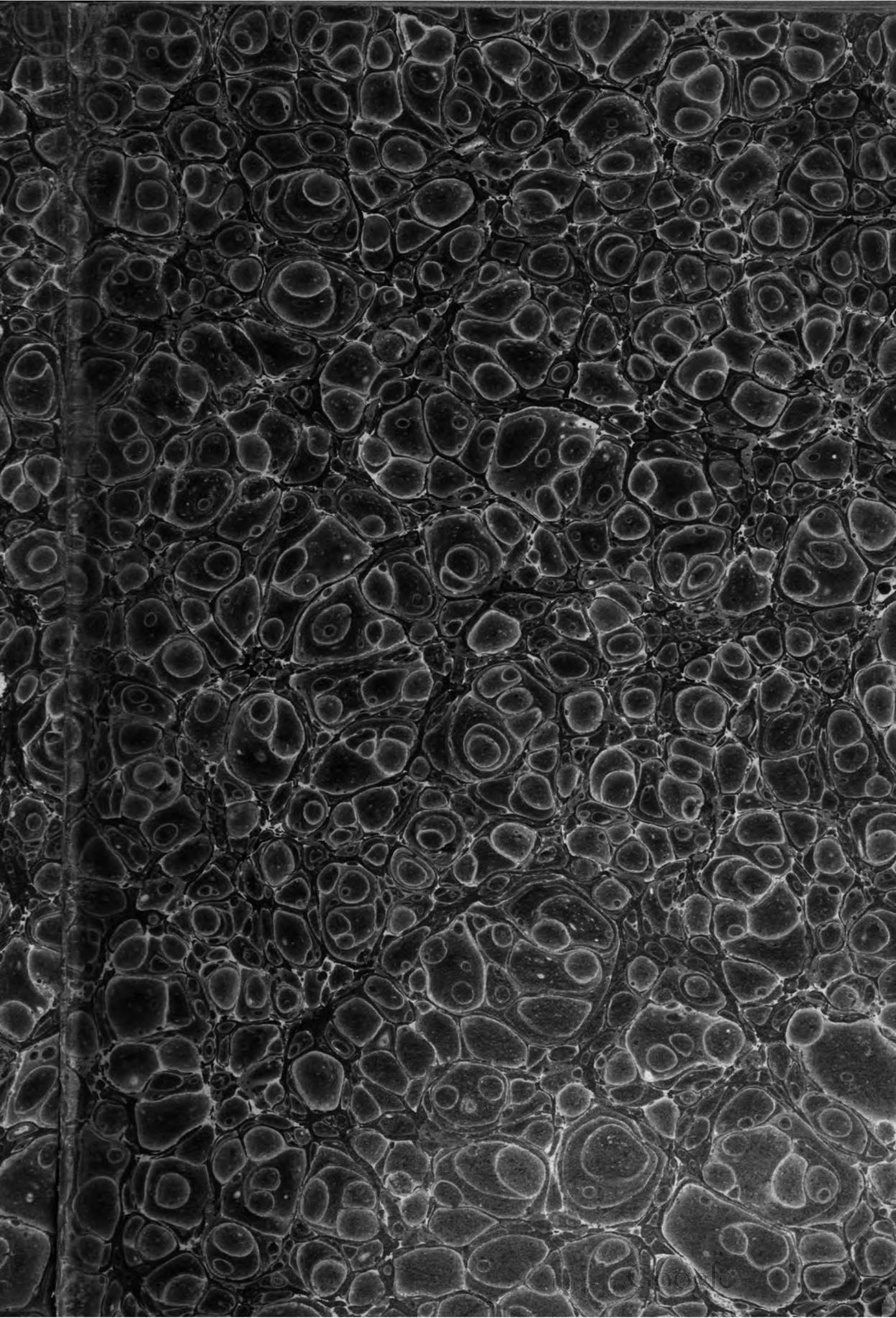

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THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED NEWS

No. 1.—Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1849.

{ ONE PENNY.
POST FREE, 2d.

TO OUR READERS.



THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED NEWS! Yes, after mature consideration, this is the Title we have selected for our Literary and Pictorial Offspring which we this day introduce to a Patronising Public.

In the first place, we say "PENNY," because cheapness is now the irresistible order of the day, and by thus fixing the lowest price upon a superior article, we anticipate a most unprecedented circulation to reward our labors, and enable us, as we promise to do, to vie with works of a far higher price, the cost of which keeps them from the masses, and confines their sphere to the wealthy and the great. In truth, as regards price, we hope to astonish

as well as gratify all our readers.

Secondly—touching the "ILLUSTRATED" idea of our undertaking, we can only say, that whatever can be achieved by the pencil of the artist and the burin of the engraver, shall be performed by us. Everything portrayed in our pages as a resemblance shall be one in reality—

artistic talent of the highest order is ranged under our banner: and it will ever be our constant study to present superbly-executed *original* engravings of whatever topic may be occupying public attention—whether in the shape of New Inventions, or New Exhibitions, Popular Works or Portraits of Eminent Persons, Buildings, Fêtes by land or water—in short, we shall touch upon and illustrate everything worthy of Pictorial notice. With regard to the latter part of our Title, which promises "News," we cannot hold out any hope to the Police-report-devourer, or to the "Dreadful-Murder"-perusing portion of the community; all that, we are quite willing to leave to the columns of the terrible Threepennies and Sixpennies, which weekly promise a full share of horrors to their purchasers.

In this portion of our labors the public must be aware that we meet with an insurmountable barrier in the shape of the Stamp Act; but the only stamp we shall have to do with, will be the Postage Stamp, which will convey our "News" Post free for Twopence, to the limits of Her Majesty's dominions.

Our News will be Family News, News of a moral, intellectual, and instructive character; a summary of everything that is novel, useful, and clever, and which is best suited to impart knowledge, amusement, and information.

Thus, then, we launch our *petite* Pictorial upon the waves of Public opinion, trusting it will have a long career of progress and utility.



COUNT BATTYANY.



LOUIS KOSSUTH.

1 MAY 1968

LIBRARY

HUNGARIAN PATRIOTS.

LOUIS COUNT BATTHYANY was born in 1809, and was consequently in his 40th year at the time of his execution in Pesth, on the 6th inst. Some style him the "Ney" of the Hungarian revolution; while others designate him the "Hampton" of it. Louis Batthyany was not taken with arms in his hands; he had no part in the violent acts of the late Hungarian government. He was duly constituted Austrian Prime Minister of Hungary up to December, 1848, when he voluntarily presented himself in the camp of Prince Windischgratz, at Buda, to make a last effort of reconciliation; yet he was arrested, detained in close confinement in Austria, and only taken back to Pesth to be hung or shot. Such an act of perfidy and deliberate revenge throws a mass of odium on the whole government of Austria. "We are at a loss," says the *Times*, "to recall a single instance in the worst of times in which governments, the most bloody and the most absolute, dared to perform such an act of horror on such a man, and by such means." Even the grace of decapitation or being shot, of dying the death awarded for capital offences to the nobleman or the soldier, was savagely refused. That a Batthyany should be strung up like a common felon, was a vengeance full of relish to the Austrian government. The execution was postponed till night, to add peculiar horror to the atrocity. Batthyany scorned to beg his life, but he recoiled with indignant loathing from the gallows. The only mercy he asked was a less shameful death. When he knew that even this mitigation of his sentence would be denied, he made use of a small poinard which was given him by an attendant, to lacerate his throat. The wounds he thus inflicted prevented him from being hanged, and the execution was effected by powder and lead.

LOUIS KOSSUTH, the subject of our second engraving, is in his 47th year. His father was a small landholder of the noble class. He was educated in a protestant college, and adopted the profession of an advocate. In 1822 he became a representative in the Hungarian Diet. It is said, that at the commencement of the proceedings of this Diet, Kossuth once attempted to speak, but hesitated and broke down. About this time he established a journal; his attacks on the Austrian system of government in Hungary led to his arrest for high treason, of which charge he was convicted, and sentenced to four years' imprisonment in the fortress of Ofen. But the irritated state of the public mind in Hungary, induced the Austrians to grant a general amnesty for political offences, when Kossuth was liberated in 1841, after two years' detention, amid the acclamations of the populace. Soon after his liberation he married a lady of a noble family. From this period commenced an agitation, under his auspices, which led to an open rupture between Hungary and Austria in 1848, when he was appointed Dictator, which post he occupied with the greatest credit until he ceded his authority, through the force of circumstances, to General Georgey, whose infamous treachery immediately after ruined the cause of Hungary, and compelled Kossuth and his associates to seek safety in flight. He is now a prisoner in the Turkish fortress of Widdin.

SNOW HUTS OF THE ESQUIMAUX.

At the present time when the uncertainty of the safety of Sir John Franklin and his brave companions is engaging a great portion of the public attention, it may not be considered out of place to refer, in a brief manner, to the scene of their perils; and at the same time, delineate the dwellings and habits of the natives themselves.

For this purpose, we have introduced the subjoined engraving, representing a group of snow huts, the common residences of the hardy Esquimaux. These snow houses are generally erected near the banks of a river, and their construction is commenced by tracing out a circle of about 4 yards in diameter. The snow in the interior circle is then separated with a broad knife into slabs 3 feet long, 6 inches thick, and 2 feet deep, being the thickness of the layer of snow. These slabs are then piled upon each other like pieces of hewn stone, around the circle previously

described. During the erection of these snow walls, care is taken to give each slab a slight inclination inwards, which gradually closes in the roof, as the walls are raised, in a dome shape. The summit of the hut is about 8 feet, and the last aperture is closed in by a small conical-shaped slab of snow. These huts are built up from within, and each slab is so cut that it retains its position without requiring any support, until another slab is placed beside it.

When the entire building is covered in, a little loose snow is thrown over it to close up every aperture, and a low door or hole is cut in the walls. A bed is next formed, and neatly faced up with snow slabs; it is then covered with skins, or if they can be had, thin layers of branches, to prevent the snow from being melted by the heat of the sleeper's body. A piece of thin transparent ice, let into a square opening near the roof, serves the inmates for a window.

The purity of the material of which these houses are constructed, and the translucency of the walls, give the whole a pleasing and light appearance, far superior to a marble building; and they may be surveyed with feelings similar to those produced by the contemplation of a Grecian temple, both being temples of art, inimitable in their kind.

While upon this subject, we take the opportunity of laying before our readers the following highly important extracts from the *Athenaeum*.

"THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—The extreme interest which has been felt by the public in the fate of the long-missing Arctic Expedition, has been strongly illustrated by the avidity with which the report of its ascertained existence in March last was received. Seizing eagerly on the asserted fulfilment of a long-deferred hope, the press at once announced the actual safety of Sir John Franklin and his party; and as news generally travels with the properties of an avalanche, swelling in importance with every step, many hours had not elapsed before the return of the Erebus and Terror in the course of the present month was spoken of as an almost certain event. For ourselves, we had misgivings, which we thought it right to hint at, even in that first moment of excitement;—and we have since, with the coolness which a week of reflection gives, set ourselves carefully to weigh the arguments for and against the trustworthiness of the evidence offered. We are bound to say, even for the sake of those whose disappointment will be sorest if disappointment there shall finally be, that this inquiry has yielded a result wholly unsatisfactory to ourselves.

"The following letter, from Mr. Robert Goodsir, who sailed in the *Advice*, whaler, in her recent passage to Lancaster Sound, in search of the missing expedition, will be found interesting.

"Off Cape Macculloch, Aug. 1, 1849.
"We this morning had what might have been considered as cheering intelligence of the expedition;—Mr. Parker, the master of the *True Love* of Hull, came on board to breakfast, and informed us that some Esquimaux, who had been on board the *Chieftain*, of Kirkcaldy, had sketched a Chart and pointed out to Mr. Kerr where both Sir John Franklin's and Sir James Ross's ships were lying,—the former being at Whaler Point, the latter at Port Jackson, at the entrance of Prince Regent's Inlet. Sir John Franklin had been beset in his present position for three winters. Sir James Ross had travelled in sledges from his own ships to Sir John Franklin's. They were all alive and well. The Esquimaux himself had been on board all the four ships three moons ago,—i.e. about the end of April or beginning of May. Mr. Parker seems confident as to the correctness of this information; and as his ship is nearly full, and he will proceed home very shortly, Mr. Kerr had given him the Chart which he said he intended to forward to the Admiralty, and to inform them of what he had learnt. All this was very pleasing intelligence; but when I began to consider, I soon saw much to throw doubt upon its correctness and authenticity. First, there was the extreme difficulty of extracting correct information of any kind from the Esquimaux, even by those best acquainted with their habits and language. A leading question they are sure to answer in the affirmative. Then, there is the great unlikelihood of Sir John Franklin being beset at a

spot so comparatively near to the constant resort of the whalers during the months of July and August—Pond's Bay and its neighbourhood—for three summers and three winters without sending down despatches to them by the light boats fitted on sledges.

"Doubts of the trustworthiness of the Esquimaux's report had already arisen in the minds of Mr. Goodsir and his companions:—nevertheless, with a spirit of enterprise, the Advice joined the Truelove in an attempt to reach Regent's Inlet for the solution of the question. Under the date of the 2nd of August, when off Cape Walter Bathurst, Mr. Goodsir writes—

"You may conceive how delighted I am to find the Advice now running rapidly into Lancaster Sound with a smart breeze, and one, too, likely to last. If there is only land ice in Navy Board and Admiralty Inlet we are sure to get whales.—which will justify the master in taking this step. Had the other vessels been poorly fished many of them would have made the attempt to run up the Sound;—as it is, none of them will now do it."

"Mr. Goodsir's hopes of getting through the Sound were not of long duration. On the 10th of August he writes from Navy Board Inlet:—

"Since I last wrote we have had such a series of gales and storms that I have been unable to put pen to paper. About 4 o'clock on Saturday morning the 4th, it came on to blow from the eastward with thick weather. We had little or no ice hitherto, and what we had seen was exceedingly light. Everything looked well, and we were very sanguine that we should be able to gain some intelligence of the Expedition. Before it came on thick we could make out what we took to be Prince Leopold's Island at the mouth of Prince Regent's Inlet, and the ice apparently stretching right across the Sound; but the thickness came on so rapidly and the gale increasing to a perfect hurricane, prevented us making out anything accurately."

"Thus baffled, the party were obliged to give up further search. This is so melancholy a view of the case, that we are glad to hear that an opposite one is entertained by those who may be considered the great Arctic authorities. We have caused inquiries to be made—and such is the result. Sir George Back, who has had great intercourse with the native Esquimaux, declares 'that he never knew an Indian or an Esquimaux tracing to fail; and after deliberately weighing all the information, he is of opinion that four ships answering to those composing the two Expeditions, were seen some time in the spring of this year by the Esquimaux; but whether in Prince Regent's Inlet, or to the westward of Boothia is uncertain.' Capt. Parry, Col. Sabine, and Admiral Beaufort, are all in favour of the truth of the Esquimaux report."

THE MILITARY CARRIAGE OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

Taken after the Battle of Waterloo.

NAPOLEON'S carriage, captured at Genappe, after the battle of Waterloo, will always be an object of considerable interest. This celebrated carriage, as no doubt most of our readers are aware, forms part of the very interesting exhibition of Madame Tussaud and Sons, at their Bazaar, in Baker Street, Portman Square, London. To prevent any doubt existing in the minds of the curious as to the authenticity of the carriage, it is stated, that it was sold by permission of the British government, to Mr. Bullock, late proprietor of the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. After being exhibited by this gentleman throughout the principal cities and towns in the United Kingdom, it changed hands two or three times, and was eventually purchased by Madame Tussaud, from Mr. Jeffreys, a respectable coach-maker in Gray's-Inn-road, in 1842. It was originally built in Brussels, in 1812, and carried the emperor to Moscow, in the disastrous expedition to Russia; it afterwards carried him to Dresden, and brought him back a second time to France. After the surrender of Paris, it bore him to the shores of the Mediterranean, and was shipped with him for Elba: it was the only vehicle Napoleon ever used there: it formed his only accommodation in his triumphant

journey to Paris, in his bold attempt to regain his throne. When he departed to join his armies in the North of France, the carriage again accompanied him, and in his political career terminated, in his flight from Waterloo!

Its construction and fitting-up is ingenuity itself. The exterior is in many respects like an old-fashioned English chariot, the colour is dark blue, and the imperial arms are on the panels of the doors. It has a lamp at each corner of the roof, and one at the back, which throws a strong light into the interior. The driver's seat is so placed as to prevent him from observing anything inside the carriage, and affords the persons within the opportunity of viewing the surrounding country. The panels are bullet-proof, the springs are of immense strength, and the wheels are also very powerfully made. The interior is so arranged as to form a kitchen, bed-room, a dressing-room, office, and eating-room. Beneath the driver's seat is a bedstead of polished steel; a small mahogany case, about 10 inches square, formed the writing desk of the emperor; the liquor case is also of mahogany, and contained two bottles, one of them has the rum in it still, which was found at the capture. There are also many small compartments for maps and telescopes, and on the ceiling is a net work for carrying travelling requisites. The doors have locks and bolts, which close with springs; and outside each window is a canvass blind for the purpose of excluding rain, snow, and observation.

Concerning the capture of this famed vehicle, a few words may not be out of place here. A body of Prussian troops, under the command of Major Von Keller, were in pursuit of the flying French on the night of the eventful 18th June, 1815. At the entrance of a small village, called Genappe, the Prussians fell in with the travelling carriage of Buonaparte, drawn by six horses. Major Von Keller having in vain ordered the postillion to halt, his troops attacked the carriage, and in the conflict the postillion and the two front horses were slain. The major then cut down the coachman, and forced open the door of the carriage. At the same moment he observed Buonaparte mounting a horse at the opposite side. In his haste, Napoleon let fall his hat, sword, and cloak, which were sent to Blucher the next morning. The Major then took possession of the carriage, and afterwards brought it to England himself. Diamonds to a very great amount were discovered in the carriage at the time of its capture; together with several services of gold and silver plate, bearing the imperial arms, and engraved with the favourite "N."

BOWLING ALLEYS.

THE annexed illustration will vividly pourtray to the reader's imagination the magnificent American Bowling Saloon lately opened in the Strand, near the Adelphi Theatre, for the purpose of introducing to the public of London the game of bowling as it is played in America. The game is in some respects similar to the common game of bowls. The alley in which the game is played consists of a narrow platform of timber, elevated three or four inches above the floor, along which the bowls are rolled by the players towards the pins, of which there are ten, set up in a triangular figure, the apex being nearest to the player. The bowls, after being delivered by the players, are returned by means of an inclined groove or channel in which they are placed by a boy who attends to set up the pins, and along which they roll to the top of the alley merely by their own weight. As an amusement requiring less physical power than the vulgar game of skittles, and possessing the attraction of bowls, in an elegantly fitted-up saloon, this game will unquestionably become popular in a city like London, where the opportunities for invigorating exercise are so rarely afforded to the inhabitants. The decorations of the interior are in the Louis Quatorze style, and have been executed with extraordinary taste: indeed, nothing can exceed the luxurious elegance which everywhere meets the eye—mirrors, candelabra, vases, rich carpets and couches, and costly furniture, form only a portion of the numerous accessories to quiet enjoyment or healthful exercise which this place affords.



ESQUIMAUX VILLAGE—(see page 2).

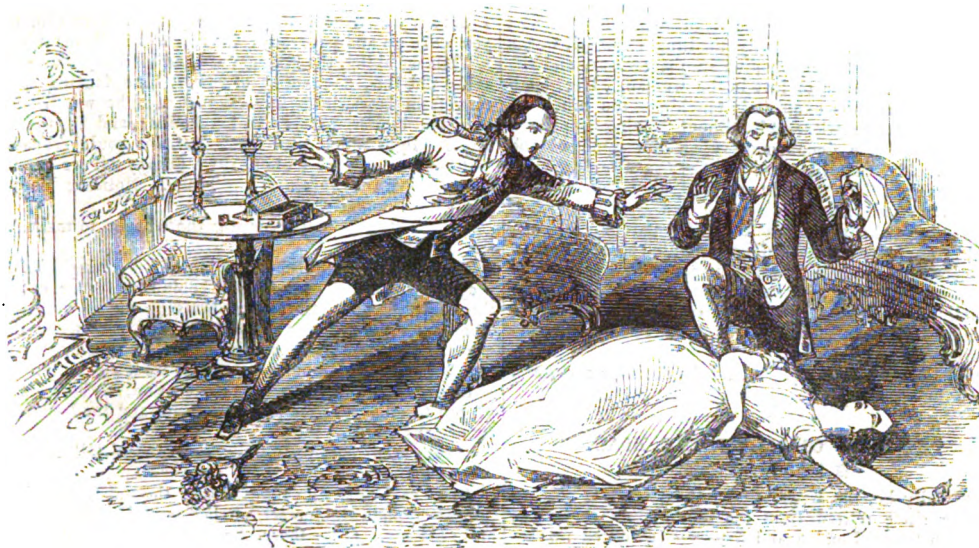
This said "Game of Bowls" is not so new to this country as may be at first imagined. It was known and practised by our forefathers, in the days of yore. We are told by Stowe, that Northumberland House, in the parish of St. Katherine Coleman, belonging to Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, being deserted by that nobleman in the 33rd year of King Henry VI.'s reign, the gardens were converted into "Bowling Alleys;" and in a letter to the Earl of Stafford, the writer (Mr. Gerrard) observes, "Since Spring Gardens was put down, we have by a servant of the Lord Chamberlain, a new Spring Gardens erected in the fields beyond the mense, where there is built

a fair house and two bowling alleys." The following document, dated August 4th, 1739, extracted from an old magazine, is also illustrative of the strong passion the ancients entertained for bowling. "Long Bowls.—A farmer of Croydon undertakes, for any sum by wager, to bowl a skittle ball from that town to London bridge, about 11 miles distant, in 500 times." Our Croydon farmer, it is stated, performed the feat in 445 bowls.

So much for the game of bowls. Those of our readers who may be curious enough to witness the game, will not find half-an-hour ill spent by a visit to the splendid establishment in the Strand.



THE AMERICAN BOWLING SALOOK



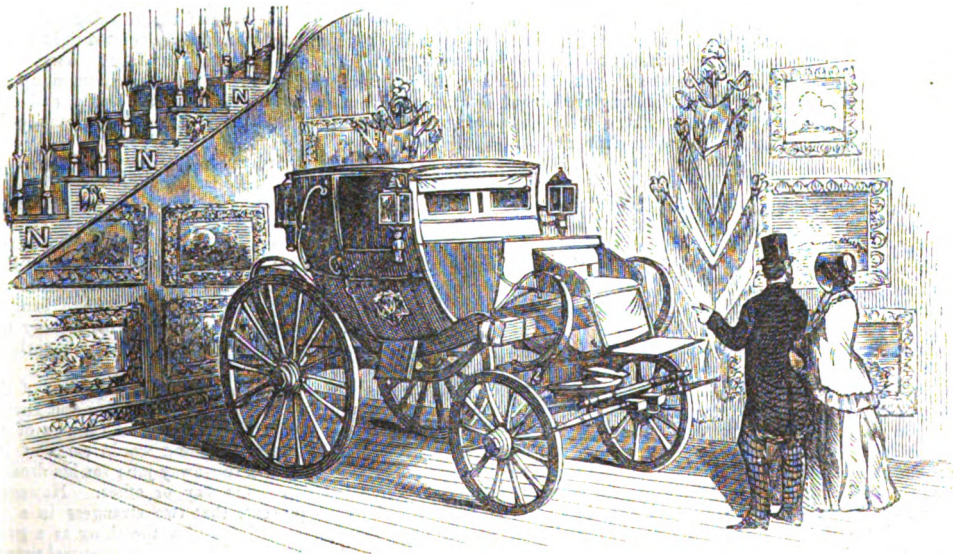
SCENE FROM "THE REIGNING FAVORITE."

STRAND THEATRE.

AN adaptation from the French, of M. Scribe's *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, by Mr. Oxenford, (who has christened his version *The Reigning Favorite*), has been produced at this Theatre, with the most complete success. The plot is founded upon the love adventures of *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, a favourite performer at the Comedie Francaise, who is beloved by the *Count de Saxe*. The actress, however, has a powerful rival in the person of the Princess de Bouillon, the heartless wife of a heartless Prince. These ladies are kept in ignorance of each other's passion, till an accident reveals it to them. The *Count de Saxe* being under important obligations to the *Princess* agrees to meet her in the house of her husband's mistress, Mademoiselle Duclos. The *Prince* gets scent of this appointment, under the impression that the *Count* is paying his attentions to his own false favourite, whom he is now intent upon exposing and abandoning. For this purpose, he invites the whole of the company of the Comedie Francaise to a supper to be given

in this very house, and amongst the visitors, *Adrienne* included. Here she meets with, and favours the escape of, her rival, in the dark, without being able to recognize her. The real action of the drama now begins. The actress is invited to the hotel of the *Princess* to amuse a party by theatrical recitation. Here, the rivals become known to each other; and *Adrienne*, selecting an appropriate passage from Racine's tragedy of "*Phedre*," by her forcible and impassioned delivery, exposes the noble lady's false conduct to her guests. This is one of the greatest points of the drama. The *Princess* ultimately becomes revenged upon *Adrienne*, by sending her a poisoned bouquet, which possesses the power of producing delirium and death in gradual yet certain advances. While in this painful state, *Adrienne* recites, with appalling effect, some passages from the "*Psyche*" of Pierre Corneille, which refer to her own love and jealousy. Under the agonies of this secret poison, she expires in the arms of her lover, and at the feet of her old and faithful friend, *Michonnet*.

The character of *Adrienne* by Mrs. Stirling was truth



NAPOLEON'S CARRIAGE—(see page 3.)

and nature to the life. In the scene where she believes her lover "upon his honour," she gave utterance to the short answer, "I will," with a truly thrilling effect—it was a point that developed true genius in the actress, and the undoubting confidence of love in the woman. Her death in the last scene was exquisitely touching—too much so, we thought, to be witnessed without leaving a painful recollection of the denouement upon the mind of the spectator. Mr. Leigh Murray was the *Count de Saxe*, and Mrs. Murray as the vindictive and intriguing *Princess* gave the character all the heartlessness and treachery which it required to make it wholly hateful. The part of *Michonnet*, an old prompter, was beautifully represented by Mr. Farren, who seemed to struggle between the conflicting passions of a subdued love, and a fatherly friendship for *Adrienne*; and nothing could be finer or more true to nature, than the outburst of his heart's emotions when he beheld his youthful favorite dead at his feet.

The getting-up of the piece, and the accurate costumes, deserve the highest praise.

THE LAST COACH ON THE ROAD.

A Railway Legend.

THE Tally-ho, the Express, and the Highflyer coaches had long since retired from the unprofitable contest of running between London and S—— (a retired market town some 50 miles on the western road) in competition with the railway. But there still remained the old "Independent." This coach was driven by one Joe Hart, who had smacked his whip and whistled to his team from that same coach (besides those he had worn out) for upwards of 35 years; and he was not going to be quietly driven off the road now, because a crickety, snorting, railroad had lately started in opposition to him. No! he had run against seven-and-twenty oppositions in his time; had beaten them all; and was he now going to pull up and unskid his wheel for a railroad? No! Joe Hart had registered a deep and solemn vow, in the bottom of a pewter tankard, never to stop running the old "Independent," till the rail bought him off—aye! and handsomely too.

It was quite dismal to see the deserted old coach start on its journey without a passenger inside or out. That coach, too, which used to be so full—there was no getting a place without booking it beforehand, even the farmers had deserted the "Independent" for the rail: and at last it was quite a novelty to see a passenger on the coach at all.

Things were thus getting so bad with old Joe Hart, that he actually began to think that if the rail did not buy him off soon, he must go off of his own accord. As he thus ruminated late one night by the flickering light of a dim candle, before a huge fire in his own little back parlour, he was suddenly aroused by a heavy slap on his shoulder, when turning sharply round, he was rather terrified at beholding a tall, gaunt figure, wrapped in a large black cloak, which he clasped tightly round his neck. The stranger glared upon Joe with two red, piercing eyes, and speaking in a deep sepulchral voice, asked him if he was not the driver of the old "Independent."

"Yes," replied Joe, "I am."

"Ah! I thought so," answered the tall stranger. "You're the very man I want. Come; you must drive me to London, to-night. Up, quick, man! I must be off."

As he thus spoke, the stranger seized Joe by the hair, (he had not much, for he was rather bald,) and lifting him nearly as high as the ceiling, brought him heavily to the ground.

"Oh, Lord!" gasped Joe—"did you say, London, to-night!"

"I did, and I mean it, too," was the stranger's answer. "Come along, my man: I will pay you well for the job."

As he uttered these words, the stranger shook a bag of sovereigns before Joe's eyes; then lifting him up by the hair again, ran out of the house with him, and when he sat him down, Joe found himself beside his old coach in the stable-yard. The night was very cold and dark:—as he stood shivering with both cold and fright, the old church clock struck twelve!

"Come, be sharp, my man," growled the stranger.

"That's my time for starting—we ought to be moving. I have my men here, they'll soon put the horses in, only you wake up and get ready; the rest will be done for you."

Thus speaking, the stranger rubbed his bony hands, and as he did this, a quantity of bright blue dancing sparks came from between his fingers, just as if he was crushing so many lucifer matches in his hands; and by the dim spectral light which they threw out, Joe could see about half-a-dozen strange-looking little dumpy fellows running about under the wheels of the coach. Noticing his surprise, the stranger observed—

"Oh!—they're only greasing the wheels, to make 'em spin well!"

The same moment, the clattering of his horses' hoofs on the stones, caused Joe to look behind, and sure enough there was the odd little ostlers bringing out his own team. They were the queerest helpers Joe had ever seen; they were all laughing: but then it was *such* a laugh—it was a fiendish grin, from mouths extending from ear to ear.

Before he could well get his top coat on, the horses were all put to, the wheelers poled-up tight, and the leaders all square and trim.

"Now then, coachman," exclaimed the tall stranger, "Time's up!"

As he said this, he caught Joe by the waist, and giving him a complete summerset, pitched him all right and tight on to his box. Once there, the reins were popped into his hands by the little grinning ostlers; the gates flew open, and away galloped the team. Joe could not make it out, at all. He was too frightened to use his whip; and yet they were at full gallop. Up the main street, round by the church, across the green, and over the little hill, till the town of S—— was soon left half-a-dozen miles behind. He never saw horses go at such a pace; he pulled them in as hard as he could, to keep his seat; but the harder he pulled, the harder they galloped.

"Faster! why don't you go along?" screamed out the stranger, from the window.

At this critical juncture, Joe thought he could see lights among the horses' heels; and sure enough there were the half-dozen little ugly ostlers, running beside the horses, whipping and pricking them like fury. They seemed to go faster than the horses! Away went the whip and reins out of his hands, he clung to his box for support, and to his horror, he beheld one of the grinning little ostlers bestriding the wheelers, whip in one hand, and reins in the other, lashing like fury. The horses were one mass of white foam and steam!

"Faster, for your lives!" roared the hollow voice from inside.

Joe cast his eyes behind him, towards the ground, and saw the wheels all on fire! One of the grinning imps had got upon his shoulders, and with his legs twisted tight round his neck, was beating his hat over his face! Away they flew like lightning along the road, over the common, up and down the hills, across a bog, through a stream, and over hedges, ditches, and turnpike gates, till Joe was quite bewildered.

On a sudden, he heard a loud railway whistle—then another, and another; till there was nothing but whistles to be heard! Upon looking around him he saw long trains of carriages, with flaming engines at the head of them, coming from the right, left, and in front of him! He had just time to scream out, when they all came into a violent collision with one another—an awful crash!—coach, horses, ostlers, and all! The stranger gave a loud scream, and jumped out of the coach! The cook crew! and Joe, waking up, found himself on the floor of his own little back parlour.—He had been dreaming!

The next night, Joe's dream was the leading topic of the assembled wisecracks in the parlour of the Lion and Lamb. It created universal wonder and alarm in the minds of all hearers. Joe said he knew something would come of it: he should have an upset or a run-away job; for his dreams generally came true, in some way or other. However, it was noticed by all present, that two strangers in a far corner of the room, seemed to enjoy the thing as a good joke, and were not at all affected by the supernatural nature of the circumstance.

About a week after the recital of the dream in the parlour of the "Lion and Lamb," Joe Hart was again smoking his pipe peaceably at home; his landlady and every one in the house had retired to rest (for Joe was an old bachelor), when he was greatly alarmed by a knock at his door.

"Who's there?" he exclaimed, half-terrified; still brooding over his dream.

"A person who wants Joe Hart," was the reply.

To open the door, and admit the visitor, was but the work of a moment. After well eyeing him all over, Joe came to the conclusion that he was a real flesh and blood man, like himself; but he had seen him, he thought, somewhere before. Upon interrogation, the stranger turned out to be one of the two persons who had laughed over Joe's dream in the parlour of the "Lion and Lamb," a few evenings' previous. The purport of his visit was to offer Joe Hart a good round sum to drive a party of gentlemen up to town that night. The last train had long since departed; there was not a post-chaise to be had for love or money; and Joe Hart's old "Independent" was the only possible vehicle. The money was counted out into Joe's hand, 20 bright, glittering sovereigns; and then away he went to get his horses ready for the job. As luck would have it, it was a fine moonlight night, and there were none of the little goblin ostlers about this time. So having got his team all harnessed, and everything ready, his passengers, three in number, with one or two heavy carpet bags, got inside, and away the old "Independent" rolled over the soft dusty roads of S——.

Whipping his horses into a sharp trot, Joe arrived at the first stage, about 8 miles, in something over half-an-hour. His fresh team were all put to, and he was just about to start again, when he found himself roughly handled; he was siezed by two men, a gag thrust into his mouth, and himself pitched inside the coach, where two men held him, with a pistol to his head, to keep him quiet. This was no dream; he was quite sure of that. The gag was nearly choking him, his hands were tied tight behind him, the coach was proceeding at a fearful pace, and he, Joe Hart, for the first time in his life, was riding inside!

In this state they galloped over some ten miles, until sounds of horses' feet in the rear were plainly audible. They were pursued—the speed increased—his guardians threatened to shoot him if he betrayed them—when all of a sudden,—a crash! dash!—and away went the old coach, over and over, into a shallow pond; the fore wheels had caught a gate-post—the harness and traces were torn asunder! away flew the horses, each choosing his own path, over a flat barren heath—and the two fore wheels running after them!

The passengers gathered up their traps, and were off like a shot; and two horsemen coming up directly afterwards, galloped in pursuit, leaving old Joe Hart floundering about, his hands tied, and his mouth gagged, with the coach full of mud and water, to get out the best way he could.

Neither wheels nor horses ever returned to tell of their safety; and Joe never enquired after them; for in breaking up the old coach, he found, under the seat, a canvass bag full of notes and strange documents, which turned out to be railway shares. A noise was made about an extensive robbery which had been committed at the railway station, and the thieves were traced to be the identical passengers who had so ill-used Joe, in his own coach. The notes and shares were safely returned by Joe, who was an important witness at the trial, to identify the robbers. The railway company handsomely indemnified him for his losses, and in a short time, he took a neat little public house, near the railway station. He fell in with a buxom widow, who owned a score or two of shares, all at a premium—they were married, and Joe actually calls his house the "Railway Inn," and is brought to confess that there are worse changes in this world than Railways!

W. D.

THE LATE-HOUR SYSTEM.—The following parody on the "Song of the Shirt" was composed by Mr. I. R. Bradnack, of Great Yarmouth, and read by him at a meeting lately held on the above subject, in that town.

THE SONG OF THE SHOP.

Weary, and woeesome, and sad,
Weary, and ready to faint—
A shopman of late was bemoaning his fate,
And sighing his lone complaint.
And but *one* human being, alone,
Of the passers-by could stop,
To list to his sad and mournful tale,
While he sang the "Song of the Shop."

Fag, fag, fag—
While thousands their freedom have gained:
Fag, fag, fag—
To the counter with *fetters* enchained.
Fag, fag, fag—
In a foul confined atmosphere pent;
Fag, fag, fag—
For our masters will never relent.

Fag, fag, fag—
Should the trade be brisk or dull;
Though little I gain for my toil and pain,
But a heart of sorrow full.
And an aching head, and an o'ersepent mind,
Tired of Pounds, and Shillings, and Pence;
Till from Pence, and Shillings, and Pence, I find
Even sleep is no defence.

Fag, fag, fag—
From seven till ten at night;
Fag, fag, fag—
Till our strength is exhausted quite
With Pence, and Shillings, and Pence,
And Pence, and Shillings and Pence—
From day to day, like the horse in the mill,
We go the same dull round.

Fag, fag, fag—
At the Pence, and Shillings, and Pence—
From Monday morning till Saturday night—
Weeks end as they commence.
With seldom a moment, and never an hour,
Our meals form the only relief;
Thus from month to month, and from year to year,
Our endurance surpasses belief.

But, townsmen, hearken to me—
Would your mothers, and daughters, and wives,
But reflect for a moment that it is *they*
Who are wearing out our lives.
Serve, serve, serve,
Till the clock strikes nine and ten—
'Tis a dying life, and a living death—
We are more like brutes than men.

Serve, serve, serve—
In the dark December night;
And serve, serve, serve—
When the weather is warm and bright.
Though passing our shops, I see
Man, woman, and girl, and boy,
Who show by their gleesome faces, and looks,
How much *they* their freedom enjoy.

Oh! could I breathe the air—
So pure, so fresh, so sweet—
With the moonlit sky above my head,
And the sands beneath my feet.
To feel as I *used* to feel,
(For only *one* short hour)
Before I knew that a shopman's life
Is a galley-slave's—chained to his oar!

Oh! but for *one* short hour,
A respite, however brief—
A little leisure for body and mind.
From business a little relief!
Oh! pity ye gentler sex,
Oh! pity our piteous case—
'Tis for you to uproot from your own native town
This "system," so long its disgrace!

Weary, and woeesome, and sad—
Weary, and ready to faint—
Thus a shopman of late was bemoaning his fate,
And uttering his pitiful plaint.
Oh! that *all* who had passed that way
Had been moved by his sorrows to stop;
They could never again
Such a "system" sustain,
After hearing his "Song of the Shop!"

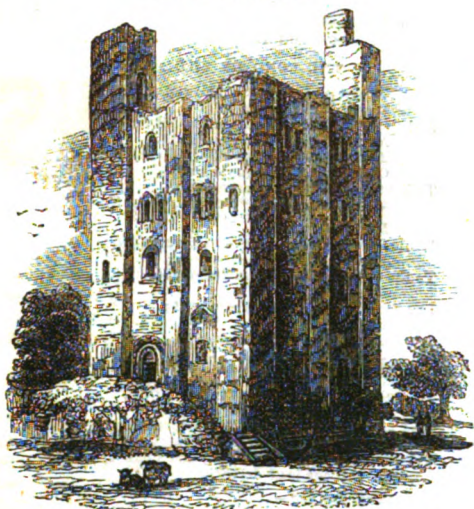
I. R. B.

Yarmouth, Church Square, September 24th, 1849.

The chief use of a bachelor, according to the *Baltimore American*, is to count one in the census.

Matrimony is a circus. Many noble creatures enter it, run round and round, and kick up a fine dust, but how few get properly trained and broken into it!

Camera Sketches.



HEDINGHAM CASTLE.

In the retired and rural parish of Castle Hedingham, in Essex, stands this noble and ancient edifice. It is generally understood to have been built about 1088; it is of a square form, the east and west sides measuring about 55 feet each, and the north and south 62 feet each. The height from the ground to the summit is about 110 feet; there are only two turrets now remaining, there were originally four, but two of them, together with the battlements and parapet walls have long since fallen to decay. The castle was built of flints and stones, imbedded in fluid mortar: the outer surface being entirely coated with square smooth stones. To this castle were added several towers and other buildings by one of the Earls of Oxford, soon after the battle of Bosworth field, which were mostly destroyed in 1592, and the whole building was reduced to a ruinous condition during the first Dutch war in 1666, to prevent prisoners being lodged there. Of the early holders of Hedingham Castle, history tells us that William the Conqueror bestowed the lordship of Hedingham upon one of his favourite generals, named Alberie de Vere, ancestor of the Earls of Oxford. In the reign of King John the castle was besieged and changed hands several times; but in 1385 it fell into the possession of Robert, Earl of Oxford. It continued to belong to the family of the De Veres, Earls of Oxford, until 1703, when Alberie, the last earl, died without issue. It was afterwards sold to the Ashurst family, and now belongs to Ashurst Magendie, Esq., who resides in the neighbourhood; the castle itself being uninhabited. It was in this ancient building that Mr. Disraeli lately addressed the members of the Hinckford Agricultural and Conservative Club, on which occasion the owner of the castle presided.

PEACE versus WAR

On the subject of the Austrian loan, Mr. Cobden says:—"There is nothing to be proud of in the possession of physical courage; it is common to all men. It is said that the Emperor of Russia danced in his shirt when he heard of the defeat of the Hungarians. Did that show courage? Two great empires, containing a population of 100 millions, make war upon a state containing only 6 millions. This was cowardly; and these two nations would carry their cowardice still further if they dared, by bullying Turkey, a comparatively weak power, into doing a dishonourable action. If the Hungarian refugees came to this country, would the Emperor of Russia dare to demand them of our government? No; he dared do no such thing. He hoped before another fortnight, to see Kossuth and his brave companions in this country. The Emperor of Austria has

decorated his officers with stars and ribbons, and would the people of this country lend him money to reward them. He asked, if these brave Hungarians came to England, if they would not be decorated with more honourable and lasting ornaments than mere stars and ribbons—the tribute of the respect and admiration of a free and independent people."

Dramatic Gossip.

Three new operas are spoken of as about to be produced at the Princess's Theatre. The *Bleeding Nun*, by Mr. C. Loder; *The King of Hearts*, by Mr. Macfarren; and *Kenilworth*, by Signor Schira. Miss Saunders of the Marylebone is also engaged at this Theatre.—A travelling English Opera Company, with Mr. S. Reeves, Mr. Whitworth, Miss Lucombe, and several others, is about to make a provincial tour.—Mrs. Orger, the well-known actress, died at Brighton, on the 2nd instant; she was a recipient of the Drury Lane Fund to the extent of £120. a year.—On Saturday, the 6th inst. Mr. Macready took his farewell at the Manchester Theatre, and delivered a well-written address.—Harley has just declined accepting an engagement at Drury Lane.—An accident occurred at the Macclesfield Theatre a few nights ago, during the performance of the *Foundling of the Forest*. Mr. Achraman accidentally stabbed Mr. Calhaem in the cheek with a dagger; this mishap, together with the sudden illness of another actor, caused the immediate conclusion of the performance.—Madame Schröder, the finest tragedian of Germany, and mother of Madame Schröder Devrient, died lately in Saxony, at the great age of 84.—Jullien's Concerts commence at Drury Lane on the 2nd of Nov.—£15,000 is asked for the Surrey Zoological Gardens, by Mr. Tyler.—Miss Cushman is performing at the Broadway, New York, where she has just commenced an engagement; from thence she proceeds to Philadelphia, and afterwards to Boston.—Mrs. Glover is starring it at Manchester.—Mr. G. Herbert Rodwell is to be the Musical Director at Drury Lane, at Christmas.—The Distin Family have just returned to England, from a successful tour through the United States and Canada.

GOOD ADVICE.—Good men also should learn to be attentive to their health, and keep the body as much as possible the fit medium of the mind. A man may be a good performer; but what can he do with a disordered instrument? The inhabitant may have good eyes; but how can he see accurately through a soiled window? Keep, therefore, the glass clear, and the organ in tune. We do not wish you to be finical and fanciful—to live in the shop of an apothecary, or to have a medical attendant always dangling at your heels, but be soberly and prudently attentive to the body. Rise early. Take proper exercise. Beware of sloth. Observe and avoid whatever disagrees with your system. Never burden nature. Be moderate in your table indulgence. Let not appetite bemire and clog the mind. Medical authority will tell you, that where one disorder arises from deficiency, a thousand spring from repletion; and that the board slays far more than the sword.

Industry is of little avail, without a habit of very easy acquirement—punctuality: on this jewel the whole machinery of successful industry may be said to turn.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * * Since the publication of our Prospectus we have received several communications, which we thus briefly reply to.

C. S.—Your sketches are not suitable to our columns: they want originality.

W.—Next week.

T. R., Liverpool.—Our Weekly Number may be received every Tuesday morning, in an Envelope, Post free, for 2d.—Communicate with our Publisher, Mr. Strange.

E. L.—Crochet Designs will not be introduced.

London:—Printed for the Proprietors, by RICHARD FRANCIS, at his Printing Office, 25, Museum Street, in the Parish of St. George, Bloomsbury, in the County of Middlesex; Published by WILLIAM STRANGE, 2, Paternoster Row.—Saturday, October 27th, 1849.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

No. 2.—Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1849.

{ ONE PENNY.
POST FREE, 2d.

THE NEW COAL EXCHANGE.



ER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY having signified her intention to honour the citizens of London with a visit on the occasion of the opening of the new Coal Exchange, we predict not only a gratifying scene to those who are fortunate enough to become spectators, but also promise a series of artistic and faithful representations of this truly national event in our next number.

This Magnificent Building, which is now nearly finished, is situated at the corner of Lower Thames Street and St. Mary-at-hill, near the Custom House. Mr. Bunning is the architect, and his talents in the present instance, bid

fair to place his name amongst those whose reputation stands high in the annals of architecture.

In the construction of this building, it seems to have been the design of the architect, to erect a monument to the coal trade of our country, on the banks of the Thames, whose pools are filled with these mineral treasures, to celebrate the worth of this staple of English commerce, the processes of obtaining it, and the shipping by which it is conveyed to the various districts where it is consumed. The style of this edifice is Italian, with some original features in its structure, and decorations.

Our engraving represents the exterior with its circular tower, 100 feet in height, which is placed at the angle of the two points, being the principal entrance; and containing a staircase leading to the several stories. The entrance is surmounted by a dome, representing the figure of Plenty, pouring her treasures out of the cornucopia surrounded by *figurinis*. The various artists are here engaged upon the



EXTERIOR OF THE NEW COAL EXCHANGE

decorations of this part of the edifice; which, when completed, will form a grand and imposing *ensemble*, and add an additional feature to the architectural grandeur of our great Metropolis.

The artificers' work has been executed by M. Trego; the iron-work by Messrs. Dewar; and the wood-work by Messrs. Davison and Syntont's patent desiccating process; the floor of the area (600 feet in diameter) was laid down by Mr. Davison. The cost of this magnificent structure, when completed, will amount to £40,000.

SUPPLY OF WATER TO LONDON.

It will be remembered that at the end of last year a plan was propounded for bringing water to London from the River Thames, at Henley, promising to ensure to every inhabitant of the Metropolis an unremitting supply of this all-important *desideratum* within his own house. The opposition was manifold, and the bill was lost on the second reading. The promoters of that bill have, it seems, resolved on a fresh attempt, modifying their scheme so as to get rid of some of the opponents, and they propose to place the management of the undertaking in the hands of a representative commission. Water is to be brought from Henley by means of an aqueduct (not a canal, as at first intended), and to be delivered into a reservoir at Hampstead, high enough to supply the loftiest buildings, and extinguish fires without engines. We are not at this moment in a position to assert that their plan for supplying London with pure water is the best suggested, but we do say that the importance of the subject is such, and the necessity for water is so great and paramount, that the proposal ought to receive the most candid and careful consideration. When it is known that at the present moment there are 70,000 houses in London, containing not less than 560,000 inhabitants, which have no water supplied to them from any one of the eight great water companies which exist, further argument must be unnecessary. All London ought to cry as loudly as if next door were on fire—"Water! water!! water!!—*Builder*.

PICKING UP THOUGHTS.—Boys, you have heard of blacksmiths who became mayors and magistrates of towns and cities, and men of great wealth and influence. What was the secret of their success? Why, they picked up nails and pins in the street, and carried them home in the pockets of their waistcoats. Now, you must pick up thoughts in the same way, and fill your mind with them; and they will grow into other thoughts, almost while you are asleep. The world is full of thoughts, and you will find them strewed everywhere in youth path.—*Elihu Burritt*.

HOME, SWEET HOME.—Prudence gives cheerfulness to those hours which splendour cannot gild, and acclamation cannot exhilarate;—those soft intervals of unbended amusement in which a man sinks to his natural dimensions, and throws aside the ornament or disguises which he feels in privacy, as useless incumbrances, and to lose all effect when they become familiar. To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labour tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution. It is, indeed, at home that every man must be known by those who would make a just estimate of his virtue and felicity; for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honour and fictitious benevolence.

MATRIMONY.—When bent on matrimony, look more than skin deep for beauty, dive further than the pocket for worth, and search for temper beyond good humour for the moment, remembering it is not always the most agreeable partner at a ball who forms the amiable partner for life. Virtue, like some flowers, blooms often faintest in the shade.

A TOUCHING THOUGHT.—To an afflicted mother, at the grave of her deceased child, it was said, "There was once a shepherd whose tender personal care was over his flock night and day. One sheep would neither hear his voice nor follow him; he took her little lamb in his arms, and then the sheep came after him."

TURKEY and THE TURKS.

THE recent events, which have drawn the attention of the political world towards the actions of the Sultan, in his differences with the Czar, gives additional interest to anything relating to Turkey, its buildings, and its history; and as such, we feel a pleasure in presenting the following description to our readers.

THE CITY OF CONSTANTINOPLE, the capital of Turkey, was built by the Emperor Constantine the Great, upon the ruins of Byzantium (a city founded by a colony of Lacedæmonians 660 years before the Christian era), in the year 300 A. D. Constantine constituted it the eastern capital of the Roman empire. It afterwards became the capital of the Greek empire, and continued to be so till 1453, when, after having sustained a siege of 54 years, it was taken by the Turks. While Constantinople continued in the possession of the Greek emperors, it had no equal; and was the largest as well as the most beautiful city in Europe. It is situated in 41° 1' N. latitude, and is 56° 35' E. longitude. The ground it occupies is marked out by nature as the site of a great city. It is divided from Asia by so narrow a channel (the Bosphorus) that a boat can row from one continent to the other in a quarter of an hour. Its harbour, which is called the "Golden Horn," is the most convenient as well as the most beautiful in the world. The city is of a triangular form, and is washed on the northern side by the deep waters of the port, and on the south-eastern by the sea of Marmora. The base of the triangle is an open elevated flat, with some inequalities of surface. Constantinople, like old Rome, stands on seven hills, and commands a beautiful and most extensive view; presenting on each side of the triangle, the aspect of a stately amphitheatre. The ridge of the first hill, departing from the acute point of the triangle, is occupied by the seraglio, or vast palace of the Sultan, behind which, a little on the reverse of the hill, the dome of Santa Sophia shows itself. The second hill is crowned by the Mosque of the Asemnick, whose dome is strikingly bold and lofty. The still grander Mosque of Soliman, and its magnificent towers occupying the third hill; whilst an ancient and noble aqueduct unites the summits of the third and fourth hills. On the fifth and highest point of the chain there is a lofty tower, built by the late Sultan, in which a guard is constantly placed to watch the breaking out of fires.

There are fourteen chief mosques, all lofty and magnificent, and built from base to dome chiefly of white marble. But the most venerated of Mosques is that termed "the Holy," erected by Mahomet the Second, and ever since held in the utmost respect by all true believers. Never had Christian foot profaned this sacred edifice before the day that the crown Prince of Russia demanded its gates to be opened. No one can imagine any thing finer—more beautiful—more grand, and, at the same time, more picturesque than this elysium, which is filled with magnificent trees, flowers, fountains, brooks, and tombs of every form and colour. Here stands the gorgeous tomb of the Sultana Valide, the glorious mother of Selim the Third. It is a most magnificent mausoleum of white marble, sustaining an elevated and spacious dome of curiously wrought and ornamented iron of the most elegant architecture. Our engraving represents the interior of this tomb of surpassing beauty, filled with flowers and rare climbing plants: and embellished by the skill of the painter and the exquisite productions of the artist in precious metals and minerals. There are said to be upwards of one hundred and twenty public baths within the triangle, having low, small, and flat domes, many of them are exceedingly handsome and spacious. Bathing to the natives of the east is really indispensable. The houses of all rich Turks possess baths, which is used by the male part of the family in the morning, and by the females afterwards. The public fountains are remarkable and numerous; some of them are most beautiful objects. The houses of Constantinople are not generally massed together, but interspersed with open spaces, gardens, trees, ancient ruins, and isolated mosques. One principal street traverses the city from the Seraglio to the inland walls. The population of the city and its suburbs is estimated at from 700,000 to 800,000 souls, comprising Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, and

Franks. On whichever side you approach Constantinople, she presents herself indeed like "The Queen of Cities." The effect of the first view is almost magical.

All the retail trade of Constantinople is carried on in Bazaars; which word means barter. As these cloistered passages exclude the rays of the sun, they are cool and pleasant places to lounge in. The merchants themselves present an interesting spectacle, each wearing the proper costume of his respective country, which, with the motley garb of the crowd passing to and fro, amuses the stranger's eye with a curious and almost infinite variety of dress and appearance. The female shoe bazaar is generally acknowledged to be the most attractive, from the superb exhibition of embroidered slippers for the use of women within doors. The arms bazaar is a sort of Babel in miniature, and is always crowded with buyers, sellers, and idlers. Helmets, spears, bucklers, bows, battle-axes, swords, daggers, rifles, long-guns—in a word, every species of offensive and defensive weapon, are here gathered together from every kingdom of the eastern world.

The following "o'er true tale," related by Miss Pardoe, in her excellent work, "*The City of the Sultan*," is most characteristic of Turkish manners.

THE MERCHANT'S WIFE.

An eminent merchant of Stamboul, extremely wealthy, and considerably past the middle age, became the husband of a very young and lovely woman. As Turkish females never see the individuals whom they marry previously to the ceremony, but are chosen by some matronly relation of the person who finds it expedient to bestow himself on a wife, and who, having seen and approved the lady, arranges all preliminaries with her parents; so it may well be imagined that the bride is frequently far from congratulating herself on her change of position; and such, as would appear from the result, was the case with the young wife to whom I have just referred, and who was destined to become the heroine of a frightful tragedy.

Two years passed over Fatma Hanoum, and she became the mother of a son; but her heart was not with its father, and, unhappily for the weak victim of passion and disappointment, it had found a resting-place elsewhere.

The merchant's house was situated near a mosque, from the gallery of whose minaret all the windows of the harem were overlooked. The sun was setting on a glorious summer evening, when the Imaum ascended to this gallery to utter the shrill cry of the muezzin which summons the faithful to prayer. Ere he commenced the invocation, he chanced to glance downwards, and he started as he beheld a man, clinging to a shawl which had been flung from above, and making his way into the harem of the merchant through an open window. Nor was this all, for the quick and jealous eye of the Imaum at once assured him that the delinquent was a Greek—that the wife of a Musselmaun had stooped to accept the love of a Christian; and he well knew that, in such a case, there was no mercy for the culprit.

The Imaum was a stern man; for one moment only he wavered; and during that moment he raised the ample turban from his brow; and suffered the cool evening breeze to breathe lovingly upon his temples: in the next, he bent over the gallery and spat upon the earth, as he murmured to himself, "The dog of an infidel!—May his father's grave be defiled!—May his mother eat dirt!"—and, having so testified his contempt and abhorrence of the ill-fated lover, he lifted his gaze to the clear sky, and the ringing cry pealed out:—

"La Allah, illa Allah! Muhammed Rasoul Allah!"

His duty done, the Imaum descended the dark and narrow stair of the minaret, and left the mosque; and in another instant, he had put off his slippers at the entrance of the salamlick, and stood before the sofa, at the upper end of which sat the merchant smoking his chibouque of jasmine wood, and attended by two slaves.

The Turks are not fond husbands, but they are jealous ones. They are watchful of their women, not because they love them, but because they are anxious for their own honour; and no instance can be adduced in which an Osmanli is wilfully blind to the errors of his wife.

Here "the offence was rank, it smelt to heaven." The young and beautiful Fatma Hanoum had wronged him with

a Greek! The gray-bearded merchant, trembling between rage and grief, rose from his seat and rushed into the harem—The tale was true—for one moment the aged and outraged husband looked upon the young and handsome lover; and in the next the agile Greek had flung up the lattice, and sprung from the open window. Ere long the house was filled with the relatives of the wife, and its spacious apartments were loud with anguish and invective; but Fatma Hanoum answered neither to the sobbing of grief, nor to the reproach of scorn; she sat doubled up upon her cushions, with her eyes rivetted on the casement by which her lover had escaped.

The merchant, stung to the heart by the stain that had been cast upon his honour; embittered in spirit by the knowledge that it was a Christian by whom he had been wronged; and not altogether forgetful, it may be, of the grace and beauty of the mother of his child, sat moodily apart; and all the reasonings and beseechings of his wife's anxious family only wrung from him the cold and unyielding answer that he would never see her more.

And the heretic lover, where was he?

Like an arrow shot by a strong arm, he had sped to the home of his widowed mother, and had hurriedly imparted to her the fearful jeopardy in which he stood. There was not a moment to be lost; and, hastily snatching up some food that had been prepared for his evening meal, he flung himself upon the neck of his weeping parent; and then disengaging himself from her clinging arms, rushed from the house, no one knew whither.

But the Imaum, meanwhile, was not idle. He had aroused the neighbourhood; he had raised the cry of sacrilege; he had bruited abroad the dishonour of the Moslem; and ere long a Turkish guard was on the track of the young Greek. But no trace of him could be discovered; and the fair and frail Hanoum was removed to the harem of one of her husband's relatives, where her every look and action were subjected to the most rigorous observance before the faintest hope had been entertained of securing her miserable lover.

Three wretched days were past, and on the morning of the fourth the pangs of hunger became too mighty for the youth to support. He stole from his concealment, he looked around him, and he was alone! He ventured a few paces forward; rich fruits were pendent from the branches of the tall trees beneath which he moved, and he seized them with avidity; but, as he raised his hand a second time to the laden boughs, he heard near him the deep breathing of one who wept—He glared towards the spot whence the sound came, and his heart melted within him—it was his mother—the guardian of his youth—the friend of his manhood—the mourner over his blighted hopes. He rushed towards her; he murmured her name; and for a moment the parent and the child forgot all save each other! It was the watchful love of the mother which first awoke to fear: and in a few seconds the secret of her son was confided to her, and she was comparatively happy. She could steal to his hiding-place at midnight; she could ensnare him against hunger; she could hear his voice, and convince herself that he yet lived; and with this conviction she hurried from his side, and bade him wait patiently yet a few hours, when she would bring him food.

The young Greek stole back to his hiding-place, and slept. The sleep of the wretched is heavy—slow to come, and weighed down with wild and bitter dreams; and thus slumbered the criminal. The night was yet dark when he awoke, and heard footsteps, and then he doubted not that his watchful parent was indeed come to solace the moments of his trembling solitude. Had he paused an instant, and afforded time for the perfect waking of all his senses, he would have discovered at once that the sounds of many feet were on the earth; but he had already passed several days without cause of alarm, and his past safety betrayed him into a false feeling of security.

The unhappy youth had not wandered beyond the spacious gardens of his home, which, rising the height behind the house, were divided into terraces, along whose whole extent had been placed avenues of orange and lemon trees, planted in immense vases of red clay. Several of these, in which the plants had failed or perished, had been reversed



CONSTANTINOPLE.

to protect them from the weather; and one of them, dragged in the first paroxysm of terror to the mouth of an exhausted well, had served to screen the culprit from the gaze of his pursuers. But on this night, when, by some extraordinary fatality, he forgot for an instant the caution which had hitherto been his protection, he clambered to the mouth of the pit as he heard the coming footsteps, and pushing aside the vase, sprang out upon the path.

The moonlight fell on him as he emerged from his concealment, pale, and haggard; his dark locks dank with the heavy atmosphere of his hiding-place, and his frame weakened by exhaustion. As he gained his feet and looked around him, his arms fell listlessly at his sides, and his head drooped upon his breast. He had no longer either strength or energy to wrestle with his fate; and he put his hands into the grasp of the armed men among whom he stood, and suffered himself to be led away from the home

of his boyhood and the clasp of his shrieking mother, with the docility of a child.

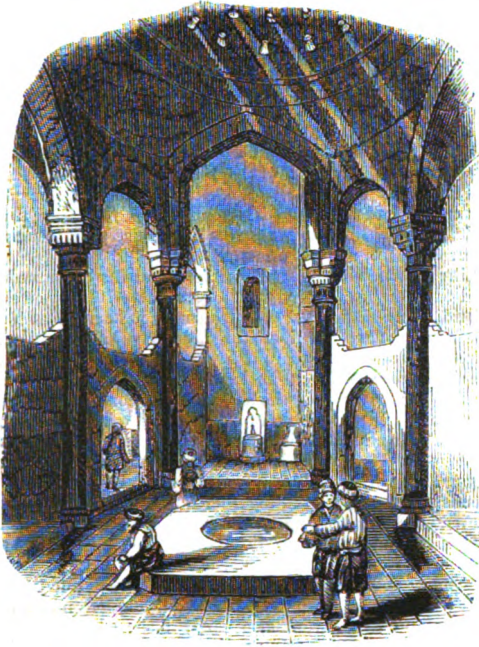
The trial followed close upon the discovery of the lover. There was no hope for the wretched pair! Against them appeared the Imaum—stern, uncompromising, and circumstantial; the outraged husband, wrought to madness by the memory of his dishonour; and, callous as marble, the faith which had been disgraced—society which had been scandalized. For them there was none to plead, save the gray-haired and widowed mother, who wept and knelt to save her only son; but who asked his life in mercy, and not justice. Did their youth sue for them? Did the soft loveliness of the guilty wife, or the manly beauty of the lover, raise them up advocates? Alas! these were their direct condemnation; and thus it only remained for them to die!

It was at this period that my friend, the ———, ———,



TURKISH BAZAAR.

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TURKISH STREET.



TURKISH BATH.

first became connected with the affair. The family of the condemned woman, knowing his influence with the government flung themselves at his feet, and implored his interference. They expatiated on the beauty of the misguided Fatma—on the personal qualifications of him by whose love she had fallen; they left no theme untouched; and he became deeply interested in her fate, and resolved that, while a hope remained, he would not abandon her cause. But he was fated to plead in vain; the crime had increased in the country; every Turkish breast heaved high with indignation; my friend urged, supplicated, and besought unheeded; and at length found himself unable to adduce another argument in her behalf.

When reluctantly convinced of the fact, he discovered that, through his exertions to save her life, his feelings had become so deeply enthralled by the idea of the miserable woman, that he resolved to endeavour to see her ere she died; and he was startled by the ready acquiescence that followed his request, as well as by the terms in which it was couched. "We shall visit her at midnight, to acquaint her officially with the result of the trial," was the answer; "and should you think proper you may accompany us, for you will have no future opportunity of indulging your curiosity."

Under these circumstances he did not hesitate; and a few minutes before midnight he was at the door of the harem in which she had resided since her removal from her husband's house. The officers of justice followed almost immediately; and it struck him as they passed the threshold, that they were in greater number than so simple an errand appeared to exact; but as he instantly remembered that others might feel the same curiosity as himself, and profit by the same means of gratifying it, he did not dwell upon the circumstance.

All was hushed in the harem; and the fall of their unslipped feet awoke no echo on the matted floors. One solitary slave awaited them at the head of the stairs, and he moved slowly before the party, with a small lamp in his hand, to the apartment of the condemned woman.

She was sleeping when they entered. Her cheek was pillowed upon her arm; and a quantity of rich dark hair, which had escaped from beneath the painted handkerchief that was twisted about her head, lay scattered over the pillow she was deadly pale; but her eyebrows, and the long silken lashes which fringed her closed eyes, were intensely black, and relieved the pallor of her complexion; while her fine



TURKISH TOMB.

and delicate features completed as lovely a face as ever the gaze of man had lingered on. At times a shuddering spasm contracted for an instant the muscles of her countenance; the terrors of the day had tinged her midnight dreams; and at times she smiled a fleeting smile, which was succeeded by a sigh, as if, even in sleep, the memory of past happiness was clouded by a pang.

But her slumber was not destined to be of long continuance; for the principal individual of the party, suddenly bending over her, grasped her arm, and exclaimed, "Wake, Fatma, wake; we have tidings for you!"

The unhappy woman started, and looked up; and then, hurriedly concealing her face in the coverlets, she gasped out, "Mashallah! What means this? What would you wish me that you steal thus upon me in the night? Am I not a Turkish woman? And am I not uncovered?"

"Fear nothing, Hanoum," pursued the official; "we have tidings for you which we would not delay."

"God is great!" shrieked the guilty one, raising herself upon her pillows. "You have pardoned him—"

But the generous, self-forgetting prophecy was false. In the energy of her sudden hope she had sprung into a sitting posture: and ere the words had left her lips, the fatal bowspring was about her throat.

It was the horror of a moment. Two of the executioners flung themselves upon her, and held her down; a couple more grasped her hands; a heavy knee pressed down her heaving chest; there was a low gurgling sound, hushed as soon as it was heard—a frightful spasm, which almost hurled the strong men from above the convulsed frame—and all was over!

At day-dawn on the morrow, the young Greek was led from his prison. For several days he had refused food, and he was scarcely able to drag his fainting limbs along the uneven streets. Two men supported him, and at length he reached the termination of his painful pilgrimage. For a moment he stood rooted to the earth—he gasped for breath—he tore away his turban—and clenched his hands until the blood sprang beneath the nails. She whom he had loved was before him; her once fair face was swollen and livid, and exposed to the profane gaze of a countless multitude. She was before him; and the handkerchief from which she was suspended, beside the spot marked out for himself, was one which he had given her in an hour of passion, when they looked not to perish thus!

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Modern Housewife, or Menagere. By Alexis Soyer, author of "The Gastronomical Regenerator" (Reform Club).

This work is a companion to that which the author facetiously christens his "first and only son," viz., "The Gastronomic Regenerator." The fame of M. Soyer, the celebrated *chef de cuisine* at the Reform Club, is already familiar to the public without further introduction; and the work now before us bids fair to increase his well-earned reputation. It is full of excellent, practical receipts; simple and useful in every family; which our readers will best appreciate by the following brief extracts:—

"Choose the coffee of a very nice brown colour, but not black (which would denote that it was burnt, and impart a bitter flavour); grind it at home if possible, as you may then depend upon the quality; if ground in any quantity keep it in a jar hermetically sealed. To make a pint, put two ounces into a stew pan, or small iron or tin saucepan, which set dry upon a moderate fire, stirring the coffee round with a wooden spoon continually, until it is quite hot through, but not in the least burnt; should the fire be very fierce, warm it by degrees, taking it off every now and then until hot (which would not be more than two minutes), when pour over a pint of boiling water, cover close, and and let it stand by the side of the fire, (but not to boil) for five minutes, when strain it through a cloth or piece of thick gauze, rinse out the stewpan, pour the coffee (which will be quite clear) back into it, place it upon the fire, and when nearly boiling, serve with hot milk if for breakfast, but with a drop of cold milk or cream if for dinner."

For the above simple, expeditious, and efficacious plan of making coffee, we have to thank an incident in railway-travelling, (by no means pleasant to the author). Having occasion to travel a long journey by railway at night, he had to undergo the disagreeable experience of struggling for a cup of coffee in a "refreshment" room; of which, perhaps, some of our readers may also have had a specimen. Cold and fatigued, and elbowing his way through a living barricade of half-famished and anxious fellow passengers, he was supplied with a "beverage," insipid and boiling hot; and of which he was compelled to partake hastily to attend the summons of the railway bell for the starting of the train. This ill-contrived plan of supplying travellers with refreshment at railway stations, which is now too frequent, and, we think we may also add, too profitable for the owners of these "refreshment" saloons, caused M. Soyer to make public this very excellent and simple receipt.

Again, to procure a good cup of tea, the author says—

"Put your tea into the pot a quarter of an hour before you are ready for it, warming both tea and pot; fill with boiling water, and leave it from three to five minutes to draw: it is then quite ready."

We shall take an early opportunity of again referring to this very useful work, which ought to be in the hands of every lady who is anxious to excel as a "Modern Housewife."

Love, however modified by time or circumstance, is the one abiding inhabitant of the human heart; it clings to man even in the midst of his decay, and refuses to quit its dwelling in his bosom till that bosom's feeble flutterings are stilled.

Never anticipate wealth from any other source than labour; especially never place dependence upon becoming the possessor of an inheritance. "He who waits for dead men's shoes may have to go for a long time bare-foot."

"He who runs after a shadow has a wearisome race."

The wisdom of our ancestors is the usual topic whenever one of their descendants is to be defended.—*Sidney Smith*

SILK AND SPIDER'S LINES.—The silk line, as spun by the worm, is about the 500th part of an inch thick; but a spider's line is, perhaps, six times finer, or only the 3,000th part of an inch in diameter; inasmuch, that a single pound of this attenuated substance might be sufficient to encompass the globe.

THE GOLDSMITH OF PARIS!

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF LOUIS XIV.

PARIS, in the reign of Louis XIV., from the years 1679 to 1681, was in one internal commotion; nothing was to be heard of but the most horrible atrocities, the results of the most diabolical inventions that ever entered a human mind. The Parisians had just been relieved from a series of horrors, by the execution of the Marchioness de Brinvilliers and her fiendish accomplices, when they were awakened to new crimes and dreadful suspicions, which, for a long time, baffled the skill of the matchless Desgrais, then principal officer of police, and his numerous associates.

Like an invisible demon, secret assassins continued to wind their way even among the most reserved family circles. Friends of to-day, in all the joyousness of health and happiness, might be heard of the next day as a mutilated corpse. Wealth, honour, a beautiful wife, or any such blessings, were enough to make the happy possessor an aim for the secret blow of the assassin. A horrible suspicion was growing up throughout every social circle in Paris. Parents began to suspect their children; sisters their brothers;—and at the festive board, the viands were often left untouched, whilst a dull mistrust pervaded the group of friends who had gathered together for sociability and love.

Fiends in human shape were occasionally discovered by the police, and brought to justice, who had made rich harvests by preparing secret poisons, by means of which mercenary sons were enabled to arrive before due time at their inheritance; depraved wives got younger husbands; and jealous rivals were also easily disposed of by these hellish potions, which told no tale nor left a trace behind.

During this frightful period, when the blood of both suspected and guilty flowed through the streets of Paris, a mysterious horde of miscreants had formed together for the purpose of becoming possessed of all the finest and most valuable jewellery which was to be found in the city. No sooner had any one become the owner of a valuable ornament, than it disappeared in a most miraculous manner; and any person who had the temerity to venture abroad after night-fall, was sure to be murdered, and robbed of whatever valuables were about him. The individuals so mysteriously assassinated, were all found to be wounded in the same manner, and in the same place, viz., by a stab in the heart, which, according to medical opinion, produced instant death, without a scream or a groan.

At the gay and luxurious court of Louis XIV., there were many young nobles, who were often engaged in midnight amorous intrigues; and on these occasions frequently bearing rich jewels and ornaments about their person, as presents to their mistresses. Frequently these young gallants were struck dead at the threshold of the very house they were about to enter. In vain did Argenson, the police minister, arrest every suspicious individual; in vain were the watchmen doubled; no trace of the assassins could be discovered, nor were any of the numerous jewels so obtained found to be offered for sale. Police, ministers, people, and sovereign, were all at fault, and the horrible mystery was as secret as ever.

It was in this state of universal excitement and dread, that late one night in the autumn of 1680, a loud knocking was heard at the door of the house of Mademoiselle Magdelene de Scuderi, a celebrated poetess, then in the zenith of her fame, residing in the Rue St. Honoré. The knocking at the door continuing, and increasing in violence, the waiting maid, La Martiniere, who was the only domestic in the house with de Scuderi, was greatly alarmed; and springing from her bed, unfastened the window, and casting her eyes down into the street, beheld at the door a man attired in a long cloak, wearing a broad slouch hat, which entirely concealed his features had there been sufficient light to discern them.

As the maid was alone with her mistress in this large old mansion, she was terribly alarmed; for she could put no other construction upon this night visit, than that of robbery and murder. Baptiste, the only man servant of the establishment, had gone to a sister's wedding; and this sense of loneliness and helplessness only added to her terrors,

Meanwhile the knocking increased to a violent pitch; a voice at intervals exclaimed "Open the door for the love of God." At length, seizing the lamp, Martiniere hastened towards the staircase, where she could plainly hear the person without calling to her—"for God's sake make haste and open the door."

"In truth," thought the terrified girl, "it can be no robber who would call out in this manner;—who knows but what it may be some poor person seeking protection of my mistress; yet I must be cautious." Thus whispering to herself, the heroic girl again went to the window, and summoning up all her courage, called out in a loud voice to the man in the street—

"Who's there?—What do you want? Disturbing the whole house at this time of night? Here, Baptiste, Claude, Pierre, get up and go to the door, and see what this fellow wants thumping there." Although she well knew there were no men in the house, she thought the *ruse* would operate favourably upon the stranger.

"Gentle Martiniere," answered the stranger, from below, in a mild voice, "I beseech you to come down and let me in myself: for you well know that Baptiste has gone to his sister's wedding, and that you are alone with mademoiselle in the house. Be not afraid—I must speak with your mistress, and that immediately, or all will be lost."

This reply completely unnerved Martiniere: she now had no doubt of the stranger's murderous intentions, since he boasted of the opportunity of their being alone and helpless. "I tell you that mademoiselle cannot be seen at this unseasonable hour of the night; she has long since retired to rest. Call in the morning, and your request shall be granted."

"O, deceive me not thus, I beseech you," anxiously exclaimed the stranger; and Martiniere thought she could trace something like sorrow and grief in the tone of his appeal. "You know well that mademoiselle de Scuderi is at this very moment perusing the manuscript copy of her new romance, which she intends reading to-morrow before the Marquis de Maintenon. For the love of heaven have compassion on me, and I swear no harm shall come to you, but your good mistress will bless you for the action."

The maid perceiving that the man's voice was choked with emotion as he thus besought her—she even fancied he wept—and as his voice was that of a mere youth, her heart was softened, and with a violent effort she overcame all her doubts, and at once admitted him.

"Bring me instantly to your lady," demanded the stranger, now assuming a commanding and insolent tone of voice; "I must speak with her immediately."

Poor Martiniere now thought her hour was indeed come, particularly as she discerned the hilt of a dagger protruding from the vest of the intruder. With a sudden effort, however, she took her stand close before the door of the apartment through which the stranger must pass to reach the room of her mistresses. "Begone," she exclaimed; "I am certain you mean some harm to my lady, and see her, you shall not, while I have life to prevent you."

The stranger frowned upon her as she said this, and grasped the hilt of his dagger. The maid now made sure her death was at hand, and inwardly recommended herself to all the saints in heaven. Still, she stood her ground, and looked her opponent full and steadily in the face.

"Once more, let me pass," exclaimed the man, as he caught Martiniere by the arm, "or you will deeply regret this obstinacy."

"Never! Though you may escape, your accomplices will be brought to justice for this deed."

"Ah!" replied the stranger, with a pause: "Right, girl; he indeed is safe; but my fate is a dark and degraded one, whilst my accomplice is unsuspected."

Suddenly breaking from his reverie, the stranger gave the arm of Martiniere a violent shake to move her from her position, but in vain—she clung to the handle of the door—the dagger was quickly dragged forth from its hiding place, and as its blade glittered before the eyes of the terrified girl, a loud noise was heard in the street.

"The Marchausse!—The Marchausse!"

"Help!—Help!" loudly screamed Martiniere, as she now boldly struggled with her foe.

"Rash foolish girl! all is now lost! You are resolved upon my ruin. Take this casket to your mistress; give it to her, if possible, this night, or at latest early in the morning." As he thus concluded, the mysterious stranger snatched the lamp from the hand of the waiting maid, and at the same moment placed a small casket in her hands. "In the name of all the holy saints I conjure you to deliver this box to your mistress."

Throwing the lamp far from him, he then hastily sprang out at the door. The poor girl was too much alarmed to follow him; and trembling with fear, she sank half fainting on the staircase. From this stupor, however, she was suddenly aroused by the heavy grating of the key in the lock of the street door, which now gradually opened on its huge hinges. She then heard it forcibly closed: and could also hear a heavy footstep come secretly stealing and creeping along the passage and making towards her. Her terrors were now increased to the highest pitch, as she sat motionless, expecting death every moment. A glimmering light now shot forth, and by the faint rays of a lantern which the intruder carried in his hand, Martiniere recognized, with an outburst of joy, her fellow servant Baptiste.

His terrors and alarms were equal to those of the poor waiting-maid; as in tremulous and half-whispering accents, he related how he had been detained in the street on his way home by Desgrais and a brigade of police, who would not suffer him to pass without a close scrutiny; and how, as he was about to unlock the street door, a man wrapped in a loose cloak, and carrying a naked dagger in his hand, rushed furiously past him, nearly knocking him down. He had expected, he said, to find poor Martiniere and her mistress murdered.

The maid being now somewhat calm, related to Baptiste the particulars of her interview with the stranger. They then proceeded together to inspect the passage, and discovered nothing but the lamp, which the man had thrown away in his escape.

"From what you say," remarked Baptiste, "I have no doubt but this has been an attempt to rob and murder our mistress; a fresh crime to be added to those which are now nightly occurring in this doomed city. My arrival was most providential. I consider we ought at once to throw this accursed casket into the Seine; who knows but what it may prove a murderous missile to mademoiselle; and she may, perhaps, be struck dead as she opens it. Do you not remember, Martiniere, the tale of the old Marquis de Tournay, who dropped dead as he was opening the seal of a letter he had received in a similar way to this. The wax was composed of a subtle poison!"

"Yes, now you mention it, I do remember the story," replied the trembling waiting-maid. "But as the stranger pleaded so fervently, and I promised him so sincerely, I think we had better let mademoiselle have the box."

"Ah! now a thought strikes me, Martiniere," exclaimed Baptiste, "it is your curiosity to know what is *inside*, oversteps your caution as to the consequences. I shall myself deliver the casket to mademoiselle in the morning, with proper precautions as to her safety; for who knows, in these dreadful times, if anything should happen to her, and only us two servants in the house with her, we should be arrested for the murder and end our lives on the gibbet. Depend upon that, Martiniere."

"Oh, mercy! Baptiste—we murder our dear mistress," shrieked the terrified girl, as she burst forth into a shower of tears. "I'd sooner die in defending her."

"And I also," added Baptiste. "Yet that would not appease the law, or remove their suspicions. But leave it to me: I will use every precaution, and will take charge of the casket till the morning."

To be continued.

ROMANCE OF ADVERTISEMENT.—"I wish, mister, you'd be so good as to stop the press and put this in a good place, (*reads*): 'Hemily. Don't delay, but return to yer broken-arsed Adolphus, or there's no knowing what may be the consequence!!'"—*Punch*.

IMITATION.—We should follow our leaders in every good thing: and leave them when they lead to ill.—*Shakespeare*.

Camera Sketches.



THE LAZARETTO OF MARSEILLES.

LAZARETTOS, or **PESTHOUSES**, are establishments constructed to facilitate the performance of quarantine, and particularly the purification of goods. They are usually situated near a harbour, in which ships infected with disease, or from a suspected place, may anchor; and are provided with lodgings for the crews and passengers, where the sick may be separated from the healthy; and with warehouses where the goods may be deposited; all intercourse between the Lazaretto and the surrounding country being, of course, interdicted. The best arranged Lazarettos are those of Leghorn, Genoa, Malta, and Marseilles. The Lazaretto of Marseilles, a port of the South of France, is on an elevated rock near the city, quite close to the sea, and commanding the entrance of the harbour. It is of large extent; and among numerous other apartments, contains 24 large rooms for passengers. The quarantine of passengers who come with a foul bill of health is 31 days. Cottons, with a *foul bill* of health, must remain on deck six days, and for the next six days, the first bales must remain on the bridge in the lazaretto, before any others can be received by the porters. After these twelve days, the cargo of the ship is brought in, and the goods admitted into the market.

THE EARTH'S JOURNEY.—In winter we are nearest the sun, and in summer farthest from it; for the difference in the season is not occasioned by the greater or less distance of the earth from the sun, but by the more or less oblique direction of the sun's rays. The length of the path travelled over by the earth is estimated at 567,019,740 miles, and, as this immense distance is passed over in a year, the earth must move seventeen miles a second—a rapidity so far exceeding our conceptions, that it gave very just occasion to the pleasant remark of Lichtenberg, that while one man salutes another in the street, he goes many miles bareheaded without catching cold.

A RED EMPEROR.—We have had a Sixteen-string JACK. It is not the fault of the precious young Emperor, FRANCIS JOSEPH, that the Austrians have not a Sixteen-string Emperor. He has a great taste for hanging; but was baulked in his delight, by COUNT BATTHYANY, whose self-inflicted wounds rendered such mode of death impossible. Whereupon, he was shot; and HAYNAU licked his tiger lips. Hungarian women, of the highest classes, we are told, endeavoured—but were not permitted—to steep their handkerchiefs in the blood of the murdered man. But the blood did not sink. It helps to dye the Emperor. And, as it is with a certain insect, that “the finest red” dyes the “deepest black,” so with Emperors, the purer the blood that is shed, the blacker the stain that is left.—*Punch*.

LEARNING.—A beggar's book outwards a noble's blood. *Shakespeare*.

THE FIRST COACH IN CHINA.—Amongst the presents carried out by our first embassy, was a state coach. It had been selected as a gift by George III.; but the exact mode of using it was a mystery in Pekin. The ambassador, indeed, (Lord Macartney,) had made some dim and imperfect explanations upon the point; but as his Excellency communicated these in a diplomatic whisper, at the very moment of his departure, the celestial mind was very feebly illuminated; and it became necessary to call a cabinet council on the grand state question—“Where was the Emperor to sit?” The hammer cloth happened to be unusually gorgeous; and partly on that consideration, but partly also because the box offered the most elevated seat, and undeniably went foremost, it was resolved by acclamation that the box was the imperial place, and for the scoundrel who drove, he might sit where he could find a perch. The horses therefore being harnessed, under a flourish of music and a salute of guns, solemnly his Imperial Majesty ascended his new English throne, having the first lord of the treasury on his right hand and the chief jester on his left. Pekin gloried in the spectacle; and in the whole flowery people, constructively present by the representation, there was but one discontented person, which was the coachman. This mutinous individual, looking as blackhearted as he really was, audaciously shouted—“Where am I to sit?” But the privy council, incensed by his disloyalty, unanimously opened the door, and kicked him into the inside. He had all the inside places to himself; but such is the rapacity of ambition, that he was still dissatisfied. “I say,” he cried out, in an extempore petition addressed to the Emperor through a window, “How am I to catch hold of the reins?”—“Any how,” was the answer; “don't trouble me, man, in my glory; through the windows, through the key-holes—how you please.” Finally, this contumacious coachman lengthened the checkstrings into a sort of jury-reins, communicating with the horses; with these he drove as may be supposed. The Emperor returned after the briefest of circuits: he descended in great pomp from his throne, with the severest resolution never to remount it. A public thanksgiving was ordered for his Majesty's prosperous escape from the disease of a broken neck; and the state coach was dedicated for ever as a votive offering to the God Fo-Fo—whom the learned more accurately call Fi-Fi.—*Blackwood*.

HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO THE CITY.

Special permission having been granted to our Artists, to Sketch from the Interior of The New Coal Exchange and other localities, this important event will be fully illustrated in our next number. The Royal Aquatic Procession; The magnificent Interior at the moment of the interesting ceremony of opening this new Mart of Commerce by Her Majesty: with various specimens of the beautiful Allegorical Decorations, will be accurately portrayed in a style and profusion unparalleled in the annals of cheap illustrated literature.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. MARTIN.—Your desire has been anticipated in the present Number. A Tale, or Romance of interest, will be continued in our Paper.

S. X.—We should like to see the Sketches.

R. T., Brighton.—It is already in our Engraver's hands.

W. M.—Our Volumes will be published half-yearly.

SILEX.—Send your address, and a note will be forwarded.

AN OBSERVER.—Our first half-dozen Numbers will enable you to form an opinion.

TYPO.—The old Wood-cuts are useless. Every Illustration in our pages will be entirely new, and from Original Designs made specially for our purpose.

G. R. M., Dublin.—We thank you for the suggestions, but for a week or two we cannot take up the subject.

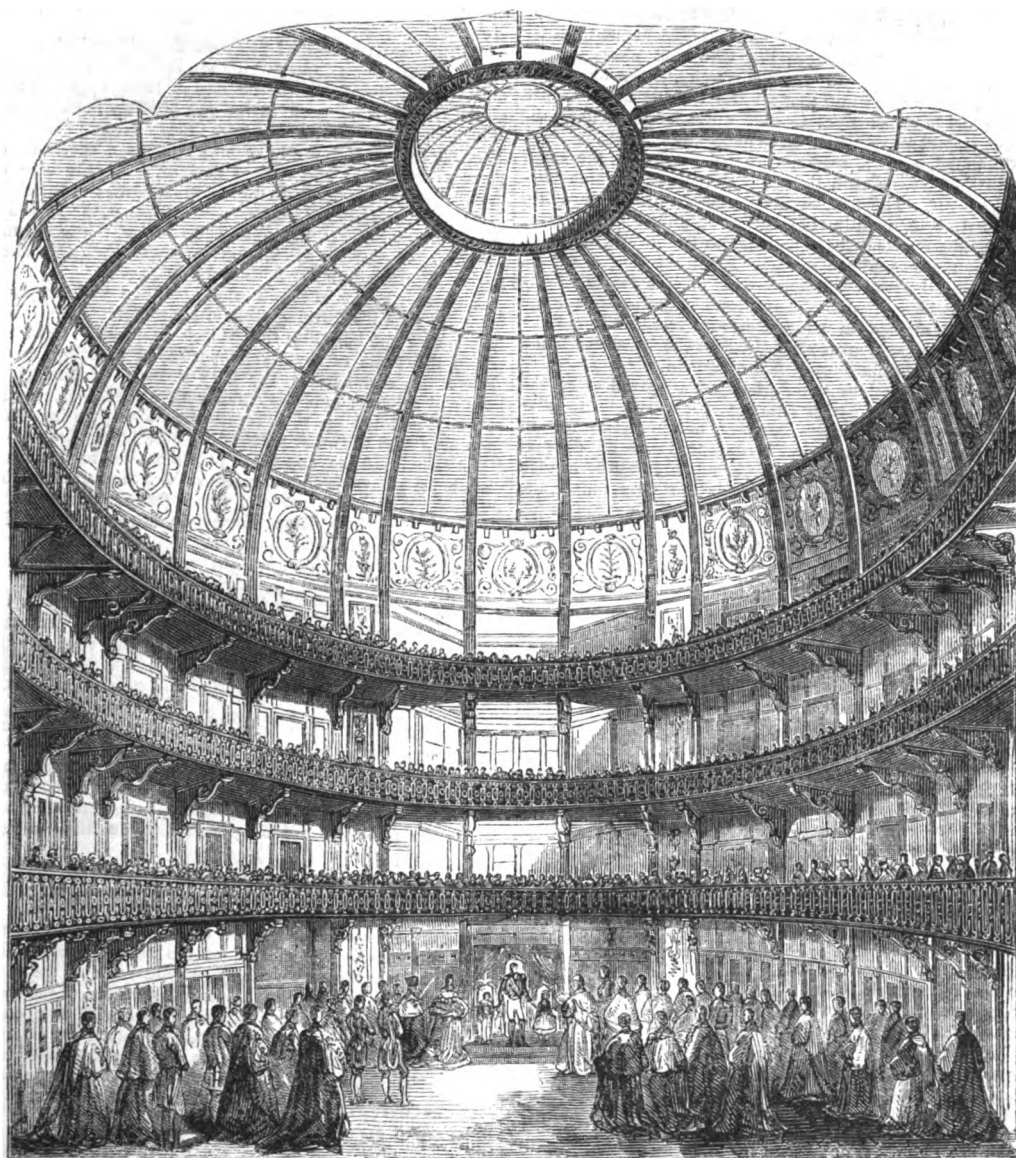
AN ARCHITECT.—The Interior of the New Coal Exchange will appear next week.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED NEWS

No. 3.—Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1849.

{ ONE PENNY.
POST FREE, 2d.



INTERIOR OF THE NEW COAL EXCHANGE.
Opened by H. R. H. Prince Albert, October 30th, 1849.

OPENING OF THE NEW COAL EXCHANGE.

THE citizens of London have had another opportunity of displaying that loyalty for which they have ever been so justly celebrated, by the visit of His Royal Highness Prince Albert, with the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, to the opening of the New Coal Exchange, on Tuesday, the 30th ult. An event such as this could not be looked upon except as one of the greatest importance, both as regards the interests of the City of London, and the happiness of its inhabitants. The introductory visit of a youthful Prince of Wales, the future hope of the kingdom, to the wealthiest and most influential corporation in the world, was an occurrence most judiciously chosen as a day of universal celebration. The disappointment attending the absence of Her Majesty, was, doubtless, considerable; and probably had a powerful effect in diminishing the number of spectators, who thronged every avenue, to catch a glimpse of the passing procession. It is generally believed that the public wished for a postponement, rather than Her Majesty's absence; but with that characteristic kindness and consideration which distinguishes our sovereign, she was unwilling that all the trouble and expense which had been incurred, to give due honour to her presence, should be sacrificed on her account.

On arriving at the entrance of the Exchange, the royal party must have been delighted with the scene which presented itself. The floor was covered with crimson cloth, and at the end, opposite the entrance, under a canopy of velvet, was a raised dais, covered with a cloth of gold, containing three chairs, for His Royal Highness Prince Albert and the royal children;—that of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales being ornamented with a large plume of feathers, in white frosted silver. Around the hall a narrow portion was railed off for the accommodation of the ladies and families of the aldermen.

The crimson cloth which had been spread over the floor of the Exchange having been removed, displayed to view the richly-decorated flooring, sixty feet in diameter, which is composed of four thousand distinct pieces of desiccated wood, and is arranged in the form of a mariner's compass. In the centre is the City Shield, the Anchor, and other ornamental devices, in richly-contrasted colours. The woods employed here are black ebony, black oak, common English oak, and American elm. The black oak is a curiosity in itself, being part of an old tree which was discovered and removed from the bed of the river Tyne some twelve months since. The mulberry wood, introduced into the blade of the dagger in the City Shield, has also some historical interest attached to it, being a portion of a tree planted by Peter the Great, when working as a shipwright in this country.

The meeting place for the coal factors and principals connected with the coal trade consists of a spacious area or rotunda, sixty feet in diameter, with three galleries, connecting the different offices. The noble dome of the area rests on eight piers of elegantly-designed framework, artistically emblazoned in colours. The style of the building approximates to the Italian, with such original and unique additions as the novel mode of constructing in iron could suggest to the inventive mind of a modern artist. Although usefulness is the chief condition in a building of this kind, yet the fine arts have a proper place attributed to them. The lower range of panels in the cupola is decorated in the style approaching that of Correggio, and presents many of the most remarkable fossil remains of the coal plant, surrounded with oval frames and brilliantly-coloured Raffaelesques of graceful design. The ground on which they are painted is of a fine turquoise hue, and accords well with the aerial opening above, giving a light and elegant character to the dome, the cupola being glazed with ground plate-glass, and the eye with amber-coloured glass. The upper row of pilastres are in the Raffaelesque style, illustrating the manner of working the coal, and at the bottom of each are geographical representations of *calamites* found in the coal, with the botanical names inscribed below. A great number of these extra-

ordinary geological remains are also portrayed on the twenty-four pilastres supporting the dome; so that the decorations not only form a pleasing feature with regard to colour and shape, but they will prove most instructive and gratifying to the students of geology. The several drawings of these plants and fossils were made from specimens in the British Museum, by Mr. Melhado, a pupil of the architect. The second gallery downwards contains also *calamites*, or fossil stems, with graceful Raffaelesques and medallions, illustrating, by eight figures, the costumes and habits of the workmen in the coal mines; a specimen of two of these figures, a "Collier," and a "Pit Man, with Davy Lamp," we have engraved on our 21st page. In the third gallery downwards, a similar style follows, with eight magnificent paintings of the chief coal mines in the kingdom, including the "Air Shaft, at Wall's-end," the "Percy Pit Main Colliery," the "Regent's Pit Colliery," the "Wall's-end Colliery," &c.; three of these paintings are represented on our 20th page—"The Wall's-end Colliery," the "A Pit Fawdon Colliery," and the "Letch Pit, near Hetton."

On the lowest range of pilastres are allegorical representations of the attributes which are essential to success in mercantile industry, with the designations appropriately given in English,—such as *Wisdom, Justice, Perseverance, Watchfulness, Charity, Benevolence; Commerce and Fortitude*. The latter subject we have engraved as a specimen of these elegant and appropriate designs. At the base of these pilastres are painted emblematical figures of the eight principal rivers in the kingdom;—the *Thames*, the *Medway*, the *Severn*, the *Trent*, the *Tyne*, the *Humber*, the *Avon*, and the *Mersey*. Correct delineations of these beautiful allegorical figures adorn our 20th and 21st pages.

The other spaces of the interior are filled with trophies arranged with the working tools of the miners. The mode of working and handling the "black diamond," from the pit to the grate of royalty, is portrayed in every stage. Above the entrance is the City Arms, emblazoned in gold and colours; and the smaller dome, leading into the rotunda, is filled up with scroll work and painting, harmonizing with the other parts of the building.

The whole of the encaustic paintings—of high artistic excellence—have been executed by Mr. Sang, the distinguished artist, whose works in the clubs, the mansions of the nobility, and the Royal Exchange, have earned for him the most distinguished reputation.

No one can view this beautiful erection without admiring the ingenuity and skill by which all persons concerned in the plan and its execution have united the *utile* with the *dulce*, at the same time securing the conveniences necessary for trade, and doing much to encourage and cultivate the fine arts; and for the liberal manner in which the whole has been conceived, the corporation of London deserves the highest honour.

The principal public offices surrounding the rotunda are those appropriated to the corporation officers who have to collect the coal dues, and who are, we understand, appointed by the corporation; the factors' board-room, the weighers' society, and the merchants and factors, among whom the present Lord Mayor of London holds a very prominent position.

Now that a Coal Exchange has been opened, by royalty, in the heart of the City of London, perhaps a voice may be raised in behalf of the wretched coal miners; and that the royal entrance to this edifice, of the august and amiable consort of our Sovereign Lady the Queen, may be commemorative of a change in the condition of one of the most industrious, yet cruelly neglected portions of the community. From authentic sources it is positively asserted that since the year 1800, more than twenty thousand human beings have been killed by explosions in coal mines; more than one hundred thousand working colliers have died under thirty-five years of age; more than six hundred of these poor people were killed by an explosion in 1847; nearly the same number met a similar fate in 1848; and upwards of seven hundred came to a dreadful end in 1849! Surely this state of things ought to induce the Government to pass some measures to prevent this

terrible destruction of human life in our collieries and coal mines.

In concluding this article we take the opportunity of returning our best thanks to the gentlemen connected with the Coal Exchange for their urbanity and goodwill in seconding our endeavours to present the illustrations which this day adorn our work. To Mr. Bunning, the eminent architect, and Mr. Sang, the talented decorator, we more especially desire to return our acknowledgments for the great kindness and assistance rendered by those gentlemen to our artists and ourselves, whilst engaged in making sketches and obtaining information concerning this truly national work of art.

COALS AND COLLIERIES.

PITMEN.—The pitmen of this country may be regarded as a hardy, if not an athletic race; indeed, the late Dr. Brownrigg, of Whitehaven, has pronounced the various operations of the coal miner to be at once a profitable and even a healthy employment. The Cornish miners have often been referred to as being a remarkably observant and intelligent race of men—combining as they do, each in his own person, the labourer, the adventurer, and the merchant,—they have acquired a degree of shrewdness and industry that could not fail to be noted, especially by strangers. These men are tall and robust, with their faces pale and furrowed. Their working dress consists of trowsers and tunic of flannel; but their holiday clothes are generally of velvet, profusely decorated with shining metal buttons. Amongst pitmen may be enumerated Mr. Stephenson, the eminent engineer; Dr. Hutton; and the late Rev. W. Huntingdon. Each of these eminent men had originally worked as a coal miner.

COAL DREDGERS.—At the mouth of the river Wear a number of poor persons may be seen anxiously awaiting for the rising and recession of the tide, when small coals are left on the sands. These persevering people sometimes pursue the receding surge so far that, by its sudden return, they become completely drenched and immersed in water up to the middle. In times of slackness in the manufacturing, as many as from four to six hundred poor persons have been able to obtain fuel for their daily use. The common belief on the spot is that most of the coal thus picked up from the bed of the river is part of the cargoes of ships lost at sea; but many consider that the German Ocean itself is an immense coal basin, and that the coal in question is washed ashore by the action of the tides.

JUST JUDGMENT BY AN IDIOT.—In Paris a poor hungry wretch stayed so long in a cook's shop that his stomach was satisfied with only the smell thereof. The angry cook demanded from him the price of his breakfast. The poor fellow refused paying, and the controversy was referred to the decision of the next man that should pass by, who chanced to be the most notorious idiot in the city. On the relation of the matter, he determined that the poor man's money should be put between two empty dishes, and that the cook should be recompensed with the jingling of it. As the poor fellow had been satisfied with the smell of the meat.

INDUSTRY.—If industry is no more than habit, it is at least an excellent one. If you ask us which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine we shall answer pride, or luxury, or ambition, or egotism; No; we shall say indolence. Who conquers indolence will conquer all the rest. Indeed, all good principles must stagnate without mutual activity.

SHARP RETORT.—A French officer quarrelling with a Swiss, reproached him with his country's vice for fighting on each side for money, "while the Frenchmen," said he, "fight for honour." "Yes, sir," replied the Swiss, "every one fights for what he most wants."

A Mr. WILKINSON has written to a western paper, informing the public that he thinks the newspaper record of his death is incorrect. He says, to the best of his knowledge, he is alive, and would be kicking if he could find the author of the report.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Comic Almanack and Diary for 1850.—Edited by Henry Mayhew, and Illustrated by George Cruikshank. Bogue.

THIS is, indeed, a capital comic "annual." The inimitable Cruikshank's designs are as rich as ever, irresistibly comic, and full of wit. The text, under the editorship of Mr. Henry Mayhew—whom we remember as one of the originators and earliest contributors to *Punch* in its palmiest days,—has made his pen a suitable companion for the laugh-provoking pencil of the great artist who has been his colleague on the present occasion. We have not space to say what we could wish of this clever production; but recommend it to all our readers who wish for a few hours' amusement, and a convenient memoranda for the ensuing year. The following abridged extract is among some of its best sketches.

RAILROAD TO EGYPT.

"Any one for Egypt—Egypt!" Of course we shall have a railroad to Grand Cairo—the London and Great Desert Direct. Every Englishman who can afford to spend a week and a five pound note, in the pursuit of pleasure, will be sure to go; for, in addition to the "magnificent scenery," "free admission to all the Pyramids," &c., the prospectus will, doubtless, assure us that in every town at which the train stops, a professor will be engaged, so that whilst the travellers are swallowing their soup they may be crammed with a knowledge of the language of the country. This railway will, assuredly, be the making of Egypt. In a short time the Desert will become as lively as Cremorne Gardens, and its sands as much frequented by the ladies as those of Ramsgate while the gentlemen are bathing. Villages will spring up in the bosom of the country, almost as rapidly as mustard and cress would in the bosom of an Irishman. The sources of the Nile will afford beautiful spots for pic-nics, where parties bringing their own tea may be accommodated with hot water; and the great Lake of Mæris will, of course, be thoroughly repaired, and opened as a National Swimming Bath—warranted free from crocodiles!

Then, again, as a place for posting-bills, the pyramids would soon shut up Waterloo Bridge. Noses and Son would, doubtless, engage the entire side of Ptolemy's; whilst Jullien would cover Cyphreus with a monster concert broadside. Of course, all caravans would be superseded, and camels only used for pic-nics and penny rides at fairs. The once renowned Ben Haroun ad Deen will be waiting to comfort the hungry passenger, crying aloud, as he stands beneath the glorious sphinx, "Allah is good!—baked taters all hot!—and Mahomet is his prophet!—here's your prime flowery sort!" whilst the once bloodthirsty Ben Hassan, as he leans against the bright gas-lit Cleopatra's Needle, will lift up his voice with "May the prophet bless you!—ham sandwiches a penny!"

BON MOTTO WAFERS (INSCRIPTIONS FOR).—Love should come with a *ring*, but not without a *rop*.—A little soft solder for a little *tin*.—Pig's cheek pleases, woman's tickles, man's offends.—This is between you, and me, and the *post*.—You can't do *wrong* if you do *write*.—May the female be as trustworthy as the *mail*.—Friendship is the cement of life, and we are the *bricks*.—Don't be always for-getting, and never for-giving.—One chaste salute: go it my *two-lips*.

NO DANGER IN CHURCH.—A little fellow, eight years old, one of the choristers, was accidentally locked up for a night, lately, in St Philip's Church, Sheffield. On being asked in the morning whether he was not frightened, he said, "The doors were locked, and no one could get into the church to hurt him; besides, God would take care of him there."

FIVE FACTS.—A firm faith is the best divinity; a good life the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty the best policy; and temperance the best physic.

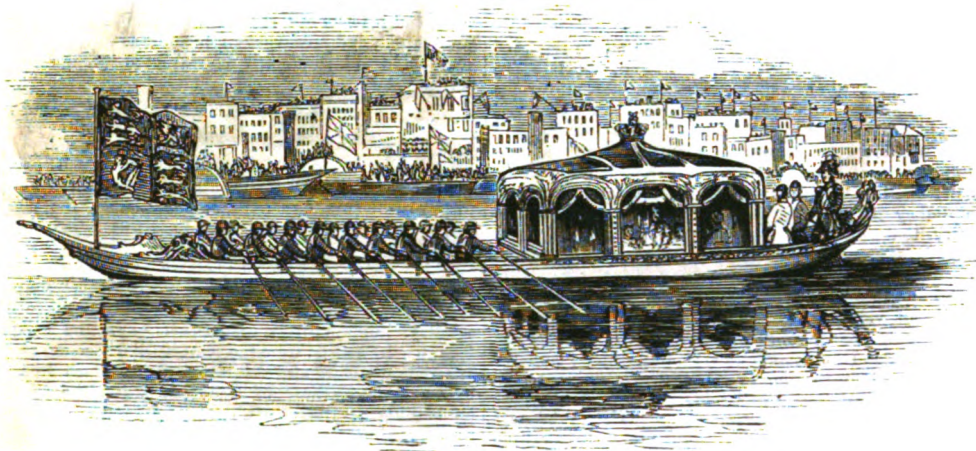
RICHERS are the baggage of virtue; they cannot be spared nor left behind, but they hinder the march.



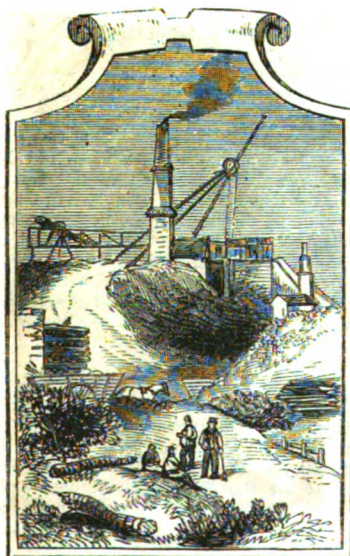
THE THAMES.



THE MEDWAY.



THE QUEEN'S STATE SHALLOP.



THE A PIT, FAWDON COLLIERY.



FORTITUDE.



THE WALLSEND COLLIERY.



THE TRENT.



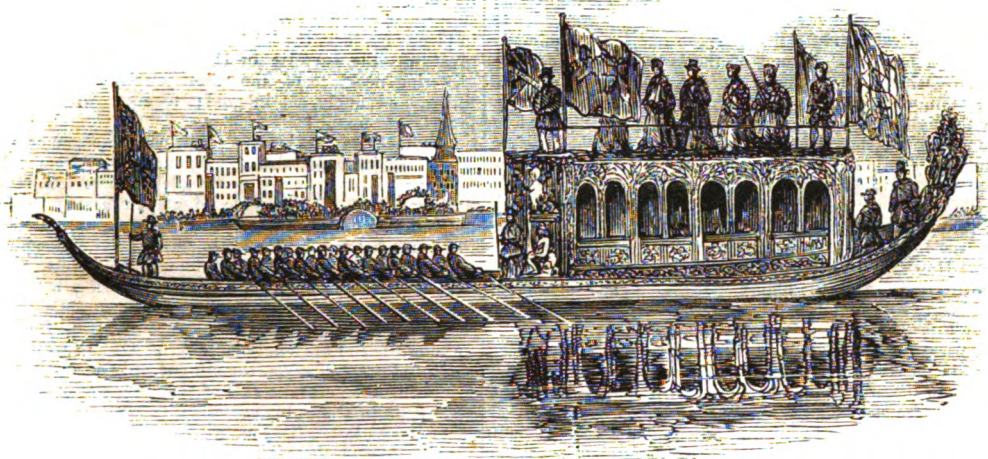
THE AVON.



THE HUMBER.



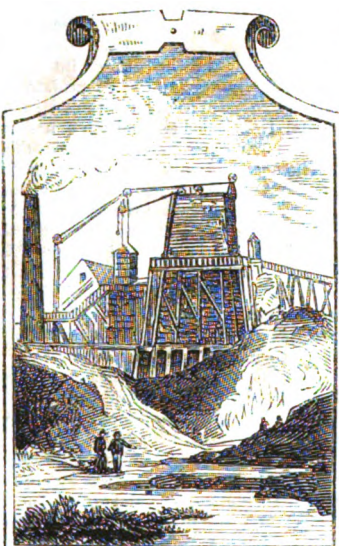
THE SEVERN.



THE LORD MAYOR'S BARGE.



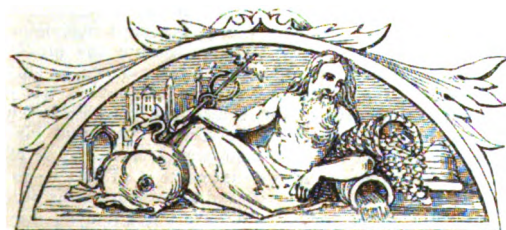
A COLLIER.



THE LETCH PIT, NEAR HETTON.



A PIT MAN.



THE MERSEY.



THE TYNE.

THE GOLDSMITH OF PARIS.

(Continued from page 15.)

CHAPTER II.

To return to the street. The noise which Martiniere had heard was the police in pursuit; for Desgrais, their chief, had adopted a novel stratagem, by which he hoped to be enabled to detect the miscreants in their work of blood. To prevent himself being watched or shunned, he had caused several of his officers who most resembled him in size and figure, to be dressed exactly like him, and the resemblance was so great, that a casual observer could not tell the difference. It happened on this very night that Desgrais had drawn himself away from all his comrades to watch in private, and for this purpose had secreted himself behind a low wall, in one of the back streets near the Louvre, when his attention was aroused by the appearance of a man, who, from his gait, seemed partially intoxicated. By the light of the moon, the police-officer recognised in the passenger, the Marquis de la Fere, whom he watched and slowly followed for several yards. On a sudden, however, as the marquis was turning a corner which stood deep in the shade, a man darted forward upon him, and with one blow, struck him to the earth; then stooping down towards his prostrate victim, he was about to rob him, when Desgrais darted forward, and endeavoured to clutch him. In his haste, the officer made a slip and stumbled, and before he could recover himself, the assassin was far away before him.

To scramble to his feet, blow his trumpet, and rush forward in pursuit, was but the work of a few seconds. All was now commotion; from all quarters were heard the sound of footsteps and the clang of arms. The police on foot and on horseback rallied instantly to the call of their leader, who, by this time, was in hot pursuit of the assassin.

"This way!—this way! 'Tis Desgrais who calls!" shouted the officer, as he increased his pace, and again loudly sounded his trumpet for his men to ascertain his route.

Troops of police and patrol were soon joining in the chase; and Degrais, finding that he was gradually gaining on his victim, shouted loudly to his men to join him. Already had he drawn a small holster pistol from his belt to bring down the assassin with, who was now scarce twenty paces in advance, of him, and who now evidently, began to slacken his pace, and the officer thought his prey was within his grasp. They had just turned the corner of the Rue de la Nicaise, and the fugitive assassin then crossed over to the dark side of the street, the officer being nearly upon him. Desgrais stretched forth one hand to grasp the flowing mantle, which seemed within his reach, and with the other he aimed a deadly shot at the object of his pursuit. By a sad misfortune, his pistol missed fire; and as he dashed it to the earth, with a hearty curse, he made a violent spring forward, and clasping the cloak with both his hands, found himself in possession of—nothing! The cloak lay drooping in his still fervent grip; but the wearer was gone!—he was nowhere to be seen.

"By Saint Jerome! he must have vanished!" exclaimed the disappointed officer, as, gathering up the mantle, he turned to join his approaching companions. They searched every nook, corner crevice, and avenue—but not a living soul was to be seen. The low wall, through which the assassin almost seemed to have vanished, was of solid stone; and the statue of the virgin, which stood in a side niche, seemed to frown upon the officers for their incredulity.

"Come away; let's make the most of the cloak!" growled the disappointed Desgrais, as, blowing his trumpet, he led the way from the spot.

Early on the following morning Martiniere related to her mistress what had occurred in the night, and with much fear and hesitation presented to her the dreaded casket. Baptiste, also, who was present on the occasion, was much agitated, and stood in a corner of the room, twirling and playing with his hat. They both begged of the lady not to open the casket without using every precaution.

"I think your alarm has no foundation," observed Mademoiselle Scuderi to her timid domestics, "and that you are both very simple. It is well known that I am not rich, that I possess no secret treasures which would be worth the while of any one thus to seek my life. Of what importance, then, could be the death of a woman such as I? I, who never breathed hatred or resentment to any one—excepting robbers and peace-breakers, in my romances; and although, Martiniere, you describe this man in frightful colours, still I cannot think he had any evil intentions."

Thus replying to the fears and doubts of her servants, the lady proceeded to open the casket. This movement caused Martiniere and Baptiste, who had no doubt but that its contents were of an explosive nature, to start back with a suppressed groan. Pressing upon a steel button, that served in place of a lock, the lid flew open with a loud noise; and great was the surprise of De Scuderi when she saw a glittering necklace of the rarest jewels, on a red velvet lining, and finely set in gold; together with a pair of bracelets to match!

She took up the jewels, admiring the elegance of the workmanship; whilst the anxious waiting-maid, emboldened by her curiosity was eyeing the splendid bracelets, remarking that "the Duchess de Montspan herself possessed none like them."

"But what is this?" exclaimed the lady, as she picked a neatly-folded billet out from among the jewels. "This will, doubtless, explain all." And seating herself, she ran her eye over the following words:—

"Mademoiselle, have the kindness to accept from some unknown friend the enclosed jewels. Of late we have experienced great dangers, though our only crime is that of exercising the natural rights of the strong over the weak, and appropriating to ourselves treasures which would otherwise be lost. By your wit and talents we have been saved. Accept, therefore, these humble presents, which are the most valuable that we have for a long time been able to procure.—THE INVISIBLES."

De Scuderi had no sooner finished reading this note than she clasped her hands in consternation and painful surprise; and, holding her handkerchief up to her eyes, she retired into another apartment.

To explain the allusion to De Scuderi's wit and talents, mentioned in this letter, it is necessary to observe that certain courtiers and intimate friends of the king, growing alarmed at the midnight assassinations, which were now becoming so frequent, had petitioned him to establish a new court of justice, for the discovery and punishment of the assassins; whilst, on the other hand, much terror was created at the shedding of the blood of innocent, suspicious, and guilty, alike on the scaffold; and a poem (generally said to be De Scuderi's) was also presented, to counteract the unlimited executions, which were of such frequent occurrence. The poem proved successful; and hence the thanks of the "Invisibles" became due to the talented authoress.

Mademoiselle De Scuderi, being somewhat recovered from her surprise, ordered a sedan chair, and proceeded at once to the house of the Marchioness de Maintenon, taking with her the casket containing the mysterious jewels. Having related the whole affair to the marchioness, the casket was opened, and, as soon as that lady beheld them, she uttered an exclamation of surprise at their surpassing brilliancy. Examining them carefully at the window, the marchioness pronounced it as her opinion that no one could have made the necklace or bracelets but the celebrated Goldsmith of Paris, Rene Cardillac.

This man was, without exception, the best goldsmith in all France, and was also one of the most ingenious and singular men of his time. Of low stature and prodigious strength, though upwards of fifty years of age, he still retained all the vigour and activity of youth. His great energies were still more evinced by his thickly curled reddish hair, and the determined expression of his iron features. Had not this man been known as one of the most honourable and worthy citizens of Paris—as one ever ready to help the needy and the distressed, his peculiar and ferocious aspect would have brought upon him the imputation of savage cunning and artifice.

Rene Cardillac was to be heard hammering away in his workshop with the first dawn of daylight, and his lamp was generally the last to be put out at night—in truth, it was frequently seen burning till long after midnight. He was a most finished master of his art, throwing not only the energies of his body, but the researches of his mind into his craft; and often, when a beautiful piece of jewellery was nearly completed, he would become suddenly displeased with it, and furiously dash it back again into the crucible.

Although his name as a matchless jeweller was universally known and admired throughout France, still he was one of the most negligent and disappointing of artificers. For instance, there was no depending upon getting work out of his hands when he had once commenced it. Offers of double payment, coupled with fervent intreaties, were useless: he would not accept a single louis-d'or beyond the price agreed upon. If, perchance, an overjoyed lover had entrusted him with the making of a beautiful necklace for his bride, which was to be done by a certain day, Cardillac would accept the offer with glee and joy; but no sooner had he commenced his work than he would stamp, and curse, and violently tear his hair, cursing his fate and his trade. The time of completion would arrive; the anxious bridegroom would call for his necklace, and, purse in hand, was ready to pay for it. But judge of his surprise, when the sullen goldsmith orders him out of his shop, telling him to call again in a week or a fortnight!

"But, Master Cardillac," says the customer, "to-morrow is my wedding day."

"What the devil is that to me?" says the goldsmith; "I tell you it is not finished to my taste—you cannot, and shall not have it. Begone!"

"Zounds, man, this is madness! There is the necklace, finished and complete in the first style of your art. Here is the price agreed on—nay, I will double the sum sooner than be disappointed. If you still refuse me, I will lay my case before the Minister of Police; and if you are obstinate, will bring Desgrais, with a troop of gens-d'armes, to force it out of your hands."

"May the devil himself torment you for your importunities," replies the goldsmith. "If you will have them, take them."

And as he would thus suddenly alter his determination, he would snatch up the jewel with one hand, and with the other seize upon the price. Then taking his customer by the shoulders, he would turn him out of his shop with much violence, often terminating in a fall or a bruised face. True, he dared not serve all his customers thus; but such occurrences were very frequent with him; and those whom he dared not abuse he would deeply curse after they were gone.

"I am quite confident that this is the work of Cardillac," remarked the marchioness, as she returned the jewels to De Scuderi. "But, would you believe it, my dear friend; if I were now to send for this man, I doubt much if he would come; for he has repeatedly and most positively refused working for me; and thinking that I wished him to execute an order, he would decline attending my summons. But I will try what effect your name will have upon this peculiar man, my dear mademoiselle. Perhaps, if he refuses the marchioness, he may attend the poetess."

Accordingly, Cardillac was sent for; and, in less than half-an-hour, he made his appearance. As soon as he perceived Mademoiselle De Scuderi, he seemed greatly surprised and confounded, and paid her greater deference than he did the marchioness, who abruptly demanded of him whether the necklace was not of his workmanship.

"In truth, my lady marchioness," replied the goldsmith, "one must be a novice in these matters who believes this work could come from any other hands than mine."

"Then, of course, you can inform us, Cardillac, for whom you made them?" rejoined De Scuderi.

"For myself," was the sullen answer. "I threw all my efforts into this one specimen, for my own gratification.

Of a sudden, however, I missed them;—they had inconceivably vanished out of my shop."

"Then, in that case," added the marchioness, "our troubles are at an end; and you will, of course, receive back from us the work of which you have been unjustly deprived."

Mademoiselle De Scuderi then related the circumstances by which the casket came into her possession. During this recital, Cardillac seemed panic-stricken, and his eyes were fixed upon the ground. When the lady had ended her story, the goldsmith seemed fearfully agitated; he snatched the casket of jewels from the hands of De Scuderi, and gazing upon them, as the tears fell from his eyes in streams, he dashed them upon the ground; and violently overturning chairs, tables, glasses, and everything which stood in his way, he darted from the room, and rushed headlong out of the house.

The ladies were quite terrified at this strange behaviour.

"For the love of Heaven," exclaimed the marchioness, "what is the matter with the man? This fury is unaccountable. I cannot come to any other conclusion, my dear Scuderi, than that this strange man is violently in love with you; and having forced these jewels upon you in this singular manner, is now unwilling to have them returned."

"I cannot say that I am of your opinion in this matter, my dear marchioness," replied De Scuderi, as she once more locked up the jewels in their mysterious hiding place. "So far from thinking Cardillac to be in love with me, I am inclined to think that there is some dreadful mystery in his strange behaviour; and I cannot look on these glittering diamonds without seeming to fancy the bleeding form of some poor victim from whom they were taken coming to claim them. True, Cardillac's character is that of an honest, conscientious, yet half-crazed citizen; still, I must admit that I have my suspicions of him; and, behind all this eccentricity, there lurks some hidden guilt. At all events, I shall never wear the jewels."

Thus far, the matter dropped, for the time, between the two ladies; and, in the course of a few weeks, the affair was entirely forgotten by both of them.

(To be continued.)

RESPIRATION.—When the function of respiration is calmly and naturally performed, there are eighteen respirations in a minute, consequently 1080 in an hour, or 25,020 in twenty-four hours. By each respiration one pint of air is sent into the lungs, and, consequently, in one minute, eighteen pints, in one hour upwards of two hogsheads, and in twenty-four hours upwards of fifty-seven hogsheads. In the usual degree of health, there are seventy-two pulsations of the heart in one minute; by every pulsation of the heart there are sent to the lungs two ounces of blood; consequently, in one minute, 146 ounces, being within eighteen cubit inches, exactly one imperial gallon; in one hour nearly 450 pints, or upwards of one hhd; and in twenty-four hours nearly 11,000 pints, or upwards of twenty-four hhds. One circuit of the system is performed by the blood in 160 seconds; consequently, 450 circuits in twenty-four hours; so that there are three complete circuits of the blood through the human system in every eight minutes of time. The evident purpose, therefore, of this delicate and complex structure and its wonderful action, which we have been describing, is to aerate the blood—to effect its complete ventilation.

QUID PRO QUO.—Turner, the painter, is a ready wit. Once, at a dinner, where several artists, amateurs, and literary men were convened, a poet, by way of being facetious, proposed as a toast the health of the *painters and glaziers* of Great Britain. The toast was drank; and Turner, after returning thanks for it, proposed the health of the British *paper-stainers*.

"I SAY," said a dandy to an intelligent mechanic, "I say, I've got an idea in my head." "Well," replied the other, "if you don't cherish it with great care, it will die for want of companions."

Camera Sketches.



FALLS OF THE CLYDE.

THE subject of the above engraving is a view of the Falls of Corra Linn, on the river Clyde. This river, in the neighbourhood of the town of Lanark, in Scotland, is bounded on each side by the most romantic and picturesque scenery to be found in the world. The word "Linn" is the Gaelic for "Leum," and signifies merely a fall or a leap; it is generally applied to a cataract, or fall of water, throughout Scotland. These falls are situated almost half a mile from the famous Falls of Bonnington Linn, which is the first of a series of these cataracts which presents itself to the eye of the admirer of the picturesque and the grand, on the banks of this romantic river.

The tremendous rocks around, the old castle upon the opposite bank, a corn mill on the rock below, the furious stream foaming impatiently and dashing over the fearful abyss at your feet, heightened by the hollow murmur of the water, and the scream of the wild bird, hovering above your head, form a spectacle at once grand and imposing. A summer retreat, situated on a high rocky bank, overlooking the Linn, was built by Sir James Carmichael, of Bonnington, in 1708; and from its upper rooms a splendid view of these falls may be obtained. The Corra Linn is eighty-four feet in height; and the river does not rush over it in one uninterrupted stream, as at Bonnington Linn, but takes three distinct plunges or leaps in its way downwards. On the southern bank, when the sun is shining, a rainbow is generally seen forcing itself out of the mists and fogs, arising from the violent dashing and foam of the waters. A peculiar phenomenon attends the Falls of the Clyde, in the salmon spawning season, caused by the endeavours of these fish to surmount the lofty barrier of water which intercepts their course. Their efforts, however, are all in vain. It is also remarked that the horse-mussel, the pearl-oyster, and some other species of fish, which are very plentiful below this fall, are never seen above it. A dense mist constantly hovers over this roaring cauldron, and from this point downwards the river assumes a dull appearance. The scenery on both sides, however, is rich and beautiful.

DIFFICULTY.—What is difficulty? Only a word indicating the degree of strength requisite for accomplishing particular objects; a mere notice of the necessity for exertion; a bugbear to children and fools; only a mere stimulus to men.—*Warren.*

HABIT.—Select that course of life which is the most excellent, and custom will render it the most delightful.

THE PANTHER OF CENTRAL AMERICA.—When the panther attacks large cattle, he most likely takes them by surprise: couching on a low bough of a tree, he jumps on the shoulder, and fixing three of his claws into the sides and neck, and his teeth near to the jugular vein, with the remaining forepaw he gets hold fast of the animal's nose, and forces it down to the chest. If he succeeds, it stops the speed of the cow or ox, and at the same time swells the jugular veins which he wishes to bite through. All cattle killed by the panther are sorely mangled about the nose. The panther is often hunted by very small dogs: when a trail is discovered, and it is pretty fresh, the young dogs are brought on to it, to find out whether they acknowledge it or not; if they are likely to turn out good trail dogs, they immediately roll themselves over and over on the trail, and it is reckoned a good sign that they will behave well in future. They are generally small dogs, and of course are not meant to attack a panther, but merely to follow his trail: and either to tree him, or, if he sits at bay, to surround him and bark until the hunters arrive. These panther hunters generally hunt in pairs; one of them is armed with two spears, formed from hard wood sharpened at the point, but sometimes pointed with iron. One spear is about ten feet long, and the other about three feet shorter, but they are both held close together for fear the longer one may be snapped. The other has bow and arrows or some sort of fire-arm; but as fire-arms are very scarce, it is generally the former. When the panther is treed, or at bay, the spearman advances, followed closely by his second, and kneeling on one knee, plants the butt of both spears firmly against that knee, and directs the points towards the beast ready for his spring. The man with the gun or the bow stands close over him, and fires at the panther just as he takes his last spring; sometimes the shot is enough to stop him, especially if hit in the centre of the head or in the neck; but, if not, the animal gives a tremendous roar, and makes a furious spring at his assailants; and now comes the nervous part of the conflict. Should the panther spring with his fore-legs wide apart, as he almost invariably does, there is not much danger, as he splits himself with the longest spear, and often with the shorter one also, and the hunter may remain without any fear quite close to him; but, which sometimes but rarely happens, if the panther springs with his forelegs close or crossed, he will then with a blow of his paw break or turn away the stoutest lance, and in such a case the hunter is in what is called a considerable fix. The only remedy then is to fight it out with the machete, or any other arms at hand.—*Dyann's Wild Life in the Interior of Central America.*

A REGULAR "STICK."—C. was a cute "Down-Easter," a real live Yankee—always ready for a joke, and hard to beat. He was one day in a country bar-room "down South," where several persons were assembled, when one of them said, "Mr. C., if you go out and stick your pen-knife into anything, when you come back I'll tell you what it's sticking in." "Yer can't do no such thing," responded C. "I'll bet ten dollars of it," said the other. "Wall, I rather guess I'll take that 'ere bet; here, captin' (turning to the landlord,) hold stakes, and I'll 'e'n jest make a saw-horse in less than no time." The parties deposited an X a piece, and C. went on his mission, but in a short time returned, saying—"Well, nabor, what is it sticking in?" "In the handle," replied the Southerner, as he reached out his hand for the stakes. "Guess not; jest wait awhile," said the Yankee, as he held up the handle of his knife, minus the blade; "I kalklate the blade can't be in the handle, when it's driv clean up in an old stump aside of yer road out thar." Jonathan of course won the wager, and the Southerner sloped to parts unknown, amid roars of laughter.

POPULATION OF RUSSIA.—The St. Petersburg Almanac for the present year, published by the Russian Academy of Sciences, contains an interesting summary of the statistics of the population of Russia. By the census of 1846 the population of the provinces and governments of European Russia amounted to 51,000,000 souls; four governments have a population of 2,000 per square mile (German); seven between 1,500 and 2,000; sixteen between 1,000 and 1,500; eleven between 500 and 1,000; eight between 100 and 500; and three have less even than 100 souls per square mile.

A CHEAP FILTER FOR WATER.—A very simple means exists, by which any poor family may filter all the water required, viz: by using a large pan or tub as the tank, and filtering the water (by ascension) through a sponge stuffed into the hole in the bottom of flower-pots, using two pots, the lower one being half filled with charcoal, and loosely covered with thin flannel, the upper one placed in it so as to sink the flannel with it, and then secured by a string; nothing can be more simple or more easily cleansed.—*The Builder.*

If the best man's faults were written on his forehead, it would make him pull his hat over his eyes.—*Gaelic Proverb.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. H.—Original Poetry may occasionally be inserted.

JUVENUS—BETA—J. A. C., and J. L. V. have our thanks, their suggestions will receive attention.

JOSEPH BRINDLE.—Can you assure us of the Originality of your Contributions?

AN AMATEUR.—The subject is unsuited to our pages.

A LADY.—Pope, the Poet, introduced the weeping willow into England. C. C.—There is some talk of the barracks behind the National Gallery being pulled down, to enlarge the latter edifice.

A SUBSCRIBER.—The Portrait will shortly appear.

ELLEN.—A note is left at our Publisher's.

THE IMPROMPTU BY A LADY is most respectfully declined, with thanks.

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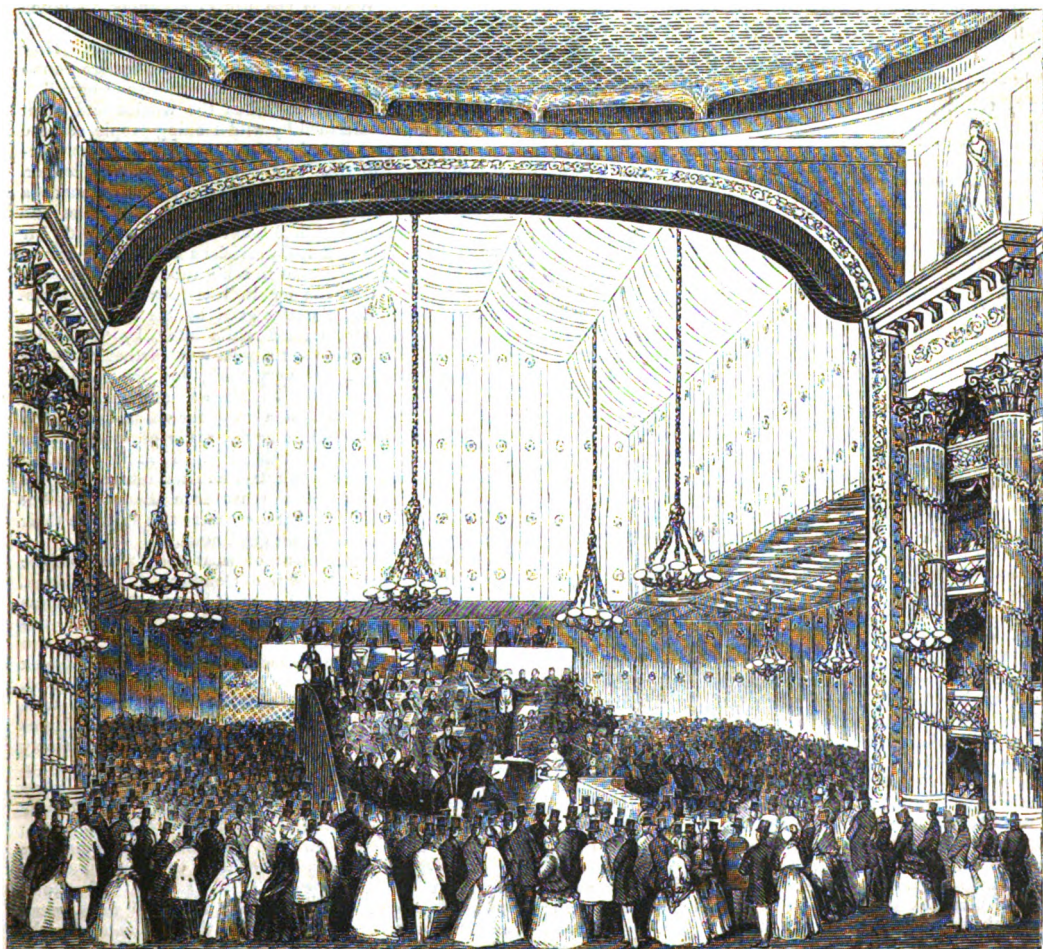
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SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

EXTRAORDINARY REVELATIONS BY A CLAIRVOYANTE.

MESMERISM being now looked upon with a most attentive eye by a large portion of the scientific world, we present the following from the *Manchester Guardian*, considering it a most singular experiment in connection with a subject of great national importance and intense interest:—

"The statements brought by Captain Parker, of the *Truelove*, which he received from the captain of the whaler, *Chieftain*, viz.: that two ships had been frozen up for four years on the west side of Prince Regent's Inlet, and that two others had been frozen up for one year on the eastern side, have not altogether removed the apprehensions of the friends of Sir John Franklin. The cunning of the Esquimaux, the frequent inquiries they must have heard after the expedition, and their schemes to obtain presents from the commanders of English vessels, render it highly pro-



M. JULLIEN'S PROMENADE CONCERTS, AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

bable that they have invented the statement they give of the position of Sir John Franklin and Sir James Ross, in the hope of obtaining some reward. Had the natives been able to visit either the expedition of Sir John Franklin or Sir James Ross, there can be little doubt that the whole, or a portion of the men, would have availed themselves of the guidance of the natives, either to secure their own safety, or to communicate with any vessel that might appear in search of them. All, therefore, is doubt and uncertainty; and, faint though the hope may be of obtaining information through the agency of clairvoyance, it is but natural that the anxious friends of the parties should cling even to that in the expectation of receiving some confirmation of the statements of the Esquimaux. The extraordinary statements made by the Bolton clairvoyante to an officer of rank in the royal navy, a friend of Sir John Franklin—statements which he declared, in a letter which appeared in the *Guardian*, to be "full of probabilities"—have induced that gentleman to request Mr. Haddock to put some further questions to his clairvoyante patient. The girl was, accordingly, mesmerised on the evening of Tuesday, the 16th of October, in the presence of several respectable gentlemen; and our Bolton correspondent being also admitted, we now lay before our readers the particulars of this extraordinary investigation. We give no opinion on the subject, but simply state what took place on the occasion. Being very susceptible, "Emma" soon passed from the natural to the mesmeric state, with a deep sigh. Mr. Haddock then informed her that Captain M. wished her to go again in search of Sir John Franklin and Sir James Ross, in order to give him some information as to what they were doing, and whether or not they were in the same place as when she last saw them. She said she would be very glad to see Sir John Franklin; but she was not so fond of Sir James Ross, who was sullen and less communicative. Mr. Haddock then stated that Captain M. wished her to ascertain where Sir John Franklin then was; what time of the day it was with him; and, if at a distance, what time it was at his ships. What time it was with Sir James Ross; whether or not he had seen Sir John Franklin; and whether the account given by the natives to the captain of the Chieftain was correct or not. Mr. Haddock then requested that when she was "away" she would look well at the country, and describe, as well as she could, all that she saw. "Well," said she, "then I will go and see them, and tell you all when I come back."

After a short interval she began to breathe heavily, and said, "Oh! what a wind! Dear me!" she continued, "what heaps of snow! they are higher than ever I saw them. Oh! how cold it is," and she appeared to shiver as she spoke. There was another brief interval, and then she started back, with an expression of disgust, "Oh! those nasty men! Do they drink that stuff to keep them warm? It would make me sick. I would be starved to death before I could drink it." She then said, "The first thing I want to know is whether the snow is higher than when I was here first. But stop, I will go higher up. Oh! how cold and slippery it is! There, that's the place. It is cold on one side and warm on the other. Now I shall soon get warm. There, now, I can see the ships; but what a height I shall have to go! The ice is higher on the back side of the ship than in front." Then, as if she had found Sir John Franklin, she said, "You told me to come and see you to-day, and I have some notes here (holding up her right arm where she makes her memoranda) of what I have to ask you." She then repeated the topics mentioned to her by Mr. Haddock; and, as if Sir John was giving her information, she said, "Oh! then, your ship is not under water? It is frozen in the ice! That is a good job. I thought it was under the water, and I told Mr. Haddock so. Well, but what time is it? Oh, it must be more than that, for I have had my tea. I'm sure it's more than ten minutes past eleven; I'll go to the ship and see what time it is there." She then went to the ship, and found the time about the same; but she was very incoherent in describing the time from the watches she saw; and Mr. Haddock stated that she had much difficulty in telling the correct time from a watch with the Roman numerals. She then said, "How far is it from this house

to your ship? I wish I had my tape, I would measure it. This ship was frozen up, but it is now cut out. That must be Sir James Ross's signal. Then you have not seen him personally? But that signal may be from the ship sent out with provisions. I will go up and look myself. Let me see through that glass. Yes, it is Ross's signal. When do you think you will get the ship cut out? I think you are nearer now than you were before. Well, but I want to know the exact time you expect to get to England. You expect to get out in less than nine months. Have you seen Sir James Ross? Oh, you have seen his signal, but don't know how to get to him." She then said she would go and visit Sir James Ross, and after a short interval, during which she complained of the cold, she exclaimed, "Oh, is it you, Sir James? I have been to see Sir John Franklin, and I want to know whether it is your signal, or one from some other party, that Sir John Franklin can see. Oh, I can tell, it is your signal. Have you seen any natives? Then what makes them say you have seen them? Well, I thought so; if they could get over these heaps of ice, you could get over them also. I would scramble over rather than stop here, to be starved to death. Now, I want to know what time it is with you. Oh, I don't understand your clocks; I have been with Sir John Franklin, who is nearer home than you, and there it was ten minutes past eleven, and now your time is a quarter past ten. Clocks don't go back, do they? Yes, I see there are two ships on their way home—they will bring good news. But before I go back, I will go over there, where it is so black and so cold, and see what there is that Sir John Franklin wants to go for. Oh, the clouds are so low—they seem to come almost to the ground—and it is so dismal. There is no road over here. What is the use of spending so much money for nothing? Oh, what beautiful colours!—a sort of blue red, like when saltpetre is put in the fire. How dark it is! and the stars they don't twinkle, but go round and round. I will go back again; it is so dismal here."

In a few seconds, she described the whales and other fish, and was quite alarmed by wild-looking people, covered with skins, who were jumping about, and eating meat without cooking it. She then said she would stop no longer, but return to Bolton; and Mr. Haddock having made a few passes over her, she related what she had seen and heard. She said she had had some refreshment with Sir John Franklin, who had his provisions in thick tin boxes. He also had some hard meat in a big tub. Sir John, she said, would be out of the ice in less than nine months. That it was ten minutes past eleven by Sir John's time; and a quarter past ten, a good while after, by Sir James Ross's time. That she went a good way further than Sir James Ross, where it was very dark, and the stars went round, and did not twinkle; but she was quite sure it was ridiculous to attempt to find a road for ships over there. That she found Sir John in a house, made of large blocks of ice, about nine yards from the ship. That Sir John had been a great way over the country, but had returned to his ships. That Sir John Franklin had seen the natives, but not Sir James Ross; and that there were two ships on their way home, which would bring good news.

Such is a brief statement of what took place on the evening of Tuesday, the 16th of October. Mr. Haddock, however, not being satisfied with "Emma's" correctness, as to time, put her into the mesmeric state on the following evening (Wednesday, October 17). As she cannot readily read the Roman numerals, Mr. Haddock gave her an old watch, not wound up, with figures 1, 2, 3, &c., on the dial, and told her to set the hands to the time she saw. She did so, and placed the hands at five minutes past twelve (noon), the time in Bolton then being thirty minutes past six (evening). She then put the watch at eleven o'clock (morning), for the time with Sir James Ross. Sir John Franklin, according to this time, would be in 6h. 30m. west longitude (longitude 97½ degs. west); and Sir James Ross in 7h. 30m. west longitude (longitude 112½ degs. west). A map being shown to her, she put her finger upon Prince Regent's Inlet, saying, "Sir John Franklin is there;" the longitude being 95 degs. west; which is a near approximation to that indicated by the watch, viz: 97½ degs.

Until Captain M came to Bolton, "Emma" had never had a map given to her; and being ignorant of their construction, Mr. Haddock does not place much dependence upon her accuracy in this particular.

Mr. Haddock appears to think there is a discrepancy in her statement as to the signals of Sir James Ross being seen by Sir John Franklin. For this, however, he says that due allowance should be made, as the clairvoyante is removed from the ordinary laws of space, and may speak of things being near, according to her perception, which, in reality, are very distant.

The statements of this girl have excited great interest all over the country. It has excited attention at the Admiralty; and the matter is said to have been inquired after in high quarters."

RUSSIA:

ITS PRINCIPAL CITIES, ITS BUILDINGS, AND ITS WINTER.

No nation in the world, either in ancient or modern times, can furnish such an instance of rapid improvements as Russia; which, from being little better than a territory inhabited by barbarous hordes, scattered over the desolate and extensive regions of Muscovy and Siberia, has, even within the short space of the last hundred years, presented the astonishing spectacle of a people united and consolidated by common laws, enlightened by the rays of science, ornamented by the arts, possessing extensive commerce, rising to an extraordinary degree of opulence, and maintaining the largest military force in Europe. Russia is the largest empire in the world. It comprises a great part of Europe, and all the northern regions of Asia. It is larger than all the kingdoms of Europe put together, and far exceeds the greatest empires of antiquity. So great is its extent, that when it is noon-day in the western parts of Russia, it is almost midnight in its eastern parts. In the south the longest day does not exceed 16½ hours; in the north, the sun is visible for two months together. The Russians are first mentioned in history in A.D. 839.

St. Petersburg, the grand emporium of the Russian dominions, is situated at the confluence of the River Neva with the Gulf of Finland. There are only two months in the year in which snow may not be expected in this city. In June the length of the night does not exceed three hours, but in December the sun is not visible for more than three hours. Although the most modern of European capitals, it contains the greatest number of splendid public buildings and monuments. In certain quarters, as far as the sight can reach, magnificent buildings only are to be seen,—the residence of the imperial family (described below), or consecrated to the arts, to commerce, to industry, to war, and temples devoted to God or to his saints. "A stranger on arriving at St. Petersburg," says a French writer, "is struck with admiration—with astonishment; and these two sentiments are perfectly justified when he reads the following description of the city, written in 1725. 'The whole city is one morass, and surrounded on all sides by deserts and by woods, except the imperial palace, where the ground is dry, and which is in a very fine position. All around, to a great distance, there is only vast and horrible forests, and frightful deserts; and only one or two roads can be observed.'"

The residence of the emperor at St. Petersburg is called the WINTER PALACE. This name was given to it, to distinguish it from a palace built by the Emperor Paul, and which was styled the Summer Palace. The old Winter Palace having been entirely destroyed in a few hours by fire, in 1837, the present palace was immediately afterwards commenced, and its portals were opened to the public within the ensuing twelve months. Incredible efforts were made to effect this arduous task, and a great number of workmen were sacrificed in the successful attempt. During the great frost the work was continued in the interior; 6000 men were compelled to toil within the walls in an atmosphere raised almost to furnace heat, in order to dry the walls quickly. The sudden transition from the intense cold air without, to that of the exceedingly warm within,

killed several of the workmen each day. It is a fact that the painters employed in the more heated apartments were obliged to wear on their heads caps formed of ice. Even the Emperor himself, with his family and a portion of his court, had nigh fallen a victim to his temerity, owing to the precipitation with which he took up his abode in the palace.

The Winter Palace is a great parallelogram or long square, having four fronts, adorned with elevated marble pillars, and an interior court. It is built of brick and stands upon the proud Neva. Whatever defects its external appearance may present is more than redeemed by the indescribable magnificence of its interior apartments. The grand staircase is of marble, encrusted with gold; the banquet hall of stucco, and capable of accommodating 800 persons; while the vast hall of Saint Georges is of Carrara marble. The apartments of the Emperor are on the second story. No palace in Europe can vie with it in splendour and prodigality of expenditure.

Moscow, formerly the metropolis of Russia, is situated on a spacious plain, and is of great extent. Before the French entered it in 1812, it was in everything truly romantic and picturesque. There were to be seen gilded spires and burnished domes, glittering in the sun-beams, and mingled with the edifices of almost every nation. But the pride and glory of Moscow, has been what forms the subject of one of our engravings—that magnificent and stupendous fortress the Kremlin.

"What a stranger on arriving at Moscow wishes most to see," says a celebrated modern traveller, "above all other things is the Kremlin. The Kremlin alone is worth the voyage to Moscow. The Kremlin is more than Russia; it is the whole world." Our engraving presents the most favourable possible grouping of its new constructions, as well as what remains of the old. It gives as exact and as complete an idea as possible of the external appearance of this celebrated fortress.

We close this account with an appropriate extract, from "Kohl's Russia," descriptive of the terrors of a Russian winter: showing the dangers and inconvenience to which the Russians are exposed by the severity of their climate.

A RUSSIAN WINTER.

THE winter in St. Petersburg is considered to begin in October, and end in May; and in the beginning of October every man puts on his furs, which are calculated for the severest weather that can come, and these furs are not laid aside again till the winter is legitimately and confessedly at an end. The stoves, meanwhile, are always kept heated in winter, that the house may never cool. Inconsiderate foreigners attempt sometimes to follow the caprices of the climate, and often pay for their temerity with illness and death. It is only when the cold falls to an unusual degree of severity that any change takes place. When the thermometer stands at 20 degs., every man picks up his ears, and becomes a careful observer of its risings and fallings. At 23 or 24 degs., the police are put on the alert, and the officers go round day and night, to see that the sentinels and butchiks keep awake. Should any one be found nodding at his post, he is summarily and severely punished; for sleep at such a time is a sure state of transition from life to death. At 25 degs. all the theatres are closed, as it is then thought impossible to adopt the necessary precautions for the safety of the actors on the stage, and of the coachmen and servants waiting in the street. The pedestrians, who at other times are rather leisurely in their movements, now run along the streets as though they were hastening on some mission of life and death, and the sledges dash in *tempo crieratissimo* over the creaking snow. I don't know the reason, but 20 degs. of cold in St. Petersburg signify a great deal more than in Germany, and are attended by more injurious consequences. Faces are not to be seen in the streets, for every man has drawn his furs over his head, and leaves but little of his countenance uncovered. Every one is uneasy about his nose and ears; and as the freezing of these desirable appendages to the human face divine is not preceded by any uncomfortable sensation to warn the sufferer of his danger, he has enough to think of if he wish, to keep his extremities in order. "Father, father, thy nose!" one man will cry to another as he passes him, or will even stop and apply a handful of snow to the stranger's face, and endeavour, by briskly rubbing the nasal prominence, to restore the suspended circulation. These are salutations to which people are accustomed, and as no man becomes aware of the fact when his own nose has assumed the dangerous chalky hue, custom prescribes among all who venture into the streets, a kind of mutual observance of each other's nose, a custom by which many thousands of these valuable organs are yearly rescued from the clutches of the Russian Boreas. A man's eyes at this season cost him some trouble likewise, for they are apt to freeze up every now and then. On such occasions it is customary to knock at the door of the first house you come to, and ask permission to occupy a place for a few minutes by the stove. This is a favour never denied, and the stranger seldom



ST. PETERSBURGH.—THE WINTER PALACE.

fails to acknowledge it on his departure, by dropping a grateful tear on the hospitable floor.

At twenty degrees of cold there are few St. Petersburg mothers who would allow their children to go into the open air. Ladies venture abroad only in close carriages, of which every aperture is closed by slips of fur. There are families at this season who will spend weeks without once tasting a mouthful of fresh air; and, at last, when the cold has reached its extreme point, none are to be seen in the streets but the poorest classes, unless it be foreigners, people in business or officers. As to these last, the parades and mountings of guard are never interrupted by any degree of cold, and while the frost is hard enough to cripple a stag, generals and colonels of the guard may be seen in their glittering uniforms moving as nimbly and as unconcerned about the windy Admiralty-square, as though they were promenading a ball-room. Not a particle of a cloak must be seen about them; not a whisper of complaint must be heard. The emperor's presence forbids both, for he exposes himself unhesitatingly to wind, snow, hail, and rain, and expects from his officers the same disregard of the inclemencies of the season.

The poor suffer far less from cold in St. Petersburg than in cities under a milder heaven. In different parts of the town there are large rooms, which are constantly kept warm, and to which every one has at all times free access. In front of the theatres, large fires are kept burning for the benefit of coachmen and servants; but the furs and warm apparel in which even beggars are sure to be clad, and the air-and-water-tight construction of their houses, are the chief security of all classes against the severity of their climate. As soon as the thermometer falls to 25 degs., the sentinels all receive fur

cloaks, in which they look grotesque enough, when marching up and down in front of the palaces. With all these precautions, however, the intense cold that sometimes prevails for weeks together, converts many a specimen of living humanity into a senseless statue of ice. This is owing more to the manners of the people than to the want of suitable protection; to drunkenness and idleness among the poor, and to hardheartedness, or more properly, to inconsiderateness among the rich.

Extreme cold is usually accompanied by cheerful and quiet weather, so that the magnificent city of St. Petersburg rarely appears to greater advantage than when the thermometer stands at 30 degs. below Reaumur's zero (35 below Fahrenheit's), when the sun shines brilliantly in a clear sky, while its rays are reflected by millions of icy crystals. From houses and churches dense columns of smoke slowly ascend. The snow and ice in the streets and on the Neva are white and clean, and the whole city seems clothed in the garments of innocence. Water becomes ice almost in the act of being poured upon the ground. Every one in the streets appears to be running for his life, and indeed is literally doing so, for it is only by running that he can hope to keep life in him. The trodden snow crackles and murmurs forth the strangest melodies, and every sound seems to be modified by the influence of the atmosphere.

THE sum of £300,000 and upwards, says Dr. Farre, is paid yearly in this kingdom for quack medicine—a sum far exceeding the united incomes of all the hospitals and medical charities of the metropolis.



MOSCOW.—THE KREMLIN.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS, AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

MONS. JULLIEN, having resumed, for a limited period, his series of annual concerts at this theatre, we consider the present a favourable opportunity to introduce the subject vividly and faithfully before the notice of our readers; and judging from the nightly throngs who crowd this splendid theatre, to witness a performance seldom, if ever, equalled, we think we are correct in viewing the subject as one universally admired, and deservedly popular.

The decorations and fittings are in keeping with the skill and good taste which has always been observable at these concerts. The hangings of the theatre around the orchestra and stage are white and gold, studded with rosettes, the chaste effect of which is light and pleasing. The stage flooring and promenade is covered with matting, and the refreshment room with warm and noiseless drugget; whilst the sides and corners are garnished with evergreens and statues, which are brilliantly lighted up with numerous ornolou chandeliers.

To witness this grand musical performance, crowds are nightly filling the interior of Old Drury; and after a few hours of enjoyment, are evidently highly delighted with the entertainment which this popular *chef-d'orchestra* has provided for their amusement.

A great improvement has been made in the refreshment room, by the demolition of two of the old walls, whereby increased space and accommodation have been secured. The reading room is more than ever an object of attraction, the tables being covered with daily and weekly newspapers, monthly and quarterly magazines, miscellanies, and periodicals of every description, in almost every known language of civilized Europe.

The audience part of the theatre has been superbly re-decorated; the ground-work of the box tiers being white and gold. As on the last occasion, the pit is entirely covered over, and by its communicating with the stage, an immense promenade is thus thrown open, for the amusement and gratification of the thousands who nightly patronize these attractive performances.

The orchestra itself is an immense raised platform, standing in the centre of the promenade, between the pit and the stage, where the various performers are correctly and tastefully grouped, with the great *maestro* upon a small raised stage in the midst of all; acting as the sun, or ruler, of the whole musical system by which he is surrounded. The movement of his hand, the wave of his *baton*, carries with it a magical and powerful influence. His pantomimic expression is truly imposing, and strikingly in keeping with the pervading harmony; and in the grand finale of each part his emotion and energy is equally spirited. He waves with his hand above his head, and, like Jove ruling the thunder, at once produces a roar of powerful strains from ophecleides, drums, and horns. He turns,

and with a slight elevation of the same hand, or a gentle nod, the most delightful and fairy-like symphonies flow forth from the numerous violins at his feet. Thus, with every movement, he seems to be the origin, the cause, and the effect. His darting eye carrying with it at one time a look of fury, and at another a beaming gaze of satisfaction and approval; and although unaccompanied by any instrument, yet, like a ruling spirit, he appears to govern and perform upon all.



M. JULLIEN.

The talented conductor's programme for the season presents its customary array of novelty. His orchestra includes most of the performers selected from the bands of the Opera and the Philharmonic Society. Kœnig, famous for his performances on the cornet-a-piston; Lazarus, whose solos on the clarionet are the very soul of harmony; Collinet, of *danse* reputation; Prospere, who manages the ophecleide so admirably; and other artists of European fame. The new engagements are:—A. Kœnig, first-horn player to the King of Bavaria; Herr Sommers, a performer on the "saxophon;" and Mr. Pratten, an excellent flutist.

With his usual skill and tact, M. Jullien has made a Grand Selection from Meyerbeer's *Prophete*, which forms the instrumental feature of his present series, the performance of which is nightly hailed with universal

applause. Amongst the best points in this magnificent composition, may be mentioned the Anabaptist's Hymn, the air, "Pour Berthe je soupire," played by Mr. Pratten on the flute; the triumphal hymn, in which four additional harps are employed; and the Pas des Patineurs (the Skating Dance).

Mademoiselle Jetty Treffz, who has been brought forward by M. Jullien, as the vocal attraction to his concerts, has also been nightly applauded and encored. The singing of this lady, in some of our plaintive old English ballads—most especially that of "Home, sweet Home,"—might prove a useful lesson to some of our British vocalists: for, though a foreigner, and exhibiting at times a slight, yet not unpleasant, foreign accent, she articulates her words so very clearly and distinctly, that every line may be followed and heard with pleasure. Her manner and style of singing this popular ballad, alone, will win for her the admiration of all her hearers.

SENSIBILITY TO RIDICULE.—It is an immense blessing to be perfectly callous to ridicule; or, which comes to the same thing, to be conscious thoroughly that what we have in us of noble and delicate is not ridiculous to any but fools, and that if fools will laugh, wise men will do well to let them.

ELECTRICITY.—The exact velocity of electricity along a copper wire is 288,000 miles in a second. It is calculated, accordingly, that we could telegraph to our antipodes in rather less than the 500th part of one second of time.

KNOWLEDGE without justice becomes craft; courage without reason becomes rashness.

THE GOLDSMITH OF PARIS.

(Continued from page 23.)

CHAPTER III.

SEVERAL months had passed away since the interview above related; when one day Mademoiselle De Scuderi was riding along the Pont Neuf, in the coach of the Duchess De Montansier. Of a sudden, however, her attention was directed to a loud noise and a scuffle close by her coach door, and, upon looking up, she was much surprised to behold a young man fighting and struggling to make his way towards the coach, at the same time using the most extravagant gesticulations to attract her notice. At length he reached the carriage sufficiently to throw a letter into the lady's lap; as he did this, Martiniere, the waiting-maid, who was in the carriage with her mistress, uttered a piercing shriek, and instantly fell back in a swoon. The coachman, thinking the ladies were terrified by the crowd, applied the whip to his horses, and away they galloped over the bridge.

In vain did Mademoiselle De Scuderi pull heartily at the check-string to cause him to stop—he seemed to go the faster. Then turning her attention to the swooning abigail, the lady poured some eau de cologne over her face to revive her. This had the desired effect, and, in a few minutes, Martiniere again opened her eyes.

"The saints protect us! What did that terrible man want?" were her first words, upon returning to consciousness. "It was the same—the very same man who came to us that awful night, and left the precious casket."

De Scuderi, endeavouring to pacify the terrified girl, telling her no harm would befall them, then proceeded to open the letter which had been cast into the coach. It ran thus:—

"An evil destiny, which none but you can avert, threatens to overwhelm and destroy me. I conjure you most earnestly to give back the jewels, which you received from my hands, to the goldsmith, Rene de Cardillac. Your life depends upon this step; and if you fail to follow my advice, in two days, I shall force myself into your presence, and, in my despair, will kill myself in your sight."

"This is most strange," exclaimed Mademoiselle De Scuderi, as she placed the note in her bosom. "If this person really belongs to the band of midnight assassins who nightly infest our streets, it is very evident he wishes me no harm. I shall be very glad to comply with the conditions laid down in this letter, and get rid of these troublesome jewels at once, for I have had no rest since they have been in my possession."

Martiniere was somewhat pacified by this resolution of her mistress; for she had already connected these mysterious jewels with some secret calamity which would be certain to fall upon whoever was the possessor of them.

A few days after the receipt of the strange letter, Mademoiselle De Scuderi, accompanied by her waiting-maid, were on their way to the house of Rene Cardillac, in order to restore the jewels to his possession; and, under any circumstances, to have nothing more to do with them.

On arriving at the goldsmith's house in the Rue de la Narcisse, they were astonished to find the shop surrounded with people, police, and gens-d'-armes. Men and women were talking loudly; the police were keeping the pavement clear from the mob, and pushing every one away who pressed towards the house; whilst the soldiers formed a circle outside the motley group, to preserve the thoroughfare of the carriage way. At length, loud screams and cries were heard from within the house, and every one now made a violent effort to get a view of the proceedings in the interior. Mademoiselle De Scuderi's carriage having drawn up before the house, both herself and her maid were anxious spectators of the scene now before them. At length, the door of the shop was violently drawn back, and Degrais, the chief of the police, assisted by two of his brigade, were observed to come out of the house, dragging after them a young man, who was loaded with chains and fetters.

"Kill him on the spot!—to the gibbet with the murderer!—out him in pieces!" were the exclamations uttered

by the excited beholders, who now seemed overcome by their fury and revenge; and, suiting the action to their words, they were about to make a rush towards the object of their hate, when the gens-d'-armes, with fixed bayonets, interfered, and kept them at a distance from Degrais and his prisoner.

At this painful scene Mademoiselle De Scuderi withdrew her gaze from the spot, and desired her coachman to return; but at this moment, as the horses were making an attempt to proceed through the dense crowd, which had now hemmed it in on all sides, a thrilling scream was heard from the goldsmith's house, and before its piercing echo had died away, a young female, of extraordinary beauty, with her hair dishevelled, and her dress in great disorder, rushed out of the shop, and throwing herself on her knees before Degrais, clasped his knees wildly, and in the accents of despair and woe, exclaimed,—

"Oh, save him—save him! He is innocent—on my life, he is innocent!"

The men laid hold of the poor girl very uncouthly, and in the savageness of their wrath, buried their rough fingers in her snow-white arm; still she clung firmly to the chief officer; and increasing the tone of her piteous accents, entreated him to save and release his prisoner. This unlooked-for interruption seemed greatly to enrage Degrais; and casting a savage look upon his men, he exclaimed,—

"Are none of you going to rid me of this she-fury, or must I sabre her on the spot? Away with her, I say; or dread my vengeance!"

At this rebuke from the chief officer, an uncouth attendant seized upon the supplicating girl, and twining his huge arms round her waist, tore her away from her position. In his exertion to produce this effect, the man overbalanced his footing, and as he swung himself round, with the weeping girl in his arms, they were both precipitated down a steep flight of stone steps, and fell heavily together to the bottom.

A loud scream from the female portion of the mob claimed the perilous condition of the young girl; and as a group of people were gathered together on the brink of the gaping staircase to catch a glimpse of the officer and his companion, Mademoiselle De Scuderi sprang from her carriage, and making her way through the dense mob which had gathered round the spot, rushed down the steps before any one could prevent her. Arriving at the bottom, she found the unfortunate girl in a swoon, and bleeding profusely from a deep wound in the temple; catching her in her arms, she wiped the blood from the wound with her handkerchief; and as she supported her head in her arms, she sprinkled her face with some eau de cologne, which seemed instantly to revive her.

At this juncture Degrais, having delivered his prisoner to the safe custody of his attendants, came to the spot where the poor girl lay senseless and bleeding. The mob had formed a respectful circle round Mademoiselle De Scuderi and the object of her benevolent attention; and as the chief of the police approached, a loud buzz was heard, "Make way for Degrais!"

"In God's name, Degrais, what is the matter? What is the cause of this dreadful tumult?" inquired the lady, who was well known to the chief officer of police.

"Madam," replied the officer. "We have just discovered the most dreadful crime which has been committed for some time. Rene Cardillac—that respected citizen and jeweller—has been found dead, murdered, and stabbed to the heart. Olivier Brasseur, his journeyman, has committed the crime, and he is now being led away to prison."

"But this young girl," interrupted the lady, as she turned her eyes towards her slowly reviving charge, who seemed to crouch beneath the iron gaze of the stalwart officer; "what has she to do with so sad an affair?"

"Oh, Madelon! Why, she is the daughter of Cardillac; and this Olivier who murdered her father, is a lover of hers. She has been weeping and howling this hour that her lover is innocent, and calling upon me to release him; but she will tell another tale soon, for we shall drag her away to the Conciergerie directly."

As he thus pronounced the doom of the poor girl, the

officer scowled so maliciously upon her, that Mademoiselle De Scuderi shuddered at his glance.

Madelon now began slowly to revive; and her kind protectress, having bound up the wound, assisted her to rise. As they again approached the house, a noise was heard from within, caused by some men bearing out the dead body of the goldsmith. The police were about to depart; and Mademoiselle De Scuderi, coming to a sudden resolution, whispered confidentially to Desgrais,—

"I shall take this poor girl under my care for the present, as there is no charge against her; she is now very ill, and requires attention, after the agitation she has undergone. Her guilt remains to be proved, and I shall answer for her appearance when necessary."

Desgrais, knowing the respectability of the person who was now accosting him, and besides, seeing that the girl was indeed very ill, quietly acquiesced to this request; remarking, with a polite bow,—

"Mademoiselle will, doubtless, keep a safe watch over her charge, till her presence is elsewhere required."

"Most assuredly," was the lady's firm reply.

The police then departed, taking with them the murderer, heavily ironed and securely guarded; and the mob now becoming aware of De Scuderi's kind attentions, expressed their satisfaction in loud cheers; and, making way for them to pass, some of the women caught Madelon in their arms, and bore her to the carriage, whilst numerous blessings and holy invocations were being poured upon the benevolent lady, who had thus rescued an innocent girl from the grip of her executioners.

Kindness, and the attention of the most celebrated physician in Paris, soon restored Madelon to a state of recollection and consciousness; but the bloom of health had left her cheek, and had been succeeded by the paleness of death;—her disease was now that of a wounded and sorrowful heart.

As soon as Mademoiselle De Scuderi could broach the subject, the young girl thus replied to her inquiries concerning the dreadful catastrophe, with which she seemed to be so closely connected. She said, that in the middle of the night, she was awakened by a loud knocking at the door of her chamber, and heard the voice of Olivier Brusson, imploring her to come to her father's assistance, whom, he said, was dying. In a state of dreadful agitation and terror, she hastened to her father, and found him lying in the agonies of death—his eyes fixed and staring. Uttering a loud scream, she threw herself on his bed, and then discovered that he was drenched in blood! Olivier then gently drew her from the bed, and began bathing a dreadful wound in her father's left side. During this treatment, her dying parent opened his eyes, and as he gazed wildly about him, his eyes at last fell upon the features of his daughter and those of Olivier. Without uttering a word, he placed her hand within that of the young man, and pressed them together. Casting his eyes imploringly towards Heaven, and uttering a long, deep groan, he expired.

(To be continued.)

"I CAN'T DO IT."—Yes can you. Try—try hard—try often—and you will accomplish it. Yield to every discouraging circumstance, and you will do nothing worthy of a great mind. Try, and you will do wonders. You will be astonished at yourself—at your advancement in whatever you undertake. "I can't" has ruined many a man; has been the tomb of bright expectations and ardent hopes. Let "I will try" be your motto in whatever you undertake, and if you press onward you will steadily and surely accomplish your object, and come off victorious. Try—keep trying—and you are made for ever in this world.

THE EVENING HOUR.—There is something in the last hour of the day, if it have been itself a happy one, which seems to concentrate all the pleasant things of the past. It is like a fine evening sky, calm and sweet, and full of rays, that are all the rosier because they are the last.

It is calculated that 1,500 bulls and 4,000 horses are annually destroyed in the bull-fights which are held in the various cities and towns of Spain.

HIGHLAND MARY.—Many persons have read the exquisitely-touching lines by the poet Burns, "To Mary in Heaven," but few, if any, are aware of the locality where, or the circumstances under which, Burns formed an attachment so pure, so tenderly expressed, and so dearly cherished. Mary Campbell—better known by her poetic name of Highland Mary—was in no elevated sphere of life. In fact, it must be owned—it is of no use to disguise matters—that she followed the occupation of a dairymaid at Coilsfield. Originally she had come from Campbelltown in Argyleshire. She appears to have been a person of considerable, though not extraordinary beauty. Her mental powers were great; and to her pre-eminently amiable disposition and the natural accomplishment of her mind, may be attributed, to a great extent, the impression which she made on the mind of the young poet. According to the statement of the poet himself, the two lovers met on the lovely banks of the Ayr, on the second sabbath of May, to take a mutual farewell; for Mary was about to take a journey into Argyleshire, to make some arrangements for her marriage with Burns. But this meeting was destined to be their last on earth. The impression—lasting as it was—which her death made on the poet, is yet more lastingly recorded in the lyrics in which he refers to the occasion. At their parting the lovers stood on the separate sides of a little streamlet, and holding a Bible between them, while they lavied their hands in the purling brook, fondly vowed to be faithful to each other. Her mission to Argyleshire had been satisfactorily fulfilled, and she had reached Greenock on her way back to Ayrshire, where her betrothed awaited her, when poor Mary was attacked by a disease to which she speedily fell a victim. Over her remains, in the churchyard of Greenock, a handsome monument has been erected. The depth of Burns's sorrow is nowhere better shown than in his noble poem, "To Mary in Heaven," written at Ellisland in 1789, on the anniversary of the September day on which he had heard of her death.—*The Land We Live In.*

AERIAL NAVIGATION TO CALIFORNIA.—Mr. Pennington, an enterprising American, has recently been making some experiments on the great prairies with a flying machine, with which he intends to navigate the air at pleasure. The "Baltimore Sun" regrets to say that he has not been sufficiently successful to enable him to come back in his own carriage. He is, however, sanguine of fully succeeding eventually in making a voyage to California, or even to Europe, in his car through the air. A large machine of this kind is now building by Mr. Robjohn. The canvass is all ready, and is about 80 yards in length, and 50 in diameter. It is to be propelled by two oscillating five-horse power engines, which have been already provided and secured in the car. They occupy a very small space, and are well made. They are to propel the huge gaseous monster, by fan wheels, we believe. We await in calm contemplation the mighty results of this enterprise. We can say this much about it that the workmanship will be well executed. The projector has at least, great courage, and deserves success; in any other department he would attain it.

HAPPINESS.—The idea has been transmitted from generation to generation, that happiness is one large and beautiful precious stone, a single gem so rare, that all search after it is vain, all effort for it hopeless. Is it not so. Happiness is a Mosaic, composed of many smaller stones. Each taken apart and viewed singly may be of little value, but when all are grouped together, and judiciously combined and set, they form a pleasing and graceful whole—a costly jewel. Trample not under foot, then, the little pleasures which a gracious Providence scatters in the daily path, and which, in eager search after some great and exciting joy, we are apt to overlook.

A POOR MAN'S DYING REFLECTION.—William Taylor, (or "Willie Harrow," as he was commonly called), being visited on his deathbed at Dundee by a Clergyman, was asked if he was prepared for another world. "Deed, Sir," said Willie, "I dinna ken if I need trouble myself muckle about it; for if the folk there are like the folk here, they'll pay unco little attention to a pair body like me."

FASHIONABLE society is a merry-go-round, that first makes us giddy and then sick.

Camera Sketches.



THE PEAK CAVERN, DERBYSHIRE.

The Peak of Derbyshire, in which this stupendous cavern is situated, is a large tract of hilly country, in the county of Derby. At the base of a tremendous rock stands this curious remnant of antiquity, commonly known as the "Devil's Hole." The entrance to it is in a low, gloomy recess, between two ranges of perpendicular rocks. A vast mountain of rock overhangs the mouth of this cavern, forming an arch, 120 feet in width, and forty-two feet in height. A number of twine-makers have established their residences within the recesses of this naturally-formed cavern. About ninety feet from the entrance the roof becomes very low, and the light of day is altogether obscured, rendering all further progress, without torch-lights, impossible. The roof now becomes still lower; and the explorer is obliged to make his way in a stooping position, till he arrives at an opening a few yards' distance, called the "Bell House," where he is able to stand upright; and without further inconvenience, to enter a boat, which is ready to convey him further into the interior. Here the traveller is obliged to recline on his back in the boat, to pass beneath a drooping rock which is scarce two feet from the water. On landing at the opposite side, he finds himself in an apartment, about 220 feet long, by 200 broad, but quite dark. There are several other cavities, or apartments, in this cavern, covered with stalactites, or petrified chalk; and in one of these the curious observer is startled by an invisible chorus, which breaks unexpectedly upon his ear, creating feelings of awe and astonishment. This hidden harmony proceeds from a group of juvenile choristers concealed in the hollow of the rock above. The entire length of this wonderful cavern is 2250 feet, and its depth, from the summit of the rock, about 620 feet.

CHEAPENING DWELLINGS FOR THE POOR.—It is supposed that one-fourth of the cost of a dwelling which lets for half-a-crown or three shillings a-week is caused by the expense of the title-deeds and the tax on wood and bricks used in its construction. Of course the owner of such property must be remunerated, and he therefore charges sevenpence halfpenny or ninepence a-week to cover these burdens. Government affect to regret that the working classes are crowded together; which looks very like hypocrisy, as it is in their power to prevent it by reducing the price of buildings, and, consequently, lessening rents.—*Correspondent of the Builder.*

THE VOWELS.—Is there a word in the English language which contains all the vowels? There is—*unquestionably.* There is also one which contains them in the usual order—*facetiously.*

HAYDN.—Haydn's earliest musical associations were of a kind to induce a love of simple melody. His origin was of the humblest, for his mother had been a cook in an Austrian nobleman's family, and his father was a poor wheelwright. Still, they had some knowledge and a great love of music, the enjoyment of which, probably, amply compensated for the want of costlier luxuries. They were accustomed on Sundays to cheer their home with music, in which Haydn's father played on the harp, and his mother sang, and a neighbour or two would join the concert, which afforded the deepest delight to young Joseph. It was by no means certain that the great composer did not give the hint to Wilkie for the arch young scapegrace who was accompanying his blind fiddler with the poker and bellows. Haydn, it seemed, at these family musical performances, was wont to get two sticks, one of which did duty as a fiddle, and the other as a bow; and he would thus indulge his fancy by "believing very hard" that he was joining in the concert, and would fiddle away with his imaginary cremona, marking every variety of time and expression. These circumstances, almost as pleasing in the contemplation to us as is the reminiscence to Haydn, had a strong influence in giving to his compositions that love of the divine spirit of song with which they were so pregnant. That his compositions were the outpouring of natural feeling he had indirectly testified himself. Carpani once asked him how his church music was so cheerful. Haydn replied, "I cannot make it otherwise; I write according to the thoughts I feel, and when I think upon God my heart is so full that the notes dance and leap, as it were from my pen." Many instances were recorded of the deep emotion which music was capable of exciting in the great composer; but, perhaps, none was so touching as that related of his being affected to tears by the singing of a simple sacred air by four thousand children in unison, at St. Paul's Cathedral. Few musicians had passed a life so thoroughly devoted to their profession as Haydn. For many years his career was unchecked by any material trouble or affliction, and the circumstances which, probably accelerated his death had a peculiar interest. His cottage being in the suburbs of Vienna, he and his family were much alarmed and distressed by the bombardment of that city, the engines for throwing shells into the town being planted in his immediate neighbourhood. But, when the town was carried, Napoleon, with that respect for genius which would ever shed a lustre on his character, placed a guard at Haydn's door to secure him from alarm or outrage, and to mark his high esteem for the great composer. He survived this honourable tribute but a short period, and died full of years and honours in May, 1809.—*Bucklands Lectures.*

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. HARPER.—Our work is published in London every Saturday Morning; and may be had in the provinces on Monday and during the week. Your letter which was rather lengthy, appears in an answer to W. D., below. Direct in future to our publishers.

W. D.—The question of the north-west passage is too intricate for us to meddle with. An intelligent correspondent thus writes, concerning it:—"For nearly 400 years have attempts been made to explore those ice-bound regions of the Arctic Circle, to discover a north-west passage, or of more nearly connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific oceans, which has in every instance failed. And of what utility will it be, when discovered to commerce? None! For if it could be discovered, it would only be passable for a short period of the year; and then at every risk of loss from those hidden mountains of ice: and of being locked up, as we suppose to be at present, our countrymen. Of the value and importance to geographical knowledge, no one will for a moment question, as it would necessarily be very great; but in a commercial point of view, every one will say—'No value whatever can be derived from it. If this money had been spent in purchasing a tract of country, to make a huge canal across the Isthmus of Panama, from the Gulf of Darien on the Atlantic side, and the Bay of Panama on the Pacific side of the said Isthmus, which would have saved doubling the Cape, and would be a secure passage for ships at all seasons of the year besides the advantage of calling at the West Indies, if required.'—T. H.

NATHANIEL WATERALL.—We thank you for your kind offer. The contributions, if original, will be accepted.—Each drawing must be accompanied with a description.

DUNCAN CRAIG, S. C.—Declined, with thanks.

R. M., YORK.—Our Weekly Numbers may be sent Free by Post for One Penny.

W. C., WOOLWICH.—See our reply to W. M. in No. 2.

R. T.—We cannot offer an opinion.—Consult a respectable medical practitioner.

ARTHUR.—Coal was first used in England during the reign of Henry III. A charter was granted to the inhabitants of Newcastle, authorizing them to dig for Coal, which had not before been much used for fuel; but it was a long time before it came into general estimation.

AN ADMIRER of Cheap Illustrated Works.—Our illustrations are first drawn, then engraved upon wood.

J. B., PORTSMOUTH.—Part I. of our Work will be issued with the Magazines for December next.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.—Advertisements for the Wrapper of Part I, must be forwarded to our Publisher by the 20th of the Month.

London:—Published by WILLIAM STRANGE, 21, Paternoster Row; and Printed by RICHARD FRANCIS, at his Office, 25, Museum Street, in the Parish of St. George, Bloomsbury, in the County of Middlesex.—Saturday, November 17th, 1819.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED NEWS

No. 5.—Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1849.

{ ONE PENNY.
POST FREE.

THE DAY OF THANKSGIVING FOR THE ABATEMENT OF THE CHOLERA.

THE announcement of a day of thanksgiving for the cessation of the cholera comes with singular propriety at a moment when the quarterly returns for England and Wales, the report on the sanitary condition of the City of London, and the weekly returns for the metropolis, show the extent of the past calamity, and the important fact of

our present deliverance. For the former point our readers are, probably, in some measure, prepared. It may, however, give a definite and memorable form to the fact, if we state, that in the quarter ending Sept. 30th, the deaths in England and Wales exceeded the births by 164, and that taking emigration into account, this part of the United Kingdom must now contain fewer souls, by several thousands, than it did on the 30th of last June. There have been 60,000 more deaths than in the corresponding



CHORISTERS AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

quarter of 1845; and fifty-three per cent. more than the average. In the metropolitan districts there have been ten thousand more deaths than births, the disparity being usually the other way. In the first week in September the mortality was three times the average; and for the whole quarter it was twice the average. Such are the figures and proportions of a devastation unparalleled in this country for nearly two centuries. Passing on to the recent metropolitan returns, we see with how much reason we may now offer our congratulations and thanksgiving. The total mortality of London for last week was only 887, which is 325 less than the average, and only about a quarter of the mortality in the first week of September. Only 11 deaths from cholera were registered during the week. So low a rate of mortality is unexampled in the metropolis.

We hope not to offend even the most sensitive piety, when we remark that the thanksgiving of last Thursday will become an unreasonable and hypocritical service, unworthy of Christians and of sensible men, if it is not blended and invigorated with a thorough determination to use all human means against a recurrence of the plague. If we may be pardoned the use of words employed in a scriptural sense, it is a precept to us "to wash and be clean." Cleanliness, indeed, is next to holiness; and we may learn from the civil code which bore the sanction and impress of Heaven, that minute sanitary rules are not to be despised even in the work of moral regeneration. Personal cleanliness is a law both of nature and of grace, and it is a law which extends to all the customs and institutions of the individual, the household, the city, and the state. Whatever is injurious to the health of the people, whatever drains their strength, poisons their blood, or vitiates their tastes, violates the divine command as much as it outrages the common sense of man.

Surely it is unnecessary to offer any comment upon such facts as these. They appeal to the common sense of all, and establish, beyond a doubt, that this fatal disease is caused by something that results from mankind living together in clusters of habitations, and through which something it happens that the air, which is the breath of life, becomes poisonous, and the engenderer of foul disease. The great lesson, then, taught us by this momentous revelation of the cholera visitation is the necessity of inquiring how this vital air can be kept sweet and pure—that is, in its natural state—amid the crowded dwellings of man? Perhaps the answer will ever be, that no human efforts can altogether preserve entire purity in the atmosphere of populous places; and so there will be always work for the doctor, arising from causes existing in the air, independent of the thousand accidents of another nature which flesh is heir to. But it is demonstrable from experience that the air may be so far kept free from noxious foreign admixtures as to bid defiance to cholera, typhus fever, and other epidemics that prey upon health. We have been taught also by the same teacher, that this is only to be done by removing from our dwellings every thing that taints and vitiates the atmosphere. The grand agents in this cleansing process are drains and water, and it is strange indeed that although it has been said thousands of years ago that "cleanliness is next to godliness," mankind should yet be as ignorant as ever of the art of efficiently applying drains and water as the means of preserving in purity the air they breathe.

We sincerely hope and trust that the united prayers and thanks of this great nation, which were so universally offered up to the Throne of Mercy on Thursday last, will not be altogether lost upon the Government, to whom alone we can look to for that human aid which should now be brought vigorously to bear upon our great common enemies and destroyers—"Disease and Filth!" To shew that much is required to be done towards bettering the condition of the masses, we will conclude our remarks upon this important subject by a short extract from the *Nonconformist*, which must convince every one that the first part of the great sanitary reformation must be a modification and reduction of those taxes which interfere with its necessary progress.

"Whilst the Board of health insists upon the necessity of cleanliness, they who appoint that board tax soap. The

one calls out for light and air—the other lays on a window tax. Better habitations is the demand of this—an excise duty on bricks, the reply of that. Parliament demands education for the people, yet taxes all the materials of knowledge."

Having recently observed the admirable manner in which the choir is conducted at St. Paul's Cathedral, we have selected for our first engraving, a sketch of the choristers: considering the subject most appropriate for the week.

A SHIPWRECK ON THE COAST OF AFRICA.

THE following account of the shipwreck of the brig *La Lucie*, of Agde, on the coast of Africa, is narrated by one of the three men who were the heroes of this lamentable story.

"On the 27th of June last the new polacca brig, the *Lucie*, of 215 tons burden, and manned by a crew of eight persons, including the captain, M. V. Lavialle, left the port of Algiers in ballast, with beautiful weather, bound for Gorea and Gambia, where a cargo of *arachides* awaited it, destined for Marseilles. On the 13th at 10 o'clock p.m., the weather was dreadful; the sea threatened to swallow up the vessel, and a tremendous leak was soon sprung. Several manœuvres to caulk the seams were tried in vain; the two boats used in these operations were hurled against the side of the brig, and several of the crew narrowly escaped drowning. Exhausted by fatigue they resolved to await the dawn. When daylight appeared, however, it only served to show the panic-stricken mariners the fearful position in which they were placed; the *Lucie* was wrecked on the coast of the great desert of Sahara, which was the very antipodes of its course. The sea still raged with the utmost fury. Various manœuvres were tried, but without any result. It was necessary to renounce them, and to resort to other measures. Each man then made a parcel of his clothes; a sail served for the preservation of a small quantity of provisions; the mainmast was cut down, and on this frail piece of wood eight men, variously laden, reached the shore, not without having experienced the most cruel sufferings. Having landed, the mariners raised a tent with the sail, and reposed from their long fatigues until the morning of the 15th of July, when they began their march along the coast, towards St. Louis of Senegal, more than 100 leagues distant from the site of their shipwreck. They were dejected and depressed in spirits, and tears filled their eyes. On the evening of the third day's march their scanty supply of water failed them. • • • Eight days had already elapsed since these unhappy wretches had bid adieu to the *Lucie*. In this arid country, the soil of which was burning sand, no vestige of humanity had yet appeared to rekindle hope in their hearts. The captain, however, still uttered expressions of encouragement and consolation. On the morning of the ninth day Cape Blanco presented itself, and the travellers descried two Moors, who by signs gave them to understand that they were near an habitation where they would be favorably received. 'Courage,' cried our sailors, who directed their steps towards the spot. They soon reached a wretched cabin, whence a Moor emerged, and, with loud vociferations laid hands on the small quantity of provisions that still remained to them. The eight sailors allowed themselves to be robbed without resistance. Hope had given way to despair. They resumed their toilsome march, and soon afterwards were assailed by a band of Moors, who stripped them of everything.

"This Arab band drew a circle around them, and conducted them, as prisoners, amidst shouts and most unintelligible howlings, to a neighbouring settlement. Having reached this spot in a dying state, the unfortunate mariners were ordered to kneel. They did so, and the infant Moors, excited by their mothers, cast whole handfuls of sand into their eyes, by way of allaying the existing irritation. A vehement discussion next arose, and a council of savages was convened to decide the fate of the captives. The women were more ferocious than the men, and insisted on a sentence of death, which was brutally

pronounced by the council. Towards night, it was decided by drawing straws, to whom the victims should be surrendered. Meanwhile, however, the tender sex retired; and the male prisoners having scourged the naked mariners to the verge of death, made signs to them to escape by flight. The prisoners offered up a momentary prayer to Almighty God, and then, staff in hand, resumed their journey, without knowing whither to go. After a toilsome journey during the whole night, our fugitives found themselves, at sunrise, on the sea shore; exhausted by hunger, fatigue, and sickness, the eight unfortunates fell upon the sand and went to sleep. On awaking, the captain, Lavielle, and three of the seamen detached themselves from their companions on a journey of exploration, to discover a less dangerous route. Alas! the consequences of this courageous resolve were disastrous, for the four men ~~never~~ reappeared. Two hours after their departure, the four remaining seamen saw that they were pursued by the Moors; they concealed themselves but in vain. They were dragged from their lurking place, and again most cruelly maltreated, the fair sex, as before, displaying by far the greatest ferocity. The only habiliments that remained to them—their shirts—were taken from them; they were stripped stark naked, mercilessly bastinadoed, and abandoned to their fate.

"At nightfall a fearful tempest mended the aspect of affairs; the fiery wind was suffocating, and one of the sailors perished, whilst his companions passed the night literally buried in the sand. At daybreak the survivors resolved to return to the site of the wreck, in the hope of finding some nourishment on board the vessel.

"After four days' march they found the articles of dress which they had scattered along the road on the day when they abandoned the Lucie, and so reclined their weary and bruised limbs. Another of the seamen died on the route, but on the 5th day the remainder reached the site of the shipwreck. The two surviving seamen went on board, but alas! the natives had anticipated them, and plundered the brig of every article. They had now struggled against famine and fatigue for ten days, and resolved to await death—that blessed benefactor of unfortunate man. In the interim however, a white spot was descried in the distance; it proved to be a vessel in full sail. A signal was hoisted by the two seamen, and at length, after much delay, the captain (fearing that it was a mere stratagem of the Moors to decoy him into their hands) sent a shallop ashore, and rescued the dying wretches. The vessel proved to be the Spanish ship Adam, commanded by Captain Francisco Devega, and employed in the fishing trade on the coast. The gallant Devega, having heard the recital of the rescued ones, made every effort, for the space of a month, to discover the men who had been lost ashore, but in vain. On the fourth day the Adam cast anchor off the Canary Isles, and towards the middle of September the unfortunate Frenchmen were despatched to Cadiz in a Spanish Government steamer, whence they took passage to Marseilles. They arrived at the latter port on the 12th of October, and embraced their families with tears of thankfulness and joy. It is hoped that the French Government will make a fitting acknowledgment to the gallant Captain Devega for his noble conduct."

A SEASONABLE HINT.—Wilkes never lost his presence of mind, but was always full of resources. When he was apprehended by the king's messengers, the warrant included Churchill, the poet, who entered the room just as Wilkes was captured. "Thompson, my dear fellow," cried Wilkes, as if overjoyed to see him, "they have seized me, and the warrant includes Churchill. You are not likely to see Churchill yourself, but if you meet any of his friends, beg them to warn him to get out of the way." Churchill took the hint; and after a few observations about Mrs. Thompson, he took his leave, and took care to be off quickly directly he was clear of the house.

HUMAN NATURE.—"Sir," said Johnson, "a man who has seen one green field has seen all the green fields. I like to study human nature; let us walk down Fleet street."

MODERN WORKS OF ART.

No. 1.—THE COLOSSEUM.

WE have this week engraved four views from that most beautiful work of art, "The Cyclorama of Lisbon," painted by those talented artists, Danson and Son. This production being one of the very highest order, and moreover vividly illustrating a fearful historical event, we have selected the subject as one appropriate to commence a series of illustrated articles upon our "Modern Works of Art," to be introduced occasionally.

To render the subject one of general interest, we annex the following descriptive account of this terrible visitation:—

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE AT LISBON.

THIS awful calamity, which nearly destroyed the city of Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, occurred on the 1st of November, 1755, and was one of the most disastrous events that ever befel a kingdom.

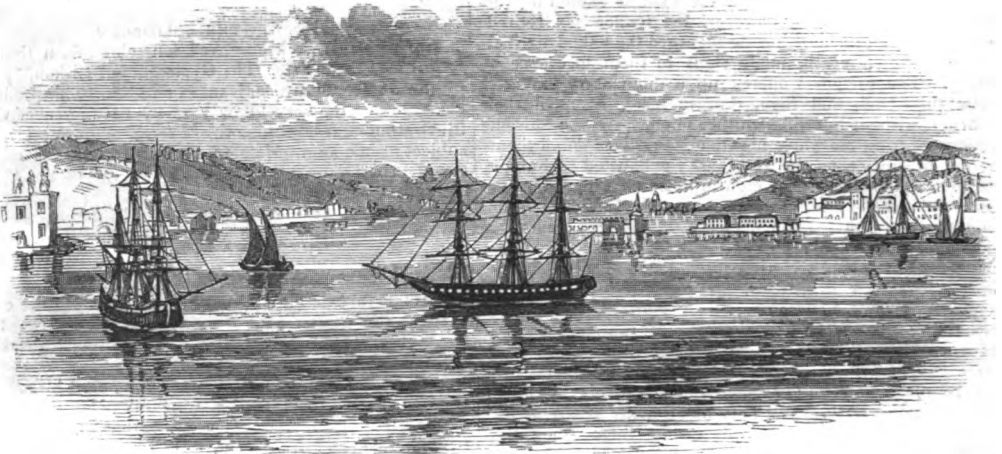
Lisbon, like ancient Rome, stands on seven hills, and is situated in the Province of Estremadura, on the banks of the Tagus. It first became considerable in the reign of Emmanuel; and from that time was the capital of the kingdom,—the seat of its monarch, and chief tribunals. It abounded with public buildings, churches, convents, and royal palaces. Its harbour, one of the finest in the world, became the receptacle of the richest merchandise of the East and West Indies; and when viewed from the southern shore of the river, formed a beautiful prospect—the entrance to the harbour defended by two forts. Such was Lisbon before the earthquake, which destroyed the principal portion of this devoted city.

The weather for some days prior to the fatal shocks had been very fine and warm, and the morning of the 1st broke forth with a bright sun and a clear sky. Shortly after nine o'clock the whole city was alarmed by a low rumbling noise, like distant thunder, which gradually increased till it exceeded the loudest roar of cannon. The first shock now took place, which shook the city to its very foundation, and overwhelmed the inhabitants with terror and apprehension. Houses vibrated backward and forward with great violence, and the upper rooms and stories immediately fell to the earth, carrying with them the wretched occupants, and crushing the passengers in the street to death, by enveloping them in the falling ruins.

The trembling of the earth was so great, that it was impossible to maintain an upright position without support; and a thick haze or gloom overspreading the city, obliterating the light of day, and increasing with powerful effect the terrors of that dreadful day. The alarmed inhabitants rushed into the streets to escape the falling houses, which were crumbling to ruins in every direction; and proceeded in a body to the great square in front of St. Paul's church. This magnificent edifice, however, in which a great number of people had assembled for protection, soon fell to the earth with a dreadful crash, involving an immense multitude in its own destruction.

The 1st of November was the festival of All Saints, and the churches had been crowded from an early hour by devotees and ecclesiastics; this tended to increase the fearful loss of life which occurred in the downfall of the various sacred buildings. Crowds of persons of all ages and denominations now rushed to the river's banks for safety; and here might be seen ladies in splendid garments, half-dressed, or with tattered clothes; priests in their sacred robes; citizens, merchants, beggars, soldiers, children of all ages, prostrating themselves to the ground and praying to Heaven for safety and assistance. It was at this momentous crisis that the second great shock took place, which equalled the first in violence, and completed the work of destruction. The fine church at the top of St. Catherine's hill, fell with a mighty crash, killing great numbers who had sought protection within its walls.

On a sudden the river, which is about four miles broad, heaved and swelled in the most dreadful manner. There was no wind stirring at the time; yet in an instant there appeared at a short distance a large body of water, rising from the surface like a mountain, and rushing toward the



LISBON.—SCENE ON THE TAGUS.

shore with fearful impetuosity. The affrighted populace in vain attempted to retire before it, but the progress of the water was too quick to allow of escape in such a dense crowd, for the throng of persons who rushed towards the interior of the city only increased the delay and confusion. The rolling waves burst over their heads, and as they retired, overwhelmed and carried back with them hundreds of the defenceless multitude, who shrieked in vain for assistance. The magnificent quay, which was at that time crowded with people, who had fled thither for protection, was entirely swallowed up, and the whole of the vast congregation which occupied it were also swept away by the fury of the waves, leaving not a trace or stone behind.

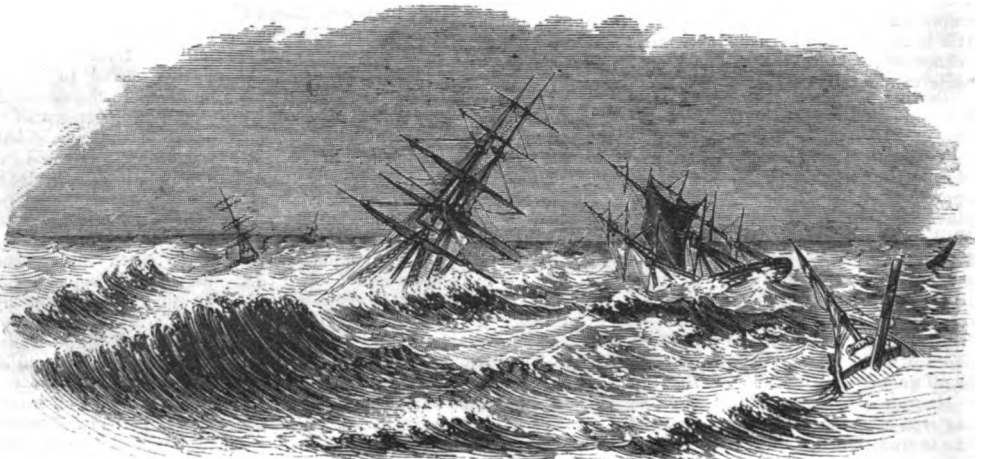
The vessels in the river were also tumbled and violently tossed about as if in a storm; some broke their cables, and were dashed to the other side of the Tagus; whilst many were entirely engulfed and swallowed up. The city from the river presented a fearful scene; whole streets were to be seen waving to and fro like tall trees in a high wind; and the agitation of the bed of the river was so great, that it threw up large anchors from their moorings, and tossed them many feet above the surface of the water; the level of the river suddenly rising upwards of twenty feet, and as quickly resuming its original state.

Two fearful and devastating shocks had now shaken the city to its very foundation. But a third was awaiting the wretched population, to complete their misery and despair. It came on with less fury and destruction than the two former, and seemed principally confined to the river, casting

huge vessels high and dry upon the shore, which were riding in twelve fathoms of water; it again rose up in mountainous waves, sweeping the banks and all before it, and again retiring to its bed with all the fury of a whirlpool. The terror-stricken populace now universally believed that their city was doomed to be swept from the face of the earth, and that their last hour had arrived.

The fury and terror of this dreadful earthquake had no sooner subsided, than a universal conflagration overspread the ruined city, which soon broke forth in a hundred different places. This second calamity was generally considered to be less owing to the discharge of subterranean fires, which issued from fissures in the earth, than to the destruction of the churches; for as is usual in all Catholic countries on such a day of high festival, every altar had been illuminated with numerous wax tapers and lamps, and these falling with the drapery and wood-work during the earthquake, soon gave birth to a furious conflagration.

The total loss of life in these calamities, in Lisbon alone, is estimated at from 30,000 to 60,000; and the direful consequences of this terrible earthquake were severely felt in the numerous evils which existed even after the terrors of the shock had subsided. The immense number of wounded and mangled bodies, and others half burnt, together with the sick and dying, required immediate care and attention; whilst the heaps of dead which were in the streets, and buried beneath houses and churches, and which were rapidly infecting the air with a pestilential vapour, called forth the immediate energies of the govern-



LISBON.—THE TAGUS DURING THE EARTHQUAKE.



LISBON.—GENERAL RUINS OF THE CITY.

ment lest a plague should have arisen to complete the destruction of this half depopulated city.

The intelligence of the overthrow of the city of Lisbon was received with deep sympathy by all the Christian powers of Europe. Even the jealousy of Spain, was for a time lulled; and its ancient ally, Great Britain, was prompt in its offices of generous assistance, and it was owing to this timely aid from foreign powers, and the prompt and rigorous measures enforced by its own government, that they were enabled to bear up successfully against the evils which had oppressed them; and out of the ruins and ashes of their former city, erected a newer and yet more splendid Lisbon than the one which had been so suddenly destroyed.

THE French character, in the opinion of Bonaparte, was very fickle. Some one told him that his statue was taken down from the grand pillar. "Well," said he, "what have they put in its stead?" The answer was—"The Bourbon flag." "They ought," said he, "to have put up a weather-cock."

PROFESSOR ANDERSON, the great magician, having offered a prize for the best conundrum, 103 were sent in; and the *pas* was awarded to the following:—"What heavenly thing and what earthly thing does a rainy day exercise the same influence over? The sun and your boots, for it takes the shine out of both."

LOVE.—The atmosphere breathed by God.

ORIGIN OF THE FUNERAL ARRAY.—The array of funerals, commonly made by undertakers in London, and in many large towns, is strictly the heraldic array of a *baronial* funeral; the two men who stand at the doors being supposed to be the two porters of the castle, with their staves in black; the man who heads the procession, wearing a scarf, being a representative of a herald-at-arms; the man who carries a plume of feathers on his head being an esquire, who bears the shield and casque, with its plume of feathers; the pall-bearers, with batons, being representatives of knights-companions-at-arms; the men walking with wands being supposed to represent gentlemen-ushers, with their wands. Literally, all "the pomp and circumstance" with which the baron of high birth, ancient lineage, numerous heraldic quarterings, and large estates, was conveyed in the olden time to "the house appointed unto all living,"—are now copied without the slightest significance or utility—the mere dry form transplanted into another grade and class, to which it is singularly inappropriate and oppressive—in the funerals of the middle class of society, in those of the humble curate and decent tradesman, and small shopkeeper, and even the first-class artisan. In this way the cost of funerals is swollen to the enormous amount for England and Wales of not less than *five millions* sterling annually.

THE best cure for low spirits is business.—One half of the melancholy that you run against is caused by indolence and feather beds. The best fun in the world is activity.



LISBON.—CONFLAGRATION OF THE CITY.

THE GOLDSMITH OF PARIS.

(Continued from page 31.)

THE terrified lovers now both gave way to tears and lamentations. Olivier then proceeded to inform her, that having been ordered by *Rene Cardillac* to attend him about midnight, they had both gone out together; and that his master had, in his presence, been attacked and stabbed to the heart by an assassin. Trusting he was not seriously wounded, he had carried him home, had called up *Madelon* to attend him, and she knew the rest. In the morning the people in the house gave the alarm; the police broke into the house, and had dragged off Olivier to prison as the murderer of her father.

Much moved by this simple recital, and also by *Madelon's* fervent assurance that her lover was innocent, *Mademoiselle De Scuderi* was fully disposed to doubt the guilt of the young man herself. His previous character was most exemplary, and he was regarded by all who knew him as a model of regularity and industry.

When placed before the judges of the Chamber Ardente, Olivier had denied all participation of the deed; and his account coincided precisely with that given by *Madelon*; and being now fully persuaded that the lovers were innocent, *Mademoiselle De Scuderi* left no means untried to obtain every information concerning the dreadful deed, and to rescue from the dreadful fate which surrounded them these two innocent but suspected persons.

Early the next morning the kind-hearted benefactress of these unfortunate young lovers paid a visit to the President la Regine, and laid before him the substance of the narrative which *Madelon* had given. This high functionary, however,—though treating his guest with great politeness and respect—put quite another face upon the matter, and looked upon *Madelon* as no other than a guilty accomplice. In order to convince *De Scuderi* of the confirmed guilt of Olivier, who had undergone a rigorous examination before the judges, he proceeded to give her an account of it, which he doubted not would at once remove all her misapprehensions, as he termed them.

"To commence," began the president, "*Rene Cardillac*, a worthy and respected man, is found murdered—no one knows anything of the affair but this Olivier Brusson and *Madelon*—they are lovers—a dagger is found in the house which fits exactly with the wound—he says his master was attacked in the street, yet he makes no efforts to secure the assassin. This man, *Cardillac*, was never known to be out after nine o'clock of an evening—an old gentleman living on the same floor, hears the goldsmith go down stairs exactly at nine o'clock on the night in question, bolt the outward door, and then returning up-stairs, read prayers to his daughter, and finally retire to his bed-room. The whole house was quiet till after midnight, and no one was heard to unbolt or go out at this door, which opens with a heavy grating noise. The wound being of the same description as those by which so many of our worthy fellow-citizens have fallen, proves, beyond a doubt, that this Olivier was connected with a band of miscreants who have lately held in mockery all the attempts of justice to detect them."

"But as to this poor girl—the innocent *Madelon*? What proof have you against her?" inquired *De Scuderi*, of the stern president.

"Ha!—poor innocent girl, indeed!" he replied, with a sneer. "Who can say that she is not glad of her parent's death? It is only for her lover's sake that her tears flow so freely. You must excuse me, my dear lady, if I am compelled, ere long, to remove this hypocritical favourite from your protection, and place her, for better security, within the walls of the Conciergerie."

At this dreadful proposal, a fit of trembling pervaded the whole frame of the kind-hearted lady. It seemed to her, that in the presence of this stern minister of the law, all innocence and virtue were destroyed by a horrible suspicion, and that humanity and mercy were looked upon as weak-mindedness and crimes. As she was about to take her leave, a sudden thought arose in her mind, and turning to the president, she inquired,—

"Would an interview be granted with this unhappy Olivier in his prison?"

"Oh, certainly," replied the president, with an ironical smile. "I perceive, my lady, you are more inclined to trust to your own benevolent impulses than to any legal proofs. As you wish, therefore, to try this Olivier, after your own manner, the gates of his prison shall be opened to you, and the prisoner ordered to attend you."

"You have my best thanks for this kindness," answered the lady, "which I hope will prove successful."

Upon arriving at the Conciergerie, *De Scuderi* was conducted into a large and dismal ante-room, when the noise of chains and fetters soon announced the arrival of Olivier Brusson. Directly the lady set her eyes on this man, she grew deadly pale, and uttering an exclamation of terror, sank fainting on a bench. Her eyes beheld the same man who had thrown the letter into her carriage a few days since, and whom *Martiniere* had recognised as the bearer of the mysterious casket to her house. These sad recollections overcame all her marvellous interpositions; and really considering this unhappy youth as one of a dreadful gang of midnight assassins, she at once quitted the prison without having the promised interview.

During her journey home the mind of the generous lady was subject to many painful surmises. Viewing Olivier as a guilty man, caused her to have her suspicions as to the purity of *Madelon's* protestations. Might not those bitter tears and those heart-rending exclamations be merely caused by the terror of beholding her lover on the scaffold, or, indeed, of herself becoming a victim to the same punishment? She gave encouragement to these new suspicions; for the dreadful words of the president still rang in her ears; and with this fixed resolution, she alighted from her carriage.

Upon entering her room, the trembling *Madelon* was there awaiting her arrival. She threw herself at her feet as she entered, and with clasped hands and uplifted eyes, she inquired, in the most piteous accents,—

"Dear lady, have you brought me any hopes of consolation?"

De Scuderi, with a painful effort, assumed a sternness of manner, to which the poor girl had, as yet, been a stranger, and repulsing the prostrate *Madelon*, as she knelt before her, replied,—

"Begone! and grieve no more for the fate of a murderer, who now awaits a just punishment for his crime. God grant that a similar weight of guilt may not also weigh upon your own soul. Leave me!"

"Do you, then, desert us?" shrieked the poor girl, as she sank to the ground. "Then may Heaven have mercy upon the innocent. All hope on earth is lost."

As she thus gave herself up to a fit of despair, *Madelon* covered her face with her hands and wept bitterly.

Leaving the weeping girl in charge of *Martiniere*, the benevolent but doubting lady retired into another room. Heart-broken, and nearly disgusted with such a world of deceit and hypocrisy, she bitterly complained of her capricious destiny, which had thus entangled her in this mysterious and intricate adventure. While she was thus giving way to a gloomy turn of meditations, she overheard a conversation between *Madelon* and *Martiniere* in the next room.

"What hope can there be for me now, since the only friend I thought I had on earth has been deluded by these cruel men. Wretched, wretched *Madelon*!—poor unfortunate Olivier!"

The sorrowful accents in which this was uttered, touched *Mademoiselle De Scuderi* to the heart, and at once brought back all her former tenderness and sympathy for the unfortunate young girl. She now again thought that there might be some hidden mystery which thus shrouded them with suspicion, more than their own guilt, which, perhaps, if once revealed, would completely prove their innocence.

Her musings were at this moment interrupted by the entrance of *Baptiste*, who informed her mistress that the chief officer of police, *Deagrais*, requested an immediate interview. Concluding at once that this visit related in some way to her unhappy protégé, the lady ordered him to be admitted at once.

"The president, noble lady," began Desgrais, speaking out of breath, as he entered the room, "has sent me to request your immediate presence at the prison. Our prisoner, Olivier Brusson, has behaved like a madman since he was permitted to see your ladyship; before that time he was quite sullen and reserved, but now he seems as if he wished to make a confession; but will reveal nothing to any other person than yourself. He asserts that he is perfectly innocent of the crime with which he is charged, although he deserves to be punished, as he says, for other offences. Our humble request to you, therefore, madame, is, that you will have the goodness to hear the depositions of this young man in private."

"What!" replied the young lady, much chagrined at the language of the officer, "do you then call upon me to act the part of a confessor in this horrible mystery?—to make me an agent—a secret go-between of your criminal court? No, no; I will never do it. The sight of that dreadful dungeon makes me tremble while I think of it."

"Your ladyship forgets," added the officer, in a sneering tone, "that this unfortunate young man is about to be placed under the torture, in order to bring him to confess. Now, as your intentions and actions are ever on the side of humanity and mercy, see what a world of agonies you may be the means of preventing from becoming the portion of this unhappy wretch. Besides, your ladyship need have no unpleasant recollections of the dismal interior of the Conciergerie, for the prisoner could be brought here, to your own apartment, in the middle of the night. You need be under no apprehension as to his intentions; for, since he saw you, he has scarcely ceased from invoking the blessing of Heaven upon you, for your kindly interference in behalf of the young girl, Madelon."

Mademoiselle De Scuderi remained for a while silent; she would willingly have forgone this dreaded interview, but thinking it might be the means of removing the mystery with which the whole affair seemed surrounded, she, at length, agreed to see Olivier in her own house that night, at the hour of twelve.

To be continued.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—In the neighbourhood of his father's residence, in the county of Meath, the future duke, then a lad, was one of a party, which, after the manner of the times, had indulged in free potatoes until a late period of the night. Mr. Wellesley, or, as the name then was, Wesley, managed to escape from his companions, and, retiring to his bed, fell fast asleep. His absence was observed, and his retreat detected. It was determined that he should return. One of the party, more or less drunken than the rest, snatched up a loaded pistol, and carefully drawing the ball with which it was loaded, proceeded to the bedside to discharge the powder at the head of the sleeper. He fired. Mr. Wellesley was, of course, awoke, and was forced to get up, dress himself, and was brought back in triumph to the party. In the morning, however, it was found that the ramrod of the pistol had passed through the pillow, close by where the head of the future conqueror of Napoleon must have been. With all the care that his assailant had taken to draw the ball, he had left, unconsciously, in its place the ramrod; and but that the same potatoes that confused his perceptions unsteadied his hand, when he pointed the pistol at the young sleeper's head, that might have ended the career of the Hon. Arthur Wellesley.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

It is said that M. de Lamartine intends to retire to the East, and that the Sultan has given to him an immense tract of country, situated within a few hours' journey of Smyrna, and forming part of the domains of the Crown.

THE BEST PLAN POSSIBLE.—"How do you accomplish so much in so short a time? Have you any particular plan?" "I have. When I have any particular thing to do, I go and do it."

BAD TEMPER.—A jar of household vinegar, wherein all the pearls of happiness are dissolved.

GENIUS is the wand of an enchanter—talent the strength of a giant.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Punch's Pocket Book for 1850.—Illustrated by John Leech, Richard Doyle, and H. K. Browne. Punch Office.

MR. PUNCH has again issued his useful and facetious little annual, in the shape of his *Pocket Book for 1850*. The illustrations are full of wit and spirit; but the first, or principal one, wants the point and humour of its companions. The letter-press is as light and amusing as *Punch's* sketches generally are; and we think we are right in recognising the talent of some of his weekly contributors in the pages of his annual.

The following extracts are amongst some of its best material:—

FANCIES IN AN OMNIBUS.

[In a Ride from Piccadilly to the Bank.]

—INTERESTING and significant is woman with a bundle, a bag, and a bonnet-box! It touchingly preaches to thoughtless man what the dear creatures have to bear in this life.

—Sweeter still is woman, with a little boy and a big hoop. Beautifully suggestive of wedlock, pledge of love, and a whole round of happiness.

—How close the atmosphere! What an odour! Yes, the cause is plain. That person with moustachios and tip has entered the 'bus, bearing about him notice of an over-due bill; for bills, like venison, get high with keeping. Alas! can there be a worse odour than *cent per cent*?

—If cats really see in the dark, why should that old woman ever burn a rushlight?

—The man who brings a dog into an omnibus deserves to be bitten to atoms by wild fleas, and scattered to the blankets!

—What a beautiful rose in the hand of that virgin (she wears no ring). Sweet maid! We could hold you in our heart, even as we would bear that rose in our button-hole, but that we already have a wife and eight children.

—We will wager ourselves a bottle of Burgundy that the female at our side demands to be "set down at Swan and Edgar's."—Ha! ha! We have won. Well, a debt to a man's own stomach is a debt of honour, and must and shall be paid!

—We would give our hand to assist this lady into the 'bus; but we do not like to be thought the Captain of the Swell Mob, and withered with a frown accordingly.

—Morus wished for a glass window in every man's breast. If that money-lender was so glazed, would he even then show any bowels?

—The philosopher in a 'bus is a man who keeps his own carriage for threepence a drive; and benignly suffers strangers to ride with him.

—There are Three Graces of life and Three Furies. The Graces are L. S. D., when you possess them, and the Furies when you want them.

—The man just come in looks like a philanthropist; but who through the face can fathom the heart? Even that man may have shunned a fellow-creature wishing to serve him (with a writ).

—When a widow in weeds desires "to be set down at the Bank," it somehow sounds like a challenge to the ring!

—Is that man an alderman or a ticket-porter keeping holiday? Who shall decide? How many a man has a turtle-soup taste with only a mutton-broth pocket!

—After all, St. Paul's Church is nothing to St. Peter's. But, then, what can we expect for twopence?

—Of two evils, there is always the lesser. And, turn it as we may, a child with the small-pox in an omnibus is a trifle worse than a wet umbrella.

THE GROCER'S SONG.

'TWERE vain, in a world such as this,
Our hearts upon joy to be fixing,
When 'tis clear that our grief and our bliss,
Like our tears, are the better for mixing.
'Gainst my lot I have formerly cried,
But I'm wiser for living the longer.
Pate's family black I have tried,
The rougher's not always the stronger.

If in life's bitter cup should be found
An ounce of the black tea of sorrow,
They swell it to nearly a pound,
In the tears of affliction to-morrow.
Dry your eyes, and behave like a man,
Of time there is none to be wasted;
Perchance in the neighbouring can
Are the sweetest of sugars untasted.

Though vainly I've looked the world through,
Like a wasp in the shop of a grocer;
Life's saccharine matter for you
May be both more abundant and closer.
So a fig for the sorrowful heart!
With swardice who would be branded?
And ne'er act a sycophant's part;
If you're sugary, always be candid.

Sketches from the British Museum.



No. 1.—THE MEMNON.

THE visitor to the British Museum cannot fail to observe amongst the collection of Egyptian antiquities, the fragment of a colossal statue, of which only the head and the breast remain. This statue has been erroneously called the "younger" Memnon, through a mistake of one Norden, a Danish traveller, who visited Egypt in 1737. But it is now generally acknowledged that the *real* statue of Memnon, is neither the one in the British Museum nor the larger one still lying at Thebes in fragments. Be that as it may, several ancient writers speak of a large temple at Thebes, on the west side of the Nile, to which was given the name of the Memnonium or Memnon's temple; and it was from this building that Norden the Danish traveller obtained this disputed object of Egyptian sculpture. A legend was formerly in existence concerning it, that when the rays of the sun first struck the statue it sent forth a sound resembling the snapping of the string of a lute. The left shoulder of the statue is broken, and there is a large hole drilled in the right shoulder. Both are said to be the work of the French, who visited Thebes during the occupation of Egypt by the French army in 1800. The material of which this colossal statue is constructed is a fine-grained granite, found in quarries in the south of Egypt; and the bust consists of one solid block of this stone, of two different colours,—the sculptor has wisely chosen the red part to form the face. The following are the principal dimensions of this colossal work of ancient art:—

	ft.	in.
The whole height of the bust	8	9
Round the shoulders and breast	15	3
From the forehead to the chin	3	3½

From these dimensions it may be inferred that the entire figure would be about 24-feet high, if complete; which is nearly half the height of the *real* Memnon, who still throws his long shadow at sun-rise over the plains of Thebes.

THE RIDDLER, No. 1.

Complete, I'm a fruit that is known to you all;
If beheaded, a grain you will see very small;
Behold me once more, and like magic you'll find
An animal often to mischief inclined.

No. 2.

"Cut off my head,—and singular I am!
Cut off my tail,—and plural I appear;
Cut off my head and tail,—and strange to say,—
My middle's left, and yet there's nothing there.
What is my tail, cut off? A roaring river;
What is my head cut off? A sounding sea,
Within whose eddying depths I peaceful play,
The parent of soft sounds, but mute for ever."

.. The Solutions will be given in our next.

SINGULAR ADVENTURE OF AN ENGLISH SAILOR.—The Roman correspondent of the *Daily News* gives a romantic little history of one of the wounded in the siege of Rome, an English sailor, named James Block:—During the revolution at Genoa, and the attack upon the city by the Piedmontese troops, under General La Marmora, the Vengeance British ship-of-war was stationed off the harbour, and Block formed part of a boat's crew sent in the cutter to warn a steamer from attempting to come into port, under the guns of the fortress. Returning towards evening, one or two officers landed, instead of going immediately on board, and the boat's crew took the opportunity of sending one of their number up into the town to purchase some rum. James Block was selected for the office, and arrived safely at a spirit shop; but what with the darkness and the similarity of one narrow tortuous street with another, our hero took a wrong turn, floundered deeper and deeper into the maze of lanes with which Genoa abounds, and found the *revocare gradus* so difficult that he only came to a halt when arrested by a night patrol, and carried to a guard-house. As he spoke no Italian, very little communication could take place between him and the soldiers; but he managed to explain that he belonged to a ship-of-war, and was fed and well treated for four days, when, the city having capitulated, his captors took him on board a steamer with them, and brought him down to Civita Vecchia, and subsequently to Rome, where he was regularly clothed, armed, and enrolled in the corps, which appears to have been a detachment of Lombards; for, being entirely ignorant of the language, the poor fellow had but a very indistinct idea of his new companions, or of his future destiny. Garibaldi, however, soon let him into the mystery, by taking his corps to Velletri, where he went through the battle against the Neapolitans without any damage, and returned to Rome in time to be present at the attack of the French on the Porta San Pancrazio. It was in making a sally, and exposing himself with the rash valour of a true British tar,—his mettle doubly roused by finding himself opposed to his traditional national enemy,—that poor Jem Block received a wound in the head, his recovery from which seems to be almost a miracle. The ball entered his right cheek bone, and came out at his left ear;—fragments of the lead, cut by their encounter with the facial bones, also worked their way out, or were extracted from the neck. Insensible for many days, it was only to a vigorous constitution, and the assiduous and unremitting care with which he was treated in the hospital, that he owed his recovery. He has now been abroad two days, is rather weak, and very deaf on the left side; and with the money he has received from the consulate and the hospital funds, is going to Civita Vecchia to look for his ship, after his involuntary and eventful absence—an absence the more to be regretted by him, as besides the sufferings he has gone through, he will, probably, lose the little savings, consisting of fifteen pounds, which he left on board the Vengeance, and which forms his whole property.

GOOD AND BAD NEWS.—Bad news enfeebles the heart, oppresses the lungs, and partially suspends both the mental and operative faculties. Grief wanes the cheek; shame flushes, fear blanches, and joy illuminates it. Surprise spurs the pulse into a gallop. Delirium infuses energy. A powerful emotion often kills the body at a stroke. Sophocles, Diogenes, and Chilli died of joy at the Grecian games. Muley Moloc, on seeing his army give way, rallied his panic-stricken troops, rolled back the tide of battle, shouted victory, and died. The door-keeper of Congress expired, on hearing that Cornwallis had surrendered. The severity of an advertisement exposing the political career of that able statesman, Edmund Burke, is supposed to have hastened his death. Lagrave, the Parisian, died when it was told him that the musical prize, for which he was a competitor, had been adjudged to another. Leonardo da Vinci, for his extraordinary acquirements, was invited to the French court, where, after some time, he fell sick; Francis the First coming to see him, he raised himself in the bed to acknowledge the honour which was done him by that visit. The king warmly embraced him; and Leonardo, fainting at the same time, expired in the arms of that great monarch.

BLUSHING is a suffusion, less seen in those who have the most occasion for it.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. B.—The word Autocrat means "governor by himself alone." It is derived from "autocrat," the name given to the Athenian general, when, in particular cases, unlimited authority over the troops was entrusted to him, and he was not bound to give an account of his proceedings. Thus Aristides was the autocrat in the battle of Plataea. In modern times the word "autocrat" is used in politics for a ruler with absolute power. Thus the Emperor of Russia is styled Autocrat of all the Russians. Some writers on morals apply this power to man to represent his power over his own conduct.

S. R. S.—Eighteen pounds of coal are required to convert a cubic foot of water into steam, at a pressure of fifty pounds to the square inch.

M. JOHNSON.—Kentucky is so called from the name of its river, a name signifying a river of blood.

CLEOPHUS.—Books and papers were formerly sold only at stalls, and the dealers were therefore called stationers.

R.—Is thanked for the contribution.

W. T. T.—The Duke of Wellington was born May 1, 1769.

FLORIZEL THE FAIR.—The Poetry sent is not quite the thing, but we shall be happy to hear from you again.

London:—Published by WILLIAM STRANGE, 21, Paternoster Row; and Printed by RICHARD FRANCIS, at this Office, 25, Museum Street, in the Parish of St. George, Bloomsbury, in the County of Middlesex, Saturday, November 24th, 1849.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED NEWS

No. 6.—VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1849.

{ ONE PENNY.
POST FREE, 3d.

THE RETURN OF SIR JAMES ROSS.



FOR many months past universal anxiety has existed regarding the fate of our brave countryman, Sir John Franklin and his adventurous companions. The recent return of Sir James Ross's Expedition,—though, we regret to say, unsuccessful in its primary object, has not been devoid of interest, as the following narrative, published in the *Morning Herald*, will amply testify:—

The last accounts from the Expedition were from Uppernavick, via the Danish Consul. The ships started thence on the 20th of July, and worked up along the east coast, opposite Melville Monument, in Melville Bay, long. 75 deg., 35 lat., when they crossed over to the middle sea, and finally got through it, August 19. They then ran down to Pond's Bay, the western coast of Baffin's Bay, the settlement of the natives, and where the whalers annually visit, and arrived there on the 22nd of August. No one landed here, but the ships coasting along as far as Possession Mount, reached there on the 26th; and Lieutenant M'Clure and the surgeon of the Investigator went ashore. Here they accidentally discovered, under a cairn or beacon, a bottle left by Parry, bearing an inscription, "Hecla and Griper," of which they took possession, erected another cairn, and deposited a copper cylinder, with information of the objects of the Expedition. The ships then proceeded towards Cape York, up Barrow's Straits, on the western shore, where all was clear water, no ice whatever being visible. At Cape York a beacon and flag-staff

were erected, and cylinders deposited. From this place ice was seen extending right across Prince Regent's Inlet; consequently the ships stood towards the north, for Cape Fellfoot, upon the north shore of Barrow's Straits, early in September, and on the 7th of that month stood across to Leopold, the place of rendezvous; and here getting entangled in the ice, were swept past the island, but subsequently got free, and entered Port Leopold, a spacious harbour, with excellent groundings and deep water, on the 11th of September, 1848. Here were immediately deposited three months' provisions for each ship, on shore at Whaler's Point, at the entrance of the harbour. The harbour at that time was perfectly clear of ice.

The provisions were deposited with all despatch, under the impression that the Expedition would start the next morning; but on the 12th, from the significant appearance of the young ice setting in very sharp, and the probability of being frozen in at a more disadvantageous position, Sir James Ross was induced to delay his departure, and ultimately to make this anchorage his winter quarters, this being the most eligible point of departure in the ensuing spring. In the course of a few days, Sir James's predictions were verified;—the harbour continued to freeze over, alternately freezing and clearing until about the 24th, when the ice became settled.

The crew were now employed to cut a canal forty feet wide, leading in towards the north-east side of the harbour, and protected by Whaler's Point from any heavy pressure of ice setting in from the inlet or Barrow's Straits. This harbour was found to be most commodious and safe, with good depth of water and sandy bottom. The ice was perfectly flat and frozen over with as plain a surface as the Serpentine in January. The ships were moored abreast each other, about two hundred yards apart. As soon as they were frozen in, they were housed over from the fore-castle to the mizen-mast, and the anchors were weighed and stowed.

The crews then commenced building a wall of snow, seven feet high, from one ship to the other, to facilitate communication; and the next thing was the erecting of an observatory for each ship for magnetic observations. They were composed entirely of snow, with



SIR JAMES ROSS.

plates of ice for the windows. They were six feet high inside, and built of snow bricks one foot thick and two feet long, cut out with a cutlass and well-squared and trimmed, these little houses displaying tasteful, varied, and, in some instances, fantastic forms of architecture. The wall of communication required great attention, from the accumulation of snow. The sun was not seen from the 9th of November until the 9th of February from the ship; but from the top of a hill, N.E., Cape Leopold, a sight was caught of him so early as the 26th of January. During the long evenings, from October till May, schools were formed along the midship part of the lower decks, which were well attended by the young men, who were instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic, on board the *Enterprise*, by the clerk, and a youngster from Greenwich School, named Grunsell, second class volunteer, taught the pupils navigation. Many of the scholars made great progress in their studies during the six months. Ample time was allowed to the crews of both ships to meet each other; and games of foot-ball, and other exercises relieved the monotony which surrounded them.

During the whole of that dreary winter the only other living animals seen were the white foxes. These were not allowed to be shot, but as many were taken alive as could be trapped, and about forty were then sent away, with copper collars round their necks, upon which were stamped the names of the ships, and the localities of the depôts of provisions, &c. As it was well known that these foxes travel an immense distance, this measure was resorted to with the view of making them the possible medium of acquainting the missing parties with the means taken for their relief and succour. The foxes were caught in a barrel, converted into a door-trap; and to show the intensity of the cold, it may be stated that the poor little animals, in endeavouring to escape, often attempted to gnaw the iron bars, when in many cases their tongues adhered to the iron, and were frozen off, when they were killed from motives of humanity. The foxes were facetiously denominated "Twopenny Postmen." The thermometer at this time was about 15 deg. below zero; but the Sylvester stove apparatus, which answered admirably well, always kept the lower decks at a temperature of between 55 and 60 deg.

Christmas-day and New Year's-day were kept as seasons of fun and jollity. Double allowance of spirits and provisions were served out, and every one dined sumptuously. The health of the Queen was drunk with devoted loyalty and enthusiasm by the gallant little band; "absent friends," and "sweethearts and wives," were not forgotten; and the dance and song enlivened the festivities. For a few hours the outward world was forgotten in the joyous realization of the comforts and happiness of home.

The crews during the winter were also employed in making tools and portable apparatus for travelling in the spring; and some parties were employed in laying down gravel on the ice, to facilitate the cutting of the passage out of the ships from the harbour at the proper season. The gravel, which was taken from the shore on sledges, was laid so as to absorb the sun's rays, which, acting upon the ice, predisposed it to rot and to melt away. This work very much assisted the arduous task of cutting a canal out of the harbour of fifty feet wide, and two miles and a half long. These and other exercises during winter somewhat acclimated the men, and insured them to sustain the privations which they subsequently encountered in the searching expeditions. All around Leopold Harbour nothing was seen but snow rocks 1,100 feet high, bounded on each side, and a narrow low ridge enclosed the harbour northward. There were very few icebergs seen from this point.

Sir James Ross began to send out detached parties at the early part of the month of April. From the *Enterprise* Sir James was the first to go himself, and with Mr. Chayne and a party of ten men, left the ship, and proceeded, with a quantity of bread, preserved meats, fuel, and skins, fifteen miles to the westward. He was accompanied by Lieutenant Barnard and a party from the Investigator, the provisions being carried on two sledges. They penetrated as far as Cape Hurd. Another party from both ships, under Lieutenant Robinson (Investigator) and Lieutenant Brown (*Enterprise*), and Mr. Adams, assistant-surgeon (Investigator), were despatched on similar service, and proceeded about fifteen miles southward. They deposited their provisions about fifteen miles north of Elwin Bay. Both parties suffered severely from this expedition, being most of them blinded by the snow drifts.

It was arranged that the principal expedition should leave the ships on the 15th of May. The morning did not give any indication of fine weather, for the wind blew high, and the snow was a foot and a half deep. About six o'clock, however, in the evening, the weather moderated, and the party started, with three hearty cheers from the ships. It was composed of Sir James Ross, Lieutenant M'Clintock, and twelve seamen of the *Enterprise*; the first lieutenant, Mr. M'Clure, having been left in charge of the ship. They were absent exactly forty days. They carried with them preserved meats, with supplies of pork, biscuits, and rum, and also their sleeping apparatus, which consisted of tarpaulins, to spread out on the snow to prevent the heat of their bodies from thawing it, buffalo ropes to lie upon, their blanket bags, in which they encased themselves, and racoon-skin blankets, to serve as counterpanes; they also had two sledges, six men to each, and two tents. They travelled to the westward, from Cape Clarence around the coast as far as Cape Bunny, about a hundred miles upon the shore of North Somerset. Here, as we have already stated, they found the coast which had been up to that time unexplored, trending to the southward. They pursued that course about 140 miles further, at the extreme point of which they erected a cairn, and deposited cylinders therein, with the usual notices, dating them 5th of June, 1849. They had by this time shortened their provisions, and the men were so knocked up, that Sir James was reluctantly compelled to return. From the extreme point they reached they could see the coast southward for forty miles further. The ice in this direction was pressed up in some parts to the height of between fifty and sixty feet. They shot,

in this expedition, eight ptarmigan and a few ducks. On the western coast they saw the remnants of an Esquimaux hut, and the relics of a deer's antlers, which were supposed to have been there for at least a century; and from the appearance of the ice in this direction, there was no possibility of any ships having penetrated in that direction—at all events that season. Every one was on the sick list, with the exception of Lieutenant M'Clintock. Many were also frost-bitten. A fatigue party from the Investigator, under Captain Bird, with Dr. Robertson, accompanied this expedition for five days, and then returned, all of whom were pretty well knocked up. In the course of this journey the whole party were charged by an immense bear, Bruin walked boldly up to them, and was only checked in his advance by an attempt to fire at him. Of the entire number of guns levelled, however, the only fire-arm that went off was Lieutenant M'Clintock's. The ball took effect, but the old gentleman did not seem to care much about it; he merely scratched his head with his paw, stopped within fifteen yards, and then turned his back upon them and walked off, with a most contemptuous air. The track of blood which marked his retirement in the snow, showed that he was wounded. The fatigue party proceeded just as far as the eastern side of Cape Rennell, about forty miles from the ships, and returned, after supplying the other party with their stock of provisions.

The second party consisted of Lieutenant Robinson, of the Investigator, and eight men. They proceeded down along the western side of Prince Regent's Inlet, until they arrived at Fury Point. Here they found the provisions of the *Fury*, all in a good state of preservation; and Sir John Ross's "Somerset House," standing in good order. A tent was erected inside, in which they lit some fires, and here Lieutenant Robinson was obliged to leave two of his party, who were too much fatigued to go any further. With the remainder he pushed on to Crenwell Bay, about 25 miles distant, where he erected a cairn, and deposited the usual contents. By order of the Captain, he destroyed all the gunpowder at Fury Beach.

On returning to the wreck of the *Fury*, he picked up his invalids, and came back to the ship after an absence of three weeks, having just one day's provisions remaining. This party saw some young seals and lots of bears, but had no time for sport or pursuit.

The third party, under Lieut. Barnard, consisted of himself, Dr. Anderson, and four men (Investigator). They proceeded to the north shore of Barrow's Straits, as far as Cape Hurd. A fatigue party under Mr. Creswell, (mate of Investigator) accompanied by Mr. Barnard as far as Leopold Island, where they bivouacked for the night. They endeavoured to procure a supply of fowl for the sick, but did not succeed.

This party witnessed a very natural, and at the same time an easy mode of descent from an height of about 700 feet. A bear squatted himself down on his hams, slid from top to bottom at railway speed, steadying himself with great judgment by his paws in his rapid descent.

Lieut. Barnard fixed a beacon and notices at Cape Hurd, and then tried to push up a short distance to the westward, along the shore; but as the weather was very bad, the wind blowing very strong, and having only a week's provisions, they were compelled to return at the end of six days.

A fourth party, consisting of four men under Lieut. Brown, (*Enterprise*) and a fatigue party, composed of Mr. Court (second master) and four seamen, accompanying them about 10 miles, set off in an easterly direction, across the ice, from the eastern nameless shore of Prince Regent's Inlet. They were absent seven days, and had exhausted all their provisions when they returned. They had very bad weather, so thick that no observations could be taken, and were obliged to steer by compass (Capt. Cator's). The sun was only visible twice, just before midnight and just before morning. They went across to a place called the Peak, a remarkable peaked hill in Parry's chart. Here they erected a cairn as conspicuously as possible, and made the usual deposits. On the east coast they found a remarkable difference as compared with the west coast. On lifting the stones on the former coast they found small quantities of water. Half way across the inlet the ice was perfectly smooth; but towards the eastern shore the ice got so exceedingly rough and "hummocky" that Mr. Brown was obliged to leave the sledges about seven miles off shore, and picked them up again on his return, after they had erected a cairn, &c. In the passage back they suffered from the snow-drift, and the temperature was down to 12 degs. below zero. They saw a flock of gulls, and several bear tracks, during their expedition. During one night, or day rather, a bear must have passed close to their resting-place, as his track was fresh on the snow round the tent when the party awoke.

Sir James Ross returned to the ship on the 22nd June in the middle of the night, with only one day's provisions left. They were most glad to see him safe again, and all hands cheered heartily from both ships as he neared them. Capt. Bird was beginning to be anxious about his worthy chief, and a party was ordered to be got ready to proceed to meet him the day following, had he not returned. As it was, a detachment was sent out to his relief on his appearing in sight. The gallant officer returned the same way he went.

A little time was now devoted to rest, relaxation, and doctoring, and as soon as the parties had sufficiently recovered, the cutting the canal was commenced, the ships having in the mean time been caulked and refitted.

The process of cutting through the ice was a most arduous one.—The line having been marked out by the officers, 15 and 18 feet ice saws were set to work with triangles; and cut on an average 200 feet in a day; four saws, and sometimes six saws were employed at once, the ice being from three feet to five feet thick.

The ships first moved a little down the canal about the 6th of August, and then, watching and seizing every opportunity, they gradually got down to the entrance; the ice in the inlet having receded considerably from the harbour, created a little motion, which assisted in some degree in breaking up the ice at the entrance of the

harbour. On the 28th the ships got in open water, and stood out to the northward with the intention of going to Melville Island (as we have before stated) till the 1st of September, when on the morning watch of that day, thick weather prevailing, and the wind blowing hard, the ice gradually filled in all round, and finally encircled both ships—first the *Enterprise*, then the *Investigator*, in spite of all her efforts to keep out. She at last took up a berth as near as she could to her consort, at about a mile. All communication was here cut off, except by signal, and from this time the ships drifted perfectly helpless, until the 25th of September, when they cleared the pack off Pond's Bay, having drifted about 240 miles. The aspect was indeed cheerless as they gradually approached the western shore of Baffin's Bay, a coast which has proved fatal to so many whalers. On the 24th they had a strong breeze, and on the 25th open water was observed at a distance of about five or six miles, and as soon as the ice split up sail was made upon both ships, and on the forenoon of the 25th after crashing through the ice for about 36 hours, they succeeded in getting quite clear. The ships now stood right across to the eastern shore of Baffin's Bay for the purpose of clearing the middle ice, and first saw the land October 3, which was the coast of Greenland, called Sanderson's Hope, near Uppernavick. With baffling winds and thick weather, the ships now made the best of their way southward, passing an immense multitude of gigantic icebergs, varying from 100 to 300 feet high, and from a quarter to half-a-mile in length.

These tremendous bergs often came between and threatened the ships with destruction, and were a source of perpetual harass, often exciting much apprehension from their colour, or rather their colourless appearance. It was indeed, a task of no ordinary skill and ability sometimes to steer clear of them. On the 25th the two ships first communicated since they began to drift, and now joyfully exchanged cheers of congratulation at their narrow escape. On the 18th they rounded Cape Farewell, and from thence had a good passage with strong westerly gales, till they made the Orkneys on the 29th ult., and Scarborough on the 3rd of November. On Sunday, the 4th, they got a pilot, fresh beef, and vegetables—a great treat to all on board—and picked up the steamer off Lowestoff on Thursday night, when from that time to Saturday they were employed in dragging (they cannot tow) the *Enterprise* to Purfleet, and the *Investigator* to Woolwich,—the latter reaching Woolwich in the afternoon, and the former having been towed up on Sunday morning.

In the course of the voyage there were shot three bears, two or three seals, many swans, geese, and ducks, and more than 3,000 looms.

Circumstances having thus prevented Sir James Ross from successfully terminating his mission, the public mind still remains in doubt respecting the safety of Sir John Franklin and his party. We, however, trust that another Expedition will be despatched, and that we may yet have the gratification of recording the return of the missing adventurers.

In connection with this subject, the following brief account of some of the Expeditions sent out by this country with the view of discovering any communication between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, may be interesting:—The first attempt was made in 1553, by Willoughby and Chancellor, who were sent out with instructions to ascertain if there was a north-east passage, or if they could reach China by passing to the north of Europe and Asia. Willoughby reached Nova Zembla, but he and all his crew were frozen to death. Chancellor entered the White Sea, and thus opened a communication with Russia. Captain Cook reached Icy Cape from the Pacific in 1778. In 1607 Captain Hudson was sent out to attempt to discover the north-west passage, and reached the latitude of 81 deg., but was under the necessity of putting back, on account of the ice. In 1773 this experiment was again tried by an Expedition, under the command of Captain Phipps, who advanced about as far as Captain Hudson had previously done; and a similar attempt was made in 1818, which proved equally unfortunate, under Captain Buchan. In 1827 Captain Parry was sent out to reach the Pole in boats and sledges over the ice, and he attained about 82 deg. 40 lat., and was obliged to return by the motion of the fields of ice to the south. In 1818 Captain Ross attempted a north-west passage, and passed through Lancaster Sound. In 1819 Captain Parry reached 110 deg., west longitude; and in 1821-23 examined the coast to the northward of Hudson's Bay; in 1824 he reached Prince Regent's Inlet. In 1826 Captain Franklin was sent overland to explore the northern coast of America to the west of Mackenzie River; and at the same time Captain Beechey was despatched to meet him in Behring's Straits. The two Expeditions approached each other to within a distance of 146 miles, but returned without meeting. In 1829-33 Sir John Ross sailed up Prince Regent's Inlet, and ascertained that there is no communication between the Arctic Ocean and the Atlantic south of Barrow's Straits.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Russia and Hungary; or the Triumph and Downfall of Tyranny. A poem. By John Newton. Westley, Cheltenham.

THIS little poem is dedicated to Kossuth by the author, "as a tribute—worthless as regards ability—yet, perchance, of some small value on account of its sincerity." It is well written, and breathes throughout a love of country, liberty, and all the finer feelings which should cement mankind together in one national brotherhood. In the opening stanza, the author thus expresses his indignation at the conduct of the Czar.

Insatiate Monster, have thy gore-stained claws—
Torn out another bleeding Nation's heart;
By what base blasphemy against Heaven's laws
Dar'st thou enact on earth the oppressor's part
And with brute force, and foully treacherous art
O'erthrowing the fair earth with freemen's graves
Saying to light and liberty—Depart!
Leadest forth hordes of servile soulless slaves
To succour regal tyrants, and imperial knaves.

We sincerely recommend a perusal of this poetic gem to all admirers of the Hungarian patriots and their cause, more especially, as it is stated that the profits arising from the sale are to be dedicated to the Hungarian Refugee Fund.

SPRAT FISHING.

THAT humble member of the finny tribe, the sprat, has long been the cause of much difference of opinion amongst naturalists generally. Many persons have been induced to regard the sprat as the young of the herring and pilchard; but a critical examination has proved that the sprat is quite a distinct species from either of the above-named fishes; and the error has, no doubt, had its origin in the unscientific manner in which fishermen apply the names of fishes.

The sprat is about six inches in length, and about one inch in depth; of a dark bluish colour, intermingled with silvery white and greenish tints. It is generally taken in the Forth, near Edinburgh, and on the eastern coast of Ireland, from Cork to Belfast. It is rarely to be met with on the southern coasts of England, but is frequently found in large shoals on the coasts of Norfolk, Suffolk, Kent, and Essex.

Our engraving represents a sprat boat fishing off Purfleet, on the Essex coast, in the River Thames. Like the herring and pilchard, the sprat moves in shoals, confining its visits to a certain part of the coast for a series of seasons, and then suddenly abandoning it for other quarters, where they had only rarely been met with. In the summer the sprat frequents deep waters, and is then in roe. It is generally considered in the highest state of perfection for food from November to February.

Besides its use as food, the sprat has of late been extensively employed as a manure; and under proper regulations, their use in this way might benefit all parties concerned, without decreasing, to any perceptible extent, the quantity required for human consumption.

The fishing season commences in November; and the foggy nights which prevail at this gloomy season of the year are considered the most favourable opportunities by the fishermen. The nets used for sprat fishing are so small that the point of a pen could scarcely be inserted between the meshes, and nothing but water will pass through. Hence the destruction of small fry is immense; and it is stated that the scarcity of turbot, brills, and soles is very great in those parts where sprat fishing is carried on to any great extent.

The "stow-boat," which is employed for sprat fishing, is generally divided into shares; the principal owner possessing three, and is at the cost of keeping the boat and fishing tackle in thorough repair. The master takes a share and a half; the next man a share and a quarter; and if there be another man, he has a single share. The proceeds of a good haul is usually divided into seven or eight shares.

MR. WILLIAM ETTY, R.A.

WE regret to have to bear our testimony to the lamented death of Mr. William Etty, R.A., which event took place on the 13th of November, at his residence, Coney-street, York. He had been for some time in ill health, and retired from London for the benefit of the country air. The loss of a distinguished painter will be severely felt by all lovers of British art; and that of a most estimable man by a large circle of friends beyond the limits of the profession.

Mr. Etty first catered for public favour as a painter in the exhibition of the Royal Academy, at Somerset House, as early as the year 1811. West foretold the future excellence of Etty, when he brought forward his "*Cleopatra on the Cydnus*." This admirable painting was succeeded by another not less worthy of universal approbation, viz:—"Cupid sheltering his Darling from the approaching Storm," and another of "*Pandora crowned by the Seasons*."

Mr. Etty had now given sufficient proofs of merit to justify his claim to the honours sought for in the Royal Academy; and he was, consequently, elected an associate of that body in 1824.

The Scottish Academy of Fine Arts, in Edinburgh, in token of their appreciation of the skill with which Mr. Etty had handled the subject of "*Judith and Holofernes*," commissioned him to paint a companion picture for them. Many of the fine art connoisseurs were not slow in attributing a want of delicacy to some of Mr. Etty's best pieces,



PORTRAIT OF W. ETTY, R.A.

but consummate judges of the art universally acknowledged that, from the very first, this great artist kept within the well-regulate limits of propriety and good taste.

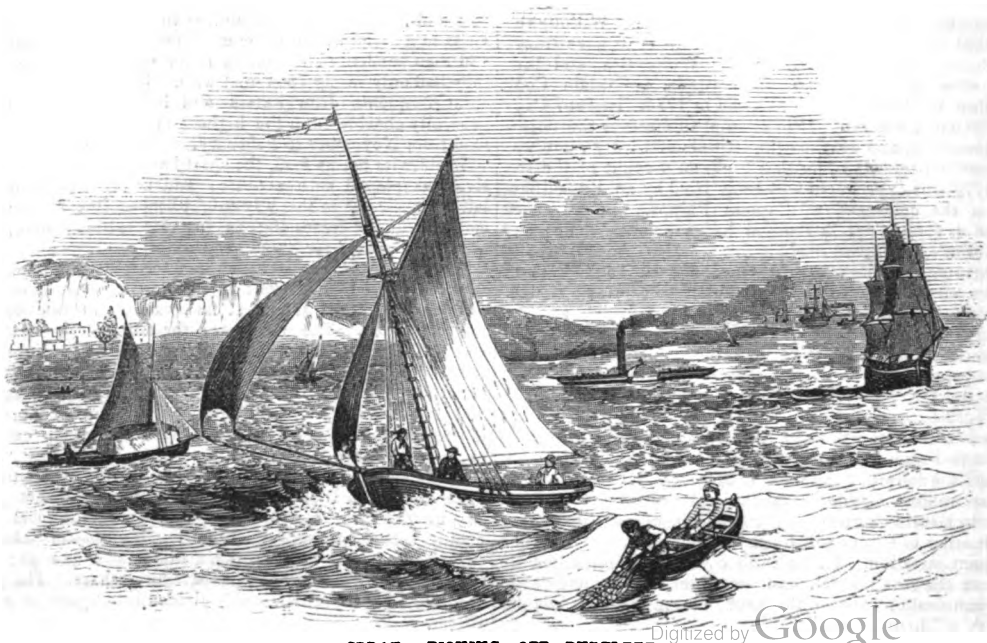
Amongst Mr. Etty's best productions during the last ten or twelve years, may be enumerated "*Youth at the Prow, and Pleasure at the Helm*;" "*Venus and her attendant Nymphs*;" "*Samsen and Deliah*;" "*Comus*;" and the three pictures of "*Joan of Arc*," viz:—1. *Religion*, 2. *Valour*, 3. *Loyalty & Patriotism*,—one of which forms our engraving this week.

These three pictures were among the leading attractions of the Academy Exhibition of 1847, and were the intense admiration and the deep study of almost all the artists and dilettanti of the metropolis. Subsequently they were exhibited at Liverpool and other large towns, also at Paris and on the continent.

Mr. Etty was born at York, on March 10, 1787; and consequently was in the 63rd year of his age at the time of his much lamented demise.

In early life he was apprenticed to Mr. Peck, a newspaper printer in Hull, and duly served out an apprenticeship of seven years as a compositor. Speaking of this period of his life, Mr. Etty has been heard to observe, that above all other testimonials which had been presented to him during his successful career, he most valued the one freely given to him by his master, at the expiration of his apprenticeship, by indorsing his indentures with a flattering certificate of good conduct.

At a very early age he evinced a taste for drawing and



SPRAT FISHING OFF PURPLET.

painting; and his first panels were the boards of his father's shop floor, and his first crayons were a farthing's-worth of white chalk. He worked for a short time as a journeyman printer; but his taste as an artist having been observed by his uncle, he encouraged the rising genius, and under his auspices, Mr. Etty came up to town. His first academy was in a plaster-cast shop, kept by one Gianelli, in a lane near Smithfield. He afterwards got an introduction to Fuseli, who admitted him as a probationer in Somerset House, and he subsequently became a pupil of Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Like a great many other men of talent, Etty had many difficulties to contend with before he gained himself a name. His earlier paintings were rejected at the Royal Academy year after year; but he continued to work with perseverance, and ultimately gained some encouragement. In 1830 Mr. Etty was in Paris, when the revolution broke out, and had a narrow escape with his life. Few men were more devoted to their native place than was Mr. Etty; and about two years ago he purchased a house in Coney St., York, which he fitted up as a permanent residence. He took an active part in promoting the School of Design at York. Mr. Etty was a strictly religious man; in his "Advice to Young Students," he writes to them to imprint on their minds the desire "to excel in their noble art, to be an honour to their country, a credit to their friends and themselves, and the faithful servants of God."

We are much indebted to the kindness of Mr. C. W. Wass, the eminent engraver, for the facilities afforded to us in preparing our two engravings.

The portrait of Etty, from a picture painted by himself, and one of the smaller subjects, or wings of the great colossal pictures, illustrating the most important events in the history of Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans. This most historical work was first presented to public view in

the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, May, 1847, and is considered as the master-piece of the esteemed and talented artist. It consists of three pictures—a centre piece and wings, or story; in three compartments. In the first compartment Joan of Arc is represented, under the inspiration of her dream, devoting herself, in the church of St. Catherine de Fierbois, to the service of her country. The centre, or body, represents her on horseback, scattering the enemies of France in a sortie she has made from the gates of Orleans.

The third compartment (the subject of our engraving) portrays her death by fire in the market-place, Rouen. These magnificent pictures were purchased by Mr. C. W. Wass, the engraver to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge, for the sum of 2500 guineas, and are now being engraved by him in the highest style of line and mezzotint.—The centre plate, 34 inches by 23, and the side plates, 23 inches by 15, will be such as few lovers of historical paintings would not fail to obtain possession of.

As we have chosen the subject of Joan of Arc as an illustration to this memoir, we think that the following brief sketch of her history and lamentable fate, will form an appropriate conclusion to the memoir of Mr. Etty, one of the first masters of his art.

The heroic maid, called Jeanne d'Arc (or, Joan of Arc), was born in the year 1410, in the village of Domremy, on the borders of Lorraine, in the north-eastern part of France. As she grew up, Joan was not confined to household duties,—on the contrary, she was accustomed to robust and out-door labour, such as driving horses and cattle to water; and it was in these duties that she acquired that equestrian skill which she so eminently displayed in after life.

During the wars between the English and her own countrymen, the imaginations of Jean were kindled to the



THE DEATH OF JOAN OF ARC.

From a Painting by the late W. Etty, R. A.

highest pitch. When about eighteen years of age, she was seized with a violent desire to aid her country in fighting against the English soldiers; and so impressed was she with the idea that Heaven had appointed her as the deliverer of her country, that she sought and obtained an interview with Robert de Bandicourt, the governor of Vaucouleurs, and revealing her Heavenly visions to him, besought his assistance to reach the king's presence. After a series of difficulties and animosities, in which she was styled as an imposter by many influential courtiers, she at length succeeded in obtaining an interview with King Charles. To prove her discernment and test her "gifts," the king caused himself to be attired as one of his courtiers, and mingled with them as Joan entered his presence. Gazing about her for the object of her visit, she at once recognised the king from among his courtiers, and bending her knee before him, exclaimed "God spare the king." This incident alone so prepossessed Charles in her favour, that after some conversation with her, he referred her claim to the university and parliament at Poitiers. A long and tedious investigation then ensued, in which every incident of her life was closely criticised and debated upon. Her various prophecies having been found to prove correct, and her character one of spotless purity, the learned doctors gave it as their opinion that Charles might accept her services without harm to his soul.

Joan being now recognised as a useful auxiliary in the almost hopeless cause of France, she was at once equipped with a suit of knight's armour, and furnished with a certain sword, which was marked with five crosses, and which had long lain in the church vault of St. Catherine at Fierbois; she was also provided with a white banner, strewn with the *fleurs-de-lis* of France, and bearing the figure of our Saviour. She made her entry into Blois on horseback, clothed in complete armour, at the head of six thousand men, in April, 1429; and she at once proceeded to the cathedral, where *Te Deum* was chanted by torch-light.

In this short sketch of the career of Joan of Arc, our limits will not permit us to give the details of the numerous attacks she headed against the English soldiers—always coming off victorious. Her name acted as a spell throughout the whole French camp, and her presence awed upon her enemies by a supernatural dread. Hitherto the Maid of Orleans had been generally successful in her schemes and enterprises; a change, however, at last came over her fortunes. Compiègne, a fortified town on the river Oise, being besieged by the English, and being likely to fall into their hands, Joan and a chosen band threw themselves into it to defend it; and not reckoning upon anything like a firm resistance, at first drove everything before them; but at length, being overpowered by numbers, she saw her error too late to remedy it. She gave the signal for retreat, choosing, with her accustomed intrepidity, that post of honour—the last of the rear-guard. The English pursued the flying French to the very gates of the city, and hemming the fugitives in, attacked them with great slaughter. At this critical moment the French troops, paralysed by fright, retained no sense beyond the instinct of self-preservation; and thus, in the peril of life and liberty, the Maid of Orleans was left to struggle alone against overwhelming numbers. Here she performed prodigies of valour; till an archer in the train of John of Luxembourg seized her by her velvet coat, and dragging her from her horse, she was disarmed by Lionel of Vendôme, who chanced to be near her.

The English now gave full scope to their delight at having captured this infallible charm of the French troops; a solemn thanksgiving to God was impiously chanted in great solemnity, both in England and Burgundy, for having made this terrible enemy—the simple Maid of Orleans—their prisoner.

Joan of Arc, as a prisoner of war, was entitled at least to respectful treatment; but the English resolved to set aside all such principles on the present occasion, on the plea that their prisoner was a sorceress, and had dealings with demons; and they, therefore, resolved that she should be brought to trial for this terrible offence. After six months weary and harsh imprisonment, Joan was conducted to

Rouen. Here she was confined in the great tower of the castle, and treated with the utmost severity. Heavily ironed, her feet in the day time were fixed in stocks; and at night a chain was passed round her waist, so that she could not move in her bed. It was on the 21st of February, 1431, that Joan was brought for the first time before her judges, in the hall of judgment, at Rouen; and thither the heroine was conveyed, loaded with chains, in her military attire. Here she was accused of having had recourse to sorcery and dealing with wicked spirits; and while the English may blush at the share they had in this shameful proceeding, it is but fair to state that her worst enemies and accusers were her own countrymen. She was ultimately condemned to be burnt to death in the marketplace of Rouen; and this dreadful sentence was carried into effect on the 30th of May, 1431. Such was the end of the heroic martyred Joan of Arc.

THE GOLDSMITH OF PARIS.

(Continued from page 39.)

ABOUT midnight, Desgrais, accompanied by four of his brigade, having with them Olivier Brusson, enveloped in a large cloak, knocked at the door of Mademoiselle de Scuderi's house; which, by appointment, was opened by Baptiste, and the party were shown into a small ante-room. Desgrais then, at the lady's bidding, presented himself before her with his prisoner; and making a low bow, he then retired without speaking a word, keeping a safe guard outside the door with his men.

The moment they were alone together, Olivier fell on his knees before the lady, and covering his face with his hands, wept bitterly.

"For what purpose have you desired this interview?" enquired Mademoiselle De Scuderi, gathering confidence from the abject submission of the young man at her feet. "I am but a stranger to you."

In a confused and wandering recital, interspersed frequently by floods of tears, the wretched young man proceeded to relate that he had been known to the lady some years before, inasmuch as his mother, a young widow, named Anne Brusson, the orphan daughter of a poor citizen, had once been a domestic of Mademoiselle De Scuderi's, who had ever behaved in the most kind manner towards her, and had also made an especial favourite of her little son—the engaging Olivier—then a little silver-haired prattler of four years of age.

"Merciful heavens!—and are you indeed that Olivier!—the laughing, rosy-cheeked urchin, I have so often caressed within these arms with all a mother's fondness?"

"The same Olivier: then an innocent child—now a suspected, but still innocent man, indeed my lady, now kneels at your feet; and I swear before high heaven, and the best friend I ever had upon earth, that I am innocent—utterly guiltless of this deed of blood which is now laid to my charge."

The wretched young man, completely overcome by his feelings, crawled to a chair, in which, as if unable to support himself, he now took his place. Cheered in his purpose by the beaming looks of kindness which were graciously cast upon him by his benefactress, Olivier was gradually becoming calm and composed; and his nervous system being also materially invigorated by the aid of some choice wine which Mademoiselle De Scuderi had hastened to place before him, he at once related the history of this mysterious murder to his anxious hearer, who had now taken a seat opposite to him.

"I was about sixteen when Rene Cardillac took a fancy to me, and offered me an engagement in his workshop, where by assiduity and attention, I soon made myself useful in his business. There was only my master and myself in the family at first, and I was made to wait upon him hand and foot—a complete drudge; but after I had been with him about seven months, a new life opened to me all at once, by the return home of his only daughter, the beautiful and innocent Madelon, who had been on a visit for the summer at Geneva. I was taken completely by surprise with the angelic beauty of this lovely girl, with

whom I was soon deeply in love; and to increase my happiness, I soon had the inexpressible satisfaction of being assured that my love was as fervently returned. Oh, what happy days ours then were; but misery soon threw its blight upon us: for one morning, being up earlier than usual at my work, the dear Madelon had been prevailed upon by me to enter the work-shop, were, alas! our sweet interview was interrupted, and all our bliss dashed at once from our grasp, by the entrance of her father, who assumed the manners and fury of a demon. I had been reading a favorite book to Madelon;—her hand was clasped in mine—and her gentle head was reclining upon my shoulder, when all of a sudden I found myself prostrated upon the floor, and casting my eyes upwards, how great was my horror to behold Madelon rudely thrust from the work-shop by her barbarian of a father. Catching me by the shoulders, with a shower of oaths and curses, he turned me into the street, and forbade me ever again to enter the house.

"That day and all the next night I wandered about the streets of Paris like a madman. Ultimately, however, I took up a temporary residence at the house of an acquaintance in the Faubourg de St. Martin. But here I could not rest without seeing Madelon; and, accordingly, after night-fall, I used frequently to wander for hours round the back of Cardillac's house in hope of getting a sight of my soul's idol—but in vain. One night, it was nearly twelve o'clock, as I was walking moodily along at the rear of my late master's dwelling, I was surprised at what then appeared to me to be an apparition. Now, mark me closely, my dear lady, for I am now about to enter on the particulars of this dreadful tragedy, with which I am, unfortunately, so closely connected as a principal actor. Adjoining the back of Cardillac's house, in the Rue de la Nicaise, is a high stone wall, ornamented with niches, in some of which there are statues, cut in freestone. Now, wishing to screen myself from observation, I had taken my station close to one of these statues, where I had remained for some minutes, when a strange movement of the statue alarmed me. I started from my position; and judge of my horror at beholding the stone image slowly turn round on its pedestal, discovering a vacuum in the wall behind it, from which stepped forth a man, enveloped in a large cloak, who, with cautious and noiseless steps, crept under the shadow of the wall, as if wishing to escape observation. I rushed to the statue, but that had resumed its former position, and no crevice or nook was to be seen. I then slowly followed this man, and kept my eyes upon him, as he walked along in the dark shade of the wall. At length, he stopped, taking up a position in the portal of a house adjoining. Struck with renewed astonishment at this strange conduct, I also halted, and looked on in anxious suspense. Presently there came a man past, swaggering and singing,—his high-feathered hat waving in the night breeze, and his military spurs ringing on the pavement. No sooner had he approached the doorway where the object of my watch was secreted, than—like a tiger on his prey—the man darted out upon the unconscious cavalier, and at once struck him lifeless to the ground, without his uttering a groan or a shriek! I rushed forward to prevent further strife, and thus met the assassin face to face, whom, to my indescribable horror, turned out to be Rene Cardillac, my late master!

"The astonishment that now overcame me at this horrible discovery rendered me powerless to pursue Cardillac. I was rivetted to the spot, and could almost have fancied that my eyes had deceived me;—but there lay the richly-adorned hat and feathers of the murdered man, close to my feet, whilst the body itself lay prostrate in the road, to convince me of the too terrible reality. Fearing lest I might be apprehended as the perpetrator of this deed, I ran off as fast as my legs could carry me, and turned not to look behind me, till I found myself safe in my lonely apartment. Sleep I could not that night; but towards day-break, my eye-lids, weighed down with previous fatigue, kindly closed, and I fell into a peaceful slumber.

"It might have been about ten o'clock the next morning, when I was suddenly aroused by a violent knocking at my chamber door; and, upon inquiring the cause, I was in-

formed a person without wished to see me instantly. Hurriedly dressing myself, I hastened to unfasten my door, when who should push rudely into the room but my late master, Rene Cardillac. I was at first rather alarmed at this intrusion; but after a few seconds' reflection, I knew I was an equal match for him, unarmed. Without speaking a word, he seated himself upon my low bed, and fixed his ferret-like eyes fearlessly upon me. I thought it was now time to inquire his business with me.

"In the name of all that is good, master Cardillac, what do you want here?" I demanded of him, as boldly as I was able.

"Why, Olivier, my lad, I have just called in to see how you are getting on," replied the goldsmith, with a hypocritical smile. "I am afraid I have been rather too hasty in this business; and I have regretted my conduct ever since I turned you out of my house. What do you say to joining me again at advanced wages, with an extra half holiday in each week? Poor Madelon, too; it is partly on her account that I have paid you this visit; for the poor girl has done nothing but fret ever since you left us. And, upon mature reflection, I am not so much disinclined to you for a son-in-law as I was at first;—I was hasty then. You are a good workman; and with my name to recommend you, I have no doubt you would be able to get a good living; besides, to whom else but my daughter and her husband could I leave all my stock-in-trade at my death. Think of this, Olivier; forget everything that is past; and if I find you faithful and deserving,—as, in truth, you always were—in six months you shall have my consent to make Madelon your bride."

"I was so confounded with the mild tone of my late master's voice, that I hardly paid any attention to the subject on which he was speaking. The mention of Madelon's name, however, brought me to my recollection; and as the wily Cardillac concluded his crafty proposal, I stood with my eyes transfixed to the ground, without making any reply.

"You hesitate," he remarked, as he fixed his piercing eyes on me. "Perhaps you have other plans in view;—you may intend to pay a visit to Desgrais and his brigade of police. But have a care, young man, that the clutches of the law do not lay hold of the informer as well as the ——" Here he broke off, and after a short pause, resumed:—"In truth, Olivier, it is an honour for you to be employed by me; I am universally acknowledged as the first artizan in Paris, and, at the same time, my character is so well established, that any information given against me would only recoil upon the head of the calumniator. Come, then, Olivier, let me have your answer at once. Are we to be friends or foes for the remainder of our lives? I have told Madelon that you will most likely return with me, and that hope has dispelled all the pale lilies from her cheeks, and placed in their stead the bloom of a July rose."

"This mention of Madelon quite decided me. I heard no more—thought of nothing else; and in less than half-an-hour I was back again in Cardillac's house, and had the dear girl fondly locked in my embrace, and felt her very heart throb with delight against my own breast."

At this period of Olivier's narrative, Mademoiselle De Scuderi again presented him with some wine to strengthen him.

(To be continued.)

MAXIMS FOR MEN OF THE WORLD.—Never desert a friend in distress; and to render yourself incapable of doing any thing so base, form friendships with none but people who are well off. An amusing game of a long evening, is to spell the names of the Hungarian towns and Generals backwards.

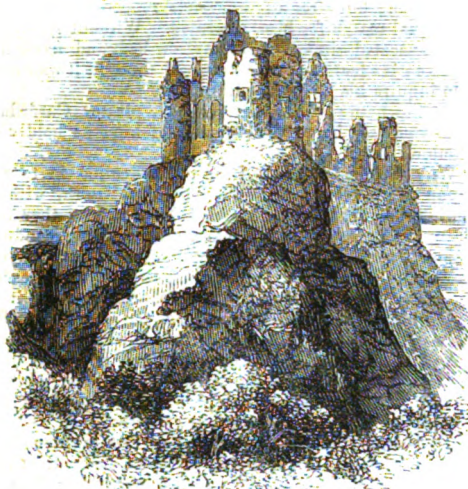
THE review of our own conduct is very frequently like a review in Hyde Park—the mind can rarely make out anything, owing to the great quantity of smoke.

MAN's happiness is said to hang upon a thread. This must be the thread that is never at hand to sew on the shirt button that is always off.

EXCUSES are the pickpockets of Time. The Sun does not wait for his hot water, but gets up at once.—*Funch's Pocket Book.*

THE HEART.—Nature's original bible, scarcely to be recognized in the world's translation.

Camera Sketches.



DUNLUCE CASTLE, COUNTY OF ANTRIM.

THE castle of Dunluce is situated about two miles from that singular and interesting natural curiosity, the Giant's Causeway, and is considered to be the most picturesque remains of the kind in Ireland. It stands on an insulated rock 100 feet above the level of the sea: and the only passage for its approach is a narrow wall, which forms a sort of bridge over a chasm 20 feet wide, which surrounds the castle, and separates it from the main land. This narrow and perilous path is about 18 inches broad—just wide enough for a single person to walk across; and is connected with the rock without any apparent support from beneath. There are no records in existence of the erection of this castle, but it appears to have been at an early period—the principal stronghold of a powerful Irish family named McQuillans. It is built of columnar basalt, a material which is abundant on the coast in this part of Ireland; and the base of the rock, on which the ruins of the castle stands, has been formed into caves by the action of the waves which have dashed against it in maddened fury for centuries past. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Dunluce castle, and a large tract of adjoining country, was awarded to the chief of the McDonnells, on the condition—"That he should swear to and observe a faithful allegiance to the Crown of England, and pay to the British Government an annual fee for its protection." Ultimately the head of the McDonnell family was created Earl of Antrim: and Dunluce castle was inhabited by them until it fell into ruin. On a stormy day in the year 1639, that part of the castle which comprised the domestics' apartments gave way: and the kitchen, containing the cook and several other servants, who were busily engaged in preparing a grand banquet, were precipitated into the sea and drowned.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMAS.

No. 1.

Grape—rape—ape.

No. 2.

Decapitate a Cod of C, its head—od (odd) singular remains: And next curtail its tail of D,—and see, if you have brains, That Cod, which stands for company, to plural appertains:

Tail-less and head-less let it be,—and O, for nought, will stand, Which, without C, or D, being left, will nothing bring to hand, Although it looks, *sans* head and tail, so round and ready at command.

What is its tail, cut off, but Scotland's roaring river Dee (D)? And what it's head, retrenched, except the boundless sounding sea (C)?

Within whose eddying depths profound the Cod disports in play, But fishers, on Newfoundland's Banks, make all their peace depart, They catch, split, dry the Cod, and salt it's sound for England's mart.

The Cod is mute, Cod-sounds are soft.—This is the riddle's art.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.—The great end of prudence is to give cheerfulness to those hours which splendour cannot gild, and acclamation cannot exhilarate—those soft intervals of unblended amusement, in which a man shrinks to his natural dimensions, and throws aside the ornaments and disguises, which he feels in privacy to be useless encumbrances, and to lose all effect when they become familiar. To be happy at home, is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labour tends, and of which every desire prompts the execution. It is, indeed, a home that every man must be known by those who would have a just estimate of his virtue or felicity; for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honour and fictitious benevolence.—*Johnson*.

AN ILLUSTRATION BY THE FIRST CHRISTIAN EMPEROR.—Whether the attainment of money is to be considered as a blessing, is a question very problematical. The pinching wants of poverty are, doubtless, dreadful; but the cares which immense wealth brings in her train are equally to be dreaded. To show the folly of hoarding riches, Constantine the Great, in order to reclaim a miser, took a larce, and marked out a space of ground the size of the human body, and told him, "Add heap to heap, accumulate riches upon riches, extend the bounds of your possessions, conquer the whole world; in a few days such a spot as this will be all you will have."

A LIVERPOOL paper says that a watchmaker of that town has succeeded in drilling a hole through a sixpence edge-ways. The hole is the four thousandth part of an inch in diameter, and barely sufficient to admit a fine hair. The instrument with which the hole was drilled is as fine as a small bristle, and quite as pliable.

DECISION and promptitude, even though sometimes a man may err for want of due deliberation, will, in the long run, more often conduct to success, than a slow judgment that comes too late.

There are some mortals whose bodies are but as the ornamented sepulchres of their dead hearts.

LET a man do his best, and the world may do its worst.

A STRING OF PEARLS FROM A BARREL OF OYSTERS.

I. Let him who sends a barrel of oysters in the hopes of a return, have all his wishes buried in the shells.

II. As the pearl of the native is no other than the disease of the fish, so is the liberality of the designing man only the secretion of deceit.

III. The innocent oyster is snatched from his bed: but hath he not revenge? For, how often doth he, even until daylight, keep man from his pillow.

IV. If an oyster could swallow a man, would he—or would he not—swallow him with his beard?

V. Pepper falls upon the bosom of the oyster, and yet the oyster heeds it not: for he despises the flattery of spice, only administered that he may be the better swallowed.

VI. When my Lord Duke eats an oyster, it is thus the oyster moraliseth. "My ancestral oysters are represented by their pearls on the duke's coronet. But who is really more of the duke; they or I?"

VII. The oyster hears the worst of Billingsgate: yet never oyster spoke unseemly word. It is thus the wise man, though his ears be abused, maintaineth a cleanly tongue.

We have now given a pearl for every day of the week. We could extend the number; but think we have selected sufficient. If only one pearl be swallowed with every dozen of oysters, we think that such pearl—dissolved in our aromatic philosophy—will mightily promote digestion.—*Punch's Pocket Book*.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. H.—Has our thanks; his contribution arrived too late for our last number.

B. A.—Declined, with thanks.

CAMPAN.—We will endeavour to obtain the information desired. In the meantime favour us with the proposed contributions.

J. L. V.—Under consideration. Tickets to view the Dulwich Gallery may be obtained at Ackerman's, and other west-end printellers. The gallery is open every day except Fridays and Sundays.

S. S. (Manchester).—Your sketch is very creditable, but unsuited to our work.

J. HARRIS.—We shall shortly engrave the paintings referred to.

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THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

No. 7.—VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1849.

{ ONE PENNY.
POST FREE, 2d.

THE BOOKSELLERS' PROVIDENT RETREAT.

THE foundation stone of this building was laid by the Right Hon. the Earl of Clarendon, on Wednesday, September 3, 1845; and it was opened for the reception of inmates on Tuesday, July 21, 1846. It is connected with the Booksellers' Provident Institution, which was formed in the year 1837 by several of the most influential of the trade; having for its object the temporary assistance of its members, their widows, and children; and the permanent relief of members and their widows, in old age and infirmity. The object sought to be accomplished by the erection of the present building, is to provide those aged and infirm persons who are members, or the widows of members of that Institution, with a comfortable habitation, in addition to an annuity which they may already possess.

The site is a piece of freehold land at Abbott's-Langley, Herts, given for that purpose by Mr. Dickinson; and the present building consists of seven houses, after a design by Mr. W. H. Cooper. Each house contains four rooms, with all the usual conveniences; and in addition to the dwelling apartments in the central house, there is a large room adapted for the purposes of the committee, and a commodious hall, used as a place of general meeting for the inmates, which is also fitted up as a library.

An extensive lodge, with handsome gates, has since been erected; and the grounds tastefully laid out and planted with trees and shrubs; which in a few years will prove a great ornament to that part of the neighbourhood, and become an interesting object to passengers by the north western railway.

The expenses of the building have been defrayed from a fund specially contributed for that purpose by members of the trade, and by many other persons favourable to the object. The inmates of the retreat are selected from the annuitants of the Booksellers' Provident Institution.

There are only four inmates at present residing at the retreat, two having been removed by death.

A JUDICIAL TIGER IN HIS LAIR.—CAPTURE OF JUDGE JEFFREYS.—A scrivener, who lived at Wapping, and whose trade was to furnish the seafaring men there with money at high interest, had some time before lost a sum on bottomry. The debtor applied to equity for relief against his own bond; and the cause came before Jeffreys. The counsel for the borrower, having little else to say, said that the tender was a trimmer. The chancellor instantly fired. "A trimmer! where is he? Let me see him. I have heard of that kind of monster—what is it made like?" The unfortunate creditor was forced to stand forth. The chancellor



BOOKSELLERS' PROVIDENT RETREAT, ABBOT'S LANGLEY.

glared fiercely on him, stormed at him, and sent him away half dead with fright. "While I live," the poor man said, as he tottered out of court, "I shall never forget that terrible countenance." And now the day of retribution had arrived. The trimmer was walking through Wapping, when he saw a well-known face looking out of the window of an ale-house. He could not be deceived. The eyebrows, indeed, had been shaved away. The dress was that of a common sailor from Newcastle, and was black with coal-dust; but there was no mistaking the savage eye and mouth of Jeffreys. The alarm was given. In a moment the house was surrounded by hundreds of people, shaking bludgeons and bellowing curses. The fugitive's life was saved by a company of trainbands; and he was carried before the Lord Mayor (Sir John Chapman). When the great man at whose frown, a few days before, the whole kingdom had trembled, was dragged into the justice-room begrimed with ashes, half dead with fright, and followed by a raging multitude, the agitations of the unfortunate mayor rose to a height. He fell into fits, and was carried to his bed, whence he never rose. Meanwhile the throng was constantly becoming more numerous and more savage. Jeffreys begged to be sent to prison. An order to that effect was procured from the lords who were sitting at Whitehall, and he was conveyed in a carriage to the Tower. Two regiments of militia were drawn out to escort him, and found this duty a difficult one. It was repeatedly necessary for them to form, as if for the purpose of repelling a charge of cavalry, and to present a forest of pikes to the mob. The thousands who were disappointed of their revenge pursued the coach, with howls of rage, to the gate of the Tower, brandishing cudgels, and holding up halters full in the prisoner's view. The wretched man, meantime, was in convulsions of terror. He wrung his hands—he looked wildly out, sometimes at one window, sometimes at the other, and was heard even above the tumult crying, "Keep them off, gentlemen! For God's sake keep them off!" At length, having suffered far more than the bitterness of death, he was safely lodged in the fortress where some of his most illustrious victims had passed their last days, and where his own life was destined to close in unspeakable ignominy and horror.—*Macaulay's History of England.*

WHAT IS LOVE?—Thou demandest what is love?—It is that powerful attraction towards all that we conceive, or fear, or hope beyond ourselves, when we find within our own thoughts the chasm of an insufficient void, and seek to awaken in all things that are, a community with what we experience in ourselves. If we reason, we would be understood; if we imagine, we would that the airy children of our brain were born anew within another's; if we feel, we would that another's nerves should vibrate to our own, that the beams of their eyes should kindle at once, and mix and melt into our own; that lips of motionless ice should not reply to lips quivering and burning with the heart's best blood. This is Love. This is the bond and the sanction which connects not only man with man, but everything which exists. We are born into the world, and there is something within us which, from the instant that we live, more and more thirsts after its likeness.—*Shelley.*

AMONG the numerous projects of late indicative of this advancing age, is a plan of supplying the great metropolis with new milk from the country by railroad. In a population of 2,000,000 of souls, it may easily be conceived, that the consumption of milk daily must necessarily amount to several hundred thousand gallons. The present supply is deficient both in quality and in quantity; and so valuable a commodity is milk in London, that it is extensively adulterated with water, flour, and chalk. The price of what is called the best milk, too, is exceedingly high, and is fully double what it is in the agricultural districts.

"SKIP the hard words dear," said a mistress to one of her pupils, "they're only the names of some foreign countries, and you'll never be in 'em."

A WOMAN'S heart is the true place for a man's likeness; Daguerreotype-like, an instant gives the impression, but an age of sorrow and change cannot efface it.

AN American paper says—Young gentlemen who would prosper in love should woo gently. It is not fashionable for young ladies to take ardent spirits.

THE BIBLE.—This book—a multifarious collection of oracles, written in various ages and countries, and at intervals of two thousand years—having in it every form of composition, familiar and profound, songs and history, ethica and biography, scenes from the hearth and episodes from national annals—numbering, too, among its authors, him who wore a crown and him who threw a net, the Persian Prime Minister and Cæsar's fettered captive—written too, sections of it, under the shadow of the Pyramids, and others on the banks of the Euphrates, some in the Isle of Patmos, and others in the Mammerline dungeons—this book, so lofty in its tone and harmonious in its counsels, has become the more venerable from its age, and the more wonderful as its history and results are examined and understood. Whence springs its originality if its claims are disallowed? It tells us of expeditions prior to Jason and the Argonauts. It describes martial adventurers long before the Achilles and Troy. Its ethical system preceded Thales and Pythagoras. Its muse was vocal before Orpheus and Hesiod. Its judges flourished before consuls and archons. Its feasts and gatherings rejoiced the tribes when the Nemean games had no existence; and it reekoned by sabbaths and jubilees when neither Olympiad nor lustrum divided the calendar. It embodies the prophetic wish of the Athenian sage, for it "scatters that darkness which covers our souls, and tells us how to distinguish good from evil." The valley of the Nile has now uncovered its hieroglyphics to confirm and illustrate its claims; and Nineveh, out of the wreck and rubbish of three thousand years, has at length yielded up its ruins to prove and glorify the Hebrew oracles.—*Dr. Badie.*

MUSCULAR STRENGTH.—The muscular power of the human body is indeed wonderful. A Turkish porter will trot a rapid pace, and carry a weight of six hundred pounds. Milo, a celebrated athlete of Crotona, in Italy, accustomed himself to carry the greatest burdens, and by degrees became a monster in strength. It is said that he carried on his shoulder an ox, four years old, weighing upwards of one thousand pounds, for about forty rods, and afterwards killed him with one blow of his fist. He was seven times crowned at the Pythian games, and six at the Olympic. He presented himself the seventh time, but no one had the courage to enter the lists against him. He was one of the disciples of Pythagoras, and to his uncommon strength the learned preceptor and his pupils owed their lives. The pillar which supported the roof of a house suddenly gave way, but Milo upheld the building, and gave the philosopher time to escape. In old age he attempted to pull up a tree by its roots, and break it. He partially effected it; but his strength being gradually exhausted, the tree, where cleft, reunited, and left his hand pinched in the body of it. He was then alone, and, being unable to disengage himself, died in that position. Haller mentioned that he saw a man, whose finger having caught in a chain at the bottom of a mine, by keeping it forcibly bent, supported by that means the whole weight of his body, one hundred and fifty pounds, until he was drawn up to the surface a distance of six hundred feet. Augustus II., king of Poland, could roll up a silver plate like a sheet of paper, and twist the strongest horse-shoe asunder. A lion is said to have left the impression of his teeth upon a piece of solid iron. The most prodigious power of muscle is exhibited by the fish. The whale moves with a velocity through the dense medium of water that would carry him, if he continued at the same rate, around the world in less than a fortnight; and a sword fish has been known to strike his weapon through the oak plank of a ship.

QUID PRO QUO.—A Frenchman meeting an English soldier with a Waterloo medal, began sneeringly to animadvert on the British Government for bestowing such a trifle, which did not cost them three francs. "That is true, to be sure," replied the soldier, "it did not cost the English Government three francs, but it cost the French a Napoleon."

It is said that the discovery has been made in Lincoln, that gutta percha can be used for large printing letters, and that impressions can be obtained nearly as clear as the impressions from metal types.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—The whippers in of the human pack.

THE CHILD'S APPEAL.

The Words by L. M. THORNTON, Author of "Sacred Poem," the Music by W. HARRIS, Esq., York.—Dedicated to Mothers.

"Mamma, why do the roses fade!"

A little girl did say;
"Methinks such lovely flow'rs as these
Should never know decay,—
That look so beautiful and fair,
And such bright tints disclose.
Then, dear mamma, oh, tell me why
So quickly fades the rose!"

"I've often heard you say, mamma,
How life is like the flow'r;
Which, though it passing fair doth seem,
May wither in an hour.
But why, mamma, is life so short,
And why do flow'rs decay?
And why is every joy on earth
Destined to pass away!"

"You said, when little brother died,—
That child we all did love,—
That he was gone where brightest flow'rs
Deck the sweet meads above.
But why, mamma, did brother die,
And leave us here to pine?
And whither must we sigh in grief,
And every hope resign!"

"My sweetest child," the mother cried,
"We will no more complain,
Since mourning never can restore
The lost one back again;
But rather let us say, my love,
At this assurance given,
That all which fadeth here on earth
Blooms yet more sweet in Heaven."

MR. COBDEN ON TEETOTALISM.—At a recent temperance meeting in Exeter-hall, a letter was read from Mr. Cobden who said:—"Put my name down for a guinea to your excellent project. I don't know how it is that I have never made the plunge, and joined the teetotalers. Nobody has more faith than I in the faith of your doctrine, both in a physical and moral point of view. I have acted upon the principle that fermented and distilled drinks are useless for sustaining our strength; for the more work I have to do, the more I have resorted to the pump and the teapot. (Laughter). As for the moral bearings of the question it is scarcely an exaggeration to say, that all other reforms would fail to confer as great blessings upon the masses as that of weaning them from intoxicating drinks."

THE water-mark on paper, often referred to as a test of the date of wills and other documents, is by no means infallible. A correspondent of the *Times* writes a note dated the 8th ultimo, on paper marked 1850, and purchased, as he states, two months ago, to ask what would be the result of litigation with reference to a will made on such paper *this* year.

BEWARE of confiding in distant prospects of happiness, lest they be suddenly intercepted by the most trivial present vexation. A leaf in the foreground is large enough to conceal a forest on the far horizon.

IGNORANCE, as far as learning is concerned, is no disgrace to those who have never possessed the means of improvement. It is otherwise, however, when opportunity has been neglected.

WIT is the lightning of the mind, reason the sunshine, and the reflection the moonlight; for as the bright orb of the night owes its lustre to the sun, so does reflection owe its existence to reason.

CICERO was distinguished from all great men of whom we know much, by one negative virtue, so rare, that human nature blushes while it is announced—he had no enemy.

THE latest way to pop the question is to ask the fair lady, "if you shall have the pleasure of seeing her to the Minister's?"

TO PERPETUATE by mediation the remembrance of woe, is to embalm a viper that has stung you.

MANY adorn the tombs of those whom, living, they persecuted with envy.

LEVE labour; if you do not want it for food, you may for physic.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN EXPOSITIONS OF INDUSTRIAL ART.

THE BIRMINGHAM EXPOSITION.

THE second great exhibition of the works of British Industry and Art has lately taken place at Birmingham, in the grounds of the large mansion situated in Broad-street, known as Bingley House. A temporary wooden building has been erected in front of the house, 124 feet long and 90 feet broad, which contains the numerous articles sent for exhibition. Many useful examples in iron work are ranged beside the pathway leading to the exhibition; whilst in other parts of the garden are displayed various portions of machinery. Large as this temporary erection is, it is not sufficiently extensive to contain the numerous specimens which have been brought thither.

Amongst the principal subjects here sent, may be mentioned some fine specimens of bronze work by Messrs. Winfield; some elegantly-finished articles in papier maché by Mr. Lane; rich and highly-esteemed works, in glass, by Mr. Rice Harris; here is also a stand of exquisite ~~statuettes~~ *statuettes* from the manufactory of Messrs. Copeland; ornamental works in japan, form the works of Mr. Walton and Messrs. Jenners and Butteridge; together with numerous other elegant and highly useful devices in wood carving, from Mr. Jordan; and the magnificent collection of gold and silver work by Mr. Elkington.

Such is a brief summary of the general contents of the building, among which, however, may also be enumerated the many beautiful specimens of carpets, tapestry, table covers, curtains, &c., contributed by M. Sallandrouze de Lamornaiz. We have selected a few of the principal articles from this great exhibition to illustrate the subject; the first of our engravings presents an accurate description of a beer jug and a water jug from the works of Messrs. Ridgeway and Abington, Hanley, Staffordshire, a firm famous for the manufacture of those elegant and tasteful domestic articles.

The beautiful silver tankard we have engraved, is chaste in design and most elaborately executed: it is a work of the highest order, from Messrs. Elkington's manufactory. In page 52, are shewn specimens of ornamental flower designs in gas fittings, which are so formed as to be made ornaments for the chimney-piece or table. They are from the works of Mr. R. W. Winfield, of Cambridge-street, who is a large contributor to this exposition.

In viewing this exhibition as a national work of art, it is quite gratifying to witness the unanimous manner in which the manufacturers have responded to the call to produce their best specimens. This is as it ought to be, for by such means the public are instructed, and the skilful manufacturer himself benefitted; and we sanguinely hope that in the great exposition commenced for 1851, that we shall find every process of the various arts displayed, and illustrated through every stage. In visiting this great emporium of our metalurgical industry, Birmingham, on the present occasion, we have witnessed but one feeling manifested throughout, and that is one of the utmost pleasure and satisfaction.

We understand that the preliminary arrangements for the great trial of the industrial strength of all nations, are progressing successfully. The sum of £20,000, to be given away as prizes has been deposited, and stands now in the hands of trustees for the objects intended. While on this subject, we may mention a fact which we find in the *Worcester Chronicle*. Mr. Lea, of Astley, in that county, formerly a large manufacturer, has put the working men of Kidderminster into training for the contest. He has issued an address to them, in which he calls their attention to the projected exhibition as a means by which the trade of Kidderminster may be promoted,—requests them to form committees of the men at the principal firms, and endeavour to make some improvements in their staple manufacture which may call the attention of foreigners to them, and offers the munificent prize of 100 guineas for the man or set of men who may invent a new article of any description, provided it is done in Kidderminster, and adapted for general use.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN EXPOSITIONS OF INDUSTRIAL ART.



WATER JUG.

SILVER TANKARD.

BEER JUG.

EXPOSITION OF THE PRODUCTS OF FRENCH INDUSTRY.

OUR readers are, doubtless, aware that, at certain stated periods, the French manufacturers and artisans hold an exhibition of the specimens of their various productions, which includes articles of utility and ornament of every description. The eleventh exhibition of this nature, which has just closed in Paris, was considered far superior to those of former years, and displayed a spirit of progress evidently unchecked by the political convulsions of the country.

The expenses attending this late national exhibition at Paris amounted to no less a sum than £18,000; viz., £16,000 for the erection of the building, which was constructed of wood, with roofs of zinc, and situated on a piece of ground abutting on the main avenue of the Champs Elysees; and £2,000 for the cost of the agricultural shed, which was erected for the display of live stock. This vast amount, however, only includes the hire of the building materials for three months, which, after that time, become the property of the contractors. To create funds for this vast undertaking, a law was passed in 1791, declaring that the profits arising from the fees paid on the granting of patents should be appropriated to the encouragement of national industry. Previous to 1834, it appears that a decree signed by Louis Philippe, granted a further supply of 90,000 francs. The first of these national exhibitions in Paris was held in 1793, when French industry first began to progress under the master mind of Napoleon.

We now come to the present exhibition in Hanover Square, which is intended to show to the English nation the best specimens of French art and manufactures, and to serve, at the same time, as an *avant courier* to the Great National Exposition in 1851, projected by His Royal Highness Prince Albert. This collection is under the direction of M. Sallandrouze de Lamornaix, ex-deputy and member of the Acting Council of Manufacturers at Paris, and one of the largest manufacturers in France. The rooms occupied by this exhibition extend from the front in George Street, Hanover Square, to the back of New Bond Street, and the interior is crowded with the most costly specimens of French industry and art—such as ornamental furniture, jewellery, Sevres china, decorative papers, bronzes, devices for churches, pianofortes, porcelain, carved woods, optical instruments, silks, satins, velvets, Cashmere shawls, printed goods, lace, books with curious bookbindings, tapestry from the looms of the Gobelins, pictures, and last, though not the least curious, are specimens of boots and shoes, in the soles of which sewing is entirely dispensed with; and is chiefly devoted to those

articles which excel in excellence of form and elegance of ornament. The contents of this vast museum extend to six rooms, besides galleries and staircases; the whole being arranged on tables and along the walls, in a highly tasteful and artistic manner.

The first room is chiefly filled with bronzes, jewellery, and specimens of bookbinding. There is also an allegorical representation of Shakespeare, executed by M. Emile Thomas, which, as a French work, is worth noticing. Among the specimens of bookbinding is a missal, said to be the property of the Queen of Spain, which is elegantly bound in purple velvet, inlaid with precious stones and gold.

The second room is filled with specimens of ornamental furniture by M.M. Tahaut, and Laurent, together with some beautiful productions from Messrs. Susse and Co. Nothing can exceed the elegance of some of the chairs here exhibited; they seem too splendid to be used even on great state occasions. Our neighbours, the French, greatly excel in this useful department of art, and in the purity of design displayed in their patterns generally. The staircase leading from this room is hung with decorative papers from the manufactory of M.M. Madril and Lenoux.

The third room is the most striking of the whole; it contains some beautiful carpets of Aubusson manufacture; and there is also a piece of tapestry from the Gobelins, which displays an incident in the early life of Peter the Great; this is, indeed, a work of great excellence, and excels all the specimens of tapestry work we ever remember to have seen. Here is a massive wine cooler, made for the Emperor of Russia, by M. Barye; and, in the centre of the room, some of the finest specimens of Sevres porcelain are displayed. The other collections consist of bronzes from G. Marchand, Denière, and Charpentier; articles of furniture by Messrs. Grotte; and pianofortes by Erard and Kriegelstein, &c., &c.

The fourth room contains a new wool-combing machine, invented by M. Schlumberger, of Mulhouse; and some beautifully-executed ornamental mouldings in zinc, by the "Société des Zincs de la Vieille Montagne," which gained the large gold medal at the late Paris exhibition. The other articles in this room we have alluded to in general terms.

The fifth room contains numerous specimens of various manufactures, among which may be described a collection of optical instruments by the celebrated Lesebours, of Paris, amongst which is an object-glass, said to be the largest and clearest yet manufactured; there are also in

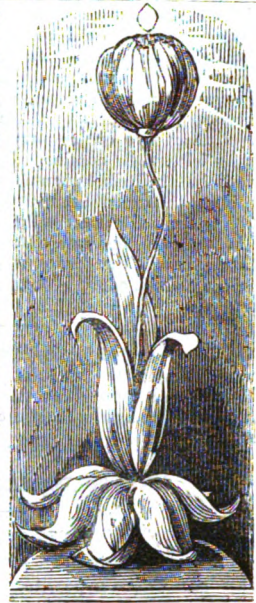


GAS-FITTINGS.

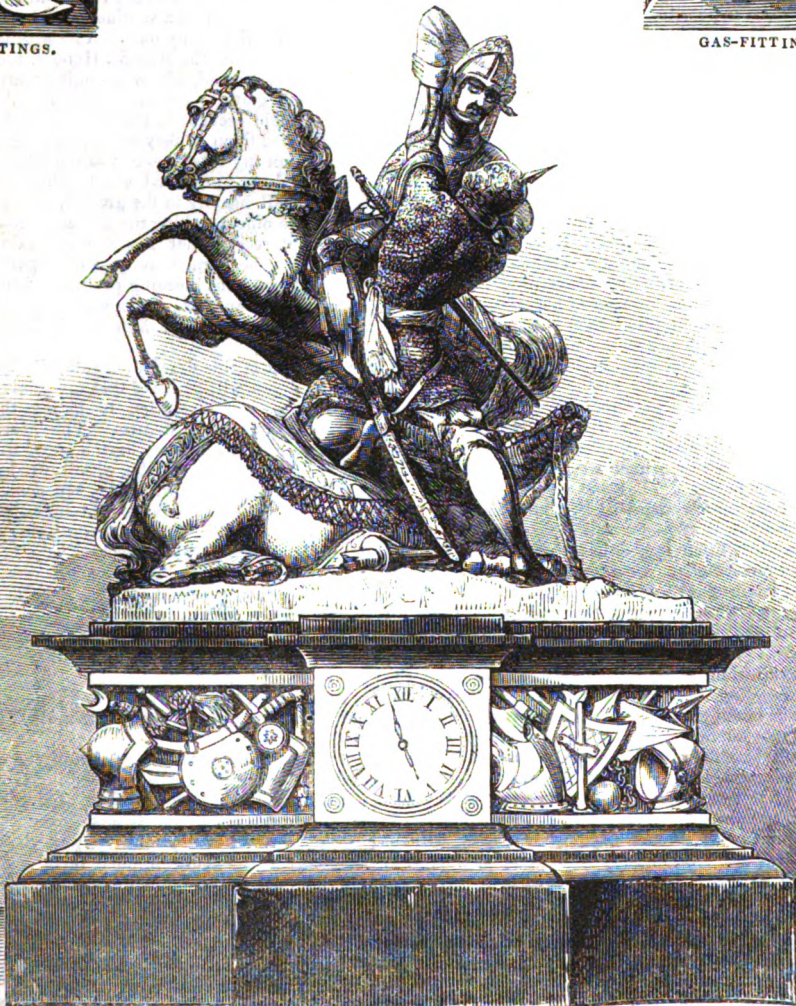
this apartment, some specimens of silk, satin, and velvet manufactures, from Lyons, all of great beauty in design, and brilliancy in taste and colour: some of these specimens form embroidered arms of Lyons, and are intended for the Hotel de Ville of that city. The staircase leading to the gallery is covered with paper from the manufactory of Zubez, who lately received the Cross of the Legion of Honour for his various improvements. Amidst other specimens of human ingenuity in this room, we cannot pass over some very clever toys, which excite the wonder and attention of both old and young visitors.

Two more smaller rooms comprise the whole of this exposition. The first of which contains some beautiful Cashmere shawls, some elegant specimens of lace, and some artistic jewellery. The last room is entirely devoted to the manufactures of M. Sallandrouze de Lamornaix. Here is to be seen tapestry, little, if at all, inferior to that of the Gobelins; curtains made for the reception room at the Hotel de Ville, Paris; and a variety of other productions from the same talented manufacturer, who has lately been honoured with the Cross of the Legion of Honour, and several other tributes from various expositions.

This collection of French industry was honoured by a visit from his Royal Highness Prince Albert, on Monday, the 19th instant, when M. Sallandrouze presented a gold



GAS-FITTINGS.



BRONZE DESIGN BY M. CHARPENTIER

medal, commemorative of the event, to his Royal Highness, who signified his cordial approbation of the whole undertaking in a most gracious manner. As a general exhibition, the present gives a most encouraging aspect of the progress of French manufactures; and we hope that the approaching exhibition of the works of all nations, projected by Prince Albert, may give our countrymen an opportunity of contending with their continental brethren, as we feel quite certain that the British manufacturers are fully able to compete in any branch of art with the Frenchmen, or any other nation in the world; and although we are willing to admit the beauty and excellence of foreign works of art generally, yet we maintain that there is not a single article of this exhibition which could not be produced equally good in this country.

We have selected for our illustration one of the beautiful bronze designs by M. Charpentier; the subject being "Charles Martel expelling the Saracens from France," a bold and spirited group, and the most attractive of its class.

THE GOLDSMITH OF PARIS.

(Continued from page 47.)

"Your narrative is truly frightful!" exclaimed the lady. "This monstrous hypocrite—this Rene Cardillac—then belonged to that band of midnight assassins who have so long been the terror of Paris?"

"Not so, my lady," remarked Olivier; "speak not of a band, for there never was such a thing. It was Cardillac alone who committed these midnight atrocities. His being alone was his only safety;—hence the unsurmountable difficulty of tracing the assassin. But let me proceed:—

"Living only in the smiles and affection of Madelon, the cause of my return to the den of this bloodhound was nearly lost sight of by me. But I now began to view the kindness of Cardillac in a new light. It was evidently his idea that, in my love for his daughter, I should banish all thought of giving any information concerning him to the government. Alas! he was too sure of his safety; for what could I do? The thought often struck like a dagger to my heart, that if through my words her father should be brought to justice, this poor girl, so long deceived by his fiend-like cunning, would fall a victim to the most incurable grief and despair. Two months had now elapsed since my return to the house, in which I could not help considering myself the assistant, if not the actual accomplice of an assassin, whose crimes were still carried on in secret and in safety.

"One day I was much surprised by Cardillac asking me if I knew where you lived;—for to hear your name mentioned by this man filled me with terror. It was shortly after you had presented a poem to the king against the petition of certain courtiers, who were anxious for a superior and more powerful court to be instituted to detect and bring to justice the perpetrators of the numerous murders which were then taking place. Cardillac had selected a beautiful necklace and a pair of bracelets for the occasion, and sealing them up in a box, he bid me deliver them into your hands. At the mention of your name, all the bright hopes of my youth returned; and I thought that you would be able to devise some means to stop this frightful career, and to liberate Madelon and myself from the tyranny of this monster. It is needless to repeat how my attempts to gain an interview with you were frustrated; but I still hoped on. A few days passed away without anything occurring to rouse my suspicions for your safety; still I knew you to be marked for the dagger of the assassin!"

"Merciful Heaven!—and did this wretch, then, seek my life? For what?—I never injured him; indeed, never remember to have seen him," inquired Mademoiselle De Scuderi, with much emotion.

"I will tell you, my lady, how you thus became a mark of hatred to Cardillac. You were in possession of those jewels, which he, covetous and avaricious as he was, desired

to get back again. It became a certain sign with me that no sooner had Cardillac delivered up any costly article of jewellery to a customer than he would become, all of a sudden, dull and morose. In two or three days' time the city would be alarmed by the news of another murder, and the victim would turn out to be this very customer; and the next day I would behold Cardillac hugging and gloating over these same jewels, which had so lately been disposed of to the now lifeless purchaser. By this course of events, I knew he was again coveting the jewels I had left for you; and this was the reason of my throwing the letter into your carriage, imploring you to return them. You heeded not my warning, and I knew your life was in danger; for Cardillac did nothing but repent having sent them to you. I determined to protect you at all risks, though it should cost the life of Cardillac.

"Accordingly, the next night he went out, I watched him narrowly. When he had read the evening prayer, as usual, and while he was shut up in his bed-room, I slipped through a window into the court-yard, and availing myself of the secret passage by the opening in the statue, I passed out into the street, and watched in a secure retreat till Cardillac should appear. I had not long to wait before he came from his house, by way of the statue, as before; and judge of my horror when I found that he directed his steps towards the street in which you resided. I now became certain that your life was the object of his midnight visit; and my intentions were to get in advance of him, and place myself at your door as a sentinel, and by that means save your life, if I risked my own. As Cardillac was about to turn the corner of the Rue St. Honore, there came up an officer, gaily dressed, who was singing merrily, and had the swaggering gait of a man in liquor. All of a sudden, before I could prevent it, Cardillac rushed upon him, and I approached them as they were grappling and struggling together, but my interference was too late; for as I arrived I heard a deep groan, and was terribly alarmed at seeing Cardillac fall heavily to the ground, and roll close to my feet! The officer, taking me for an accomplice, drew his sword, but seeing that I was only anxious to assist the fallen man, he turned away, and departed. My master was still living, but bleeding profusely from a deep wound in the breast; and overcome with terror, I lifted him on my shoulders, and bore him to his house by the secret passage.

"The rest of this dreadful mystery is known to you, my lady; and you will perceive that my crime has been a want of firmness and resolution to betray the father of my beloved Madelon to justice. The horrid truth of her parent's guilt has hitherto been a secret from his daughter, and never shall the veil be withdrawn by my hand—no, not even to save my own life. My dearest Madelon will mourn over me as one who died innocent: but were she to learn the dreadful truth, the shock might prove destructive to her peace of mind for ever!"

Without making any reply to this wonderful narrative, Mademoiselle De Scuderi rang a bell, and in the next moment Madelon was in Olivier's arms.

"Now I am happy again!" exclaimed the delighted girl; "I was sure that this noble-minded lady would find means to set you free."

As the benevolent lady who had thus far befriended these unhappy lovers gazed upon their mutual endearments, she said to herself,—

"Whatever may be the opinion of the officers of justice, these poor children are innocent. Guilty hearts could not thus find delight in the joys of a mutual attachment, forgetting the world and its misfortunes."

The glimmer of daylight was now visible, and Desgrais knocking at the door reminded them that it was time for Olivier's departure. The lovers were, therefore, obliged to separate; and their adieu was such that even the stoutest hearts could not have beheld it without being overcome with emotion.

Mademoiselle De Scuderi now found herself in a more difficult and perplexing situation than she had hitherto been. Aware of Olivier's innocence, without being able to use his confession to prove it, she could see no other way open to her by which he could be saved from the fate

which was now awaiting him. In the hope of softening the hearts of his stern judges, the lady wrote a long and powerful letter to La Regnie, the President of the Chamber Ardente, in which she informed him that Olivier had proved his innocence to her beyond a doubt, and that it was only his determination to carry his secret to the grave, which, if revealed, might be the death of an innocent person, that had prevented him, at his trial, from making such a confession as would at once have freed him from all suspicion. In less than an hour Mademoiselle De Scuderi received the president's answer to her letter, which, although couched in the most polite and respectful language, yet gave her no hope of success. It intimated that if Olivier Brusson had arrived at the heroic conclusion of concealing an account of his various crimes, the chamber would at once employ the strongest means in their power to force that secret from him, which would, no doubt, bring wonders to light.

The generous lady who had taken so much interest in the cause of these unfortunate lovers knew full well to what cruel means the legal authorities would resort to extort a confession from the unfortunate Olivier. It appeared certain to her that he would be put to the torture; and to prevent this dreadful ordeal she was determined to make every exertion in her power. As a last resource, Mademoiselle De Scuderi resolved to appeal to the king in behalf of her protégées rather than quietly submit to their condemnation.

Accordingly, on the following day, just as this noble-hearted lady was about to proceed to the king's palace, she was surprised by a visit from the Count de Miossen, a distant relative of her family's, who was well known at court as colonel of the king's guard of honour.

"Forgive me, my dear De Scuderi," said the count, with an air of great politeness, "if my visit is an intrusion: but we soldiers have little time at our command. It is on account of your young friend, Olivier Brusson, that I have come hither."

"On his account!" exclaimed De Scuderi, with great surprise. "What can you possibly have to say concerning him?"

"Much, my dear lady—much that you will be glad to hear," answered the count, with a smile. "I thought that the mention of his name would act as a favourable passport to your attention. Though all Paris consider him an assassin, and a fit subject for the gibbet, yet I know you are a staunch advocate of his innocence; and among all this conflicting opinion, there is no one who can speak with greater certainty as to the guilt or innocence of this young man than myself. Of the death of Rene Cardillac, I assure you, my dear mademoiselle, he is entirely guiltless."

"Good Heavens! my lord," exclaimed the surprised lady, as her eyes sparkled with delight; "how have you obtained this information? Who, then, is the murderer? Speak and tell me, that I may denounce him at once to the president of the chamber, and let the guilty take the place of the innocent."

"I can do that with very little trouble," replied the Count de Miossen; "it is all comprised in one short word—myself! I am the man who gave Cardillac his death-blow!"

"You!" almost shrieked the terrified lady, as she sank into a chair for support. "Unravel this fearful mystery, my lord, I entreat you. This painful suspense is insupportable."

"Calm yourself, my dear mademoiselle," coolly answered the count, as he drew a chair by the side of De Scuderi. "There is no occasion for any terror or emotion on your part. Although I repeat I am the slayer of this man, yet, let me observe to you, it was in self-defence. Listen: Rene Cardillac was one of the most hypocritical villains in Paris. I had heard of his eccentricities, but could not esteem them as such; and when three of my own particular friends—D'Aubrey, La Soutourre, and Langelier—had fallen by this invisible foe, I began to suspect this goldsmith. I tell you for why, my lady. They had each of them, within a few days, given this man an extensive order for jewellery, destined as presents for their mistresses, which was kept quite a secret, and each one fell

by this assassin on the very night they were about to bestow the present. This man was the only living being, besides a select circle of friends, who knew of those intentions; and this fact, together with the disappearance of these very jewels, and nothing else, from the murdered persons, convinced me that this hoary-headed miscreant was, in some way or other, concerned in these midnight assassinations.

"Accordingly, I paid this goldsmith a visit, and gave him an order for a valuable pair of bracelets, which, I informed him were intended for a wedding present, and must be ready by a certain day. I paid him the amount agreed upon before we parted. They were to be ready in ten days, but I could not get him to deliver them up to me, even though I had called for them several times. He seemed loath to part with them, and asked me many impertinent questions concerning them, such as 'Who were they for?—when did I mean to present them?—where did the lady live?' To all these questions I made answer, that unless he at once delivered up the bracelets, I would bring him before the public prosecutor; as, having paid him his price for them, now that they were finished they were my property. This had the desired effect; and throwing the jewels at me, he abruptly departed.

"Next day, to my infinite surprise, my servant informed me that Cardillac had been pressing him to make him acquainted with the day on which I was going to present these bracelets. This confirmed my suspicions; and I desired my servant to tell him a certain day and hour when I should depart on my happy mission. I was now determined to catch this wolf in his own trap; and accordingly, on the night in question, I attired myself in a light coat of mail under my waistcoat, and arming myself with a short dagger, I walked leisurely along towards the Rue St. Honore. It was about midnight, and as I expected, I had not walked long before I found myself attacked. My opponent was alone; and springing upon me from behind, clasped me in his arms with great strength, and striking at my breast with a short dagger, it slid off from my coat of mail, and left me harmless. At the same moment I disengaged my hand, and stabbed him to the heart with my stiletto. I was enabled, by the faint light of the moon to satisfy myself that my secret foe was Cardillac, the goldsmith.

To be continued.

AN American paper says:—"Mr. Pennington, the original projector of a flying machine to navigate the air, has returned from the Far West, where he has been making some experiments on the great prairies. The *Baltimore Sun* regrets to say that he has not been sufficiently successful to enable him to come back in his own carriage. He is, however, sanguine of fully succeeding eventually in making a voyage to California, or even to Europe, in his car through the air. A large machine of this kind is now being built by Mr. Robjohn. The canvas is all ready, and is about 80 yards in length and 50 in diameter. It is to be propelled by two oscillating 5-horse power engines, which are already provided and secured in the car. They occupy a very small space, and are well made. They are to propel the huge gaseous monster by fan wheel, we believe."

It is stated that Tom Moore, "the poet of all circles, and the idol of his own," like Southey and Swift before their deaths, has lost the light of that intellect which had so long charmed the world. "Tis a sad darkness all."

THE ABSENT.—Speak of the absent as if they were present, not from the calculation of interest, or the timidity of selfishness, but from the principles of benevolence and veracity. Speak to the present, supposing them to be people of worth, not with the flattery that violates truth, but with the kind feeling that desires to please.

A CLEAR conscience is the best law, and temperance the best physic.

THE sun of truth may be obscured, but is never eclipsed.

DO WHAT you ought, and let what will come of it.

A MAN never loses by doing good offices to others.

Camera Sketches.



CONWAY CASTLE.

THE ancient castle of Conway was built by Edward the First. It is in a most ruinous condition, the walls and towers are in a tolerable state of preservation, but none of the staircases are perfect; a convenient wooden ladder forms an easy passage to the top of the walls, round which a complete circuit may be made, and from which a fine view of the surrounding country may be obtained. Of the castle itself, the best view is to be had from the mound beyond the bridge, and from the creek on the south side of the castle, which is the one represented in our engraving. As a proof of the strength of the cement used in the erection of this building, it may be observed, that in quarrying for stone during the last century, the foundation of one of the round towers was so undermined that it gave way, and about half the circumference of the base fell in; the upper part of the structure, upheld by the tenacity of its cement, remained perfect, and the chasm shows like an immense arch. Conway castle is situated about nine miles from Aher, and fourteen from the town of Bangor, and stands on the summit of a sloping hill on the banks of the river which bears its name. A large and handsome chain bridge has lately superseded the ferry across the mouth of the Conway, and the road which leads to it passes immediately under the castle, intending to harmonize with this antique and picturesque ruin.

ENIGMAS.—No. 1.

I'm a word of five letters,—of great use to some,—
And I mean "to combine," or "to make into one;"
My third and fourth change, I directly become,
The reverse of what I was when you begun.

No. 2.

My whole is the name of a far distant country, which, if read backwards, will give a title of respect used by Indians; numbering my letters consecutively, my 1, 5, denotes existence; my 4, 2, 3, a quadruped; my 3, 1, 5, is a man's name abridged; my 5, 4, a short name for a woman; my 5, 1, 3, 2, is a religious ceremony; and my 1, 5, 4, 2, 3, is what misers do with their gold; strange to say, although I am written with five letters, I am composed only of three.

No. 3.

I am a very small word, being composed of four letters only, of which my 3, 2, 1, is science; my 1, 3, 4, my 4, 3, 1, and my 2, 3, 4, have meanings much on a 4, 3, 2, and are all acts of percussion; he who is 3, 4, 1, at catching my 2, 3, 1, is a friend to the farmer; my 4, 3, 2, 1, is a fraction; my 1, 3, 2, is used to preserve that from which it proceeds; and of my whole I would have you all beware.

*** The Solutions will be given in our next.

Gossip of the Day.

THE frescoes in the New House of Lords are just completed, and are highly interesting. The colours have all the brilliancy of oil, with a most delicate finish. Mr. Maclise's fresco is an allegorical representation of Justice, in which the arraignment of a primeval murderer is portrayed with much vigour and beauty of composition. Mr. Cope's "Committal of Prince Henry" is a masterly production, and is an evident improvement upon the sketch formerly exhibited in Westminster. The "Lear" of Mr. Herbert is copied in fresco by the same artist on the wall of the "Hall of Poets," as a monument to Shakespeare. Another fresco is in progress by Mr. Tenniel, the subject being "St. Cecilia," from Dryden.

The annual exhibition of copies from the old masters is now open at the British Institution. The pictures, as usual, are selected from those exhibited in the spring; and the adoption of Mr. Turner's "Shipwreck" and landscape as subjects for study is a rare instance of honour to a living master. Cuy's winter scene, Dietrich's blacksmith, Greuse's picture of a Girl, Salvator Rosa's landscape, Titian's Holy Family, Diana Bathing, and Guido's David and Goliath, are the other principal paintings. The students exhibit their ordinary timidity in shrinking from the highest department of art, Salvator Rosa's landscape boasting sixteen copies, and Greuse's Girl fourteen, while David and Goliath can find but two imitators. Titian, indeed, has found eight copiers of his "Diana," but then his work is on a small scale. The copies, as usual, are of every degree of size, and every degree of merit.

The arrival of our merry friend Albert Smith at Constantinople is announced in a Turkish journal. We are informed that he created a great sensation in the capital of the Mussulmans. Albert Smith, was fêted as one of the literary stars of England; and in compliment to his Mahometan friends, wears a long beard, has assumed the turban and loose trousers, smokes a chibouque, and contemplated a pilgrimage to Mecca. The Turks, who are not deeply versed in European literature, have set him down as the author of "The Wealth of Nations," and the celebrated historian of "Ghent."

This year there is an exhibition of paintings at Constantinople, which must be a perfect curiosity; for in Mohammedan countries the artist labours under very peculiar restrictions, which would alarm a Royal Academician. The Koran forbids him to represent the human figure—the image of God. In every form this resource is denied to him. Still the exhibition is said to have been interesting.

Captain Penny, of the Advice whaler, in the account of his search after Sir John Franklin, says:—"We had run past the magnificent headland of Cape Byam Martin, and Possession Bay was opening out to our view. It still continued beautifully clear, but every object within sight was transformed by refraction—a phenomenon the effects of which so often attract the attention of the Arctic voyager. I was standing on the fore-castle, examining with a telescope every point of the shore with an anxious eye, when, with a thrill of joy, I recognised a flag-post and ensign. I gazed earnestly at it; there could be no mistake; I could almost make out the waving of the flag. Without saying a word, I put the glass into the hands of a man who was standing near me, and told him to look at the point a-head. He did so, and, with a start, immediately pronounced that he saw a signal flying. Delighted and overjoyed, I snatched the glass from his hands, and again applied it to my eye. For an instant I saw the wished-for signal, but for an instant only; it faded and again appeared, but now distorted into a broken and disjointed column—now into an upturned and inverted pyramid. The refraction had caused a piece of ice to assume these forms. I need not say I was dejected after this sudden disappointment: but I resumed my eye-search along the shore, as did also not a few warm-hearted souls on board, the master scarcely ever leaving the crow's-nest.

A medical gentleman has just come over from the Continent, who advocates the wearing of linen next the person, and flannel over the linen. This is not altogether new in practice, for a gentleman who reached the age of 77 years had accustomed himself to do the same thing, and preserved a robust state of health to the last. The cholera it has been remarked, passed very leniently over the linen districts abroad; nor was this altogether from the relative conditions of such localities, for let any one when overcome with lassitude of mind or body put on a clean new linen garment, and they will experience an instantaneous invigoration of the nervous system, which can only be accounted for by the fact that linen is one of the worst conductors of electricity.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. C.—Will receive our earliest attention.

VIATOR.—At the commencement of the New Year, we contemplate the introduction of a series of Articles on the subject, with appropriate illustrations.

J. V., Leeds.—Your contribution is not ORIGINAL.

A LADY.—Is thanked for her good opinion of our work; but we do not consider that Needlework Designs would be generally approved of by our Subscribers.

M. M.—You will find the information desired, in the Post Office Directory.

All communications for the Editor to be addressed, 21, Paternoster Row.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1849.

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POST FREE, 2d.

MEMOIR OF HER LATE MAJESTY THE QUEEN DOWAGER.



moir we now present to our readers.

AMELIA ADELAIDE LOUISA THERESA CAROLINA, the subject of the following memoir, was born on the 13th of August, 1792. She was the eldest daughter of George, the late reigning Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, who was married to a daughter of the House of Hohenlohe-Langensburgh. — This petty principality is almost the smallest state in Europe, and is not half the size of an English county. It has a metropolis of some five or six hundred houses. In the year 1803 her father died, the Princess Adelaide being then only eleven years of age, while her brother and sister were both younger still. To the guardianship of their mother these youthful descendants of the House of Saxe-Meiningen were confided. The early years of the Princess Adelaide were

It is with feelings of deep regret that we devote a portion of our present number to chronicle so mournful an event as the death of one of the royal family. Public sympathy and anxiety, which has been suspended between hope and fear for several weeks past, owing to the severe indisposition of Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, has now received a severe shock by the lamented death of this highly-esteemed lady, whose me-

passed alternately at the ducal palace, in the capital city of Meiningen, and at the Castle of Altenstein, country residence, where the reigning family were accustomed to spend the summer months. In the year 18 the Duke of Clarence contemplated a matrimonial alliance and at the especial instance of Queen Charlotte he solicited the hand of the Princess Adelaide of Saxe-Meiningen. The preliminaries of their union having been settled in London, and at Meiningen, the young German princess, the 26th year of her age, quitted her fatherland to espouse an elderly gentleman of 53. Her Serene Highness, accompanied by her mother, and attended by a numerous suite arrived in London on the 4th of July, 1818. On the 9 of the same month the princess was presented to Queen Charlotte, and on the 18th her marriage took place at Kew. However happy his union may have been, the hopes which it was formed were, in one respect, disappointed: one child only, the Princess Elizabeth, having been born alive, who was committed to the grave in a few months after her birth. With the exception of two visits to Germany, one in the year 1822, and the other in the year 182 it cannot be said that the life of the Duchess of Clarence



PORTRAIT OF HER LATE MAJESTY, THE QUEEN DOWAGER.

was much varied; by this apparent absence of exciting pursuits resulted not from incapacity of enjoyment but partly from ill health, and somewhat also, from prudent considerations, for she loved hospitality, engaged with ardour in many feminine employments, of which ornamental needlework was one—in the middle age her patronage of tapestry would have rivalled Queen Maud's—he reading, if not profound, was, at events, extensive; while her judgment in music and even in pictures was held in high esteem; but beyond and above these mental qualities shone forth the genuine practical benevolence which impelled her to delight in training the young and comforting the aged. Since her marriage twelve years had elapsed, and Her Royal Highness was still Duchess of

Clarence; on the 26th of June, 1830, she became Queen of England. Her position was changed, yet the rectitude and gentleness of her character underwent no alteration. The amount of her duties and the sphere of her influence were vastly enlarged; a great income was placed at her disposal. As regarded the management of her property, the law gave to her, as to every Queen Consort, the rights and freedom of a single woman, with the services of an Attorney and Solicitor-General, with the usual crowded retinue of gentlemen ushers, ladies of the bedchamber, pages, treasurers, physicians, and chaplains. From this period may be dated the commencement of the toil, the care, and the disappointments from which royalty never wholly escapes. She, like her predecessors, soon practically understood how "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown;" but Her Majesty and King William were not formally crowned for more than a year after their accession. That ceremony took place on the 8th of September, 1831; it was, however, much shorn of its ancient splendour; for there was no banquet in Westminster Hall, nor any procession from the Hall to Westminster Abbey; but a lengthened cavalcade was formed through the streets, the king and queen proceeding in full state from St. James's Palace to the Abbey. On the 20th of June, 1837, Queen Adelaide became a widow. During the last seven or eight years her health—never good—has been rapidly declining; and even before the death of the king she found frequent change of residence necessary to the preservation of life. Her majesty has visited not only many parts of England and the continent, but also the islands of Madeira and Malta; at the latter place the church of Valetta was founded and endowed by her pious munificence. She likewise contributed to almost every public charity, and to the funds of nearly all the societies engaged in the advancement of religion. To enumerate them would be endless; and it would prove no easy task to discover any useful institution which had not the benefit of her liberal aid. It was the practice also of her majesty to subscribe largely to all the charities in every place where she happened even for a time to reside, especially to those of the parish of St. Martin, in which her town mansion stands—a dwelling, the portals of which opened once in every London season to receive, but not long to retain, their Royal owner, for the state of her health forbade her spending much time in London. The latter part of her majesty's life was one long disease, and it is no idle repetition of a threadbare formula to say that she bore her painful maladies "with Christian fortitude." Few had more need of that virtue, for few have been so severely tried. If the sympathy and good wishes of this nation could have abridged her sufferings and extended her life, the Queen Dowager, undisturbed by care or pain, would have reached the utmost limit of human existence, but now at the age of fifty-seven, she has quitted this world, her death occasioning universal regret. During the last two or three months, her majesty was so grievously indisposed as hardly ever to have quitted her private apartments. Shortly before she expired all suffering seemed to cease, and her majesty retained perfect composure of mind to the last. The mournful event took place on Sunday morning the 2nd instant, at seven minutes before two o'clock, at Stanmore Priory, Bushey; after a painful and protracted illness, which she bore with exemplary patience. The loss of this most excellent princess will be deeply mourned by all classes of her majesty's subjects, to whom her many eminent virtues rendered her the object of universal esteem and affection.—*Times*.

LONGEVITY OF WOMEN.—A medical writer has pleasantly remarked, that one cause of the superior longevity of women may be, that they talk more; talking, by exercising the lungs, being exceedingly beneficial to health.

THE RED HOT POINT.—"Good morning, Sambo; bery hot weather, Sambo. They do say that it is so hot down east that they is obliged to take off the tops of the houses to let in the air." "Well, Cuffy, it can't get no hotter in our house, 'cause the thermometer's gone bang up to the top; that's one comfort, Cuffy."

THERE are some mortals whose bodies are but as the ornamented sepulchres of their dead hearts.

THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE.—The ancients certainly made a great mistake in not choosing Niobe for the Goddess of Marriage. Hymen is by far too jolly; he is all smiles—more of the hyena than the crocodile; whilst Niobe is just what she ought to be—all tears. There never yet was a marriage that was not a perfect St. Swithin affair. No one—unless he has a soul of gutta serena, thoroughly waterproof—should think of going to a wedding with less than two pocket-handkerchiefs; and, even then a sponge is better adapted to the "joyful occasion." Men take wives as they do pills, with plenty of water—excepting, indeed, when the "little things" are well gilt. Nobody can feel more truly wretched than on the happiest day of his life. A wedding is even more melancholy than a funeral. The bride weeps for everything and nothing. At first she's heart-broken because she's about to leave Ma and Pa; then, because she hopes and trusts Chawels will always love her; and, when no other excuse is left, she bursts into tears because she's afraid he will not bring the ring with him. Mamma, too, is determined to cry for the least thing. Her dear, dear girl is going away, and she is certain something dreadful is about to happen; and, goodness-gracious! she's forgotten to lock the dining-room door, with all the wine and plate on the table, and three strange greengrocers in the house. At church the water is laid on at eye-service; indeed, the whole party look so wretched, no one would imagine there was a "happy pair" among them. When Papa gives away his darling child, he does it with as many sobs as if he were handing her over to the fiercest polygamist since Henry the Eighth—instead of bestowing her upon one who loves his "lamb," regardless of the "mint" sauce that accompanies her. The bridegroom snivels, either because crying's catching, or because he thinks he ought, for decency's sake, to appear deeply moved; and the half-dozen bridesmaids are sure to be all weeping, because everybody else weeps. When the party return home, however, the thoughts of the breakfast cheer them up a little; and the bridesmaids, in particular, feel quite resigned to their fate. As if they had grown hungry by crying, or the tears had whetted their appetites, they drown their cares for a while in the white soup-tureen. The champagne goes off and goes round. Eyes begin to twinkle, the young ladies get flushed, and twitter and giggle with the bridegroom, until at last the "funny man" of the party begins talking of the splendid gravy spoon he means to give when he's a godfather; but is immediately frowned down by the old aunt opposite, who has come dressed out as gaily and as full of colours as an oilman's shop front. Then the father gets up, and after a short and pathetic enlogium upon the virtues of that "sweet girl," whom he loves as his own "flesh and blood," thumps the table, and tells the company that "any one who would not treat her properly would be a scoundrel." Upon this, every one present turns round to look and frown at the wretched villain of a bridegroom, and then they all fall to weeping again. But so strongly has the feeling set in against the new son-in-law, that it is only by a speech full of the deepest pathos, that he can persuade the company that he has not the least thought of murdering, or indeed even assaulting his wife. At last the mother, bride, and bridesmaids retire to say "Good-bye," and have a good cry all together up stairs. Then the blessing and the weeping begin again with renewed vigour. As at Vauxhall, they seem to keep the grandest shower for the last. The bridesmaids cry till their noses are quite red, and their hair is as straight as if they had been bathing. And when the time comes for the happy pair to leave, in order to catch the train for Dover, then the mother, father, sisters, brothers, bride, bridegroom, bridesmaids, and every soul in the house, all cry—even down to the old cook, "who knowed her ever since she were a babby in long clothes"—as if the young couple were about to be "transported for life," in the literal rather than the figurative sense of the term.—*Comic Almanack*.

PLAGUE AND PANIC.—One day a traveller met the plague going into Cairo, and accosted it thus:—"For what purpose are you entering Cairo?" "To kill 3000 people." Some time after, the same traveller met the plague again, and said: "But you killed 30,000!" "Nay," replied the plague, "I killed but 3000; the rest died of fright."

TOIL CONQUERING PRIDE.—John Adams, the second President of the United States, used to relate the following anecdote: "When I was a boy, I used to study Latin grammar; but it was dull and I hated it. My father was anxious to send me to college, and therefore I studied the grammar till I could stand it no longer; and going to my father, I told him I did not like study, and asked for some other employment. It was opposing his wishes, and he was quick in his answer. "Well, John, if Latin grammar does not suit you, try ditching, perhaps that will, my meadow yonder wants a ditch, and you may put by Latin and try that." This seemed a delightful change and to the meadow I went. But soon I found ditching harder than Latin, and the first forenoon was the longest I ever experienced. That day I ate the bread of labour, and glad was I when night came on. That night I made some comparison between Latin grammar and ditching, but said not a word about it, dug next forenoon, and wanted to return to Latin at dinner; but it was humiliating and I could not do it. At night, toil conquered pride; and though it was one of the severest trials I ever had in my life, I told my father that if he chose I would go back to Latin grammar. He was glad of it, and if I have since gained any distinction, it has been owing to the two days' labour in that abominable ditch."

NEW ZEALAND.—This interesting country contains 95,000 square miles, or 60,000,000 of acres. Spring commences in the middle of August; summer, in December; autumn, in March; and winter, in July.

LET it be a principal part of your philosophy to preserve your tranquillity; for all things come to pass by the direction of Providence. —*Antoninus.*

MODERN WORKS OF ART.

THE PANORAMA OF THE NILE.

THIS magnificent and stupendous painting, now on view at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, is a most superb and original work of art. Faithfully and vividly portraying the grand mountainous scenery, the wonderful ancient colossal ruins and statues on the banks of the river Nile, it carries the spectator with it on an imaginary voyage from Grand Cairo, 1700 miles along that famous river's western banks, to its second cataract, which forms the boundary between Nubia and Ethiopia, and having reached thus far, a pause ensues, and the journey partakes of a retrograde movement facing the eastern banks on its return.

In this splendid work of art, the spectator has a faithful and picturesque representation of that delightful oriental scenery which the pen can but feebly describe. The most prominent objects in the first section of the painting, are the rising of the Nile, and the Sitting Statues, considered to be the greatest curiosities in Egypt. The second section brings before the eye of the spectator the Great Pyramids, the Desert, with its fearful simoom or sand-storm, and concludes with a grand representation of the Great Sphinx of the Desert. This is by far the grandest part of the exhibition, and portrays the dazzling and luminous sky of an eastern climate magnificently before the eye; the scorching atmosphere and burning rays of the sun, as it seems to be withering up everything before it in the great desert, brings forcibly to the memory all the fearful accounts which tradition and history speaks of, where the parched-up and dying travellers meet with a fearful end in these sultry regions of the east.

Then comes the sand-storm, which swallows up all before it in one huge flying mountain of scorching sand. Here the painter has certainly studied nature to the very life; for no description of the pen can do justice to the magnificence of this portion of the panorama. The sun-lit desert seems to oppress one with an unbearable heat, whilst the flying sand-storm makes the spectator inadvertently shudder at its approach. The clearness and transparency of an eastern atmosphere is also beautifully given; together with the various astronomical and lunar peculiarities which the tropics display to the wondering gaze of the traveller.

The authenticity of the designs are vouched for as being the work of Mr. Joseph Bonomi; and the panorama is

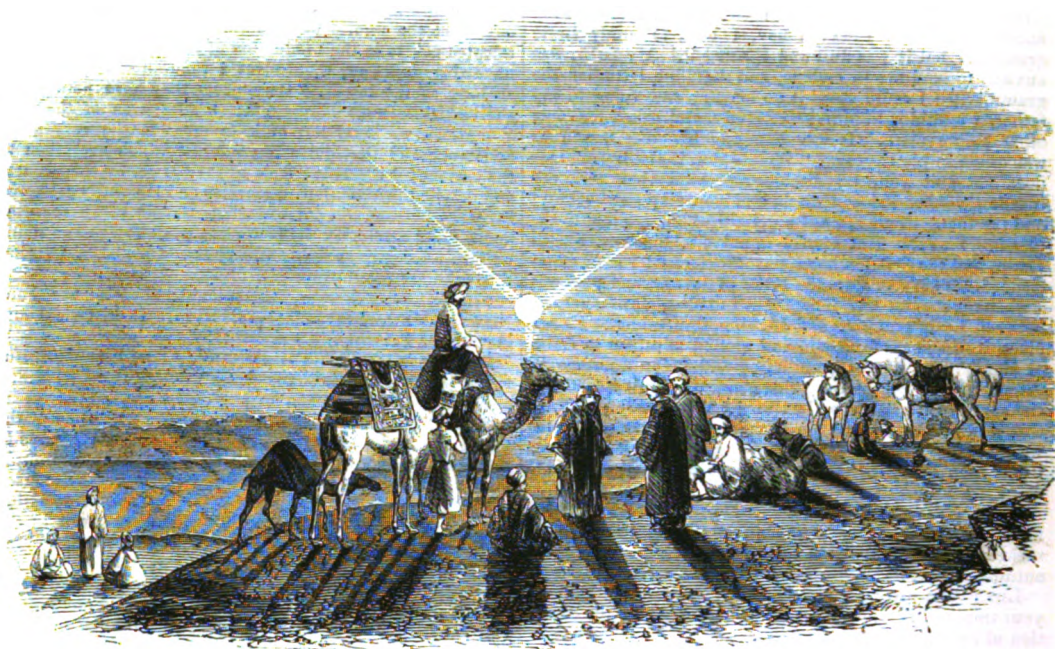
painted from that eminent artist's sketches by Mr. Henry Warren and Mr. James Fahey. These gentlemen have not only laid the public under immense obligations by their talented efforts in the production of this panorama, but they have also earned for themselves a reputation that will last as long as the taste for the objects they have portrayed shall exist. In concluding this brief sketch of the Nile Panorama, we must not omit to mention the very great assistance and the increasing interest which are given to the various local scenic effects as they arise, by the lectures and detailed information so cleverly and tastefully delivered by Mr. Hingston. Even though possessed of an accurate and minute catalogue, the panorama would be but an unintelligible picture, as far as history is concerned, if wanting this valuable accompaniment.

The following descriptions are explanatory of the Four Views we have engraved from this admirable, historical, and instructive Painting.

THE ENTRANCE TO THE DESERT.—This very beautiful scene is intended to represent an incident of common occurrence in that portion of the desert near to Cairo. A kadi, or Turkish magistrate, his officers, and some of the wandering Bedaween with their camels, form the figures in the fore-ground. An enquiry into some thefts committed by the Bedaween is in course of procedure and the accused stands before the kadi to answer the charge. A description of these predatory children of the desert is given in the following striking language by Mr. Kinglake, in his "Eothen." "Almost every man of this race closely resembles his brethren; almost every man has large and finely formed features, but his face is so thoroughly stripped of flesh, and the white folds from his head-gear fall down by his haggard cheeks so much in the burial fashion, that he looks quite sad and ghastly; his large dark orbs roll slowly and solemnly over the white of his deep-set eyes—his countenance shows painful thought and long suffering—the suffering of one fallen from a high estate. His gait is strangely majestic, and he marches along with his simple blanket as though he were wearing the purple. His common talk is a series of piercing screams and cries more painful to the ear than the most excruciating fine music that I ever endured."

THE SITTING STATUES.—These enormous colossi stand on the plain at Western Thebes; and are believed to have been, in their perfect state, representations of Amunophth III., one of the early Pharaohs of Egypt, his name appearing upon them in hieroglyphics. The height of each, with the pedestal, is sixty feet; the material of which they are formed being that description of conglomerate so well known as plum-pudding stone. Each was originally a single block, but one having sustained a fall, and become broken, was afterwards built up of many fragments. Together they are computed to contain about 11,500 cubic feet of stone. The one near which are the figures in the boat, is the renowned Memnon's statue, that in old time gave forth music at day-break. Sounds issued from it so soon as its face became gilded by the earliest rays of the rising sun. The great and the illustrious journeyed from all countries to hear that wondrous music, and have left records of their visits in inscriptions to be found on various parts of the statue. Whence the music originated is a puzzle yet unsolved. While some have considered its cause to have been in some natural property of the stone, others have regarded it as nothing more than a piece of conjuring on the part of the priests. Sir Gardner Wilkinson holds to this latter opinion, because it is recorded that when Hadrian, the Roman emperor, visited the statue, rejoicing at his presence, it uttered the sounds three times instead of once; and it is, to say the least, suspicious that a natural phenomenon should have taken such especial notice of the presence of a monarch.

THE PYRAMIDS.—The pyramids were erected by the kings of ancient Egypt for their sepulchres. The history of a pyramid was discovered by Dr. Lepsius only a few years since. It appears that when a Pharaoh commenced his reign a piece of rock was sought out in the desert, and a chamber excavated to serve for the monarch's tomb. Around this piece of rock a complete coating of stone was put in the first year of the owner's reign; a second coating

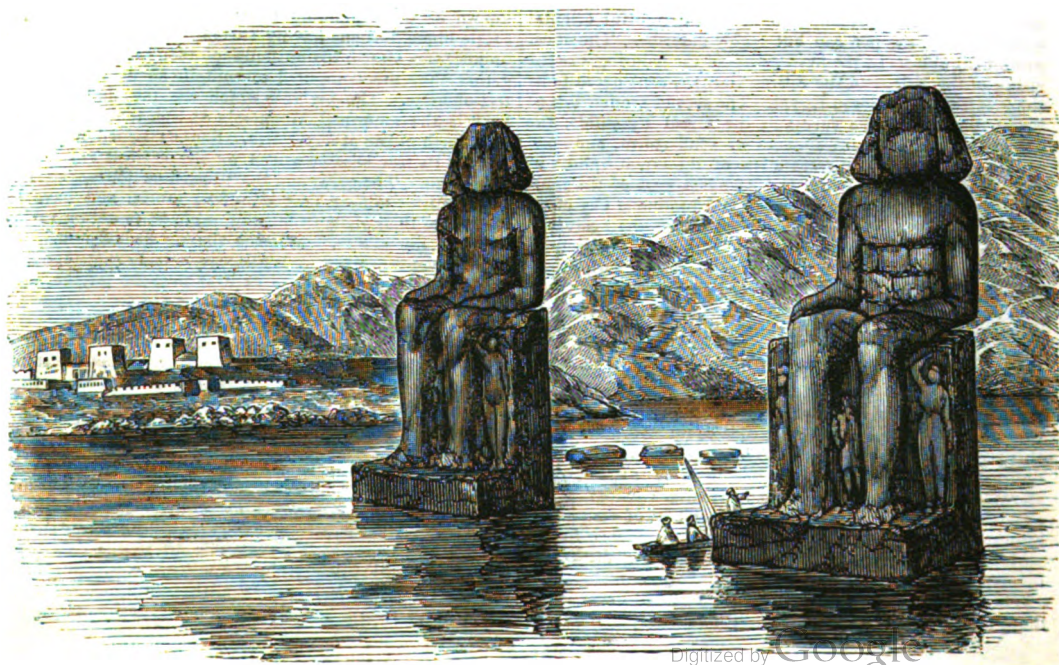


THE ENTRANCE TO THE DESERT.

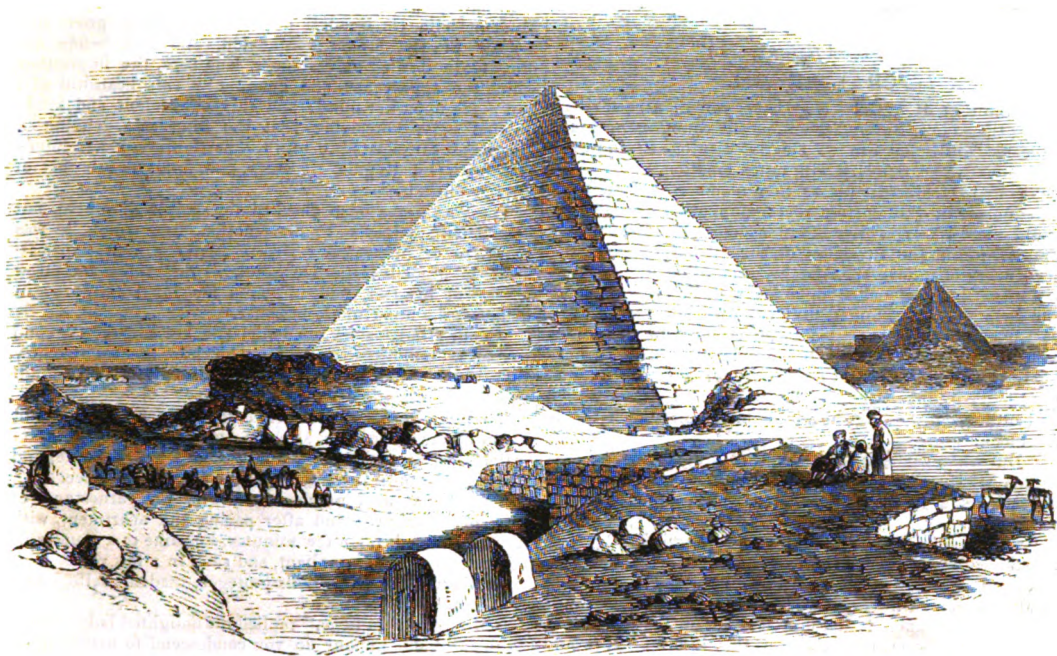
being added in the second year; and a third coating super-added in the third;—the pyramid continuing to grow at the rate of one layer of stones per year for just so many years as the king reigned. At the monarch's decease he was embalmed, placed in the central chamber, the entrance closed, and the pyramid covered with a limestone casing; so that the number of courses of stone in one of these erections gives evidence of the length of its builder's reign. The pyramid given in the sketch is the "Second Pyramid." It was the tomb of King Sensuphis; and was built nearly 4,000 years since. The lime-stone casing has been partially removed, but some still remaining at the summit, the

ascent is difficult, and very seldom made. The casing is 20 feet thick, and every block of it weighs about eight tons.

THE GREAT SPHINX.—The fact of this colossal wonder of antiquity being a mutilated portrait of the Pharaoh whom Moses confronted, and who ruled Egypt when the children of Israel were dwellers in that land, must necessarily render it an object of extreme interest. It was carved out of a piece of lime-stone rock 3,300 years ago. In height it is about 60 feet. The head is more than 140 feet in circumference; while the body, which is that of a lion, is nearly the same number of feet in length. It was intended for a huge image of the greatest of the



THE SITTING STATUES.



THE SECOND PYRAMID.

Egyptian gods; the human head joined to the lion's body typifying the union of intellectual and physical strength, supposed to be the attribute of the divinity, Amun Ra. Affixed to its breast there is a granite tablet, the hieroglyphical inscriptions on which, state it to have been sculptured in the reign of Thothmes IV., to commemorate a victory gained by his predecessor, the contemporary of Moses, over a tribe called the Hykshos, a race of shepherds who had invaded Egypt, and in honour of the victor, his portrait was given to perpetuity in the countenance of the Sphinx. Presenting an air of grandeur and repose, this awe-inspiring

Colossus has kept its solemn watch in the desert for thirty-three hundred years; having outlived the Pharaohs, the Ptolemies, the Cæsars, and the Khaleefs. Many attempts have been made to bring the lion's body into full view, by clearing away the surrounding sand, in which it is partially enveloped; but the labour has on every occasion been of little avail; the sand re-filling the excavation almost as quickly as it was made, as if the desert were itself conscious of the treasure it possesses, and determined to foster carefully the magnificent charge entrusted to its faithful custody.



THE GREAT SPHINX.

THE GOLDSMITH OF PARIS.

(Concluded from page 55.)

CHAPTER VIII.

"MERCIFUL Heaven! Why have you then been silent during the examination of this innocent young man, whose suspected guilt you can so clearly disprove?" inquired Mademoiselle De Scuderi, with much emotion.

"Your ladyship will please to remember that such an announcement, coming from me, unsupported by evidence, would most likely involve me in a detestable law process. Besides, would the President of the Chamber, who suspects every one, have believed my accusation of Cardillac—a man who was looked upon as a model of regularity and devotion. You forget, my dear lady, how the Marshal de Luxembourg was accused of an attempt to poison the whole of his acquaintances, because he happened to have his fortune told. I would not surrender a single hour of my liberty into the hands of La Regnie. I doubt not, if he had his own way, but he would bring all our necks to the block."

"But whatever you may think of La Regnie," interrupted Mademoiselle De Scuderi, "could you have made up your mind to see this guiltless youth dragged to the scaffold?"

"Guiltless! Who knows that he is guiltless? How can that term be applied to the companion and accomplice of Cardillac? No doubt he assisted his diabolical master in all his secret murders; and does he not, then, deserve to die on the scaffold? I came here not on his account so much as on your own. I thought this information would be a satisfaction to your benevolent heart."

Mademoiselle De Scuderi, overjoyed at being thus convinced of the innocence of her protégée, laid the whole of Olivier's narrative before the count. It was then agreed that they should at once proceed to the house of D'Andilly, the advocate, and lay the whole matter before him. This was accordingly done; and when the learned man had carefully weighed all the particulars of this wonderful case, he thus replied:—

"As the matter at present stands, Olivier Brusson cannot be interfered with in any way to assist him. His love for Madelon prevents his denouncing Cardillac, which accusation would not disprove the possibility of his having been an accomplice. The count's statement would not alter that position; it would only prove Cardillac's murder. Delay is all that we can hope for at present. The count must make this statement: he must say, 'I was walking in the Rue St. Honore, and saw a man knocked down. I ran to assist him; when another man started out from the opposite street, and knelt beside the one who had fallen; and as he found life not extinct, took him up, and carried him away.' You must swear to the features of Olivier Brusson. As this will not implicate the fame of Cardillac, the young man may be brought to corroborate it. Should the count think proper to give evidence in this manner, it may bring on a new hearing, and the torture will, for the present, be postponed. During the delay will be the proper time to apply to the king; and this must be entrusted to the skill and policy of Mademoiselle De Scuderi, on whose good sense and admirable talents the cause will mainly depend. In my opinion it would be best to lay the whole matter before the king and conceal nothing; it may cause the interference of his majesty where the judge is necessitated to condemn the prisoner."

The advocate's advice was accurately followed; and the result was a suspension of the torture, and a day appointed for a new hearing.

The task of pleading Olivier Brusson's cause with the king was one of peculiar difficulty; for Louis had conceived a dreadful abhorrence of him, believing him to be one of the band by whom Paris had been kept in such a dreadful suspense. He even fell into a dreadful passion at hearing of the postponement of the trial. After much reflection, De Scuderi resolved to dress herself in a black robe, and adorn herself with some of Cardillac's choice jewels; and in this dress she presented herself before the king, in the chambers of Madame de Maintenon.

In adverting to the melancholy subject of her interview, Mademoiselle De Scuderi described the wild grief and despair of the innocent Madelon, and laid before his majesty, in glowing and eloquent language, the impression which the appearance and conduct of this beautiful girl had made upon her mind; and this benevolent and kind-hearted lady, perceiving that the king was lending a favourable ear, related to him the particulars of her interview with La Regnie, Desgrais, and finally, even that of Olivier himself.

The king never once checked the lady's discourse, but occasionally betrayed, by his emotion, how much he was surprised or interested. Before Louis was in the least aware of Mademoiselle De Scuderi's intentions, she threw herself at his feet, and implored his royal clemency in behalf of the unfortunate prisoner.

"Your strange story, mademoiselle, surprises me beyond measure," remarked the king; "but how are we to know that this is not all an invention of this Olivier's own brain—a mere fabrication to screen himself?"

To this De Scuderi referred the king to the account given by the Count de Miosson, the examination of Cardillac's house, and the secret passage by the statue, and finally to her own inward conviction of his innocence.

The king seemed much struck with the earnestness of this lady's manner; and after pacing the apartment, with his arms folded, for a few minutes, he came to a stand-still opposite to his fair suppliant, and said, in a low voice,—

"I should like to see your protégée, mademoiselle,—this Madelon."

"Most gracious liege," replied the delighted lady, "what an unspeakable honour do you condescend to bestow upon that poor girl. It only requires your majesty's signal for admittance, in order to bring this poor child to your feet."

The king having nodded a token of acquiescence, Mademoiselle De Scuderi instantly retired to inform the attendants at the door, that his majesty wished Madelon Cardillac to be brought into the audience chamber. Having fondly anticipated a favourable reception, this indefatigable lady had brought Madelon along with her; and she was now waiting in one of the anti-rooms. In a few minutes the confused and trembling girl was ushered into the king's presence, and being deeply agitated by fear and bashfulness, her cheeks were deeply suffused with blushes, and the tears rolled from beneath her long silken eye-lashes, and rested on her snow-white bosom. The king was at once struck with the remarkable beauty of this interesting young creature, and raising her gently from the ground, seemed as if he would kiss the small white hand which he held between his own; but he let it fall, and gazed upon her with an expression that betrayed how deeply he was affected.

At this critical moment, the Marchioness de Maintenon whispering to De Scuderi, observed, "Is not her hair like La Valiere's; his majesty seems to think so too, for see how earnestly he gazes upon her, as if in a melancholy remembrance of his former favourite. My word for it, your game is fairly won."

As Madame de Maintenon pronounced these words, the king took from the hand of the supplicating Madelon a short petition which she had brought with her; and after perusing it, said, mildly, "I believe, my dear child, that you are thoroughly convinced of your lover's innocence; but this is a serious matter, and must be well looked into before we can pronounce a final answer either way." With a wave of his hand, he implied that Madelon might then withdraw; and as she retired, the poor girl gave vent to a passionate flood of tears.

The statement of the Count de Miosson, relating the manner in which Cardillac came to his death, having been made public in the Chamber Ardente, caused the name of Olivier Brusson, instead of being blended with opprobrious epithets, to be spoken of in terms of the highest praise and admiration. Indeed, so great was the enthusiasm of the mob to procure his release, that a great concourse of people assembled before the house of La Regnie, the president, shouting, "Give up Olivier Brusson—he is innocent!" Yet these were the very men, whom a few days previous had asked for his body, to tear it in pieces.

During the next few days the king had several private interviews with the Count de Miossen; and the most searching examinations were also carried on in the house of Cardillac, where many facts favourable to the cause of Olivier were made evident. Nearly a month passed away, however, without any fresh tidings having reached the ears of Mademoiselle De Scuderi as to the fate of her proteges; when at length, one day, a message was brought to her that the king wished to see her at the house of Madame de Maintenon. De Scuderi's heart beat violently at this intelligence, for she knew that by this time, Olivier's trial must be decided.

As she entered the apartment where his majesty was, she discovered him occupied in lively conversation with a group of ladies; but as soon as he caught sight of De Scuderi, he rose up hastily, and approaching her, exclaimed, with a joyous smile beaming in his eyes, "I have to congratulate you, my dear Mademoiselle; your protégée, Olivier Brusson, is free!"

Mademoiselle De Scuderi was at first too much overcome to speak the gratitude she felt; she would have fallen at the king's feet, but he prevented her, and catching her by the hand, exclaimed, "No thanks are due to me in this case, my dear lady; it is only to yourself that any such gratitude is due; and by this time there are parties awaiting you in your own house, who are best able to return these thanks to you. By this time, Olivier is most likely clasped in the arms of his faithful Madelon; to whom, as a small compensation for the agony of mind she has suffered, our secretary will pay as a wedding dowry, one thousand Louis d'or. She may marry this Olivier as soon as she pleases. But all this grace is extended to them on one condition only, namely, that they both leave Paris, at once and for ever. That is our fixed will and resolve, from which we shall certainly never depart."

After a few days from this happy termination of their troubles, Olivier Brusson and Madelon were united by the holy rites of the church, and immediately afterwards, the happy pair, taking a tender farewell of their benefactress, took their departure for Geneva; where, being well established in the world by Madelon's dowry, and clever in his profession, Olivier led a contented and happy life. Madelon never knew the secret of her father's guilt, but attributed Olivier's happy restoration to the great kindness evinced towards him by Mademoiselle De Scuderi; this kind forethought had saved the affectionate girl much grief, which would otherwise have damped the ardour of her present joy. She therefore prayed for the peaceful repose of the soul of her parent, knowing him only as the famous GOLDSMITH OF PARIS!

"VENO BENO"

MANY of our readers have, doubtless, lately observed on the walls of the metropolis some singular looking placards bearing the above inscription, without further explanation. The solution to this mysterious announcement is now given by the appearance of a new article of consumption called, "*Veno Beno*," and intended to add strength and flavour to tea in a similar manner that chicory is now used in coffee. Whether the tea will be improved by this novel addition we are not prepared to assert; but as the subject is now attracting the attention of the scientific and curious, we give the following information from the pages of our able cotemporary, *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*:

Veno Beno is described as the leaf of a tree; but we are informed (whether correctly or not, we cannot tell) that it is the leaf of a climbing plant well known in the farther East by its name of *paua*. We know nothing about the effect of the adulteration ourselves; but with a consumption of thirty or forty million pounds of tea in the year, the *veno beno*, supposing it to be *paua*—if it comes even into comparatively moderate use in this country, may have a sensible effect upon the commerce of the Indian Archipelago.

The *paua* is one of the peppercorns; and though a native of the Archipelago, and the adjacent parts of the continent, has become naturalised in India. There the better kind of it, called *costa*, receives very careful treatment, being grown under a thin covering of reeds, sprinkled frequently with water; while in the Archipelago, the slender plant (there named *areca*) is allowed to climb the palms at its own will, rejoicing in the sea breezes, and in the moisture of an eternal spring. It is described by Lindley as producing intoxicating effects, stimulating powerfully the salivary glands and

digestive organs, and diminishing the perspiration of the skin. To this we may add, that in India it is prescribed by the native doctors as a tonic, to be taken immediately after dinner in cases of weak digestion. Having a pungent aroma, and being of a warm stimulating nature, something like our mint, and other herbs of the kind; it is also given in conjunction with pills and other medicines. The leaf is likewise placed not unfrequently, after being warmed at the fire, on the head of a newly-born infant, for the purpose of giving it shape, and absorbing the superfluous humours of its brain.

The *paua*, however, is better known as forming a part—some think the most important part—of the Oriental luxury, *betel*, so called from the nut, which is the most solid ingredient. The *betel-nut* is the fruit of *Areca catechu*, and is said to possess a narcotic or intoxicating power, although the probability is that this power resides rather in the *paua* leaf, in which it is wrapped. The other ingredients are gambier—extracted from the *Uncaria gambir*, to give sweetness and astringency—and slaked lime, which brings out a bright colouring matter from the leaf, and transfers it to the lips of the consumer. This is an important point in the ceremony of chewing *betel*. The lips of both sexes are constantly daubed with the sanguine juice; and a Malay lover compares the mouth of his mistress to a break in the side of a ripe pomegranate! The opulent add to the ingredients already named such spices as cinnamon, cloves, aniseed, coriander, &c., and a few a portion of tobacco to increase the stimulus. Habit renders the *betel* still more a necessary than a luxury. The Asiatic nations would rather forego meat and drink than this savoury mouthful, which occasions a gentle excitement to those accustomed to it, and to novices stupefaction. Blume considers the practice to be favourable to health in the damp regions where it prevails, and where the natives live upon a spare, and frequently miserable diet. Even the *paua* they are obliged to economise; a dose two or three times a day, generally after a meal, being all the poorer classes can obtain. Although a couple of leaves are enough for what may be termed the quid. The wealthy chew it at all hours and seasons; and it is among the articles introduced—such as attar of roses and other perfumes—as a signal for a guest to take his leave, after partaking of the hospitality of a Hindoo gentleman.

INSTINCT IN A PIKE.—When he (Dr. Warwick) resided at Durham, the seat of the Earl of Stamford and Warrington, he was walking one evening in the park, and came to a pond, where fish intended for the table were temperately kept. He took particular notice of a fine pike, of about six pounds weight, which, when it observed him, darted hastily away. In so doing, it struck its head against a tenterhook in a post (of which there were several in the pond, placed to prevent poaching), and, as it afterwards appeared, fractured its skull, and turned the optic nerve on one side. The agony evinced by the animal appeared most horrible. It rushed to the bottom, and boring its head into the mud, whirled itself round with such velocity that it was almost lost to the sight for a short interval. It then plunged about the pond, and at length threw itself completely out of the water on to the bank. He (the doctor) went and examined it, and found that a very small portion of the brain was protruding from the fracture in the skull. He carefully replaced this, and, with a small silver toothpick, raised the indented portion of the skull. The fish remained still for a short time, and he then put it again into the pond. It appeared at first a good deal relieved, but in a few minutes it again darted and plunged about until it threw itself out of the water a second time. A second time Dr. Warwick did what he could to relieve it, and again put it into the water. It continued for several times to throw itself out of the pond, and, with the assistance of the keeper, the doctor at length made a kind of pillow for the fish, which was then left in the pond to its fate. Upon making his appearance at the pond on the following morning, the pike came towards him to the edge of the water, and actually laid its head upon his foot. The doctor thought this most extraordinary, but he examined the fish's skull, and found it going on all right. He then walked backwards and forwards along the edge of the pond for some time, and the fish continued to swim up and down, turning whenever he turned; but being blind on the wounded side of its skull, it always appeared agitated when it had that side towards the bank, as it could not then see its benefactor. On the next day he took some young friends down to see the fish, which came to him as usual, and, at length, he actually taught the pike to come to him at his whistle and feed out of his hands. With other persons it continued as shy as fish usually are. He (Dr. Warwick) thought this a most remarkable instance of gratitude in a fish for a benefit received; and, as it always came at his whistle, it proved also what he had previously, with other naturalists disbelieved, that fishes are sensible to sound.—From the *Annals and Magazine of Natural History*.

Camera Sketches.



HADDON HALL.

HADDON HALL is situated in the upper or mountainous part of the county of Derby. The manor of Haddon was given by William the Conqueror, in 1066, to William Peveril, his natural son; it remained only about two generations in this family, having been granted by them to a retainer, named Avenell. It continued in the possession of the Avenells till about the time of Richard the First, when it became the property of Sir Richard Vernon, by his marriage with Alicia Avenell. The Vernons possessed it three centuries and a half, when it passed to the Manners by the marriage of Dorothy, daughter of Sir George Vernon, with Sir George Manners, son of the first Earl of Rutland, and has regularly descended to the present noble owner, the Duke of Rutland. The ancient towers of Haddon are situated on an eminence overlooking the valley of the Wye, one of the many streams in that beautiful county. It is surrounded by a park, and has a terrace garden of great beauty. This ancient place has long since been deserted by the family for the splendid castle of Belvoir, but it is still kept in order and repair, and now remains one of the most perfect specimens of a baronial mansion in England.

PETER SINGLE'S ESCAPE FROM MATRIMONY.—"We are liable to disappointments," says my aunt, with a sigh. "True, we are," I answered, "but you surely don't pretend to call mine a disappointment?" "What else, you blockhead?" "Why, an escape, aunt,—a wonderful, miraculous, and delightful escape." "Why, these words are strange, Peter." "No more strange than true, my good aunt, and every day's observation. Merely peeping, aunt,—looking into the secrets of their hearts—the secrets and the houses of those who are married—and I thought then of the true blessing of liberty. 'Tis a gift of Heaven bestowed upon man by his divine Creator; and all animated beings, free from the thralldom of slavery, sing together for joy—for why?—because they are free." "Why, Peter, you seem inspired!" "I am, aunt, when speaking of liberty." "Then you don't regard the loss of Dolly?" "Not a fig—not a fig. Did you ever hear of the reason of our separation, aunt?" "No." "Well, I will tell it to you; 'tis an excellent joke, I assure you. We were on our way to church, for the awful crime of matrimony, trudging along the path leading to the holy pile, quite loving and affectionate, when all of a sudden Dolly looks up in my face, and cries, 'Peter, Peter.' 'What, Dolly,' says I. 'Peter, who is to make the fire after we are married?' 'You, of course, Dolly,' I replied; 'that, you must be aware, is a female's place—her duty.' 'Mr. Single, I tell

you that it is unmannerly, ungentleman-like, and unhusband-like too, to say that I must make the fire. And do you think I will get up on a cold, frosty morning, while you are sleeping in bed, and make your fire, sir?' 'Why, Dolly, my dear, this is strange conduct,' and I went on to tell her that I would prepare the wood over night, and have everything ready for her; "and, Dolly, you know my business will call me out early." 'I don't know, nor I don't care, Mr. Single; make the fire I will not.' 'You won't make the fire, madam?' 'No, sir!' 'Then, Dolly, hang me if I have you.' 'Then, Mr. Single, hang me if I care.' And so we parted; yes, on the spot; and I have rejoiced at the event ever since. I sign myself with great pleasure."—*Peter Single.*

TRUTH.—Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon your lips, and is ready to drop out, before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention on the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

Gossip of the Day.

An invention of a novel character has been made in Paris. By a simple yet ingenious mechanism, the folding of newspapers, which has been hitherto performed by the hand, is now effected by a peculiar machine. With the assistance of one person to attend to it, this machine will fold 2,000 newspapers an hour.

A correspondent of the *Daily News* suggests that the gallows should be made portable, and wheeled through the streets, so that all the inhabitants of a city or town might partake of the instruction afforded by an execution. Another correspondent proposes that the next public hanging should take place in Drury Lane or Covent Garden Theatre; and, as these exhibitions are so attractive, that a price should be charged for entrance.

Much curiosity has lately been excited in America by the transmission of sounds over the telegraphic wire, from Boston to New York. A person who witnessed this telegraphic novelty in the New York office, thus describes the experiment:—"We happened to be in the office, No. 5, Hanover Street, in this city, when there was a pause in business operations. Mr. W. Porter, a young but skilful operator in the Boston office, asked us what tune we would have. We replied 'Yankee Doodle,' and, to our surprise, he immediately complied with our request. The instrument commenced drumming the notes of the tune as perfectly and distinctly as a skilful drummer could have made them at the head of a regiment; and many will be astonished to hear that 'Yankee Doodle' can travel by lightning. We then asked for 'Hail, Columbia,' when the notes of that national air were distinctly beat off. We then asked for 'Auld Lang Syne,' the notes or sounds of which were also transmitted. A friend called for 'Old Dan Tucker,' when Mr. Porter also sent that tune, and, if anything, in a more perfect manner than the others. So perfectly and distinctly were the sounds of these tunes transmitted, that good instrumental performers could have had no difficulty in keeping time with the instruments at the end of the wires."

One of the principal features in the Drury Lane Christmas pantomime will be a panorama of the Queen's visit to Ireland and Scotland. Brunning, a very clever and promising artist, is painting it.

Calcraft expects to make at least £150 by the execution of the Mannings. He expects to have at least £100 from Madame Tussaud for the clothes of the wretched culprits. He received seventy guineas from the "spirited proprietress" for the suit in which Rush was executed. The speculation has proved a most successful one, Madame Tussaud having realised, it is stated, upwards of £1,500 by her wax model of Rush.

We are informed that Mr. W. H. Fisk (son of Mr. William Fisk, the historical painter,) has had the honour of submitting to the inspection of Her Majesty a series of finished studies and drawings from nature, taken in the Scottish Highlands, some of which had been made, by permission, at the royal residence during the Queen's sojourn in the north. Her Majesty has marked her approval of these works by the purchase of four of them. Mr. Fisk is the young artist who, with the gallantry of a Raleigh, spread his tartan on the miry ground for Her Majesty to pass over to her carriage, one wet day, on leaving church at Balmoral.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMAS.

- 1.—Unite. 2.—Assam. 3.—Trap.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HEART OF OAK.—The engravings will be given.

C. B. M.—Carpenter's and Odell's works on *Short-Hand*, are both excellent.

J. B. will receive early attention; the first note never came to hand. L. S. D. came too late for insertion this week.

London:—Published by WILLIAM STRANGE, 21, Paternoster Row; and Printed by RICHARD FRANCIS, at his Printing Office, 25, Museum St., in the Parish of St. George, Bloomsbury, in the County of Middlesex.---Saturday, December 15th, 1859.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED NEWS

No. 9.—Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1849.

{ ONE PENNY.
POST FREE, 2d.

THE SMITHFIELD CLUB PRIZE CATTLE SHOW.

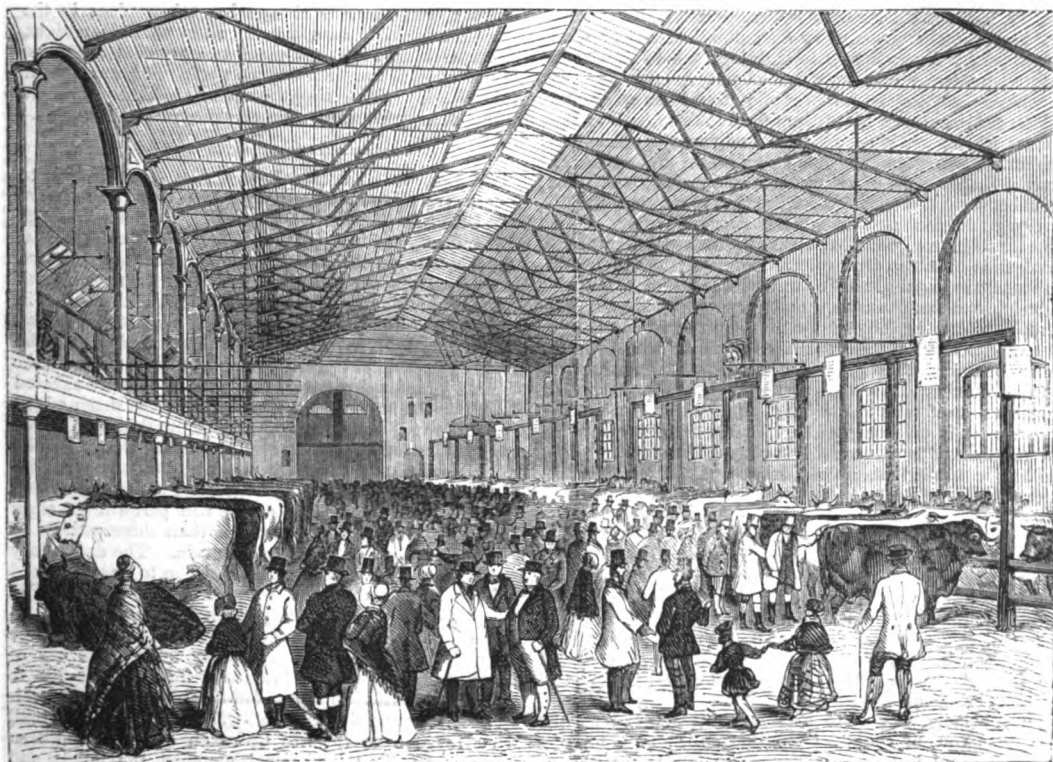


HE annexed exhibition of cattle, sheep, pigs, and various agricultural implements, was opened to the public on Tuesday the 11th instant, at the usual locality in King-street, Portman-square.

Viewing this subject as a national exhibition, it has ever been a matter of wonder to us why such a meeting should take place in London, considering, as we do, that the town of some of our large principal manufacturing and agricultural districts would be much better suited to the

object. But, upon inquiring among the promoters of this exposition we are informed, that although a Londoner may see but little to interest him at such an exhibition, it is considered by the majority of agriculturists and cattle-breeders to be the most convenient place they could select; and that although many a mere town sight-seeker may pay his shilling at the entrance, and take it out in an indolent lounge through the various departments, elbowing in his way butchers, breeders, graziers, and policemen, and then emerging dissatisfied and uninstructed from the pent-up crowd within,—yet, even for all this, we say the exhibition may be a valuable one to those concerned; that it is not the metropolitan visitor who is to be allowed to form an opinion, for it is not to such persons as these that the promoters of cattle-feeding look for patronage or criticism in their labours of practical agricultural science.

In presenting a faithful pen-and-pencil report of this



THE SMITHFIELD CLUB PRIZE CATTLE SHOW.

show of fat cattle before our readers, we do not consider it to be in our province to enter fully into the question as to whether the butcher, consumer, or tallow-merchant is most benefitted in the end; it is the improved system of feeding as regards economy in producing the greatest quantity of meat that must form the object of such an argument. If the gathering together of a collection of first-rate animals be considered as the test of a good exhibition, then we think we may safely assert that the present show much surpasses those of former years; and in this opinion we are joined by many competent judges.

Here, amid a collection of Herefords, Devons, Leicesters, and short-horns, may be seen some of the finest cattle in the world; perfect models of sleekness and symmetry; from the dark Highland steer to the magnificent short-horns of thirteen hands in height, which Earl Fitzwilliam sends to this exhibition. This splendid collection is the clearest argument that can be produced to prove that the British agriculturist, in spite of the wailings of "Protection," is still able to compete—aye, and to excel—the whole world in the production of horned cattle.

With regard to the sheep and pigs, we may observe, that the sleekness of the short-wooled formed a striking contrast to what appeared to us, as the unsightly look of the cumbersome long-wooled, which resembled a fleecy wool-sack in miniature, with very slender legs for supports. The pigs lay wallowing in beds of clean straw, in a state of perfect aplogetic insensibility: of some of them nothing but the noses and tails could be discerned protruding from the immense mass of fat which enveloped every other part of the body.

In the upper galleries of the exhibition we were struck with amazement, and no little terror, at the immense collection of agricultural artillery here gathered together, which compel mother earth, by their warlike engagements, to cast forth from her rugged bosom her richest treasures as a prize to man. Here was to be seen every improvement that science and art have yet discovered in agricultural machinery. Here was to be seen improved machines for cutting and producing drain-tiles ready for use; chaff-cutters, hand and horse dibbles, turnip-cutters, horse-hoes and harrows, ploughs of every denomination, and even an improved felt for roofing farm buildings, which seemed to attract universal admiration. Amongst the various machines in this division was a portable steam-engine which can be moved about from farm to farm, and be the means of economising an immense amount of horse-labour. Here were also some very useful and tastefully executed specimens of various articles in glass, which has now become of such universal use that it is now allied to every profession and to almost every purpose. The specimens here alluded to consist of milk-pans, transparent tiles, coolers, drain-pipes, and last, though by no means least, as regards its utility, came the glass pen, which, from its possessing the property of retaining a supply of ink in its tube or nib, capable of enabling a person to write off several sides of paper without stopping for a fresh supply, must soon become of general use.

The number of animals exhibited this year is not so great as on former occasions; but a very valuable improvement is evidently taking place in the disappearance of those huge and unwieldy bulks of enormous girth, rolling in fat and useless oily secretions. These productions have been very properly designated as "animated oil-cake and beet-root machines," and were made the objects of ridicule and objection. The attention of breeders and feeders has long since been called to this useful observation—to produce carcases of useful flesh, and of a quality superior to the general articles; and at the same time not carried to an unsightly extreme. The show of this year testifies that this suggestion has been duly regarded, and the animals bear very ample evidence of the success resulting from attention to this very important feature.

The festivities of Christmas create a demand for the good things of the season; and those to whom a joint of meat is a rarity, sit down to one for the Christmas dinner, at all risks. The demand is made upon the butcher, and through him upon the grazier and cattle-feeder. The

cattle-breeder works to supply the grazier, and he looks only to the butcher for encouragement; and the butcher calculates upon being supported by the mass of his customers who are intent upon a Christmas dinner. The butcher, in dispensing these good things, exercises his calling with an air of importance, and vaunts his sirloins and legs as all of the prime quality. He buys the best materials for the purpose of enhancing his reputation, and for that purpose pays a visit to the cattle-show; and by these means even some of the poorest classes are benefitted by the competition thus produced.

We have selected four of the prizes to illustrate our description of the cattle show, which we trust will be found, like other "expositions," to be the means of advancing science, which is now so generally applied to agriculture in all its various departments.

Our first engraving is a correct portrait of the splendid animal, to the feeder of which was awarded the Gold Medal, value 30*l*., for the best ox or steer exhibited in class I., numbered in the catalogue No. 19, Hereford breed, fed by Mr. R. Jones of Woodstone Lodge, Peterborough, on grass, clover, cake, turnips, carrots, beans, and wheat-meal. Mr. T. Cartwright, Wistanton, Salop, the breeder, received the Silver Medal. This splendid animal, not five years old, was ultimately purchased for 80*l*.

On page 69 is shewn the beautiful short-horn heifer numbered in the catalogue 84, class 7, fed and bred by Mr. W. Fletcher of Rodmanthwaite, near Mansfield, on tares, grass, hay and Sweden, linseed-cake, and bean-meal and turnips—received a prize of Twenty Sovereigns, and the Silver Medal to the breeder.

The long woolled sheep, Leicester breed, were fed and bred by Mr. G. Walmsley of Rudston, Bridlington, Yorkshire, who received the first prize of Twenty Sovereigns, and, as breeder and feeder, the Silver and Gold Medals.

The improved Essex bred pigs were bred and fed by Mr. W. Fisher Hobbs of Boxstead-lodge, in Colchester, to whom was awarded the first prize of Ten Sovereigns and a Silver Medal.

A very commendable change has taken place in the arrangements, by terminating the show on Friday night, instead of Saturday, as heretofore. By this alteration there is avoided the necessity of performing any labour on the Sunday in removing the animals to their respective destinations, which, in the former case, was unavoidable.

THE USE OF CAMELS.—It is a fact well known to Eastern travellers, and especially to those who have visited the mountainous regions of Syria, Palestine, and the Peninsula of Sinai, that the camel is as serviceable on rough mountain paths as in the moving sand of the desert. On this account the modern Arab never troubles himself with road-making. He will not even remove a stone in the middle of his path which leads to his watering-place. The dry bed of a torrent is his high road across the mountains, and foot-prints are his guides through the plains. The tough soles of the camel's feet are affected neither by the burning sand nor by the loose sharp-edged stones strewn over that volcanic mountain range which extends from the Taurus to the Indian Ocean. The camel drinks only every second day; but it may be deprived of water for three days together, without any effect upon its health and vigour. It will perform an eight days' journey with no other food than three pounds of oil-cake and a few handfuls of grain. The dromedary carries sixty pounds' weight, in addition to its rider; and it will outstrip the fleetest horse in a day's march. The "cavass" of the Egyptian government travel on dromedaries from Cairo to Suez, a distance of ninety-three miles, in eight hours. The common day's journey of caravans in Syria and Arabia is from twenty-five to twenty-seven English miles, and the load of each camel is between four and five hundred-weight. The Indian mail is conveyed from Suez to Cairo on camels in eighteen hours. An Egyptian camel amongst the tallest and strongest breeds, will carry, for a short distance—six hundred to one thousand yards—from ten to twenty cwts.

THE BOLTON CLAIRVOYANTE AND SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.—Mr. Haddock, of Bolton, asserts that none of the previous statements of the clairvoyante are contradicted by the arrival of Sir James Ross. Her assertions that Sir James had not been seen by Sir John Franklin, that he was nearer to England, and that two ships, connected in some way with the expedition, were coming home, were now known to be correct. He (Mr. Haddock) had since, three times, put her into the internal state, in order to make some further inquiries. She said that the two ships which had arrived were the same that she saw and meant; and that the ship of which she spoke, when the naval officer was at Bolton on the 26th of September, as having the "shoots up," was one of them. She was then informed of a discrepancy in her statements as to the ships in the ice. She said, "Sir John Franklin said he had not seen Sir James Ross, and I thought they must be his ships." She persists in saying that the ships she meant are still where she saw them, also that Sir John Franklin is still alive, and where she said he was, and that he still thinks of getting away by the time stated, but that he will not come back the way he went. As a further test of Sir John's actual position, he (Mr. Haddock) had tried her at different times of the day with a watch, and invariably found that she gave a difference of about six hours and a half. Taking all things into consideration, Mr. Haddock thinks the friends of Sir John Franklin may consider the probability of his being alive, as far as clairvoyance can determine it, is rather increased than diminished. In conclusion, Mr. Haddock suggests the possibility of Sir John's being ultimately released from his situation by an accident, as Sir James Ross has been.

HOME.—The object of all ambition should be to be happy at home. If we are not happy there, we cannot be happy elsewhere. It is the best proof of the virtues of a family circle, to see a happy fireside.

MANKIND too generally mistake anarchy for liberty, ostentation for generosity, passion for love, and vanity for pride; yet how widely different are they all!

"MAN'S happiness is said to hang upon a thread. This," opines 'Punch,' in his 'Pocket-Book,' "must be the thread that is never at hand to sew on the shirt-button that is always off."

WE want as much moderation not to be corrupted with our good fortune, as patience not to be dejected with our bad.

SEARCH FOR SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, BY THE "ADVICE," WHALER.

THE following most interesting narrative of the proceedings of the *Advice* whaler, Captain Penny, in search of the missing expedition, is from the pen of Mr. Goodsir, who shared all the perils attendant on a whaling voyage in the arctic regions, with the view of assisting to discover and to relieve his gallant friend Sir John Franklin. The noble conduct of Captain Penny is beyond all praise. Actuated solely from motives of humanity, and without seeking fee or reward, it will be seen that he hesitated not to place his ship in danger in the good cause:—

"My letters, which were forwarded by the *Truelove*, were very hurriedly written, and I had neglected to mention in them many things, trifling indeed in themselves, but which, in the entire absence of any information of the expeditions from other quarters, may be looked upon as interesting. Not calculating upon their gaining the publicity they did, I had scarcely referred to the credit which Captain Penny, of the *Advice*, deserves for his enterprise and exertions. He ran no slight risk in doing what he did; for his ship had already a valuable cargo on board, and her doublings and fortifications were almost under water. But with a well-grounded confidence in his experience and knowledge of the navigation of these seas, he determined to run all risks, and do his utmost to render assistance to the expeditions, trusting that if he could procure whales in the Sound, it would justify the step to the owners.

"I may here mention that Mr. Penny has spent almost the whole of his life amidst the hardships of the Davis' Straits whale fishing; that his natural habits of observa-

tion are great, and his knowledge of the different phenomena connected with the motions of the immense fields of ice in Baffin's Bay, profound. This is not only my own opinion, formed after eight months' constant intercourse, and after many conversations with him upon the interesting, and yet little known subject of the arctic ice; but it is the expressed opinion also of every one amongst the whalers to whom I have spoken upon the subject. His name as a navigator is moreover already known, from his accurate exploration of the Gulf of Teudiakbeek, or Hogarth's Sound, generally called by the whalers Kierwiksoke, and the coast to the northwards.

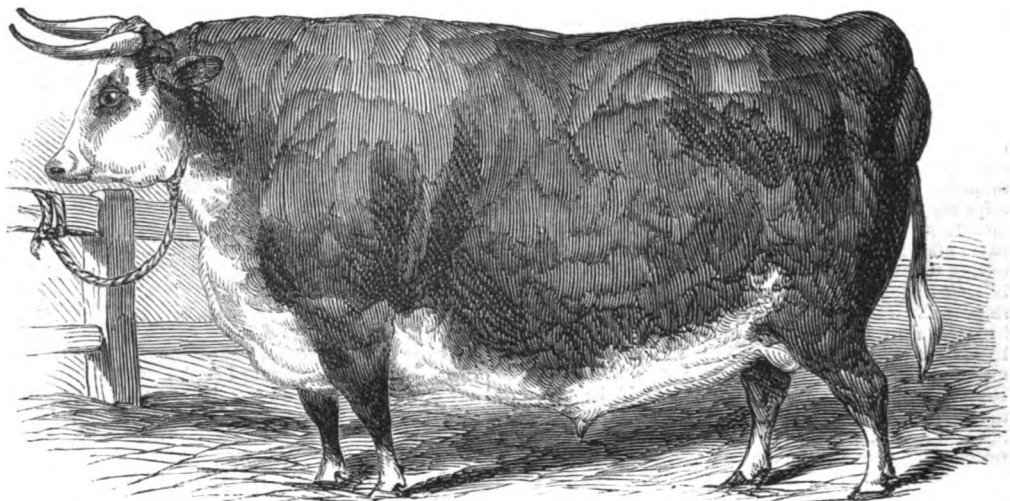
"It was on the 2nd of August that Captain Penny determined to proceed immediately to Lancaster Sound, and, if possible, to Prince Regent's Inlet, having on that day heard, through the American ship *M'Clellan* of New London, of the entire loss of the *Lady Jane*, of Newcastle, and the *Superior*, of Peterhead; and that nothing whatever had been seen or heard of the *North Star* by any of the ships. Sail was immediately made, and the ship run to the northward with a sharp breeze from S.S.E. In the afternoon we were off Cape Walter Bathurst. On this occasion, and on passing over the same ground a month previously, we saw a considerable number of middling-sized icebergs, all of them of a very dark colour, and having immense blocks of quartz embedded in their substance. This seems to be peculiar to the bergs of the west coast, for although I saw on some of those on the east side dirt bands and earthy stains, it was very far from being so general as it is here. Unluckily, I had no opportunity of closely examining these icebergs. A strong and favourable breeze continued throughout the night to carry us rapidly into the sound, the weather being still clear and delightful. A keen and anxious look-out was kept by every one for the slightest trace which might have been left by either of the expeditions.

"We had run past the magnificent headland of Cape Byam Martin, and Possession Bay was opening out to our view. It still continued beautifully clear, but every object within sight was transformed by refraction—a phenomenon the effects of which so often attract the attention of the arctic voyager. I was standing on the fore-castle, examining with a telescope every point of the shore with an anxious eye, when, with a thrill of joy, I recognised a flag-post and ensign. I gazed earnestly at it; there could be no mistake—I could almost make out the waving of the flag. Without saying a word, I put the glass into the hands of a man who was standing near me, and told him to look at the point a-head. He did so, and, with a start, immediately pronounced that he saw a signal flying. Delighted and overjoyed, I snatched the glass from his hands, and again applied it to my eye. For an instant I saw the wished-for signal, but for an instant only; it faded and again appeared, but now distorted into a broken and disjointed column, now into an upturned and inverted pyramid. The refraction had caused a piece of ice to assume these forms. I need not say I was dejected after this sudden disappointment; but I resumed my eye-search along the shore, as did also not a few warm-hearted souls on board, the master scarcely ever leaving the crow's-nest.

"During the whole of Friday the 3rd, the favourable breeze continued, carrying us on. We had as yet met with very little ice, and what we had seen was very light; everything looked well, and we had high hopes. In the forenoon, whilst off Cape Hay, an admiralty cylinder was put overboard, enclosed in a cask, according to the admiralty instructions, marked with a pole and vane, and properly ballasted. We were now running past Navy Board Inlet, and had to stand more to the northward, so that we were rather further from the south shore, and the headlands on each side of the deep Bight of Croker Bay were seen looming in the distance of the opposite shore.

"From what I could make out at the distance, the country to the westward of Navy Board Inlet appeared to me to be of a much levelled and flatter nature than any I had yet seen.

"The immense towering and snow-capped mountain ranges had disappeared, and a moorlike champagne



MR. R. JONES'S HEREFORD OX. THE GOLD MEDAL PRIZE.

country taken their place. On some parts of the shore, however, were abruptly precipitous rocks of an extraordinary appearance, perfectly on the top, and having a basallic buttressed appearance in front, without any apparent trace of stratification; for here, even at a great distance, the fact of a rock being stratified or not can be made out by the snow resting on the successive ledges.

"We continued running, with every sail set that would draw, during the whole of Friday the 3rd. Late in the evening it began to lower and overcast, when I retired to my berth, having been on deck, without intermission, since we had entered the sound. On going on deck again at four a.m. on Saturday the 4th, to my great chagrin, I found that it was quite thick, and blowing very hard with a heavy sea, and all the appearance of an increasing gale. The top-gallant sails had to be stowed and the top-sails reefed. By six a.m. the gale had so increased that the ship had to be hove-to under close-reefed maintopsail. A heavy cross sea was by this time running, and it was exceedingly thick and misty. At ten a.m. we fell in with heavy washing ice; a press of sail had to be made on the ship, and she was reached over to the north side of the sound, where she was again hove-to, until ten at night, when the ice was again found to be under our lee. The sea was here breaking with the greatest violence and magnificently upon the heavy masses of ice and upon a solitary berg which was in sight.

"Sail had again to be made, and the ship plied to windward. A very heavy cross-sea running, the waist boats had to be taken in on deck. It moderated slightly on the forenoon of Sunday, the sea was falling, and, to my great joy, the weather began to clear. We found ourselves in the deep bight of the ice, which apparently

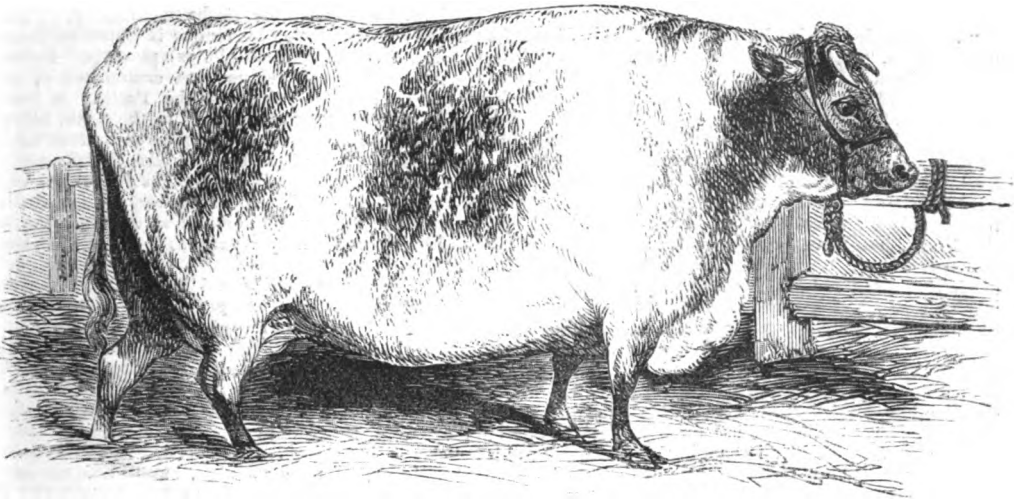
stretched in a crescentic or concave direction, from Cape York on the south side to about Burnett's Inlet on the north. The gale had completely broken up the ice, that is to say, it was in the state of pack ice. Captain Penny says that he could make out from the mast-head Prince Leopold Islands, and, moreover, that he distinctly saw a water sky* beyond the ice. I have the most perfect confidence in this opinion of Mr. Penny, for I know that he has an eye thoroughly educated to the use of the telescope, and is, as I have on many occasions had opportunities of remarking, an adept in the use of it.

"We now commenced to ply our way out of the sound again, deeply chagrined at having to renounce our search. For my own part, I was miserably distressed; for I had failed in achieving the principal, if not the only object of my voyage. But Mr. Penny had scarcely another course open to him; he was not authorized by his owners to prosecute the search, or to go out of his way in obtaining information regarding the expeditions. As long as there was a chance of procuring whales in Prince Regent's Inlet, he might have persevered, although, as I have said before, his ship was very deep in the water, and the risk would have been great in pushing through the heavy pack ice which we had fallen in with. But when, at the conclusion of the gale, we found that the land ice had been entirely broken up, which rendered it impossible to prosecute the fishing in this direction, and consequently his continuation of a search after the expeditions incompatible with his duty to his owners, he was reluctantly compelled to retrace his steps.

* "Water sky." A certain dark appearance of the sky, which indicates clear water in that direction, and which, when contrasted with the blink over ice or land, is very conspicuous.—PARRY.



MR. G. WALMSLEY'S LEICESTER BRED SHEEP. GOLD MEDAL PRIZE.



MR. W. FLETCHER'S SHORT HORN HEIFER. SILVER MEDAL PRIZE.

"The next three days were melancholy enough, and the weather was dark and stormy. Our progress eastward was very slow—a curious fact, as Mr. Penny informed me that, on previous occasions, the difficulty always had been to make their way up the sound against the current, which sets to the east with great strength.

"About midday on Thursday the 9th it began to clear. We found ourselves about three miles off the west cheek of Navy Board Inlet. Throughout the afternoon and evening it gradually improved, until about midnight, when it was calm and brilliantly clear. An admiralty cylinder was here got ready, and enclosed in a small cask, along with some of the latest newspapers which we had on board, and two boats were despatched on shore to bury it in the most conspicuous place possible. I went in one of the boats; we landed on a small island upon the west side of the inlet—one of the Wollaston Islands, I apprehend. Whilst pulling in, and approaching the land, I strained my eyes in all directions in search of cairns and signals of any sort, but not the slightest vestiges of such were to be seen. As we rounded the west side of the island, to obtain a suitable landing-place, I saw many blocks of ice aground on the rocks, and observed through the clear water that the rocks at the bottom were all scratched and polished by the friction of the ice. The only appearances of algae were in the deep clefts of the rocks, and these were but scanty. We landed on the south-west side of the island, and found it to be entirely composed of limestone, and about a little more than a quarter of a mile square. Scattered about on the island were various large worn boulders of granite, some of them more than half way up the highest point, which I should say was about fifty or sixty feet above the level of

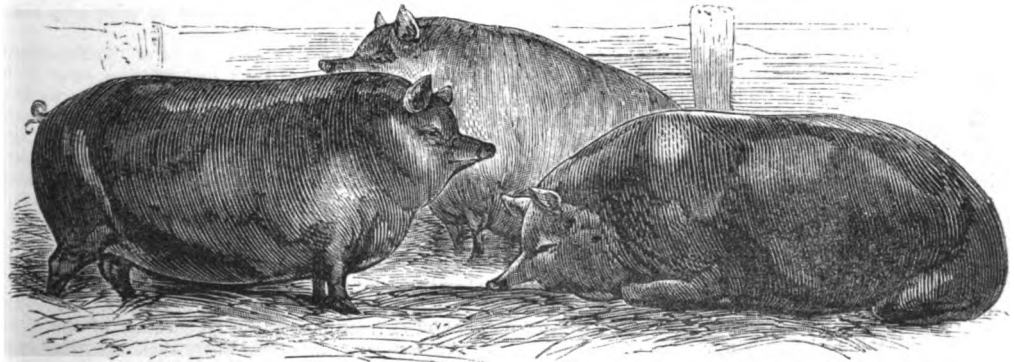
the sea. There was scarcely a vestige of vegetation to be seen.

"We disturbed on our landing about half a dozen pairs of the eider duck (*somateria mollissima*). Their eggs I found to be within a very few hours of maturity. There were besides numerous nests, the occupants of which had, I suppose, already winged their way southwards. Two brent geese (*anser bernicla*), and a single pair of arctic terns (*sterna arctica*), were most vociferous and courageous in defence of their downy offspring.

"On the east side of the island, in a snugly-sheltered little cove, was the remains of an Esquimaux summer hut, but evidently of some seasons back, surrounded by the bones of the bear, fox, and seal, and a few little bits of baleen. I observed also a portion of the base of a human skull, but evidently long exposed to the effects of weather and atmosphere. In the meantime the men had dug a hole on the top of the island, and, having inserted the cask, it was covered up, a cairn of stones erected on the top, and a pole fixed therein, on which was put a black ball.

"We then prepared to return to the *Advice*, which by this time had stood further in, and had the signal of recall hoisted. It was with slow and tardy steps that I made my way towards the boats, scarcely being able to believe that it was necessary I should leave a spot which seemed to me so near our dear friends—a spot, moreover, rendered memorable as being almost the exact one from which a despairing party was, on a former occasion, snatched from a lingering fate.

"We had not been long on board before thick weather came on. We lost sight of the land entirely, and did not see it again until the 14th, when we were far to the southward, in lat. 71 deg. 69 min."



MR. W. F. HOBBS' IMPROVED ESSEX BRED PIGS. SILVER MEDAL PRIZE.

THE TAR AND THE PACHA.

"I have an infidel in the Court-yard," said Mustapha to the Pacha, "who telleth strange things. He hath been caught like a wild beast: it is a Frank Galiongi, who hath travelled as far as that son of Shitan, Huckaback; he was found in the streets, overpowered by the forbidden juice, after having beaten many of your Highness's subjects, and the Cadi would have administered the bamboo, but he was as a lion, and he scattered the slaves as chaff, until he fell, and could not rise again. I have taken him from the Cadi, and brought him here. He speaketh but the Frankish tongue, but the sun who shineth on me knoweth I have been in the Frank country, and In-shallah! please the Lord, I can interpret his meaning." "What sort of a man may he be, Mustapha?" "He is a baj, baj—a big belly—a stout man; he is an Anhunker, a swallower of iron. He hath sailed in the war vessels of the Franks. He holdeth in one hand a bottle of the forbidden liquor, in the other, he shakes at those who would examine him, a thick stick. He hath a large handful of the precious weed which we use for our pipes in one of his cheeks, and his hair is hanging behind down to his waist in a rolled up mass, as thick as the arm of your slave." "It is well—we will admit him: but let there be armed men at hand. Let me have a full pipe! God is great," continued the Pacha, holding out his glass to be filled; "and the bottle is nearly empty. Place the guards, and bring in the Infidel." The guards in a few minutes brought into the presence of the Pacha, a stout-built English sailor, in the usual dress, and with a tail which hung down behind, below his waist. The sailor did not appear to like his treatment, and every now and then, as they pushed and dragged him in, turned to one side or the other, looking daggers at those who conducted him. He was sober, although his eyes bore testimony to recent intoxication, and his face, which was manly and handsome, was much disfigured by an enormous quid of tobacco in his right cheek, which gave him an appearance of natural deformity. As soon as he was near enough to the Pacha, the attendants let him go. Jack shook his jacket, hitched up his trousers, and said, looking furiously at them, "Well, you beggars, have you done with me at last?" Mustapha addressed the sailor in English, telling him that he was in the presence of his Highness the Pacha. "What, that old chap, muffled up in shawls and furs—is he the Pacha? Well, I don't think much o' he;" and the sailor turned his eyes round the room, gazing with astonishment, and perfectly unmindful how very near he was to one who could cut off his head or his tail, by a single movement of his hand. "What sayeth the Frank, Mustapha?" inquired the Pacha. "He is struck dumb with astonishment at the splendour of your Majesty, and all that he beholds." "It is well said, by Allah!" "I suppose I may just as well come to an anchor," said the sailor, suiting the action to the word, and dropping down on the mats. "There," continued he, folding his legs in imitation of the Turks, "as it's the fashion to have a cross in your hawse, in this here country, I can be a bit of a lubber as well as yourselves. I wouldn't mind if I blew a cloud as well as you, old fusty musty." "What does the Giaour say? What son of a dog is this, to sit in our presence?" exclaimed the Pacha. "He saith," replied Mustapha, "that in his country no one dare stand in the presence of the Frankish King: and overcome by his humility, his legs refuse their office, and he sinks to the dust before you. It is even as he sayeth, for I have travelled in their country, and such is the custom of that uncivilized nation. Mashallah! but he lives in awe and trembling." "By the beard of the prophet, he does not appear to show it outwardly," replied the Pacha: "but that may be the custom also." "Be chesm, on my eyes be it," replied Mustapha, "the Pacha has sent for you that he may hear an account of all the wonderful things which you have seen. You must tell lies, but you will have gold." "Tell lies! that is, spin a yarn; well, I can do that, but my mouth's baked with thirst, and without a drop of something, the devil a yarn from me, and so you may tell the old Billy-

goat, perched up there." "What sayeth the son of Shitan?" demanded the Pacha, impatiently. "The unbeliever declareth that his tongue is glued to his mouth from the terror of your Highness's presence. He fainteth after water to restore him and enable him to speak." "Let him be fed," rejoined the Pacha. A bottle of brandy was sent for and handed to the sailor, who put it to his mouth, and the quantity he took of it before he removed the bottle to recover his breath, fully convinced the Pacha that Mustapha's assertions were true. "Come, that's not so bad," said the sailor, putting the bottle between his legs; "and now I'll be as good as my word, and I'll spin old Billy a yarn as long as the maintop-bowling."

"I was born at Shields, and bred to the sea, served my time out of that port, and got a berth on board a small vessel fitted out from Liverpool for the slave trade. We made the coast, unstowed our beads, spirits, and gunpowder, and very soon had a cargo on board; but the day after we sailed from the Havannah, the dysentery broke out among the niggers—no wonder, seeing how they were stowed, poor devils, head and tail, like pilchards in a cask. We opened the hatches, and brought part of them on deck, but it was no use, they died like rotten sheep, and we tossed overboard about thirty a day. Many others, who were alive, jumped overboard, and we were followed by a shoal of sharks, splashing, and darting, and diving, and tearing the bodies, yet warm, and revelling in the hot and bloody water. At last they were all gone, and we turned back to the coast to get a fresh supply. We were within a day's sail of the land, when we saw two boats on our weather bow; they made signals to us, and we found them to be full of men; we hove to, and took them on board, and then it was that we discovered that they had belonged to a French schooner, in the same trade, which had started a plank, and had gone down like a shot, with all the niggers in the hold.

"Now, give the old gentleman the small change of that, while I just wet my whistle." Mustapha having interpreted, and the sailor having taken a swig at the bottle, he proceeded.

"We didn't much like having these French beggars on board, and it wasn't without reason, for they were as many as we were. The very first night they were overheard by a negro who belonged to us, and had learnt French, making a plan for overpowering us, and taking possession of the vessel: so, when we heard that, their doom was sealed. We mustered ourselves on deck, put the hatches over some of the French, seized those on deck, and—in half an hour they all walked a plank.

"I do not understand what you mean," said Mustapha. "That's 'cause you're a lubber of a landsman. The long and short of walking a plank is just this. We passed a wide plank over the gunnel, greasing it well at the outer end, led the Frenchmen up to it blindfolded, and wished them 'bon voyage' in their own lingo, just out of politeness. They walked on till they toppled into the sea, and the sharks didn't refuse them, though they prefer a nigger to any thing else." "What does he say, Mustapha?" interrupted the Pacha. Mustapha interpreted. "Good; I should like to have seen that," replied the Pacha.

"Well, as soon as we were rid of the Frenchmen, we made our port, and soon had another cargo on board, and after a good run, got safe to the Havannah, where we sold our slaves; but I didn't much like the service, so I cut the schooner, and sailed home in summer, and got back safe to England. There I fell in with Betsey, and as she proved a regular out-and-outer, I spliced her; and a famous wedding we had of it, as long as the rhino lasted; so I went to sea for more. When I came back after my trip, I found that Bet hadn't behaved quite so well as she might have done, so I cut my stick, and went away from her altogether."

"It is well said," replied Mustapha. "My heart is burnt as roast meat at the recollection of the women of the country. Proceed, Yaha Bibi, my friend, and tell his—"

Bill, not Bibby; and I never yaws from my course, although I heaves too sometimes, as I do now, to take in provisions." The sailor took another swig, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and continued. "Now for a good lie."

"I sailed in a brig for the Brazils, and a gale came on, that I never seed the like of. We were obliged to have three men stationed to hold the captain's hair on his head, and a little boy was blown over the moon, and slid down by two or three of her beams, till he caught the mainstay, and never hurt himself."

"Good," said Mustapha, who interpreted. "By the beard of the prophet, wonderful!" exclaimed the Pacha.

"Well, the gale lasted for a week, and at last one night, when I was at the helm, we dashed on the rocks of a desolate island. I was pitched right over the mountains, and fell into the sea on the other side of the island. I swam on shore, and got into a cave, where I fell fast asleep. The next morning I found that there was nothing to eat except rats, and they were plentiful; but they were so quick, that I could not catch them. I walked about, and at last discovered a great many rats together; they were at a spring of water, the only one, as I afterwards found, on the island. Rats can't do without water; and I thought I should have them there. I filled up the spring, all but a hole which I sat on the top of. When the rats came again, I filled my mouth with water, and held it wide open; they ran up to drink, and I caught their heads in my teeth, and thus I took as many as I wished. Well, after this, I was started for the other side of the water, and got there safe enough, as I hope one day to get to heaven, wind and weather permitting; but I had no idea of working without pay, so one fine morning I slipped away into the woods, where I remained with three or four more for six months. We lived upon kangaroos, and another odd little animal, and got on pretty well."

The Vizier interrupted. "By the prophet, but he laughs at our beards!" exclaimed the Pacha, angrily. "These are foolish lies." "You must not tell the Pacha such foolish lies. He will be angry," said Mustapha. "Tell lies, but they must be good lies." "Well, I'll be —," replied the sailor, "if the old beggar don't doubt the only part which is true out of the whole yarn. Well, I will try another good un to please him."

"After I had been there about six months I was tired, and as there was only 20,000 miles between that country and my own, I determined to swim back. So one fine morning I throws a young kangaroo on my shoulder, and off I starts. I swam for three months, night and day, and then feeling a little tired, I laid to on my back, and then I set off again; but by this time I was so covered with barnacles, that I made but little way. So I stopped at Ascension, scraped and cleaned myself, and then, after feeding for a week on turtle, just to keep the scurry out of my bones, I set off again; and as I passed the Gut, I thought I might just as well put in here; and here I arrived, sure enough, yesterday about three bells in the morning watch, after a voyage of five months and three days."

When Mustapha translated all this to the Pacha, the latter was lost in astonishment. "Allah Wakbar! God is every where. Did you ever hear of such a swimmer? Twenty thousand miles—five months and three days! It is a wonderful story! Let his mouth be filled with gold." Mustapha intimated to the sailor the unexpected compliment about to be conferred on him, just as he had finished the bottle, and rolled it away on one side. "Well, that be a rum way of paying a man. I have heard it said that a fellow *pursed* up his mouth; but I never afore heard of a mouth being a *purse*. Howsomever, all's one for that; only, d'y'e see, if you are about to stow it away for bulk, it may be just as well to get rid of the dunnage." The sailor put his thumb and forefinger into his cheek, and pulled out his enormous quid of tobacco. "There now, I'm ready, and don't be afraid of choking me." One of the attendants then thrust several pieces of gold into the sailor's mouth, who, spitting them all out into his hat, jumped on his legs, made a jerk of his head with

a kick of the leg behind to the Pacha; and declaring that he was the funniest old beggar he had ever fallen in with, nodded to Mustapha, and hastened out of the divan. "Mashallah! but he swims well," said the Pacha, breaking up the audience.—From "*Tales of the City of the Sultan*."

LINES FROM AN OLD BULL.

(To the Editor of the Penny Illustrated News.)

"Quantum suf."

I'm doom'd for the slaughter, master has said;
Yet, ere my sirloin goes up to table,
Of a phrase I complain, which causes me pain,
So to you, sir, I write while I'm able.

My drink is pure water, and so is my wife's,
My son, too (though oft teamed a flat),
Our manner inherits, and never takes spirits;
He's not such a calf, sir, as that.

Some neighbours we have—pigs, horses, and sheep,
And they in like manner refrain;
They say they all think, that very strong drink
Does naught else but injure the brain.

Now my master returned in a state t'other night,
(He'd been to a harvest-home feast),
Which my mistress deduced, though not to my mind,
By calling him "drunk as a beast."

Pray do us the justice, and state in your next
The expression is hackneyed enough;
And let drunkards learn this truth to discern—
Beasts know when they've had QUANTUM SUF.

G. F. P.

Gossip of the Day.

THE proposition made by Mr. Gile, through the London newspapers, to endeavour to discover the whereabouts of Sir John Franklin by a balloon ascent, has called forth, in Paris, a letter from a M. Dupuis Delcourt—alleging that the first idea of such an ascent in the polar regions was made by him in a publication nearly twenty-five years ago, and was repeated in another publication in 1845. But this is not all. M. Delcourt, not content with robbing the English lieutenant of his laurels, gravely assures the world that he is about to promulgate a project for undertaking the circumnavigation of the globe by means of balloons: and he says that he shall appeal to the Government, to foreign and national academies, and to other learned bodies, for the means of executing his project. As we have not yet got beyond that state of aerostatic science in which the crossing of the Alps in a balloon is deemed a marvellous exploit,—it may be doubted whether the Frenchman's scheme will meet with much encouragement. The dreadful death of the scientific but ill-fated aeronaut, M. Arban, whose recent memorable aerial trip of crossing the Alps in his frail machine must be fresh in the recollection of our readers, is thus accounted for by the English aeronauts:—It is considered that the direful accident arose either from some defect in the machinery of the valve, from the expansion of gas, or from some other cause, the balloon burst; or that M. Arban, finding himself over the waters of the Bay of Rosas at Barcelona (his body being found on the shore) effected a rapid descent, and experienced a violent fall from the car. This might also be occasioned by the balloon coming in contact with a high tree or rock, which would produce such a tremendous concussion that the aeronaut might easily be dashed from the car to the ground. The balloon not being found may be thus accounted for:—Being relieved of the weight of M. Arban, it doubtlessly re-ascended and went out to sea, or far inland. That "Columbus of the skies," as the veteran Green has been facetiously termed, in conjunction with a scientific gentleman, G. Rush, Esq., of Elsenham Hall, Essex, has lately been making experiments by ascents with the newly-invented aneroid barometer, for the purpose of testing its accuracy. Lieutenant Gale, R.N., is lecturing on aerostation at Birmingham, and developing his plans for the discovery, by means of his balloon, of Sir John Franklin and the missing Arctic expedition. Mr. Gypson has also been lecturing with great success in the provinces; and Mr. H. Coxwell, the editor of the "*Aerostatic Magazine*," has recently returned to town, after a most profitable continental tour, derived by ascents and lectures, and laden with medals and other honours from learned bodies; while Mr. Charles Green, Jun. (a son of the veteran), has lately been making ascents on Sundays from the celebrated Hippodrome, at Paris. Mr. and Mrs. Graham, so popular as aeronauts in days long past, are about to re-enter the lists next season, a new and beautiful balloon being manufactured expressly for their ascents.

It is stated, on the authority of Sir F. Kelly, that since the commencement of the present century upwards of forty persons, male and female, have been hung who were entirely innocent of the crimes laid to their charge.

THE Queen is extremely systematic, and makes a point of superintending personally all the arrangements for the comfort and improvement of her children, reading all the books which are provided for their use, and acquainting herself with the characters of those who have charge of them.

It is said that gutta serena can be used for large printing letters, and that impressions can be obtained nearly as clear as the impressions from metal types.



M. SOYER.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Soyer's Modern Housewife. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.
[Second Notice.]

AT this festive season of the year, when the good things of this world are so plentifully laid before the tempting eyes of the epicurean, we deem a second notice of M. Soyer's celebrated work will be an acceptable hint to those of our female readers who may be desirous of excelling in the art of cookery. Our selections are confined to seasonable delicacies, and though by no means uncommon dishes upon the table of a tradesman's family circle at Christmas, yet we trust a few new ideas, as regards excellence and economy in their dressing, will be found in the following extracts:—

"PLAIN ROASTED TURKEY, WITH SAUSAGES.—This well-known dish, which has the joyous recollection of Christmas attached to it, and its well-known cognomen of "an alderman in chains," brings to our mind's eye the famed hospitality of this mighty city. The following is my plan of cooking it:—It must be first trussed as follows: Having first emptied it, break the leg-bone close to the foot, and draw out the sinews from the thigh; cut off the neck close to the back, leaving the skin long; wipe the inside with a wet cloth, cut the breast-bone through on each side close to the back, and draw the legs close up; fold a cloth up several times, place it on the breast, and beat it down until it lies flat: put a skewer in the joint of the wing, and another through the middle of the leg and body, one through the small part of the leg and body, close to the side-bones, and another through the extremity of the two legs. The liver and gizzard should be placed between the pinions of the wings, and the points turned on the back. When thus trussed, singe all the hair off that may remain, take about one pound of stuffing, and put it under the skin at the neck, tie the skin under, but not too tight or it may burst in roasting, put it on to a small-sized spit and fasten it with a holdfast, or hang it neck downwards from a bottle-jack, put it about eighteen inches from a good roasting fire, let it turn about ten minutes, when the skin is firm and dry you press into the bowl of a wooden spoon, so that it sticks, about one ounce of butter, and rub the turkey all over with it; when all melted, remove the turkey eight inches further from the fire: one of about six pounds will take two hours to roast without pouring any fat over it. In case your fire is too fierce and likely to break the skin, draw it back still more; it will, with proper care, be of a golden colour. I do not object to the gizzard being placed under the wing when roasting, but never the liver, which I cook in the dripping-pan, as the gravy which would run from it would spoil the colour of the breast. When done, remove it, cut the strings, lay it on your dish, and pour under half a

pint of good brown gravy, or make some with glaze; or, whilst the bird is roasting, butter the bottom of a small stewpan, pick and slice two onions, lay them at the bottom, cut the neck in small pieces, add half a spoonful of salt, a quarter ditto of pepper, a little turnip, one clove, set on a slow fire till the onions are of a brown colour, then add a pint of water, let it simmer for nearly one hour, then pass it through a sieve into a basin, skim off the fat, return the gravy again into a stewpan, give it a boil, and, when the turkey is ready to send to table, pour it under; if a little beef or veal handy, add it to the gravy if you require much. This plan of roasting is adapted for all birds, and all my receipts for plain roasting of poultry will refer to this, with the alteration of the time which each takes to cook. For Sausages, I seldom broil them; I prick them with a needle, rub the bottom of the frying-pan with a little butter, put twelve sausages in it and set it on a slow fire and fry gently for about fifteen minutes, turning them when required (by this plan they will not burst), serve very hot round the turkey, or on a separate dish, of smoking-hot mashed potatoes; to vary the gravy I have tried the following plan: take off the fat which is in the frying-pan into a basin, then add the brown gravy, mix a good teaspoonful of arrowroot in a cup with a wineglassful of cold water, pour in the pan, boil a few minutes, pass it through a sieve, and serve with the turkey. The gravy this way is excellent."

"PLUM PUDDING.—Pick and stone one pound of the best Malaga raisins, which put in a basin, with one pound of currants (well washed, dried, and picked), a pound and a half of good beef suet (chopped, but not too fine), three quarters of a pound of white or brown sugar, two ounces of candied lemon and orange peel, two ounces of candied citron, six ounces of flour, and a quarter of a pound of bread crumbs, with a little grated nutmeg; mix the whole well together, with eight whole eggs and a little milk; have ready a plain or ornamented pudding-mould, well butter the interior, pour the mixture into it, cover a sheet of paper over, tie the mould in a cloth, put the pudding into a large stewpan containing boiling water, and let boil quite fast for four hours and a half (or it may be boiled by merely tying it in a pudding-cloth previously well floured, forming the shape by laying the cloth in a round bottomed basin and pouring the mixture in, it will make no difference in the time required for boiling); when done, take out of the cloth, turn from the mould upon your dish, sprinkle a little powdered sugar over, and serve with the following sauce in a boat: Put the yolks of three eggs in a stewpan, with a spoonful of powdered sugar, and a gill of milk; mix well together, add a little lemon-peel, and stir over the fire until becoming thickish (but do not let it boil), when add two glasses of brandy, and serve separate. The above sauce may be served, poured over the pudding, if approved of. An excellent improvement to a plum pudding is to use half a pound of beef marrow cut into small dice, omitting the same quantity of suet."

THE bright spots of a man's life are few enough without blotting any out; and since, for a moment of mirth, we have an hour of sadness, it were sorry policy to diminish the few rays that illumine our chequered existence. Life is an April day—sunshine and showers. The heart, like the earth, would cease to yield good fruit, were it not sometimes watered with the tears of sensibility; and the fruit would be worthless, but for the sunshine of smiles.

As the diamond is found in the darkness of the mine, as the lightning shoots with most vivid flashes from the gloomiest cloud, so does mirthfulness frequently proceed from a heart susceptible of the deepest melancholy.

In literature, as in morals, there are a certain taste and grace, which confer dignity on moderate acquirements: and there are a negligence and grossness that disgust, even when accompanied with incontestable superiority.

THERE is nothing so exhilarating to the human mind, and there is nothing so bracing and useful to the human faculties, as progress.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. H.—The lines would have been inserted, had they arrived in time for our last number.

CAMPAN and IAGO PFXNONAU have our thanks, and will receive attention in our next.

C. W. C. (Dublin) is informed that we are making arrangements to introduce the subject desired.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED NEWS

No. 10.—Vol. L.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1849.

{ ONE PENNY.
POST FREE, 2d.

CAREW'S ALTO RELIEVO ON THE NELSON COLUMN.

If anything can give an artistic value to this erection, which has so long been a by-word and reproach to

English art, it must proceed from the bronze *relievi* that are to embellish the pedestal. Certainly the most satisfactory achievement that art has yet brought out in connexion with the Nelson Column is the work under notice, by Mr. S. E. Carew. After having been deprived of the



THE DEATH OF NELSON.

FROM THE ALTO RELIEVO ON THE NELSON COLUMN BY CAREW.

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proportions which were originally designed for it, with a shaft too short for the pedestal, and a capital too heavy and massive for the shaft—after having been long enclosed by a hoarding, of which the use appeared to be as small as the beauty, it has now put forth one claim at least to respectability, which may protect it in some degree from a repetition of the severe criticisms that have been made upon it.

The subject the artist has selected is the death of the hero whose effigy crowns the column. The point of time is when he is about to be carried from the deck to the cock-pit after having received his mortal wound. The central portion represents Nelson just after he had received the wound, and when the shadows of death were fast thickening around him. He is being raised from the deck by a marine and two sailors, and the withered figure of the dying man is well contrasted with those of his stalwart bearers. Captain Hardy, who is standing close to his left, has apparently been giving some order, and has just turned round on hearing the voice of his chief. Nelson is supposed to be addressing him in the manner described by Southey in his memoirs of the hero—"Well, Hardy, they have done for me at last." "I hope not," was the reply. "Yes, they have shot me through the back bone." Immediately afterwards, on observing that the tiller ropes were shot away, he said "Let new ones be rove." It was the last order the hero gave on the deck of the Victory. At the back of the group is the surgeon, with an expression of the deepest grief on his countenance, supplying the place of words to tell that for Nelson's wound all human succour was in vain. In the compartment to the left are three sailors engaged in tightening some of the cordage of the ship, and repairing the damage which the enemy's fire has effected. One of the three has his back turned towards the spectator, and close to his feet kneels a sailor holding a handspike, and leaning on a gun, apparently arrested in his movements by the conversation between the dying hero and Captain Hardy. Each of these two portions is a work of surpassing merit, and on the first the eye naturally fixes itself as the *point d'appui* of the whole; but, though inferior in position and in relation to the other parts of the work, we incline to give the preference, certainly for design, if not for execution, to the third and last portion, on the right. In the front, lying on the deck, are an officer and a marine who have fallen to rise no more. Behind stand two marines and a negro sailor. One of the former has detected the marksman by whose shot his noble commander has been struck down, and is pointing him out to his companion. The latter has raised his musket, and has evidently covered his victim, whilst the black, who stands just before the two marines, has "slew'd" himself round, and grasping his firelock with a convulsive hold, looks at his intended victim with all the ferocity of a wild beast. The upper part is well filled by the sweeping of the sails, the cordage, and wreck of a yard that has been shot away and fallen obliquely across the mainmast, just over the central group. The figures are not colossal, but of life-like size, and the minutest details of the scene have been well preserved. There is a sufficient strength and outline in every part, whilst, on the other hand, there is no exaggeration, no overstraining for effect. The work depends on truth for its value, and the claim which it so puts forth will be at once conceded to it. It is worthy of the subject it illustrates, and, though it cannot conceal all the defects of the column to which it is attached, it will render it more worthy of the place it occupies on one of "the finest sites in Europe."

The weight of the relievio is about five tons. It was cast in three divisions, at the foundry of Messrs. Adams, Christie, & Co., Rotherhithe, and absorbed the metal of five mortars and one 32-pounder, which were supplied by the Government. The height is fourteen feet, the breadth about thirteen feet seven inches. There appears to be scarcely the slightest flaw in any part, and this is attributed by the artist, in a great measure, to the metal having been poured into the mould in a horizontal, instead of a vertical, position, according to the usual practice.

Before closing this notice we beg to acknowledge the kindness and courtesy of Mr. Carew, by whom we were favoured with an excellent lithograph, for the purpose of ensuring the accuracy and force that characterizes our illustration.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1850.

AMONG all the literary visitants of Christmas, none are so secure of a hearty welcome as the Almanack of our ever agreeable friend Punch. It is not only a cheerful chatty acquaintance whom we are pleased to see for an hour or so, and then gladly bid farewell, but under the phase of humour and joviality we know him to exhibit good sound practical wisdom, and hold him as an abiding friend accordingly. Of this year's Almanack, both in the literary and artistic departments, we can only say that it by far outstrips any of its predecessors. Of the former, our extracts will speak for themselves. Of the latter we will observe that the designs of Richard Doyle appear more successfully than usual to hit the happy mean betwixt grotesqueness and absurdity; while those of John Leech are worthy of himself. Of Leech, it has long been our opinion that as a political caricaturist, he has already equalled Gilray, Rowlandson, and the George Cruickshank of better days; whilst, as an illustrator of social manners, he is altogether unapproachable. But, strictly speaking, a caricaturist Leech is not. A keen yet delicate sense of humour, an exquisite eye for beauty, and his mere artistic skill, are each sufficiently apparent to claim for him a higher popularity than he has yet attained:—

"DANGEROUS DEALINGS.—A Smithfield bargain is necessarily a gambling transaction, since it always involves risking the chance of a toss-up."

"A CHANGE FOR THE WORSE.—Smithfield, once celebrated for the firmness of its Martyrs, is now equally renowned for the firmness of its Cattle mart-ers."

"HOW TO MAKE THINGS PLEASANT IN AN OMNIBUS.—Take a bull-dog in with you; or a couple of babies; or produce a pistol, and quietly cock it; or take the 'Hue and Cry' out of your pocket, and as you read it, look most intently at the features of every person in the omnibus."

"HOW TO FIND HIGH-WATER AT LONDON BRIDGE.—Draw a tumbler of Thames water from your own cistern. If dogs' hairs float at the top, it is high-water. If sticklebacks sink to the bottom, it is low."

"ADVICE ON THE TEETH.—A decayed tooth is like a penny steam-boat:—if you wish to 'ease her,' you will do wrong to 'stop her'; and, in fact, the only thing you can do by way of remedy, is, to call upon the dentist, and get him to give you a 'turn a-head.'"

"A HINT TO LADIES WITH GREY HAIR.—Never say 'Dye.'"

"TO TELL WHICH WAY THE CAT JUMPS.—You may always tell which way the cat jumps by finding 'cook's cousin' with a quantity of cold meat in his possession. The cat that has been jumping has usually very fine whiskers, and might often be taken for a policeman in disguise."

"HOW TO MAKE THINGS PLEASANT AT A DINNER PARTY.—Talk incessantly of your dear departed wife—or railway shares—or the prevalence of small-pox—or the benefits of temperance: or enquire most anxiously, every five minutes, if there is not a dreadful smell of fire? hoping each time that your kind host is insured."

"FAMILY PRESERVES.—Patience forms a good family preserve: so does temper. Preserves, in general, are a woman's business; but husbands, as well as wives, should be able to preserve temper and patience; indeed, perhaps the husbands more particularly than the wives."

"LADIES OF ENGLAND, ANSWER THIS.—If the man is a wretch who lifts his hand against a woman, what must the woman be who raises the hearth-brush against a man—and that man her husband?"

"ADVICE TO SPONGES.—The uninvented guest, who 'drops in' the thirteenth to dinner, may make up his mind to the following catastrophe; that either the mistress of the house, or himself, is sure to be 'put out,' and perhaps both."

"SENTIMENT IN SPRING.—The solitary rambler will now observe that the meadows, after the vernal showers, are adorned with the ranunculus or bachelor's button; and will

wish he could say the same of his shirts when they come home from the wash."

"LEGAL HINTS.—When your lawyer tells you that you can maintain an action, he frequently has no other object than that you should assist in maintaining him. Under the Registration Act, it is not necessary to register a Berth under Government."

"TO FIND THE TIME OF SUNRISE.—The time of sunrise depends upon the latitude, and if you allow yourself too much latitude in lying in bed in the morning, you will never find the time of sunrise at all. A visit to a ball, where the dancing is kept up with the utmost latitude, will be most likely to introduce you to the exact hour of sunrise."

"WISHING THEM MANY HAPPY RETURNS.—We see that tobacco is to be included amongst the provisions to be sent out to Sir John Franklin. We hope Government will not forget to send him, for the good omen of the thing, a liberal quantity of 'short cut' and 'returns,' so that Sir John may soon 'pipe all hands' cheerily for England."

"PRESENCE OF MIND IN PRESENTS.—Every present should have a hidden meaning in it; for instance, if a gentleman is desperately in love with a young lady, he cannot do better than give her a foot-muff, as it implies, in the openest manner, that he is a muff always to lie at her feet; and if a young lady is dying to be married to a young gentleman, she can tell him so in the most flattering, insinuating way, by giving him a most beautiful embroidered slipper—mind, only one, as it is the very oddest of the present which confesses to him that, to complete the happy pair, he alone can supply the handsome 'fellow.'"

"TO PERSONS ABOUT TO COMMENCE HOUSEKEEPING.—Of all housekeepers there is not one that will keep a house longer than the Court of Chancery. It will keep it for a hundred years, and, at the end of that period, the house will be so thoroughly cleaned out, and swept from top to bottom, that no one shall know it to be the same."

HUNGARIAN WOMEN.—A late traveller draws the following picture of the feminine companions of the brave Magyars:—"The Hungarian women have no fading, moonlit countenances, blanched by privation and sorrow, weary cheeks, lit with paroxysms of despair; no polished marble, with its cold repulsive indifference; no figure of the drawing-room, tortured into shape by some heathen milliner. There is a wild, daring, piercing beauty about these women, sprung from the Caucasian mountains, by the side of which your soft, blue-eyed, flax-haired, Saxon maid, looks like a faint lithograph, by the side of Correggio's incarnations."

A FEW WORDS ON CHRISTMAS.

"CHRISTMAS comes but once a-year!" That is very true, and if it did not come then how great would be the disappointment of many who have been for weeks anxiously waiting for it. Then, again, you may say, "It comes too soon for a great many!" For ourselves, we have an idea that those who complain of Christmas coming too soon, belong to the same class who are ever calling out "never were such times," and would rail quite as loudly come when it would. We trust our readers are with us, and will help us to set our faces against the gripping mercenary spirit, which can associate Christmas with nothing else but musty ledgers and cobweb-covered files, looking upon it merely as a time of settlements. For how can you expect a man to sit round the Christmas hearth, to laugh, sing, and crack nuts, who is about to arrest some unfortunate debtor early the next morning. Enough of this—we will just give our idea of Christmas in our own humble way.

Formerly, before the railroad had banished the coaches into the wheelwright's yard, and the horses into the knacker's den, or what is perhaps worse for them—an omnibus—it was "as good as a play" to witness the approach into London—at the Peacock at Islington, for example—of those poultry covered vehicles, piled from bottom to top with hares and pheasants, bunches of misletoe and Christmas hanging from every iron and rail; conjuring up in the mind of the beholder a marvellous vision of plucking, singeing, dressing, and stuffing; to say nothing of the roasting, basting, and eating of these delicious morsels. Then what a troop of boys might be seen on the outside, with grinning faces and bright happy

laughing eyes. There was Tom, the tightest boy in the whole school, who could "whop" any one of his size; he had got a seat on the box beside the coachman.

Was there ever such a time since the creation of the globe as Christmas to such merry souls as these? Never! and although they cannot now enjoy their game at snow-balls all along the road, from various gatherings from the coach-top, at the expense of any old lady foot passenger; or by just sending one into the ear of a cross old man who is shovelling up the snow before his door, as they whirl past him in the happy assurance of being out of his reach, yet they can fill a second-class carriage, and have it all their own way, by waving handkerchiefs tied to canes from the windows, and shouting "hurrah" into the ears of all the porters, passengers, and station-keepers wherever they stop, till they branch off into cabs and omnibuses at the terminus, to participate in the delights of a happy Christmas!

A happy Christmas to everybody say we! "It's a sad heart that never rejoices," and it must be a gloomy soul indeed who cannot cast care and thought aside, and play at merriment with both hands in earnest at such a time as this. No nation on earth makes such preparations for an universal feast as England does on that day. Go to the railroad stations, and there you will see Leadenhall markets in miniature at every one of them; trains several hours behind time, having such a *dead weight* to carry that you would think there was not a hare, pheasant, goose, or turkey (to say nothing of sucking pigs) who had not lost a relation of some sort or other to make up this Christmas slaughter. The provision shops, too, have such a stock laid in that you would think they never could sell in a month; yet it all vanishes when Christmas-day is over.

Look at the streets of London on a Christmas-day. Nature, animate and inanimate, proclaims aloud 'tis merry Christmas morning. Such a "getting up of the steam" in all the coppers and boilers within doors; such a bustling of cabs and omnibuses, loaded with town relations off by the morning trains to keep up Christmas-day with their friends in the country! Then towards noon the streets are thronged by all London going out to dine. To gaze upon the cleanly dressed and happy throng, as you see them trotting along, puffing and blowing to keep themselves from being nipped up by the frost—for in our conception of this merry-making day it is not complete without it is a clear hard frost; and if the snow does come pelting down in huge flakes just about the time all London is on foot for the work of eating and drinking, why it only makes the time more complete, and you hear your friend's merry voice ringing hospitably in your ear as he opens his door and welcomes you in—"Ha! this is something like Christmas weather—this is! Stir up the fire, there—let Martha come and warm herself and the baby before they go up to dinner."

Between the hours of twelve and three omnibuses and cabs are at a premium; there is no stopping to take up passengers, for they are all full. Here may be seen, as a specimen of a numerous class, the whole of a family buffeting their way through the rain and snow. Here is father carrying little Jem in his arms and dragging Harry by the hand; whilst Tom holds on by his coat-tail, biting his little fingers to keep life in them. Behind comes "Mrs.," with the baby in her arms and Susan holding her gown. In the mother's hand dangles a mysterious bundle, which must not be pushed against for the world, neatly done up in a snow-white handkerchief. That hidden secret is a new cap; it tells its own tale: everybody knows what it is, however mysteriously it is done up; and as they elbow along through the crowded streets, some one will turn round and whisper after them—"They're they go, out to dinner!"

But how different a picture presents itself to the solitary passenger who may be found in the streets in the afternoon. The whole town seems deserted; no one is to be seen except occasionally a poor orange vendor, or that never failing pedestrian, the milkman. Even the cook-shops are beginning to shut; and we hold it to be an insult to conviviality and friendship, an outr. ge upon hos-

pitality, to allow them to be open at all on such a day. Why, entering a cook-shop to get a dinner on Christmas-day proclaims the miserable being at once to be an outcast, friendless and forsaken on the face of the (London) earth. No dinner of his own at home; no one to ask him out. This must be a sorry state of things, indeed; and for our part we would sooner quietly nibble a friendly biscuit and cheese in a solitary garret, alone and unseen, than proclaim our friendless condition by seeking for Christmas cheer in the gloomy recesses of a cook-shop, where you are looked upon with an evil eye by the well-fed waiter and cook, who seem almost to say—"If it was not for such miserable wretches as these, master would have shut up shop, and we should have had our day out."

So far our picture has been drawn in a humorous tone; we wish the same tone could be further applied to all the dinnerless and uninvited who sit moping at home (if a dismal and cheerless garret can be called a home) on such a day



GOING TO CHURCH.

as this. Sorry are we to be able to say, that although hundreds and thousands make merry and feast on Christmas-day in London; yet hundreds and thousands are left penniless, hungry, and cold, to feed their despairing imaginations with scenes they have once been familiar with, but which now, alas! are gone for ever from them.

If Christmas is a season for mirth and merry making it should be no less a time of charity to the poor. For we know of no greater zest to a day's pleasure at such time as this, than to know we have contributed as far as our means will allow us to alleviate the miseries of our less fortunate fellow-creatures.

With this, we wish "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year" to all our readers; and to those whose wretched condition either of poverty or sickness prevents its being a happy time, we can only offer the confidence of hope that "a good time is coming" when these things shall no longer exist in the land. "

The star that erst in Bethléem shone
Stands glistening to this hour,
Through ev'ry age there since hath run
Its vivifying power.
How many a heart its kindly ray
Hath lighted through the murky way
Of sin's ne'er-failing danger.

To a lowly manger, poor and scant,
A true and trusting faith now brings
Before the Infant occupant
Rude peasants and rich kings.
Each recurring hour of his birth
Hath seen his altars through the earth
Call up fresh worshippings.



SNAP DRAGON.

PROFESSOR ANDERSON'S FEATS OF MAGIC.

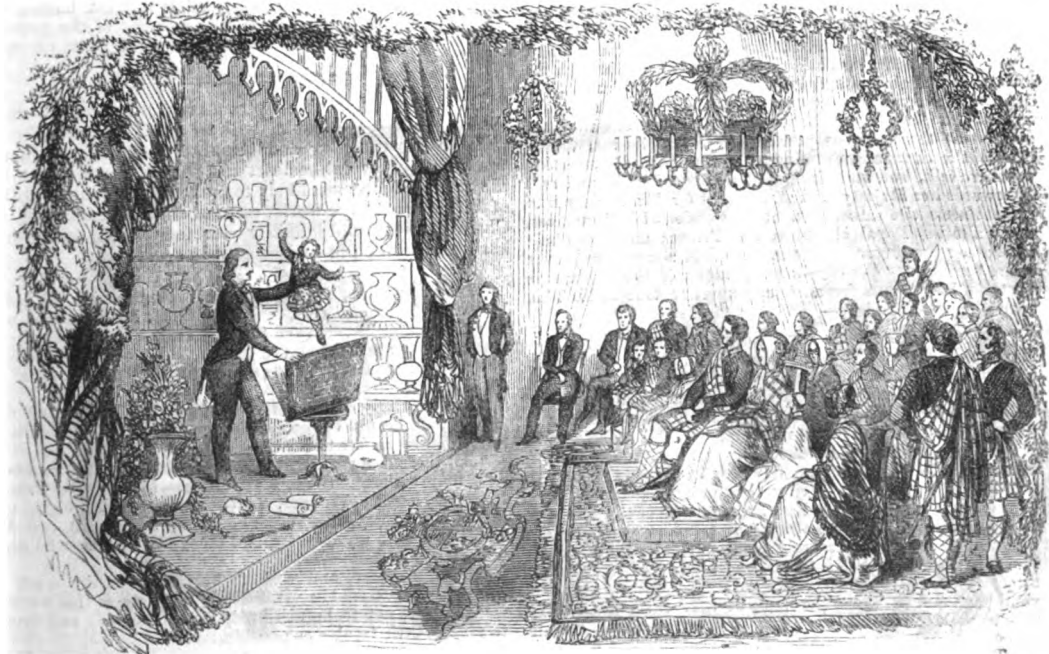
As an appropriate subject for the present season, we lay before our readers a few 'excerpts' from the amusing hand-book of legerdemain, issued by the renowned Mr. Anderson, the "Wizard of the North." No more effective method can be adopted of heightening the enjoyment of a domestic party, at this festive season, than by the exhibition of these "clever tricks," which, while delighting the spectators by their marvellous results, require from the hands of the operator but a slight degree of skill in their manipulation. That this opinion is shared by others, is evident from the marked gratification the performance of this gentleman afforded her Majesty, upon the occasion of his visit at Balmoral during the past summer. The Prince's birth-day being, on Sunday, the 26th of August, Monday, the 27th, was set apart for celebrating the auspicious event at Balmoral, and never perhaps has her Majesty enjoyed such a day of rustic amusement. After the athletic sports had been engaged in for a considerable time, the company adjourned to a beautiful pavilion, which had been fitted up for the occasion, and in which was erected the Magic Temple of Professor Anderson, the "Wizard of the North." Her Majesty and the Prince, and more especially the royal children, seemed perfectly astounded several times, and expressed their entire satisfaction with the manner in which Professor Anderson performed his tricks. Amongst those more particularly noticed and admired by her Majesty was the "Magic Scrap Book," a most beauti-



PROFESSOR J. H. ANDERSON.

ful piece of workmanship in papier mache. It is about forty inches long, twenty-eight wide, and three thick. It was minutely examined by the Queen and Prince; and immediately before them it was placed upon a pair of skeleton tressels and opened, when the Wizard commenced to take out his scraps, which are rather peculiar, consisting of hats, bonnets, plates, and bird cages; at length a large fat goose, which created great astonishment; then several large vases of gold fish, in water, and to crown all, the Professor brought out his beautiful little son, in a full Highland costume of Victoria tartan, complete in every way, at which her Majesty raised her hands, and, alike with every body else, wondered how ever he got there. His Royal Highness expressed his approbation, and loud applause followed. The next feat that excited considerable interest was the Professor's "Dejeuner Magique."

This was done adroitly, and was also loudly applauded. The coffee was served up in a magnificent service of silver cups and saucers, presented to Mr. A. by one of the monarchs of Europe, and the Royal party, by desire of the Queen, partook of the coffee, as did also Lady Jocelyn and most of the suite. The "Pot-pourri of Handkerchiefs" followed next, in which feat Mr. A. was assisted by his Royal Highness Prince Albert, Lord Portman, Mr. Anson, and the Prince of Wales. Mr. Anderson used her Majesty's handkerchief and a great number of others, all of which, after interspersing the feat with a variety of changes, he tossed into a pail, and placed a box in charge of Prince Albert, in which he put several pigeons, &c.,



PROFESSOR ANDERSON'S ROYAL BALMORAL ENTERTAINMENT.

and requested his Royal Highness to lock it and retain the key, after which Mr. Anderson poured on the handkerchiefs a large bucketful of water, washed them, placed them into a vessel, and left it in charge of Lord Portman. In an instant, he sought the two articles, and it was found that Lord Portman had got the pigeons; his Royal Highness unlocked his box with great anxiety to seek his charge, when, lo! they were gone, and to the utter astonishment of himself and the Queen—who was looking most anxiously for the opening of the Prince's box—he found the whole of the handkerchiefs, dried, ironed, and perfumed. The Wizard returned the Queen's amid great applause. "The Wonderful Hat," which, on this occasion was Mr. Anson's, procured the Royal approbation repeatedly, and nearly all assembled received either a bouquet, band-box, toy, or other token, from Mr. Anson's wonderful hat. Mr. Anderson was asked if he would perform the feat they had heard so much of his having done successfully, the "Inexhaustible Bottle." On receiving the Royal command to perform it, he called for a champagne bottle, and handed a large number of glasses round, and asked Lord Portman what he would drink? His lordship replied, whiskey. Whiskey was poured out. Mr. Anson preferred brandy, which he got. Several demanded wine, which passed freely; and one of the proprietors of the Royal Distillery, Mr. Begg, thinking to baffle the Professor, asked him to give him a glass of the best Lochnagar whiskey. No sooner said than done; and the Lochnagar whiskey became in great demand. A large number of additional glasses were distributed, and some called for Irish whiskey, numbers brandy, the Highlanders patronized Mr. Begg, when Lord John Russell, perhaps like Mr. Begg, wishing to try the Wizard's skill, asked for a glass of rum, which was immediately supplied, and his lordship pronounced it excellent. The London portion of the domestics and police called loudly for their native gin, which was freely poured out of this extraordinary bottle; and the Wizard was returning to the stage, when his Royal Highness, anxious to test the bottle—presuming, as he was returning, that it was exhausted—asked if more could be poured out. Glasses were brought for her Majesty and the Prince, and, on being asked what they preferred, requested Begg's best Lochnagar, which immediately ran forth, and her Majesty and the Prince tasting it, acknowledged its purity; and the Wizard gave the bottle to the Prince, and asked him to look if it was empty!—it was. Mr. Anderson brought some water, and, in the Prince's hand, filled it, ordered glasses, and asked the Prince what wine he preferred. Port was selected. The Prince poured port, and then sherry, then milk, then champagne, then broke the bottle, and in it was discovered a beautiful turtle dove. The next feat that created much wonder, excitement, and laughter, was the "Electric Phenomenon," an experiment with six borrowed watches, which were placed in a box by the Queen's footman, Mr. Gibb, who went on the stage to assist the Professor, and, having seated himself, placed the box on his head, and was told that on the firing of a gun the watches would leave the box, pass through his skull and through his body, and appear suspended under the chair, which on the instant was done, to the utter astonishment of the Queen and all assembled, who burst out into loud laughter at the ludicrous position of Gibb, who sat, unconscious of the change, presuming that the Wizard's assertion was mere talk, but, on looking down, he was dumbfounded. Afterwards her Majesty retired, and sent for Mr. Anderson to express her entire satisfaction at his wonderful performances, as did also his Royal Highness, the Prince; and the whole concourse seemed convinced that so great a man had never before been seen. We conclude our notice of this admirable master of his art by a few amusing experiments from his book upon "Parlour Magic:—"

"TO PRODUCE A MOUSE FROM A PACK OF CARDS.—Have a pack of cards fastened together at the edges, but open in the middle like a box, a whole card being glued on as a cover, and many loose ones placed above it, which require to be dextrously shuffled, so that the entire may seem a real pack of cards. The bottom must likewise be a whole card, glued to the box on one side only, yielding immediately to interior pressure, and serving as a door by which you convey the mouse into the box. Being thus prepared, and holding the bottom tight with your hand, request one of the company to place his open hands together, and tell him you mean to produce something very marvellous from this pack of cards; place the cards then in his hands, and while you engage his attention in conversation, affect to want something out of your bag, and at the same moment take the pack by the middle, and throw it into the bag, when the mouse will remain in the hands of the person who held the cards."

"TO GIVE A PARTY A GHOSTLY APPEARANCE.—Take

half a pint of spirits, and having warmed it, put a handful of salt with it into a basin; then set it on fire, and it will have the effect of making every person within its influence look hideous. This feat must be performed in a room."

"THE OBEDIENT WATCH.—Borrow a watch from a person in company, and request the whole to stand around you. Hold the watch up to the ear of the first in the circle, and command it to go; then demand his testimony to the fact. Remove it to the ear of the next, and enjoin it to stop; make the same request of that person, and so on throughout the entire party. You must take care that the watch is a good one. Conceal in your hand a piece of loadstone, which, so soon as you apply it to the watch, will occasion a suspension of the movements, which a subsequent shaking and withdrawing of the magnet will restore. For the sake of shifting the watch from one hand to the other, apply it when in the right hand to the left ear of the person, and when in the left hand to the right ear."

"HOW TO CHANGE A PACK OF CARDS INTO ALL MANNER OF PICTURES.—Take a pack of cards, and paint upon the back what manner of figures please your fancy best, as men, women, birds, flowers, &c. Then paint the other half of the cards, viz., on that side where the spots are on, in the same manner as you did the other half, so between them both you will have a complete pack of all pictures: and when you perform this trick you must show the cards but half-way."

"TO MAKE A CARD JUMP OUT OF THE PACK AND BE SEEN UPON THE TABLE.—This feat, if well managed, will appear marvellous. Having forced a card upon one of the company, after shuffling it up with rest of the pack, you will know the card by feeling. You then take a piece of wax, and put it under the thumb nail of your right hand, and by this wax you fasten an end of a hair to your thumb, and the other to the chosen card; by these means, when you spread the cards upon the table, by drawing about your right hand, the chosen card is conducted round the table."

"HOW TO PUT AN EGG IN A BOTTLE.—To accomplish this seeming incredible act, requires the following preparation:—You must take an egg and soak it in strong vinegar; and in process of time its shell will become quite soft, so that it may be extended lengthways without breaking; then insert it into the neck of a small bottle, and by pouring cold water upon it, it will re-assume its former figure and hardness. This is really a complete curiosity, and baffles those who are not in the secret to find out how it is accomplished."

"TO MAKE FIRE-PROOF PAPER.—To accomplish this simple feat you must previously dip a sheet of paper in a strong solution of alum water, and when dry repeat the process two or three times, when, as soon as again dry, you may put it in the flame of a candle, and it will not burn. Of course, you must keep your friends ignorant of the process your sheet of paper has undergone, or it will cause no surprise."

THE LAST REQUEST OF THE LATE QUEEN DOWAGER.—Our readers, no doubt, will be glad to snatch from oblivion this touching and beautiful composition. Such words coming from the heart and pen of one, who was in the very position most likely to make her the spoiled child of fortune and of the world, seem as striking a triumph of Christian purity and humility over temptation, as history has ever recorded in its instructive pages:—

(COPY.)

"I die in all humility, knowing well that we are all alike before the Throne of God, and I request, therefore, that my mortal remains be conveyed to the grave without any pomp or state. They are to be moved to St. George's Chapel, Windsor, where I request to have as private and quiet a funeral as possible.

"I particularly desire not to be laid out in state, and the funeral to take place by daylight, no procession, the coffin to be carried by sailors to the chapel.

"All those of my friends and relations, to a limited number, who may wish to attend, may do so. My nephew, Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar, Lords Howe and Denbigh, the Hon. Wm. Ashley, Mr. Wood, Sir Andrew Barnard, and Sir D. Davies, with my dressers, and those of my ladies who may wish to attend.

"I die in peace, and wish to be carried to the tomb in peace, and free from the vanities and the pomp of this world.

"I request not to be dissected, nor embalmed; and desire to give as little trouble as possible.

(Signed)

"ADELAIDE R.

"November, 1849."

"I COULDN'T HELP IT."—There is scarcely any means of calculating the amount of misfortune, misery, and domestic unhappiness which this expression either directly or indirectly occasions. It is such a facile, easy, and ever-ready excuse, always at the tongue's end, and so difficult to contradict or disprove. It is said that some men tell stories till they believe them to be true; so we use "I couldn't help it," to persuade others that we are not in fault, and, at last, involuntarily succeed in persuading ourselves. The young wife, anxious to please a perhaps pettish or exacting husband, forgets to do some trifling thing, and instead of at once avowing forgetfulness or pre-occupation, uses the ever ready "I couldn't help it," which her mother had used before her, and finding the excuse passes muster, is more ready to use it upon a second occasion, and still more ready upon a third; and, at length, instead of making it serve to cover involuntary omissions, she lets things go undone, satisfied that an excuse is ready, and comforting herself that she can't help it, and by-and-bye, that which was at first really a plea, though a foolish one, for want of thought, becomes the palliation of wilful neglect, indolence, and slatternly habits, the sure forerunners of domestic unhappiness. The want of neatness and comfort which "I couldn't help it" is always ready to account for, turns the house into a bear-garden, and two lives are embittered by the prevalence of an idea, based upon a saying. The children of such a family soon catch the infection, and grow up to perpetuate the disease. I once knew a family of "couldn't help it," which it was positively dangerous to venture among, for the saying had, as it is always apt to do, fostered first carelessness, and next maliciousness. The truth is, that there is very little that some one or another cannot help, and if every one would help what he can, there would be but little left wanting help.

A CARAVAN IN THE DESERT.—In the last number of the *Revue de Deux Mondes*, we find the following sketch of a *chreibir*, or a leader of a caravan, across the Sahara and the Great Desert, who usually sets out from Metlili in October, through the Oasis of Tuat and the country of the Tuaregs to the kingdom of Houssa, in the negro country, where he arrives with his caravan in the month of March:—"In the Sahara the name of *chreibir* is given to the leader of a caravan, these fleets of the desert never venturing forth without pilot, as you Christians believe, upon our sandy ocean, which, like the watery waste, has its waves, its storms, and its rocks. Each of these caravans patiently follows the captain which it has taken to itself: he has *tchause* under him to execute his orders; *shuafs* (viewers) to spy out the land; a scribe to conduct negotiations, a public crier to make proclamations, a muezzin to summon the faithful to prayers, and an *imam* to pray in the name of true believers. The *chreibir* is always a man of discrimination, of proved skill and courage: he knows how to direct his course by the stars; he has learned from the experience of former journeys the roads, trees, and pasture-grounds; he knows all the chiefs whose territory he passes through: the sanitary rules to be observed according to the nature of each country, and the remedies for maladies, accidents, snake-bites, and scorpion stings. In the vast wildernesses, where there seems to be nothing to point out the way, where the oft-moved sand does not always remove the traces of previous travellers, in these the *chreibir* finds a thousand tokens of the true course to be followed. At night, when not a single star sparkles in the heavens, at the mere sight of a handful of grass or earth, which he feels, smells, and tastes, he guesses where he is, without ever once erring in his judgment."

A WISE BOOK is a true friend; its author a public benefactor.

NEVER put a curb on humanity; we are too apt to stop without it.

A GUESS AT SPELLING.—The following was a puzzle to the best readers in the Post-office for some time:—

"Serum Fridavi, Londres."

when, by reading the address aloud, with the French as well as the English sound of the vowels, it was solved in "Sir Humphrey Davy, London."

COCKNEY ENIGMAS.

(On the letter H.)

I dwells in the Herth, and I breathes in the hair;
If you searches the Hocene you'll find that I'm there.
The first of all Hangel, in Helympus am Hi,
Yet I'm baulished from 'Eaven, expelled from on 'Egh.
But, tho' on this Horb I am destin' to grovel,
I'm ne'er seen in an 'Ouse, in an 'U, nor an 'Ovel;
Not an 'Oss nor an 'Unter e'er bears me, alas!
But often I'm found on the top of a Haas.
I resides in a Hattic, and loves not to roam,
And yet I'm invariably habesent from 'Ome.
Tho' 'ushed in the 'Urrricane, of the Hattmosphere part,
I enters no 'Ed, I creeps into no 'Art.
Only look, and you'll see in the Heye I appear,
Only hark, and you'll 'ear me just breathe in the Hear;
Though in sex not an 'E. I am (strange paradox!)
Not a bit of an 'Effer, but partly a Hox.
Of Heterity H'm the beginning! And mark,
Though I goes not with Noar, I'm the first in the Hark.
I'm never in 'Elth—have with Fysic no power,
I dies in a M-enth; but comes back in a Hour.

ENIGMA.

Your notice would I crave awhile.
Trusting to meet your kindly smile,
As, e'er my attributes you scan,
I prove myself the friend of man.
Although 'tis strange, 'tis not less true,
In many forms I meet your view;
I'm made sikh of flesh, and bone,
Of ivory, but not of stone.
I'm form'd of leather, earth, and wood,
And metal makes me firm and good.
I'm made of reed, of web, of glass,
Of India-rubber's pliant mass;
And, though 'tis reckon'd something new,
I'm form'd of gutta percha too.
I'm oft, in revelry and mirth,
With horn connected at my birth,
Seeking to strengthen music's power
In warding off the tedious hour.
I'm sometimes straight, at other's curv'd,
I'm burnt, lumur'd, and sadly serv'd;
Sometimes in circles I'm enwird,
In fancy's forms, to please mankind.
I'm square, I'm round; I'm living—dead,
And in the earth I make my bed.
I'm in the air and in the sea,
Within yourself you'll meet with me.
Without my aid the power of steam
Would prove but a delusive dream.
The raging element of fire
I'm made to hold at man's desire,
And for his pleasure oft contain
Air, water, smoke, and sometimes rain.
From me sweet sound is of music flow,
And would you wish my name to know,
One further hint I offer you,
And having done so, bid adieu;
'Tis this;—Whate'er the boon you'd give
Without my aid you could not live.

CAMPAN.

The solution will appear in our next.

AN AID TO EARLY RISING.—A mechanic residing at Hulme, has constructed a little machine for the purpose of awaking himself early in a morning. To a Dutch clock in the kitchen he has attached a lever, from which a wire communicates through the ceiling to the bedroom above, in which he has fixed his novel invention. Having set the lever to any hour at which he may wish to be awakened, when the time arrives it is released by the clock, and the machinery up-stairs rings a bell, then strikes a match, which lights an oil lamp. This lamp runs upon four wheels, and is at the same instant propelled through a tin tube on a miniature railway, about five feet long, which is raised by small iron supports a few inches above the bedroom floor. Near the end of the "line" is fixed an elevated iron stand upon which a small teakettle is placed (holding about a pint), and immediately under it, by the aid of a spring, the lamp is stopped, and its flame boils the water in the kettle in twenty minutes, thus enabling him to take a cup of tea or coffee prior to going to work. The bell attached is so powerful that it awakes its neighbour, and the machine altogether is of a very neat appearance, the mechanism being of polished iron. The inventor has made it during his leisure hours, and has been about eighteen months in bringing it to a state of completion. He has also combined economy with utility, as the working of it does not cost more than a halfpenny per week.

THE SALT OF OUR CENTURY.

No. I.



BRUNEL.

SIR M. I. BRUNEL.

SIR MARC ISAMBERT BRUNEL, who died on the 12th inst., was by birth a Frenchman, being born at Hacqueville, in Normandy, in the year 1769. He was originally intended for the church, and accordingly received his education at the seminary of St. Nicaise, at Rouen; but soon evincing a predilection for the physical sciences, that idea was abandoned, and he subsequently gained a commission in the French navy. On one occasion he surprised his captain by producing a sextant and quadrant of his own construction, which he used for making observations. At the outbreak of the revolution he emigrated to the United States, where necessity compelled him to adopt the profession of a civil engineer. He was first engaged to survey a large tract of land near Lake Erie, and was employed in the construction of the Bowry Theatre, also in furnishing plans for various canals, and the cannon foundry in New York. About the year 1799 he had matured his plans for making ship blocks by machinery. The United States was not then the field for so inventive a genius as Brunel's. He determined upon visiting England, and offering his services and plans for this purpose to the British Government. After much opposition to his plans, not lessened in that day by the fact of his being a Frenchman, he was engaged to execute them in Portsmouth dockyard. The block machinery was finished in 1806, and has continued ever since in full operation, supplying our fleet with blocks of a very superior description to those previously in use, and at a large annual saving to the public. It was estimated at the time that the saving, in the first year, amounted to 24,000*l.* per annum; and about two-thirds of that sum were awarded to Mr. Brunel. It is needless to describe the originality and beauty of this well-known machinery. Even after the lapse of forty years, notwithstanding the marvellously rapid strides we have made in the improvement and construction of machines of all kinds, it remains as effective as it was when first erected, and unaltered. It is still an object of admiration to all persons interested in mechanics. A few years afterwards he was employed by Government to erect saw-mills, upon a new principle, in the dockyards of Chatham and Woolwich. Several other inventions were the offspring of his singularly fertile mind about this time—the circular saw, for cutting veneers of valuable woods, and the beautiful little machine for winding cotton thread into balls, which greatly extended its consumption. About two years before the termination of the war, Mr. Brunel, under the countenance of the Duke of York, invented a machine for making shoes for the army, by machinery, the value and cheapness of which were fully appreciated, and they were extensively used; but the peace of 1815 lessening the demand, the machinery was ultimately laid aside. Steam navigation also at that time attracted his attention. He was engaged in the building of one of the first Ramsgate steamboats, and, we believe, introduced the principle of the double engine for the purpose.

In 1824 he commenced a work that has made his name known throughout the world, and which took nearly twenty years for its completion. We need hardly say we allude to the Thames Tunnel. Mr. Brunel was knighted in 1841. He was also Vice President of the Royal Society, and likewise of

the College of Engineers, besides holding many other honorary titles. He was married in 1799, and has left issue two daughters, one of whom is married to Mr. Hawes, the Under Secretary for the Colonies.

WHAT is a blush? A suffusion—least seen in those who have the most occasion for it.

A GENTLEMAN, looking upon an extensive conflagration, expressed his surprise in three words, each the name of a British author:—Dickens, Howitt, Burns.

IDEAS generate ideas, like a potatoe, which, cut in pieces, reproduces itself in multiplied forms.

A good man will never teach that which he does not believe.

Gossip of the Day.

"FEW AND FAR BETWEEN."—Some years ago, unforeseen circumstances compelled Mr. Edmonton, the clever inventor of the railway ticket printing machine, to compound with his creditors for 8*s.* 3*d.* in the pound. Since then fortune favoured his industry, and with its rewards he lately paid the balance, 11*s.* 9*d.*, observing that it was no more than an honest man should do.

SIGNORA FLORENTINI has made one of the most successful debuts ever achieved in Berlin. She has recently appeared as Norma: she has thrice sung before the King. The Signora is a pupil of Mr. Crivelli, the vocal preceptor of most of the principal English and foreign vocalists of our time.

ROSSINI.—It is well known that Rossini formerly farmed the fisheries of Bologna. The immortal maestro now deals in pigs. The numerous herds of swine that are daily being driven to Bologna are wending to the slaughter-house on the account of the "Swan of Pesaro."

Measures are in the course of preparation for the establishment of a College of Navigation, for the instruction of the mercantile marine of this country in all the branches of scientific education bearing on their profession.

COUNT D'ORSAY is engaged in the completion of a splendid mausoleum to the memory of Lady Blessington.

THE FASTEST YET.—The "Times" newspaper of Tuesday was received at the office of "Galignani's Messenger" in Paris at two o'clock, and at three o'clock that journal, in its regular afternoon edition, gave extracts from the "Times."

It was lately observed at a meeting of the Cambrian Literary Society, that while the Highlands of Scotland could not afford to maintain one purely Celtic periodical, in Wales they had no less than 24 periodicals in current circulation, some of which had from 15,000 to 20,000 subscribers. They contained original articles, written by natives of the principality, that would not do discredit to the English reviews.

THE Society of Friends have determined, no matter what may be the consequence, never to serve on a jury when the life of a fellow-creature is at stake.

It is affirmed that Prince Albert continues to labour very sedulously on the initiatory measures for carrying out his great project, the industrial exhibition for 1861, in a manner commensurate with its magnitude and importance. A commission is about to issue for its superintendence by high and distinguished personages, above the taint of suspicion of favouritism, and calculated to afford assurance of just decisions and the prevention of jobbing, into which such an undertaking is so likely to run. The Duke of Richmond, Lord Clarendon, and some fifteen other eminent persons, will be named trustees in this document. Mr. Scott Russell will be the secretary. The arbitration and awards of the prizes will proceed under this authority. The contractor for the building to receive the articles has already been appointed. £20,000 has already been promised, it is said, for prizes.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. J. and N. W.—Under consideration.

J. A. C. (Dublin).—In an early number the subject will be introduced.

A. SUBSCRIBER (Liverpool).—Yes, to both questions.

J. W. H.—Declined, with thanks.

THE PROPOSED EXHIBITION OF WORKS OF INDUSTRY IN 1861.—In connexion with this laudable and most princely undertaking, committees have already been formed in the following places:—In England—St. Austell, Bath, Bodmin, Bradford, Bridgnorth, Bristol, Coventry, Dartmouth, Devonport, Dudley, Exeter, Falmouth, Gloucester, Guildford, Halifax, Hereford, Huddersfield, Ipswich, Kidderminster, Lancaster, Leeds, Leicester, Liverpool, London, Manchester, Northampton, Norwich, Penzance, Plymouth, Shrewsbury, Stafford, Stamford, Stoke-upon-Trent, Stroud, Swindon, Truro, Walsall, Wolverhampton, Worcester, Great Yarmouth, York. In Ireland—Dublin, Cork, Belfast. In America—Waterford, Wexford. In Scotland—Edinburgh, Glasgow, Paisley, Stirling, Perth, Dundee, and Greenock. In Wales—Aberystwith, Caernarvon, Cardiff, Newport, Swansea. From our subscribers in any of which towns we shall be glad to receive from time to time any communication touching the progress of this very interesting subject in their respective localities.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED NEWS

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THE NEW YEAR.

THE new year seems the best opportunity of addressing our readers upon one or two points of our undertaking, that, judging from the favour they have already shown us, *cannot* be uninteresting. The many obstacles consequent upon the establishment of a new journal, it may be believed, have not been lessened in our case, where, amid the multiplicity of candidates for public favour, we have been fortunate enough to press our claims upon grounds altogether new and peculiar to ourselves. These impediments, however, have now been overcome. Up to the present moment there have been many errors and short-comings on our parts, which although they have not called forth the disapprobation of our patrons, are nevertheless kept in view; and we hope that this free acknowledgement will be considered some guarantee for their remediation. For the future, our labours will be

conducted upon a system carefully devised, and well matured, to the ultimate realization of which a liberal expenditure and judicious care shall go hand in hand. It must be obvious that the chief feature of our little work—namely, its full illustration of the popular topics of the day, can only be produced by a considerable outlay; our reward lies only in a corresponding increase of circulation. To the very numerous subscribers who have expressed their approbation of *THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED NEWS*, such an increase of circulation would bring a mutual satisfaction. To that end, we respectfully beg the personal introduction and recommendation of our pages among the circle of their acquaintance. Having secured the services of several artists of acknowledged excellence in their varied branches of art, our engravings will present more attractions than heretofore; and a corresponding improvement will be apparent in the Literary and Typographical departments. With this assurance we cheerfully resume our task, wishing to all our friends a prosperous and happy NEW YEAR!



THE LABOUR QUESTION.—NO. I. THE NEEDLEWOMEN OF LONDON.

THE LABOUR QUESTION.

AN EXPOSITION OF THE SOCIAL CONDITION OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

No. I.—THE NEEDLEWOMEN OF LONDON.

THE saying, old and true, that one half the world knows not how the other half lives, promises to lose its truth, and become obsolete. The ignorance which it asserts, if not, in some measure, the cause of the existing miseries, assuredly prolongs their continuance, for while it prevailed, how could the causes of distress be discovered, and their remedy applied? The disclosures published by the Commissioners of the *Morning Chronicle* are fast dispelling this baneful ignorance, and already have been the means of inducing the suggestion of a remedy, which, if carried out to a sufficient extent, is certain to be effectual. After presenting some examples of the acute distress existing among the needlewomen of London, we will consider the proposed remedy. Speaking of the drawn-bonnet makers, the Commissioner (Mr. Henry Mayhew) observes:—

"I was able to obtain an account of the earnings of two females working together for a period of four years. The very fact of keeping such an account shows a habit of prudence which stamps the individuals as being far above the ordinary run of needlewomen; and, moreover, they were generally employed at a class of work (drawn-bonnet making) which is much better paid than either the trousers or shirt-work; indeed, it was possible for each of them, by sitting up as many as three nights in the week, to earn 10s. by such means; and it was only when this better-class work was not to be obtained, that they resorted to 'trousers-work' as a means of living. It is necessary we should add, that the parties furnishing the account are most industrious and sober persons, working frequently their twenty hours a-day in the summer, often sitting up all night engaged at work, and never (when they can obtain employment) labouring less than eighteen hours a-day. The accounts kept show, that after paying their rent, all these two workwomen had left to purchase food and clothing was, throughout the year 1846, *fourpence farthing* each per day—throughout the year 1847, *threepence halfpenny*—throughout the year 1848, *twopence halfpenny*—and throughout the present year, *twopence halfpenny* also. To get this amount each, it should be remembered that they had to work from eighteen to twenty hours every day, including Sundays. In every year, they told me, there are generally seven months, and at the very least six, that they cannot pay rent, and during the other six months they have to work night and day in order to clear off the back rent. They can't go into a better lodging, because they can't get credit for the winter months. The room is taken furnished. It is a small attic, seven feet square, without any fireplace, and several panes are gone from the windows. There is scarcely any furniture; only one chair. The other party has to sit on the bed. They pay 2s. 6d. a-week. The first winter they came, the landlady insisted on having her rent every week, and that winter they were three months and never had a bit of bread, not a crumb, to eat. They used to live on oatmeal altogether. Frequently they had a pennyworth between them for the whole day. They never burn a candle but when they have work to do—they can't afford it; and they never have a fire, even in the depth of winter. And after all this toil, suffering, and privation, their reward is twopence-halfpenny a-day."

AT A GATHERING OF THE NEEDLEWOMEN, convened by the Commissioner, a good-looking girl said:—

"Five years ago, my father turned me out of doors. The shoe-binding is so low, that I wasn't able to pay 1s. a week for my lodging, and that caused me to turn out into the street. Then it was three weeks before I ever was in a bed. I sat on London Bridge a fortnight before Christmas five years ago. I sometimes used to make 1s. 6d., and at others 2s. a-week; and when I have the best employment, I can generally earn about half-a-crown."

The following is an account of a visit to a brace-maker:—

"At the latter part of last week I received a letter informing me that a woman residing in one of the courts about Saffron-hill was making braces, and receiving only 1s. for four dozen of them. I was assured she was a most deserving character, strictly sober, and not receiving parochial relief. 'Her husband,' my informant added, 'was paralysed, and endeavoured to assist his family by gathering green food for birds. They are in deep distress, but their character is irreproachable.' It was late on Saturday night that the above communication reached me; in the afternoon of the next day, I set out to seek the dwelling of the poor couple. I found them located up a court, the entrance to which was about as narrow as the opening to a sentry-box, and on each side lolled groups of labourers and costermongers, with short black pipes in their mouths. As I dived into the court, a crowd followed me to see whither I was going. The

brace-maker lived on the first floor of a crazy, fetid house. I ascended the stairs, and the banisters, from which the rails had been all purloined, gave way in my hands. I found the woman, man, and their family, busy at their tea-dinner. Her earnings, I found, were 1s. a-week; but she shall tell her own story:—

"I have 3d. a dozen for the common; generally what I has is common, and if the long straps are stitched all round, I have 5d. a dozen; that's the highest price that I have ever had, and I have been upwards of three years at the business. I work from about 8 o'clock in the morning, and I have been at work as late as 11 o'clock at night. I generally leave off at half-past 8 or 9. My day's work is always 12 hours—never no less, often more when I'm full employed. Working 12 hours, I can do about eight or nine pair in the day of the common, and half-a-dozen of the best in the same time. I can't accomplish more than four dozen of the common at 3d. in the week, with doing for my little family, as well you know. My earnings are about 1s. to 1s. 3d. every week, working six days of twelve hours. I was very slack of work last week—very slack indeed. I made 5d. last week, because the work falls off in the winter, and in about another week we shan't have any till about January or February again. The week before last, I made 6d.; the week before that, let me see,—oh, 1s. The most that ever I did earn in one week at the work was 1s. 3d.; that's the very highest. I was obligated to sit up late to earn that—as late as 11 o'clock; but not every night—three nights a week; yes, quite as much as that. Generally, when I am full of work, I earn 1s. a week, but not now I can't. Out of that shilling I have to find cotton. Taking one week with another, slack time and brisk time, I dare say I do clear about 8d. a week, not more; oh, no! When I first worked for the party as gives the work to me, those that I get 3d. a dozen for now were 3d. then, and those that I get 5d. for now were 6d. The price fell the summer before last. I was told that they had lowered the price at the warehouse. I can't tell why they lowered it at the warehouse. I never worked for any body else at that work. I can't say whether the people who work second-handed at brace-sewing, like I do, get the same. Never heard tell of any one getting more or less. I'm rather a quick hand at the business. That is the extent that I earn. I can't hardly tell you how we do live upon it at times. My husband sells chickweed and grunsell, and gets from 4s. 6d. to 5s. a week."

The next tale of suffering, endured by a maker of slop shirts, were we not assured of its veracity, we should attribute to invention. Our limited space has compelled us to somewhat abridge the afflicting narrative:—

"Between 10 and 11 years ago, I was left a widow with two young children, and far advanced in pregnancy with another. Two months before her confinement, seemed to do middling well. By working from 6 in the morning till ten at night, could earn 9d. or 10d. a day; but when confined, was unable to do anything. As soon as she was able to sit up, undertook slop-shirts again, but her child being sickly, was not able to earn so much as before. Prices being reduced, could not earn more than 6d. a day. At other times hadn't work. 1s. 9d. a week went for rent, and was obliged to live on potatoes and salt, and never knew what it was to have half a quartern loaf, for the loaf was then 9d. She went to the parish, expecting to receive a quartern loaf for her starving children, but was disappointed. 'Christmas came round, and I thought, 'poor things, they will be without a Christmas dinner,' and so I got an order to go into Wapping workhouse. I was admitted to a room where they were toasting the bread for the mistress's tea. A little girl was there, and gave the children a bit of toast. They took it, and thought it very nice, but they little thought they were so soon to be parted. The first was seven years old, the second three, and the infant was in my arms. The children were taken and separated; and then, oh, my God! what I felt no tongue can tell. My babe took the measles; they went inwardly, and it took a deep decline. The mistress was very kind, and gave me leave to go and see him. I found my child very bad, and the infant in my arms seemed declining every day. My poor child died whilst the youngest was dying. I asked relief to be settled on me out of doors, and it was granted. I was so anxious to get out, that I could not wait till my child was buried. I was allowed 1s. a-week and two loaves. On leaving, the acting master gave me 1s. out of his own pocket, for he saw that I was an affectionate mother. The children were brought from Limehouse, and one of them was dead at the time. I went to see its corpse; but could not stay, because I had another nearly dead at the time. I went again on Wednesday to see it buried. Before I went to my room in Whitechapel I went to a doctor; but he said that the boy was too far gone. I took him home, and said 1s. and, two loaves a-week will not support three of us, I must take to the slop shirts again. But I was not able to earn so much as I used to do. Soon after, it pleased God to take my other boy from me."

After this she fell in the family way again, and was delivered of twins. The father could do nothing to support them.

"Before I was able to turn out, being in arrears for rent, I went into the streets with matches, opposite Shoreditch church. When we went home, on counting our money, we had 6s. 3d., which I thought a good day's work. One cold snowy Saturday night only obtained 9d., and resolved to go out no more. *Utterly distressed, I thought of making away with my children and myself*; but God touched my conscience, and I could not do it. I kneeled down at the bedside, and prayed to God, and determined to trust in him. But I owed my landlord 12s. and was turned into the street—that was on New Year's Eve five years ago—in a state of pregnancy, with my little twin and my little girl along with me."

Working in competition with starving widows and helpless orphans such as these, are hundreds of single young women, unable to obtain better employment. For those of them who have not made their misery perpetual by falling into sin there is hope. Mr. Sydney Herbert has attracted the attention of the public to the most natural means of relief by recommending emigration. He expects to collect a fund sufficient to make a large experiment by voluntary contribution. The sum already collected amounts to 10,000*l.*—the list being headed with 500*l.*, subscribed by Her Majesty and Prince Albert. The female population greatly exceeds the male in Great Britain. It has been calculated that the present excess of females amounts to 500,000. In the colonies the inequality is reversed. In 1847 there were in New South Wales 41,000 females to 33,000 males; in South Australia, 13,000 females to 17,000 males. The females are equally deficient in Van Dieman's Land, and others of our colonies.

To facilitate the adoption of this remedy, it is our intention to present in future numbers such information respecting the colonies as may be relied on for its accuracy; and to familiarise the people with the aspect of their natural scenery and products, by illustrations drawn for that purpose.

THE PIRATES IN THE CHINA SEAS.

THE recent overland mail has brought the following stirring account of an encounter in which, it is feared, that the indomitable courage of the British seamen has not been followed with the customary gratifying results. So eternal, inveterate, and ineradicable has been the plague of piracy in the China Seas, that solemn leagues have been repeatedly formed for its extirpation; and one of the arguments most plausibly alleged for the extension of our own settlements in these quarters was, that the Dutch, in neglecting the patrol of the seas, had broken the conditions on which they were left in possession, and rendered it obligatory on some more active power to assume the guardianship of lawful commerce. Such duties we have promptly discharged, but political circumstances have lately contributed to the encouragement of piratical depredations on a scale never before known. The Chinese government is both weak and disaffected—weak in its authority over its own subjects, and disaffected as regards its sentiments towards ourselves. It possibly could not suppress piracy; it certainly has no inclination to do so. The buccaniers pay a small tribute in the proper quarters, and undertake to drive the foreigners from the waters of the Celestial Empire. Neither of these stipulations is disagreeable to the Court of Peking, and the consequence has been such an extension of the system, that merchantmen have been picked off by these rovers as they were by privateers in the war time. At length, a regular expedition was resolved upon at Hong Kong, and with the following results:—

The Columbine having first started alone on a cruise to the northward, fell in with a piratical fleet of thirteen large junks, but was prevented by their superior speed and the shallowness of the water from closing in with them. While she was manœuvring with this object, the Canton, a steamer which had been despatched in search of a missing merchantman, hove in sight, and towed the Columbine to her post, where, however, she presently grounded, within musket range of a large junk. Her boats were then lowered, for the purpose of cutting the junk out; and although their ammunition entirely failed in the operation, it was resolved by the lieutenant in command to carry her at once by boarding. This was accordingly done in the teeth of a resistance most stubbornly displayed, and finally crowned by the true

desperation of a buccanier. The captain of the pirates, when the junk was carried, rushed below with a lighted joss-stick. His purpose was observed and detected by Mr. Goddard, a midshipman of the Columbine, who threw himself headlong in pursuit, but it was too late. The rover had set fire to the magazine, and captors and captives were all blown into the air together. The lieutenant saved himself and a seaman by jumping promptly overboard; but Mr. Goddard, nine seamen, and two marines were killed or wounded by the explosion. Unfortunately, the gallant young officer was among the former. Upon this the Canton was despatched with all speed for medical aid and further reinforcements, as the pirates were mustering in numbers far too strong for the Columbine alone. Within two hours after the reports reached Hong Kong, the Fury was under steam, and before nightfall she joined her consort. At day-break next morning they reconnoitred the scene of action, but though the Columbine had endeavoured to keep close on the enemy's track, not a sail was to be seen. It was feared the pirates had escaped, but with little reason, for as a certain point of the coast was rounded, fifteen of these vessels suddenly appeared in line, with colours flying and guns ready for action, from which a rapid and well-directed fire was immediately opened on the British ships. The Columbine stood a little to seaward. The Fury, without heeding or returning the storm of shot to which she was exposed, steamed right through the line of junks till she had cut them off from the shore. Once anchored in this position, she threw down her bulwarks, and with her long 68-pounder, swept the whole pirate line from end to end. Every shot and shell told, and before noon, fourteen of the junks were in flames. The crews contrived in great part to effect their escape, and amongst them, unluckily, the notorious pirate chief himself. It was resolved by the Commander-in-chief to follow up this encounter, and, if possible, to clear the coast of these desperate buccaniers. The Medea and the Phlegethon were accordingly added to the expeditionary squadron, which sailed for the west in pursuit of a fleet far more powerful than that just engaged. We regret to add, that not only have the ships not returned, but rumours are indistinctly current of some serious miscarriage.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

1849.

Receding phantoms from his bleared sight
Slow drifting to the dark Lethæan shore,
While the dread illimitable night
Fast closes o'er him. Mis'ry! to restore
To mem'ry all that his dear life hath known—
Whose best, most bounteous gifts were overthrown
And smirch'd,—whose faintest breath sent Pestilence
Out far as the Hyperborean zone!
Who, as malignantly he limped hence,
Fiend-like, did lay his blighting palm on Her,
(Though she but hasten'd to her recompense,)
All-caring Charity's best Almoner.
E'en as he dies, a dark'ning shadow throws—
'Tis baffled Mercy 'midst the Arctic snows!

1850.

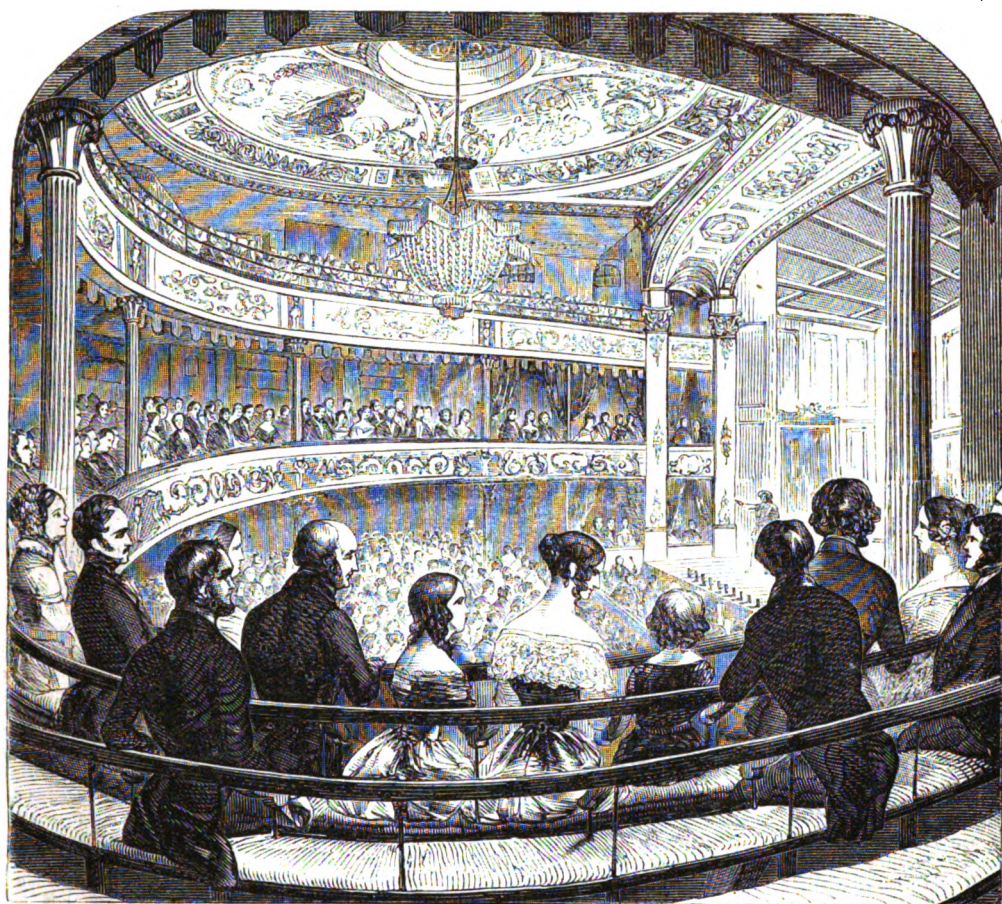
With smiles, that like a sunburst light the earth,
The year comes leaping on; his fair brow flush'd
With hopes and joys that centred at his birth;
The while hoarse War his dismal voice had hush'd,
He smiles to see from Plenty's lap out-gush'd,—
From realm to realm in unrestricted flow,
Her treasures pass:—And Hygeia's glow
Now lend to wan dull cheeks her graceful mirth.
Now Justice starts at Poverty's low wall,
Takes her lean hand, and points to kinder climes,
Where toil may reach to affluence! Her tale
Of suffering, impelling pit'ous crimes,
Hath struck a Woman's ear, where most prevail
The power and the will to heal the bale!

E. R.

WOMAN.—When we see a neat, pretty girl, with a free but innocent air, with cheeks which we can hardly help kissing, and with a pair of sweet, blue eyes, which seem to repose in perfect serenity beneath their silken lashes, we always wish that she was near a mud puddle, and that we had to lift her over.



THE NEW YEAR AND THE OLD.



INTERIOR OF THE NEW ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

OPENING OF THE ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

UPON the site of the Royal Olympic Theatre formerly stood Drury House, which in the seventeenth century came into the possession of Lord Craven, afterwards Earl Craven, celebrated for his efforts to stay the ravages of fires, then so frequent in London, who rebuilt it, as Craven House. This underwent various changes, and was ultimately taken down. In August, 1805, Earl Craven granted a lease of the premises to the late Philip Astley, who covenanted to build "a good and substantial theatre, or amphitheatre, for the acting of pantomimes and other performances." This lease was sold to Elliston, and afterwards assigned to John Scott, the former proprietor of the Sans Pareil (the Adelphi), and is now vested in Mr. John Cavell, of Guildford-street, who married a daughter of Scott.

The old theatre, opened by Astley as the "Olympic Pavilion," September 18, 1806, was constructed principally of wood, from the timbers of an old man-of-war, *La Ville de Paris* (the ship William the Fourth went out in as midshipman), which was given by George the Third to Astley, who had been the riding master to the younger branches of the royal family, and was a great favourite of the old king. The king also gave the chandelier.

On the 29th March, 1849, the theatre was entirely destroyed by fire. The building was insured in the County Fire Office for 2500*l*.

The first stone of the new building was laid as recently as the 13th of June last, Mr. Bushill, of Mortimer-street, being the architect employed; and it is due to that gentleman to observe, that he has produced an elegant and commodious structure upon one of the most un-

promising sites conceivable. The ground-plan being a trapezium, with no two sides alike, the architect has had much to contend with, in order to meet the necessities of a theatre. In the first place, the whole area of the ground-plan was excavated to one uniform level; then, having ascertained the lowest point of drainage, a six-inch metallic pipe was laid down from a catchpit, or well, in the north-west angle of the building, to serve as a drain to all parts of the basement-storey, the whole of which is now perfectly dry, and, no doubt, always will remain so. Upon this level the superstructure is raised on a firm footing of concrete. By this arrangement an opportunity is afforded to construct a suite of dressing-rooms on the same level as the Mezzanine floor, running round the outside of the pit. From this floor an unbroken communication can be had with all parts of the building. As, in a theatre, space becomes valuable, that below the pit is converted into workshops. The pit is pitched at an angle much greater than usual, and affords an excellent view of the stage from every part; its eighteen seats give sitting-room to nearly a thousand persons. The stalls comprise forty-two seats, elegantly cushioned. The boxes are arranged around the whole curve of the theatre, and, with the exception of the private boxes at the side, are open, and present a very light and airy appearance; the latter—ten in number—are very spacious. The gallery is a spacious structure, and it is here where the exquisite symmetry of the building is best observed. The *coup d'œil* presents a striking similarity to that of Covent Garden Theatre before the recent alterations. From each floor are numerous escape staircases, completely fireproof, thereby securing the safety of the audience in any emergency. The entire stage and machinery are designed and executed by

Mr. Richard Strachan, whose long experience and admirable skill, as evinced in the construction of seven London and other provincial theatres, together with the theatre of the Polytechnic Institution, have deservedly placed that gentleman at the head of his profession. The stage, fifty-seven feet wide, and fifty-four feet deep, is built on an incline of half an inch to a foot, and is so arranged, that any portion can be removed singly or altogether, as occasion may require. These movements are effected by means of multiplying windlass-barrels placed on both sides of the Mezzanine floor, adjusted by a new species of machinery, by which the level of the stage is depressed into incline grooves wrought in the sides of the stage timbers, in a moment converting the stage into an immense gulph, and rendering it susceptible of every description of stage effect that can possibly be carried out. The gas battens and borders are hung with graduating balance weights, so that the nicest adjustment of light can be obtained. Indeed, the whole of the mechanical department is considered a masterpiece of stage mechanism. The decorations have been confided to the Messrs. Aglio, whose joint labours have produced an *ensemble* in every respect satisfactory. The elegantly-designed chandelier is furnished by Apsley Pellat, and the upholstery has had the advantage of the Messrs. Hollands' direction. The manner in which the gas is adapted to every requisite of the building, is one of the completest things of its kind, and reflects the highest credit on Mr. John Palmer, jun., the engineer. It is really wondrous to see the multiplicity of pipes converging to a common centre, where, by a very ingenious arrangement, the prompter has the lighting of the theatre obedient to his slightest control. In fact, in every department, a liberal yet judicious expenditure seems to have provided every requisite that comfort or utility can claim. We are also glad to remark of the arrangements before the curtain, that the sagacity, no less than the courtesy of the lessee, Mr. W. Watts, has provided for his patrons an exemption from many petty annoyances, that the cupidity of theatrical officials has too long perpetuated.

On Wednesday evening, the theatre opened with Shakspeare's comedy of *The Tivo Gentlemen of Verona*, and the new pantomime of *Laugh and grow Fat*; or, *Harlequin Nutcracker*: in the former of which Compton's inimitable comedy told with irresistible effect; while the pantomime is replete with fun, and is assisted by the exertions of Mr. T. Matthews, who approaches nearer to the humour of Grimaldi than any other of his successors. The following neat address, from the pen of Mr. Albert Smith, was spoken with excellent effect by Mrs. Mowatt:—

'Tis now some nine months since—nay, start not, friends,
To a stage narrative my tale extends—
'Tis now some nine months since—the date to fix,
March twenty-seven—time, evening, half-past six;
The neighbourhood, so papers made allusion,
Was thrown into a state of great confusion.
High shot the flames—fercely the fire plugs played—
Loud swore the band of Braidwood's bold brigade;
The engines laboured with unceasing noise,
Policemen scuffled, and huzzed the boys—
Seeing, what once would have been more enjoyed,
A French ship's mast by English fire destroyed.
Whilst—grand effect—the first time for an age,
Real water flooded the Olympic stage!
Or from the engine hose, in streams projected,
Produced an overflow quite unexpected;
And long before the following morning broke,
The Lessee's hope had ended all in smoke!
But English enterprise now laughs at time;
'E'en did the Genl of the Eastern clime
For one night more Aladdin's palace raise,
It would not much surprise us now—a days.
So our new Theatre—all checks despite—
Opens, as promised, upon boxing night;
And our new host has sent me on the stage
Your hand and approbation to engage;
Himself not much accustomed to appear,
To say how glad he is to see you here.
You might have thought, allusion to assist,
The Phoenix, as a type, could not be mis'd;
But those who've studied from the Regent's Park,
Or Surrey gardens, to the child's Noah's Ark,
Knew to believe in it is most absurd,
(I do not mean the office, but the bird.)
In this most practical material age,
The Phoenix shows not even on the stage;
And all that ashes now-a-days produce
Is soda for the washerwoman's use;
More true the simile, still rather old,

That as the chemists tell us, doubtful gold
Through fire sent is purified at last;
So let us hope that through our furnace pass'd,
The Drama's spirit, chastened and refined,
Comes over pure, leaving all dregs behind.
Now, one word for myself in this my speech,
Or rather for my nation, I beseech,
To you who welcomed with a friendly hand
The two poor players from a distant land;
Who gave America fresh cause to prove
Old England's liberality and love,
Believe us ever grateful for the deed,
Nor visit on a nation one wrong deed;
We prize your artists—let me then declare
How proud and glad we are to see them there. [Bell rings.
Oh! goodness, there's the bell! I must away,
Although I still had very much to say;
Anon your verdict we shall come to seek,
So for themselves let our endeavours speak. [Bell.

MY WIFE'S DREAM.

It was towards the end of autumn, in the year 1739, that I had already packed my portmanteau, and prepared for a journey into one of the midland counties. My wife, with a woman's usual superstitious tendencies, entreated me to stay at home, for, as she told me, "she had had a dream." My business being somewhat important, and being a little annoyed at her silly resistance to my project, I answered, I fear, more harshly than usual, for she burst into tears. At this I was much distressed. To leave her in that unhappy mood was out of the question, so I began to expostulate and to explain the absolute necessity of my journey. The controversy ended in a compromise, and I agreed to defer my departure till the evening, though even that arrangement was exceedingly awkward and inconvenient. By this means, my wife had an opportunity of relating her dream at full length. And certainly it was sufficiently startling. She had dreamt that I was attacked by a powerful band of robbers, as I rode through a forest, who dragged me from my horse, then led me to a lonesome cave for the purpose of murdering me. All around the ground was strewn with hideous festering carcasses, who, as I passed, stretched out their skeleton arms to arrest me; and amidst this forbidding company, there was one still more frightful than the rest, clad in a white shadowy shroud, who yet strove to shield me from the assassins. In an instant the vision fled, and my wife could relate no more. Belief in dreams had ever appeared to me the least warranted of human weaknesses; and as I deemed the present moment a good opportunity of making a show of my sagacity, I endeavoured (I hope clearly and satisfactorily) to impress upon the mind of my Margaret, how truly ridiculous and absurd it was to dwell seriously upon such fancies; adding, moreover, that encouraging such superstition was, in my case, the very way to bring about the evil she wished to avert; for instance, if I had been permitted to start upon my journey in the morning, I might by this time have reached the comfortable abode of an old acquaintance, and there have taken up my quarters for the night, whereas, I must now continue riding through the darkness, or commence an acquaintance with the many *disagreements* of some small village inn. All my oratory, however, was ineffectual in calming her disquieting fears. But, as I said before, my business would suffer no delay, so I accordingly set out that same evening. It so happened, I remember, that being about that time somewhat short of ready money, I was induced to make a *detour*, for the purpose of visiting several small towns, where some of my oldest correspondents had left a few accounts unpaid. I should have mentioned, that amidst her distress at my departure, Margaret had strongly urged the use of her curriole for my convenience; but as my physician had lately enjoined horse exercise for my health, I took this opportunity of putting his advice into practice, for which I could otherwise spare but little time from the engagements of the counting house.

As my route would take me within a few miles of my old friend Antony Tredgold, I determined upon visiting the old gentleman, for we had been schoolfellows and playmates together; we had been brought up as merchants in the same house, and we had begun business at the same time. Fortune, however, had not dealt very kindly with him in the

busy world of commerce; so, after more than one ineffectual attempt to win her favours, he retired, while yet in active manhood, to a small estate purchased with the residue of his impaired fortune. As the quiet enjoyments of the country had now become habitual with him, and the recollection of his early misfortunes had gradually induced something like a prejudice against the occupations of town, we had rarely met of late years. I had many times contemplated a visit to him, but calamities of my own, among others the death of my first wife and three of my beloved children, had stepped in and suspended my intentions. The vicinity of his residence, however, left me no excuse, and I called upon him accordingly. My reception was cordial, the best fare the house afforded was at my command, and my host lent his kindest entreaties that I would prosecute my journey no further for that day; but as two days had elapsed since my departure from home, I made that my apology for proceeding onwards, though I was not suffered to leave without the fullest promise of an extended visit as I returned.

Notwithstanding my old friend's cordiality, and his officious regard for my comfort, the visit, upon the whole, had left an uncomfortable impression upon my mind. I had delighted myself with the thoughts of recalling our early youth, when with glad hearts and vivacious tempers we built high hopes of our future progress, and drew the perspective of our lives in fancy's gaudiest colours. I endeavoured to rekindle in my friend's mind some spark of this early enthusiasm; but in vain. The slightest allusion to this subject, I found, was displeasing to him. Once or twice I noticed a constrained patience while I spoke, and, as it appeared to me, an affected solicitude in all his inquiries respecting my own position and pursuits. Yet why should I think thus of Antony Tredgold? Even if my surmises proved correct, they argued no animosity against myself, but proceeded from a temper of sustained disappointment endeavouring to hide a coldness of heart from an old friend who had known him in happier days. Yes, years had perhaps brought miseries to his door that I even had never heard of, and he was anxious, naturally, to hide their corroding influence from my observation. His brow was, indeed, altered, since I had last seen him. Deep furrows were set in his once clear and ample forehead, and full, shaggy eyebrows gave additional force to eyes that shone with unusual lustre. His glance had in it something so wayward, mysterious, and suspicious, that it was almost painful to meet his gaze. His wife, in person a very comely woman, might now be about fifty years of age. There was always in her face a cold and unmeaning grin, which forced expression of good humour was to me particularly disagreeable. It reminded me more frequently of the malevolence of a sorceress than the hearty welcome of a kind and cheerful hostess. They had two sons, the eldest of whom was now about twenty-three years of age, and the other a year younger; but notwithstanding they were both well-proportioned and stalwart youths, with features regular, if not handsome, their demeanour lacked that candour and confidence which is the best ornament to early manhood.

Upon inquiring what their future destination in the world was to be, their father informed me, that they preferred agriculture to every other profession. To this choice I could offer no reasonable objection, although, in my friend's case, country retirement had certainly not tended to increase of happiness. His house was comfortably, almost elegantly, furnished, and the style in which his whole establishment was conducted, was amply sufficient to satisfy a man of moderate desires. Antony Tredgold's anxious and careworn looks, plainly told that this was not the case with him. I therefore timidly suggested, that they might succeed better as merchants, and offered, if he were willing, that I would take the younger son as a clerk in my house. The young man himself expressed no objection to this offer; but his father's reply was barely courteous. "He had," he said, "seen misfortunes enough in trade, and would never suffer any one of his to enter into such mad speculations." To have carried the conversation further, I could plainly see, would only add to his vexation. I therefore broke off abruptly, and, recollecting my own avocation, took my departure, promising on my return to stay at least one night with him.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

THE custom of singing Carols at Christmas is very ancient, and once was almost universal.

The practice was plainly suggested by the Angels' song at Bethlehem. Bishops Andrewes and Jeremy Taylor, &c., confirm the supposition, and Milton adopts the idea in *Paradise Lost*, Book xii.—

"His place of birth a solemn angel tells
To simple shepherds keeping watch by night;
They gladly thither haste, and by a quire
Of squadron'd angels hear his Carol sung."

No satisfactory etymology of the word has yet been propounded. But it is well known to have been a hymn or religious ballad on the subject of the Nativity, sung in some part of the Church service, on Christmas day and its eve, or during the twelve days until Epiphany. Durandus, the old ritualist, records that Bishops were accustomed on the first named festival to "*sing Carols among their Clergy*" in the Cathedral.

They are still frequently sung in village churches. In Wales and elsewhere the people sit up, or "*wait*" until midnight on Christmas eve, when Divine service is performed with Carols introduced into it.

From Churches the practice soon extended to strolling Carol-singing, and is still prevalent in the northern and midland counties. The "*Waits*" have probably a similar origin; they are, however, principally confined to towns. In their present degeneracy they merit little encouragement; their midnight sounds instead of instilling angel dreams, for the most part awaken only "reminiscences of the opera"—polkas and popular songs blown from the cornet.

Allied to Carols were the "*Wassail*" songs; these, however, were merely of a jovial, merry-making character—sang when the Christmas "*Wassail bowl*" was brought in filled with cider or ale warmed with sugar, nutmeg, toast, roasted crabs or apples, &c. In monasteries this favourite beverage was served up in great state at the Abbot's table, and was sanctified by the appellation of "*poculum charitatis*."

Very early notices and specimens of English Carols are extant, from Anglo-Norman downwards. When Henry VII. kept Christmas at Greenwich in 1487, the Dean and other members of the Chapel Royal, who supped with him, after the first course "*sang a caroll*."

Wynkyn de Worde in 1521 has the first printed mention of carols. In 1562, a licence was granted to one Tysdall for printing "*certain godly carols to be sung to the glory of God*." And again, "*Christmas Carols authorized by my Lorde of London*."

Subjoined is a specimen of an old Carol, which is interesting from being the composition of Myles Coverdale, Bishop of Exeter, the first translator of the whole Bible, printed 1536. This is now, it is believed, for the first time reprinted from an unique volume of his "*Psalter*" of nearly the same date:—

"The blessed sonne of God onely
In a cribbe full poore dyd lye
With ovre poor flesh and ovre poor bloode
Was clothed that euerlastyng good.
Kirieleyson.*

"The lorde Christ Jesu gods sonne deare
Was a gest and a straunger here
Vs for to brynge from mysery
That we myght lyue eternally.
Kirieleyson.

"Into this worlde ryght poore came he
To make vs ryche in mercye
Therefore wold he ovre synnes forgeue
That we wyth hym in heauen myght lyue.
Kirieleyson.

"All this dyd he for vs frely
For to declare his great mercy
All christendome be mery therefore
And geue hym thankes euermore.
Kirieleyson.

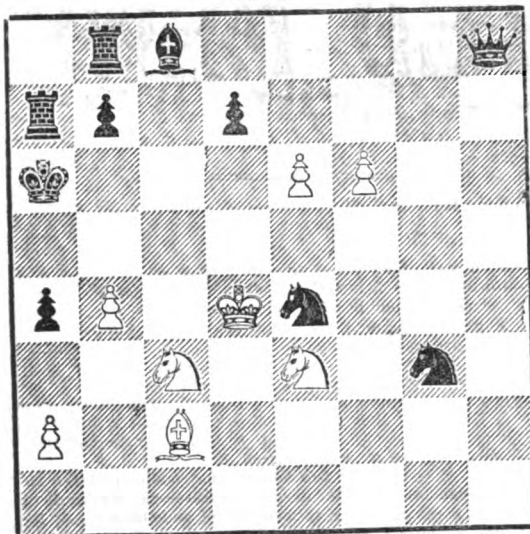
* Lord have mercy upon us!

OUR CHESS BOARD.

PROBLEM No. 1.

White to move and mate in seven moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

The Solution in our next.

Varieties.

PROSE POETRY.—A correspondent shows that some of Mr. Dickens's prose is blank verse, merely requiring division into lines; he instances a portion of the 73rd chapter of "Barnaby Rudge":—

"He raised
His head: gazed upwards at the quiet sky,
Which seemed to smile upon the earth in sadness,
As if the night, more thoughtful than the day,
Looked down in sorrow on the suffering
And evil deeds of men, and felt its peace
Sink deep into his heart."

THE INTEGRITY OF FIGURES.—"Figures don't lie," eh! Well, we've got a note on an Ohio Bank that promises to pay on demand "one dollar," and they won't give us but forty cents for it. If figures don't lie, who does?

Judge Buller used to say, somewhat irreverently, that "his idea of heaven was to sit at Nisi Prius all day, and play at whist all night."

HANDEL'S ORGAN.—It may interest many of our readers to know that in a small but beautiful chapel, in the parish of Whitechurch, Little Stanmore, ten miles from London, is placed the organ once belonging to Handel, and on which he performed, being organist to the Chandos family; also in the churchyard is the tomb of Wm. Powell, the *Harmonious Blacksmith*, who died 27th February, 1789.

A WOMAN'S AFFECTIONS are not her own, Mr. Smithers. "I am well aware of that, madam; they are anybody's who takes the trouble to ask for them." Mrs. Smithers looks daggers.

"I GREW THE REST."—A boy three years of age was asked who made him? With his little hand levelled a foot above the floor, he artlessly replied, "God made me a little baby so high, and I grew the rest."

WHY THE SCOTCH WEAR KILTS.—I shall be off to the Highlands this fall; but cuss 'em, they aint got no woods there—nothin' but heather; and that's only high enough to tear your clothes. That's the reason why the Scotch don't wear no breeches. They don't like to get 'em ragged up in that way for everlasting: they can't afford it; so they let 'em scratch and tear their skin, for that will grow agin, and trousers wont.—*Sam Slick.*

Gossip of the Day.

THE absurd system of French passports is to be abolished. English travellers may, henceforward, visit France without any necessity for practising those preliminary ceremonials which cast a shade upon their journey from its very outset.

A fine young African lion was sold by auction on Wednesday, in Mincing-lane, London, and was knocked down for 115*l*.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF THE INDUSTRY OF ALL NATIONS.—Contracts have been entered into between the Society of Arts and Messrs. James and George Munday (contractors for public works) for carrying out the project of his Royal Highness Prince Albert, President of the Society of Arts, to establish an exhibition of the works of art and industry of all nations in 1851. By the terms of the indenture, which was signed on the 7th ult., the Messrs. Munday undertake, without any security, to carry out this unprecedented exhibition solely on their own responsibility, and to indemnify the Society of Arts from all the expenses and liabilities connected with the execution of the design. They agree to furnish 20,000*l*. to be appropriated as prizes to the most deserving exhibitors, and to erect a capacious building, calculated to cost 50,000*l*. alone, and the site of which will be provided by her Majesty's Commissioners of Woods and Forests. If the receipts from subscriptions towards the object of the exhibition and from the charges for admission to the public prove sufficient, all the funds advanced by the contractors to be repaid, with interest, at the rate of five per cent.; and if a surplus remain the Messrs. Munday will receive two-thirds of it. Since the indenture was signed modifications have been effected in its conditions, in order further to protect the public interests, by his Royal Highness Prince Albert. The conduct of the contractors throughout has been so much to his Royal Highness's satisfaction, that Colonel Phipps has addressed a letter to Mr. Drew, of Guildford, the Messrs. Munday's agent, by command, expressing his Royal Highness's sense of their public spirit and confiding readiness, in their original acceptance of the contract, and of the same feelings as exhibited by them in the present altered circumstances of the undertaking. We understand that a royal commission for inquiring into the best mode of carrying out the Exhibition of Industry of all Nations in 1851 will shortly be issued, and is likely to consist of heads of parties, and interests, members of the present and late administrations, representatives of agriculture, art, science, mechanics, and manufactures. It is proposed, in addition, to nominate any number of local commissioners, so as to represent all interests both at home and abroad.

Within the last few days the words, "Republique Française, Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité," which figured on the palace of the Elysée, and on all the other public buildings in Paris, have disappeared from the Elysée.

A French artist has invented a machine for screwing open the shells of oysters without damaging the inmates.

The supply of London with milk through glazed pipes along the railways from adjacent high-grazing districts has been suggested.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is a small rope like a compact?
2. Why is a title of foreign nobility like a narrative?
3. Why is a young girl like a word of pity?
4. Why is an old woman, impaired in health, like a young woman?
5. Why may G be considered the most useful, and yet the most bitter of letters?
6. Why is a man just breaking or rousing from slumber like one about to attend an ancient celebration over an Irish corse?
7. Why is the letter B like a cane and fire?
8. Why is the letter F like a groat, and also the hardest of letters?
9. Why are countries remote from the sea like growing timber?
10. Why is the letter E like death.

ENIGMA.

A riddle I am, and a riddle I name,
Or transposition, 'tis just the same;
For if rightly you my name transpose
A dealer in rags it will disclose.
I've letters seven, and syllables three,
Now this Enigma solve for me.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA IN No. X.

The word "Pipe."—Windpipe—Hornpipe—Drainpipe, &c. &c.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JOSEPH BRINDLE.—Declined, with thanks.

AN OLD HOUSEWIFE.—Will see that we have anticipated her wishes, and we shall continue to act upon her excellent suggestion.

THOMAS C.—The verses betray considerable merit; but are too irregular for publication.

INQUISITORE.—The surname of her Majesty is Guelph, as before her marriage.

J. A. R. O.—A Title-page and Index will appear at the end of each Volume. For the work you require—try Pickering of Piccadilly.

PATER FAMILIAS.—Your wishes shall be complied with.

Printed and Published by WILLIAM STRANGE,
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THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED NEWS

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1850.

{ ONE PENNY.
{ POST FREE, 2d.

THE LABOUR QUESTION.

AN EXPOSITION OF THE SOCIAL CONDITION OF THE
WORKING CLASSES.

No. II.—THE AGRICULTURAL DISTRICTS.

AT no previous time, perhaps, has the attention of thinking men been so generally or so anxiously directed to questions of a social character as at present. The investigation has brought to notice the strangest anomalies. Men of tried benevolence, but whose whole interests are entirely associated with agricultural localities, are devoting themselves with the most ardent zeal to carry out to a successful issue all the attempts making to alleviate the distress incidental to London, while, at the same time, we townsmen are affrighted by the repeated appeals made, invoking our attention to the state of abject poverty and moral debasement prevalent in the rural districts. The first symptom of man's progress in civilization is furnished in the character of his habitation. Whatever progress he may make in other directions, every future step he takes is marked by improvement in this. First, the hovel; then, the hut; and lastly, the house, progressing in perfection, until, having become comfortable, it is rendered elegant and ornate. Such is the

result when man is left free to develop his condition. In our towns, at present, where the poor reside, six or seven families occupy one small house, using one front door, one passage, one staircase, one small yard, and necessary. There is usually a very inadequate supply of water, to a small butt in the yard, open at the top at all times and seasons, and therefore receiving a constant increase of mud, slime, and rubbish, full of insects, blacks, and filth from the house, from which the water is taken for all domestic purposes; the back yard a receptacle for all kinds of refuse, filth, and damp, besides a constant pestilential odour escaping from the cesspool.

We will now proceed to consider the condition of the house-accommodation of the labouring classes engaged in agriculture in the counties of Bucks, Berks, Wilts, and Oxford. From our own personal observation, we can attest the truth of the following relation, given by the Commissioner of the *Morning Chronicle*, as far as regards the counties of Berks and Oxford:—

"Amongst those not practically conversant with rural affairs, the impression prevails that the bulk of the labourers live in detached residences on the different farms, with a certain tie existing between them and the soil, and, by consequence, between them and its occupiers. In Scotland, and in some portions of the North of England, this is the case to a great



THE AGRICULTURAL LABOURER'S HOME.

extent, although not now to the same extent as formerly. In England, the case is different. Many labourers are hired with their board included, when, of course, accommodation is provided them on the farm. But the great bulk of them form a distinct class of society, inhabiting the outskirts of the rural towns and villages, which they monopolize to themselves, having no capital or resource but their labour, no certainty that that will be called into exercise, and no guarantee for its employment, even when it is called into use, beyond a week at a time. It were better for them, as a class, to be kept more apart from each other than they are, for it is not under all circumstances that men improve from the constant intercourse which is the result of their congregating in masses together. In some cases, the sites of their villages belong to one proprietor, in others, to several; but it by no means follows that they are employed either on the farm of which a village site may form a part, or even on the property of which the farm may be but a portion. Their labour is at the command of any one who bids for it; and as their employment is precarious, and their wages fluctuating, their lives are spent, in the majority of cases, in constant oscillation between their homes and the workhouse, with no alternative beyond but starvation or the gaol.

"What is wanted for a poor man and his family is a cottage, with sufficient room, in a healthy situation, and with adequate provision made for light, drainage, and ventilation. This demand comprises nothing but what is absolutely required for health, comfort, and decency. To these the poorest, when industrious, as well as the richest, are entitled, as far as the resources of the nation can supply them. The cottage should be constructed of stone, or brick, and covered with tiles, or slate. It should contain at least five rooms—two below—viz., one for a kitchen and general purposes, and another for a pantry and washing room; and three bed-rooms above, one for the parents, and the other two for the children, the boys and girls occupying separate rooms. It should not be built back to back with another cottage, which would prevent its having those openings in front and behind so necessary to proper ventilation. The flooring of the lower rooms should be of wood, bricks, or flags—never of mud. It should have a moderately-sized garden attached to it, and should be provided, at a convenient distance, with a necessary, care being taken, by drainage and otherwise, to prevent any pestiferous influence upon the health of the family. There is nothing in this beyond what is sedulously provided for the pauper and the culprit.

"But where are such domiciles to be found in the possession of the agricultural labourer? Here and there, a benevolent landlord has built them, and let them at moderate rents to the labourers on his estate; nor does it occur to any one, on seeing them, that their occupiers are too comfortably housed. To a large family, accommodation short of this is privation, which is more or less the lot of nine-tenths of the labouring classes. If the reader will accompany me, I shall lead him into a cabin constituting the abode of some of his contemporaries and fellow-subjects. The cabin is so rude and uncouth that it has less the appearance of having been built than of having been suddenly thrown up out of the ground. The length is not above 15 feet, its width being 10 and 12. The wall, which has sunk at different points, and seems bedewed with a cold sweat, is composed of a species of imperfect sandstone, which is fast crumbling to decay. It is so low, that your very face is almost on a level with the heavy thatched roof that covers it, and which seems to be pressing it into the earth. The thatch is thickly encrusted with a bright green vegetation, which, together with the appearance of the trees and the mason-work around, well attests the prevailing humidity of the atmosphere. In front it presents to the eye a door, with one window below, and another, a smaller one, in the thatch above. The door is awry, from the sinking of the wall; the glass in the window above, is unbroken, but the lower one is, here and there, stuffed with rags, which keep out both the air and the sunshine. As you look at the crazy fabric, you marvel how it stands. It is so twisted and distorted, that it seems as if it never had been strong and compact, and as if, from the very first, it had been erected, not as a human abode, but as a humble monument to dilapidation. But let us enter. You approach the doorway through the mud, over some loose stones, which rock under your feet; you have to stoop for admission, and cautiously look around ere you fairly trust yourself within. There are but two rooms in the house—one below, and the other above. On leaving the bright light without, the room which you enter is so dark that, for a time, you can with difficulty discern the objects which it contains. Before you is a large, but cheerless fire-place—it is not every poor man that may be said to have a hearth—with a few smouldering embers of a small wood fire, over which still hangs a pot recently used for some culinary purpose; at one corner stands a small rickety table, whilst scattered about are three old chairs, one without a back, and a stool or two, which,

with a very limited and imperfect washing apparatus, and a shelf or two, for plates, tea-cups, &c., constitute the whole furniture of the apartment. What could be more cheerless or comfortless? And yet you fancy that you could put up with everything but the close earthy smell, which you endeavour in vain to escape by breathing short and quickly.

"As you enter, a woman rises and salutes you, timidly. She is not so old as she looks, for she is careworn and sickly. She has an infant in her arms; and three other children, two girls and a boy, are rolling along the damp uneven brick floor at her feet. They have nothing on their feet, being clad only down to the knees in similar garments of rag and patchwork. They are filthy; and on remarking it, we are told, whiningly, by the mother, that she cannot keep them clean. By-and-by, another child enters, a girl, with a few pieces of dry wood, which she has picked up in the neighbourhood for fuel. Nor is this the whole family yet. There are two boys, who are out with their father at work—the three being expected in every moment to dinner. They enter shortly afterwards. The father is surprised, and, for a little, evidently somewhat disconcerted at the intrusion—doubtful as to whether it may bode him good or evil. We soon put him at his ease and the family proceed to dine. The eldest girl holds the child, whilst the mother takes the pot from the fire, and pours out of it into a large dish a quantity of potatoes. This, together with a little bread and some salt butter, for the father and the two eldest boys, forms the entire repast. There is neither beef, bacon, nor beer. Bread, potatoes, and water form the dinner, as well of the growing child, as of the working man. They had a little bacon on Sunday last—it is now Thursday, and they will not taste bacon till Sunday again, and perhaps not even then. But whilst they are over their scanty repast, let us take a glance at their sleeping accommodations.

"These are above, and are gained by means of a few grassy and rickety steps, which lead through a species of hatchway in the ceiling. Yes, there is but one room, and yet we counted nine in the family! And such a room! The small window in the roof admits just light enough to enable you to discern its character and dimensions. The rafters, which are all exposed, spring from the very floor, so that it is only in the very centre of the apartment that you have any chance of standing erect. The thatch oozes through the woodwork which supports it—the whole being begrimed with smoke and dust, and replete with vermin. There are no cobwebs, for the spider only spreads his net where flies are likely to be caught. You look in vain for a bedstead; there is none in the room. But there are their beds, lying side by side on the floor, almost in contact with each other, and occupying nearly the whole length of the apartment. The beds are large sacks, filled with the chaff of oats, which the labourer sometimes gets, and at others purchases from his employer. The chaff of wheat and barley is used on the farm for other purposes. The bed next the hatchway is that of the father and mother, with whom sleeps the infant, born but a few months ago in this very room. In the other beds sleep the children, the boys and girls together. The eldest girl is in her twelfth year, the eldest boy having nearly completed his eleventh, and they are likely to remain for years in the condition in which we now find them. With the exception of the youngest children, the family retire to rest about the same hour, generally undressing below, and then ascending and crawling over each other to their respective resting places for the night. There are two blankets on the bed occupied by the parents, the others being covered with a very heterogeneous assemblage of materials. It not unfrequently happens that the clothes worn by the parents in the daytime form the chief part of the covering of the children by night. Such is the dormitory in which, lying side by side, the nine, whom we have just left below at their wretched meal, will pass the night. The sole ventilation is through the small aperture occupied by what is termed, by courtesy, a window. In other words, there is scarcely any ventilation at all. What a den in the hour of sickness or death! What a den, indeed, at any time!"

Let it not be said that this picture is overdrawn, or that it is a concentration, for effect, into one point, of defects spread in reality over a large surface. As a type of the extreme of household wretchedness in the rural districts, it is underdrawn. The cottage in question has two rooms; some have only one, with as great a number of inmates to occupy it. Some of them, again, have three or four rooms, with a family occupying each room, each family amounting, in some cases, to nine or ten individuals. In some cottages, too, a lodger is accommodated, who occupies the same apartment as the family. Such is the condition of a very great number of Englishmen—not in the backwoods of a remote settlement, but in the heart of Anglo-Saxon civilization, in the year of grace 1850. It behoves the

"gentlemen of England,
Who live at home at ease,"

to ponder seriously upon the condition of such of their fellow-

subjects as are so wretchedly circumstanced. I have seen the wigwam of an Indian, pitched in the forest in the course of a night, when the snow lay four feet deep around, which was dry, light, warm, and commodious, as compared with the hut which has just been described. The inmates, too, were well clad in their warm moccasins, dressed skins, and ample blankets, profusely decorated with beads, the stained porcupine quill, and the hair of the moose deer. Yet these are the men whom we term savages. The difference between a savage and a civilized man is a mere difference of condition: so far as his physical condition is concerned, the American Indian is in advance of the English peasants. He has better shelter, better clothing, and more substantial food. If the Indian's mind is untutored, the intellectual training of the peasant is unfortunately not such as to make the contrast, on this side, very favourable to him. Yet the one is, in our estimate, a civilized and Christian man, the other a savage who paints himself; but a dash of paint is better any day than dirt.

But it may be urged, that the misery here depicted is exceptional, and that it cannot be accepted as the type of the condition of any numerous body of the peasantry. I speak now of only four of the forty counties of England, and assert that is the type of the condition of the great bulk of the peasantry in these counties. They may not be all equally wretched as regards some of the comforts of life, because they are not all equally burdened with large families. But the house accommodation of the great majority of them is of the lowest and most miserable description.

There is ground for this opinion in the condition of the labourer on the great bulk of what was once the Duke of Buckingham's property, as also in that of the peasantry on the Marlborough estates. The state of their domiciles in the vicinity of Aylesbury, Wycombe, and Oxenden, will also attest its truth. Leaving Bucks, and passing into Oxfordshire, we have not to go far for evidence of its soundness. Taking the town of Thame as a centre, and describing around it a circle with a radius of about seven miles, we have abundant proof in the portions of the circle which fall within that county—excepting the property of Mr. Henley, M.P.—that the house accommodation afforded to the labourer is not what it should be. Perhaps the climax of misery in this respect, in the district, is to be found in the village of Towersey, about a mile distant from Thame. One house was pointed out to me there, with four rooms, each room occupied by a separate family, some of the families being very numerous. It was a two-story house, covered with tiles. There was no communication between the upper and lower stories, the former being approached from the outside by a flight of stone steps, which rose over the door leading into the latter. One of the families counted eight or ten, of both sexes, some of whom had attained to maturity.

Passing into Berkshire, we find insufficiency and even wretchedness of accommodation to be the rule in every direction. In the neighbourhood of Lambourn and Hungerford, not far from Reading, and almost under the shadows of Old Windsor itself, this is found to be the case. In Wiltshire, it is notoriously and extensively so. Not far from Calne are cottages of a very inferior description. Almost midway between Old and New Sarum, too, specimens of a very questionable description may be seen. The old and the new are here brought within the compass of a single vision, showing the advance which society has made in the lapse of centuries; but the peasantry seem not to have participated in that advance.

A considerable portion of the agricultural labourers live in the outskirts of the larger rural towns. Here their domiciles are of the most wretched kind. Salisbury, Aylesbury, and Windsor are pre-eminent in this respect. Salisbury lies low; the cathedral itself being sometimes inundated after long continued and heavy rains; nevertheless it is most imperfectly drained, although a stream of water runs in an open channel through almost every street.

During the prevalence of the cholera here, many of the inhabitants were encamped in tents in the fields, whilst their filthy habitations were being cleansed and ventilated; Salisbury, notwithstanding, lost one out of every forty of its population. The "Duck End" part of Aylesbury almost baffles description, whilst Windsor remains as it was when reported upon in 1842, as being about the filthiest, and worse drained town in the kingdom. Hence the complicated forms of disease with which the communities in the rural districts are so often afflicted. Diseases of a catarrhal character, dysentery, and fever, particularly of the typhoid type, are constantly lurking about their wretched habitations; hence, too, the vice which so alarmingly prevails—for impurity of mind becomes the invariable concomitant of habitual impurity of body.

Hearing at Aylesbury of a village named Gibraltar, about five miles distant, on which the cholera fell with terrible severity, I proceeded to the spot. The village consists of a very few houses, of an inferior description, and its whole population

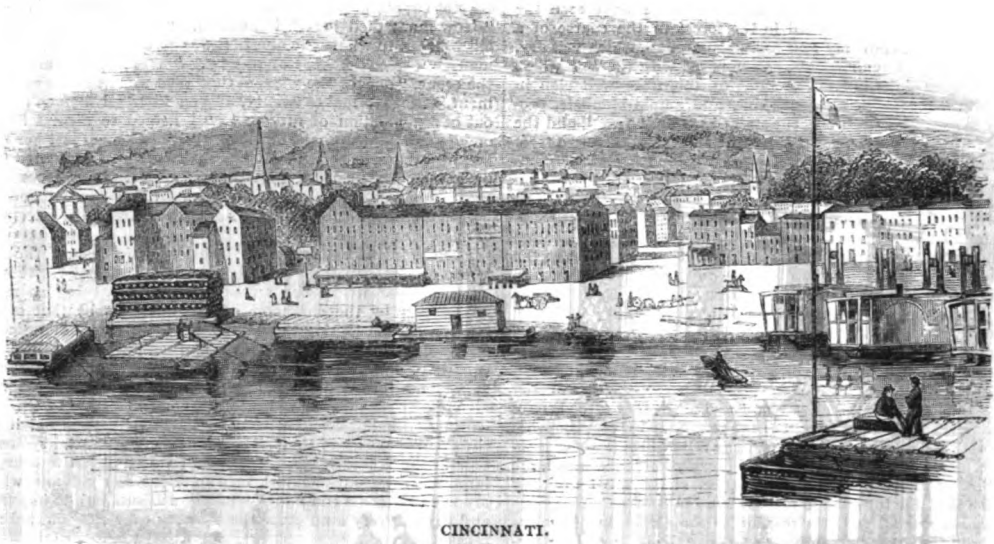
did not exceed fifty-six previous to the visitation of the cholera. "How many died here," I inquired. "Nineteen," replied an old woman, to whom the question was put. "Twenty," said a man, in a smock frock, standing by. "Well, to be sure," said the crone, "one of the women that died was near her confinement, and that makes twenty, if you like." Nineteen deaths out of a population of fifty-six! "I helped to lay out five in one day," said a woman, about thirty, who herself lost her husband by the scourge. The population was thus decimated in a day. Sixteen died the first week, and three the second: it then disappeared. One family, consisting of a man and his wife and six children, entirely disappeared, with the exception of one child.

For the insufficient accommodation they do possess, the cottagers almost invariably pay high rents. The rent varies from 6d. to 2s. per week; the amount of rent not being so much determined by the character of the house as by that of the landlord. Considering the extent to which their domestic circumstances influence the views and conduct of families, the condition, in this respect, of the great mass of the peasantry affords matter for serious reflection. If the description here given be applicable—and I challenge an assertion to the contrary—to the household condition of a great proportion, if not the great majority of them, it is evident that our social system is based upon a quicksand; for where privation is left to usurp so largely the place of comfort, men's notions of right and wrong are apt to become confused—modesty will succumb to impurity, and vice of every kind gain the mastery over religion and morality."

BANVARD'S PANORAMA OF THE OHIO RIVER.

GREAT as was the success that attended the panorama of the Mississippi, it is likely to be outdone by the present exhibition. This, like the former, is the production of Mr. Banvard, consequently is marked by all that minute *vraisemblance* and courageous contempt for mere pictorial effect that so startled the critics on the first appearance of the Mississippi painting. Although painted upon this principle, it appears to be impossible for an artist to undertake a delineation of the banks of the Ohio, and produce a work that shall not be picturesque. Indeed, from its manifold beauties, the river derives its name of the Ohio, signifying among the Indians, the beautiful. It is worthy of the name, for it is certainly one of the most beautiful rivers in the world. It is formed by the confluence of the Monongahola and Alleghany rivers, in the state of Pennsylvania; flows through a populous and highly cultivated country for nearly a thousand miles, until it empties its water into the Mississippi. Its general course is south-west, and its average width about a mile. Several large tributaries, some of which, almost equal the Ohio itself in size, empty themselves into it. Its bosom is studded with hundreds of beautiful and romantic islands, while cities, towns, and villages adorn its banks, alternating with the spreading prairie and the primeval forest. All descriptions of water craft, from the majestic steamer to the rude flat boat, are engaged in the extensive trade that is carried on along its shores.

The panorama commences at the mouth of the Little Miami river, and, in the foreground, exhibits the singular mode of building the hull of a flat boat. These boats, which are constructed for the purpose of floating farm produce, sometimes as far as New Orleans, never make but one voyage; upon reaching their destination, they are broken up and converted into log huts, or applied to any other convenient purpose. They are invariably built by the boatmen themselves. The first point we reach of any particular interest is the city of Cincinnati, termed in the States, the Queen City of the West. This is the largest inland city of America. It is situated in a beautiful valley, shut in by hills of peculiar loveliness. From the summit of these hills, a grand prospect is presented of the city, with all its streets, gardens, public buildings, and numerous manufactories—the bright and winding Ohio alive with the bustle and activity of its river craft—as the eye surveys the whole amphitheatre at once, the spectator is forced to confess that few spots afford a more pleasing scene. We now reach the North Bend, so called from the bend of the river curving north, where lived for many years the late President of the United States—General Harrison, and whose log cabin can still be seen upon the banks of the river. The general survived his

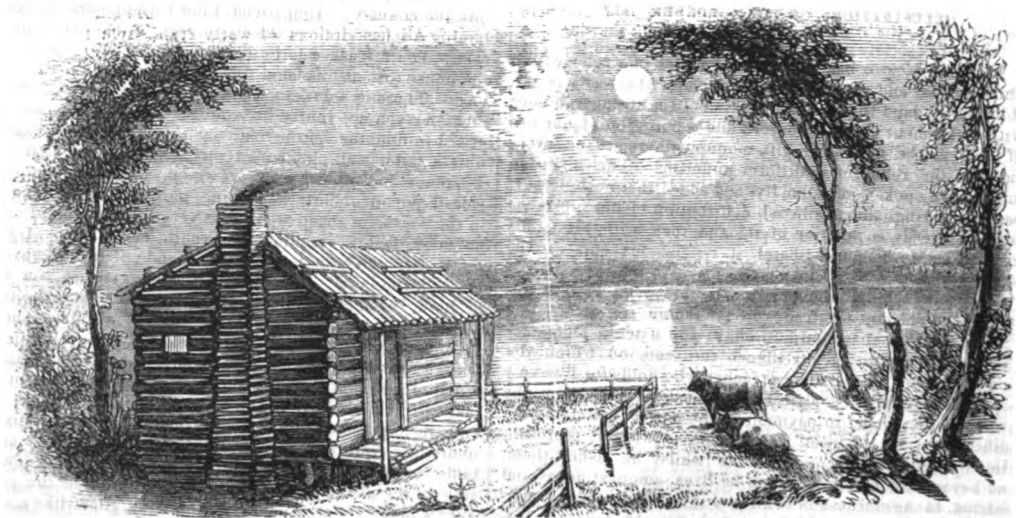


inauguration as President but thirty days. After passing the great Miami river, we approach a scene peculiarly characteristic of the far west, called a Dead'ning; showing the manner in which the lands are cleared previous to cultivation. The bark is chipped off in a circle round the shaft of the trees, which prevents the sap from ascending, thus depriving the tree of life, or, as it is called in the back woods, "deadened." When thus decayed, the trees are burned. The representation of the burning forest is one of the most striking points of the panorama. We next pass the town of Veray, a Swiss colony, founded in 1840, for the cultivation of the grape; since then its members have been constantly increasing, and a considerable quantity of wine is now annually made. Passing Snaggy Bar, a most dangerous part of the river, we come to Madison, the county town of Jefferson, county Indiana. It was laid out in 1811, is well built, and one of the most pleasant and thriving towns on the Ohio. A representation of one of the White Fogs, prevalent upon all the western rivers, is very cleverly managed. After passing the Six Mile Islands, Jeffersonville, and Corn Island (the latter named from the first cultivated grain being grown there by the early settlers) we approach the rapids, leading to the Fall of the Ohio. From the first break in the rapids to the foot of the falls, is a declination of twenty-two

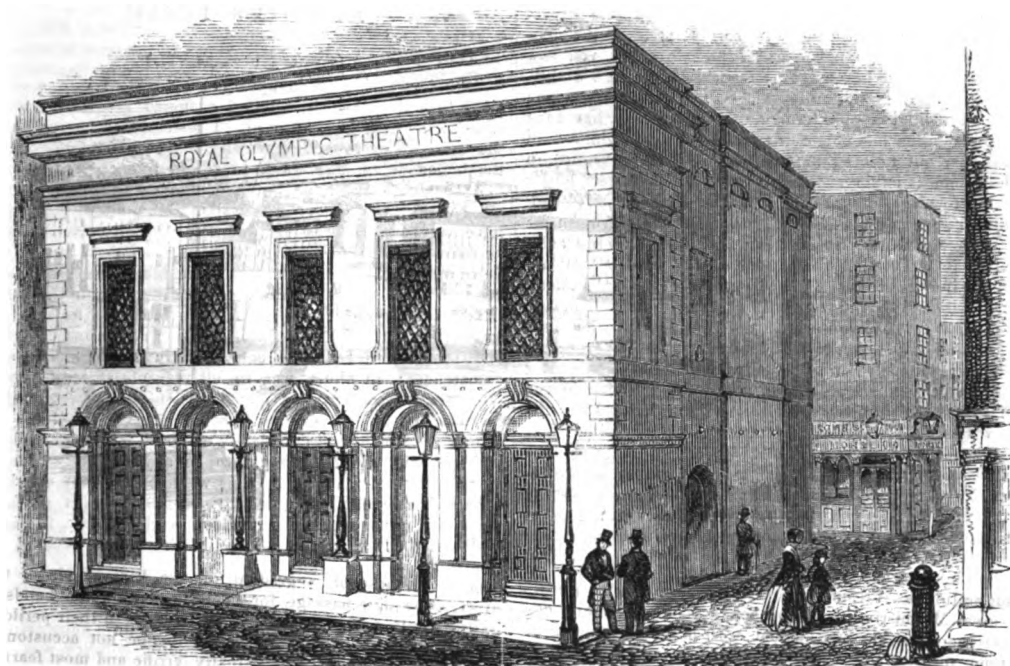
feet. The descent is gradual on the Indian side of the river, allowing a passage for boats, which, in the hands of skilful pilots, seldom meet with an accident in their perilous descent among the rocks; although to one not accustomed to the like, such a passage is really terrific and most fearful.

In navigating such a river as the Ohio, it must be apparent that lightness of draught must be an indispensable quality in all the craft employed, and notwithstanding the extraordinary size of its steamers—those floating hotels of the Western rivers, many of which are upwards of 300 feet in length—their draught rarely exceeds twelve or fifteen inches. So jealous are the captains of the reputation of their boats in this particular, that many of them state their vessels as drawing but *eight* inches; while an instance is related by the lecturer, of a Cincinnati captain, who would undertake to steam his boat across the country any morning, *after a heavy dew!*

Altogether, Mr. Banvard's new panorama at the Egyptian Hall affords a most pleasing entertainment, and is as instructive as it is entertaining. A pervading air of vastness, well becoming a mighty river in the boundless West, is imparted to the painting, whilst the literal *daguerreotype* treatment only increases its authenticity without impairing its more popular *ad captandum* interest.



LOG HUT ON THE BANKS OF THE OHIO.



EXTERIOR OF THE NEW OLYMPIC THEATRE.

EXTERIOR OF THE NEW OLYMPIC THEATRE.

WE this week give a view of the exterior of this edifice, which, though presenting no extraordinary architectural beauty, is an advance upon the unsightly façade of the old theatre, with its clumsy portico; while the comfort of the public is considerably ensured by the removal of the gallery entrance to the back of the building. Should the contemplated street improvements take place in the neighbourhood of Wyeh-street, the architect can readily confer a more elaborate decoration on his façade, so as to be in keeping with the most ornate of street architecture, should any such ever displace the present Holywell and Wyeh streets, or rear its head among the purlieus of Clare-market.

THE IDOL OF THE AGE.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE "GOLDEN CALF."

I.

M. GUIZOT, who has studied the English character with a philosophical and searching spirit, declares that there is nothing in the land that so fills the mind of the stranger at once with amazement at our resources and admiration of our use of them, as the noble free-gift monuments raised on every side for the relief of multiform suffering. The historian might have spoken more boldly, and added that nothing surpasses the Englishman's lavish distribution of his substance save his greedy acquisition of it; and that whilst it is his great virtue to be purse-liberal, it is also his curse to be purse-proud.

There are a hundred anomalies in our social system impossible to account for if we do not admit the fact. You enter a crowded chapel on a Sunday; you listen to eloquence that weekly fills to inconvenience the seats on which you find no resting place. The preacher who holds forth is very popular. He receives at least a thousand a-year from the owner of the chapel in payment of the power that crams the edifice even to the roof. His name is without reproach. His congregation revere him even whilst he lashes them, and beyond the parish in which he lives, amongst deans and bishops, his usefulness is confessed if not patronized. His standard of doctrine and life is very high. He tells you that to be covetous is to ensure your own certain ruin; he warns

you that to desire wealth and the good things of this life, to strive for riches, to be discontented with the competence you have, is to forego your rich inheritance; he cites authority for his denunciations; he submits chapter and verse; and after he has convinced you by his references, he strikes home the pregnant truths by a force of oratory that melts and wins you to his argument. You go home, resolved to be a wiser and a better man upon the Monday: but on the Monday you take up a newspaper—a golden lectureship is vacant—four hundred a-year, and a sermon once a-week; one or two poor curates with eighty pounds per annum would give their ears for it; but there are many applicants for the prize, and before them all stands the name of your popular instructor, notwithstanding his creed, his thousand a-year, and the sermon upon self-denial that almost drew you from the error of your ways.

II.

You are, perhaps, a lord. Parliament being up, you go into the country. Your friend, Lord Birmingham, is "entertaining a select circle of the aristocracy" at his noble country seat. You are asked to join the favoured few. You reach the house just at luncheon time. The guests are all assembled. There is a duke, a marquess, an earl, a viscount, and a baron; you are yourself a younger son, and are not surprised to find the baron toadying the duke—as though he were a tailor waiting upon a city knight. Let that pass. There are two other guests, [if we may call that poor, silent, pale-faced, uncomfortable-looking, self-immolated young man in the corner, a guest, who looks very like a criminal taking his meals before execution,] a youth and a man of forty. Everybody votes the former absent, and nobody can have too much of the latter. The youth is a clergyman's son, tutor to Lord Birmingham's son and heir; he took honours at Cambridge, and means to fight hard in the world by and by. He has gentle blood in his veins, but not a sixpence in his pocket; part of his salary goes home to his family, and as much of his good breeding and learning as the patient will take is transferred to the son and heir. The scholar is good enough to stand *in loco parentis* to his pupil; but his honours, his erudition, and his cultivation buy for him at the table the simple rank of an upper servant. You know the style of the place, and are not surprised to see the youth, after a moderate and silent repast, retreat, ghost-like and unnoticed, from the fine apartment. Well, the aristocracy have

a duty to perform; they must sustain their order, and respect themselves. You hear a horse-laugh. It is from the gentleman of forty. You never met him before, but you saw somebody very like him as you once passed through Smithfield-market. It is the renowned Snobson; ten years ago he served behind a counter (many a better man has done it). Speculation and something else have made him a man of millions, but nothing more. Vulgarly is enthroned in his heart and is exuberant on his tongue. My lord's butler is a king to him—an emperor—a pope. The humblest occupant of plush is a hero at his side. You feel it when he talks, moves, eats, or drinks; your flesh creeps in his company; you suspect that the groom of the chambers would think the individual out of his place in the steward's room. You are satisfied that if you could scrape off all the gold that encases that carcass, you would find nothing but the mud-diety of mud huts. You have the keenest possible perception of all this; yet Lady Birmingham, who treats her son's tutor as though he were a learned pig, and nothing higher in the animal chain, is absorbed in visible admiration. It is the same with all the ladies; and as for the gentlemen—including the Duke—they are as proud of their acquaintance as they are innocent of his vulgarity and complaisant to his grossness. You know well enough what it all means. The thing is made of money. But then you remember again that the aristocracy have a duty to perform; must sustain their order and respect themselves, and, for the life of you, you cannot conceive how the personal respect is consistent with the degrading adulation.

DOMESTIC AND USEFUL.

GOOSE AND TURKEY GIBLETS.—A RAGOUT OF.—Put them into half a gallon of warm water to disgorge for a few hours, then dry them on a cloth, cut into pieces, not too small; put into a stewpan a quarter of a pound of good lean bacon, with two ounces of butter; when a little brown, add your giblets, and fry for twenty minutes longer, stirring it together; add a little flour, a good bouquet of parsley, twenty button onions, same number of pieces of carrot and turnip, two saltspoons of salt, the same of sugar, stew together one hour until tender, skim off the fat, dish up the meat, reduce the salt if required, take bouquet out and sauce over the giblets; both goose and turkey giblets take the same time to stew. If any remaining, they will make a capital pie or pudding, or merely warm up with a little broth or water, and a little flour.—*M. SOYER.*

HOW TO CHOOSE AND BOIL EGGS.—The safest way to try them is to hold them to a light, forming a focus with your hand; should the shell be covered with small dark spots they are very doubtful, and should be broken separately in a cup, and each egg smelt previous to using them. If, however, in looking at them, you see no transparency in the shells, you may be sure they are rotten, and only fit to be thrown away. The most precise way is to look at them by the light of a candle. If quite fresh, there are no spots upon the shells, and they have a brilliant tint. New laid eggs should not be used until they have been laid eight or ten hours, for that part which constitutes the white is not properly set before that time, and does not obtain its delicate flavour. Three minutes are sufficient to boil a full-sized egg, but if below the average size, two minutes and a half will suffice. Never boil eggs for salads, sauces, or any other purposes, more than ten minutes, and, when done, place them in a basin of cold water for five minutes to cool. Nothing is more indigestible than egg too hard boiled.—*M. SOYER.*

IRISH STEW.—Cut up about two lbs. of a neck of mutton into small cutlets, which put into a proper sized stew-pan, with some of the fat of the mutton; season with three spoonfuls of salt, half an ounce of pepper, the same of sugar, six middle-sized onions, in a quart of water; set them to boil and simmer for half an hour; then add six middling-size potatoes, cut in halves or quarters; stir it together and let it stew gently for about one hour longer. If too fat skim the top, but if well done, the potatoes will absorb all. Any other part of the mutton may be served in the same way. A bay leaf added varies the flavour.—*M. SOYER.*

HOW TO SECURE DRY FEET AND SAVE YOUR SHOES LEATHER.—A correspondent of the *Mechanics' Magazine* says:—"I have had three pairs of boots for the last six years, (no shoes,) and I think I shall not require any more for the next six years to come. The reason is that I treat them in the following manner:—I put a pound of tallow and half a pound of rosin in a pot on the fire; when melted and mixed, I warm the boots and apply the hot stuff with a painter's brush until neither the sole nor the upper leather will suck in any more. If it is desired that the boots should immediately take a polish, dissolve an ounce of wax in a teaspoonful of lamp-black. A day after the boots have been treated with the tallow and rosin, rub over them this wax in turpentine, but not before the fire. Thus the exterior will have a coat of wax alone, and shine like a mirror. Tallow or any other grease becomes rancid, and rots the stitching as well as the leather; but the rosin gives it an antiseptic quality which preserves the whole. Boots and shoes should be so large as to admit the wearing cork soles. Cork is so bad a conductor of heat that with it in the boots, the feet are always warm on the coldest stone floor."

MY WIFE'S DREAM.

(Continued from page 87.)

THE impression made upon me by this visit was sufficient to call up reflections that occupied my mind until I reached my next halting place. I remembered having heard the delights of the country, and the easy contentment of the husbandman, asserted so loud and frequently, that one might suppose that none but a madman would remain confined within the gloomy city walls. How often, thought I, have we been assured that cheerfulness, tranquillity, and health are to be found with unfailing certainty among the fields and woods; while the townsman must necessarily be a miserable and gloomy animal. How different, on the other hand, is reality, of which my friend's fate is a notable example! In town, he had uniformly been active and cheerful, and seemed to be quite contented in his domestic circumstances; in short, was in all respects at least happy. One glance, however, was now sufficient, to ascertain that he was to the last degree dissatisfied with his lot; his former merriment had completely declined, nor between him and his wife did there seem to be any cordial union of spirit. His sons, young as they were, had already acquired their father's gloom and perplexity of mind; and if, on their parts, this could not be the result of worldly cares, it might have other causes, perhaps low libertinism and sensual indulgence.

As I emerged from the gateway, the very landscape seemed to have put on a more dreary aspect during my stay, or my imperfect observation had not before marked its more gloomy and repulsive features. The surrounding country was one dull, sandy flat, here and there dotted with small clumps of dark fir trees—no cheerful meadows or pleasant running streams to vary its oppressive monotony; only, at a slight distance stood a dark and stagnant pool, dispensing fetid odours. It was a relief to gain the entrance to a wood; yet even there the unbroken sameness and silence of the road became at last insupportably tiresome. At length, a turn in the road brought me to the open country. Its first aspect was not very inviting; but, upon gaining the brow of a lofty eminence, a delightful prospect opened before me. Here were the last busy, yet pleasing occupations of harvest time being performed amidst much noise and mirth, in the parting gleams of a rich autumnal sunset. Now and then came a small group of labourers, wending homewards with jaded steps, while before them gaily ran troops of little fair-haired children, sending their ringing laughter far into the still evening air, and trailing amongst them long wreaths of poppies,

— and other idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.

In the mid distance, floating upon the clear purple bosom of a broad and winding river, were large and sluggish barges, their sails gleaming in the low rays of the setting sun; and towering high in the background, among majestic elms and one or two sombre yew-trees, there just peeped one of those massive square towers, "gray with hoar antiquity," without which no English landscape seems complete. As I had always taken particular pleasure in treasuring up recollections of rural scenery, I drank in with extreme delight the amenities of the scene before me, and was gratified in finding that though one, as Mr. John Milton has it, "long in populous cities pent," I still retained sufficient freshness of imagination and purity of taste to recognise and enjoy such beauties as nature here presented. In the neighbouring town, my commercial transactions first began, and gradually approaching its gates, I became sensible that my little poetical enthusiasm was fast subsiding, and leaving me to my more customary and sober mood.

The dealings of a wholesale merchant in a large city with the petty retailers of a country town are invariably productive of much confusion in the accounts, and their adjustment is nearly always accompanied with many bickerings and no little trouble. How often have I been forced to observe of these people, who, in their little way, exhibit so many paltry stratagems and endeavours at circumvention, that one ought absolutely to have new weights and scales and a new measuring rod to deal with them to their satisfaction. Their

sphere is so limited, that, in comparing accounts, they set to work with a tediousness and circumstantiality, that drive any opulent merchant beyond the bounds of patience, and, notwithstanding this, they have no pretensions to punctuality and good order; for the domestic arrangements of every family, which in a small town are talked of by the whole inhabitants, give each householder more than enough to do. It was upon these considerations that I had undertaken my journey, confident that my appearance alone could prevent the serious losses arising from their impertinent and protracted delays. With a good deal of trouble, I was fortunate enough to obtain payment of several heavy sums, which I insisted upon being paid in gold, as silver would have been inconvenient to carry in the small space afforded by my saddle-bags. These difficulties, which I may perhaps have noted too strictly, were, however, overcome both in this and several other small towns, and I found that I had completed my business within the time I had prescribed for my journey.

At one of the places which I was obliged to visit, it was not without great alarm that I found one of my household servants waiting for me with a letter. I opened it with trepidation, expecting some disastrous news from home, but in this I was mistaken. My wife wrote to me, that since my departure she had been troubled with the most fearful apprehensions, which she had been enabled to quiet only by determining to send out a confidential servant, and entreating that he might be allowed to continue his attendance for the remainder of my absence. She had been again terrified by a spectral dream, from which she was assured that some dreadful misfortune now hung over me. Vexed as I happened to be at the moment, by an altercation I had encountered with one of my troublesome debtors,—startled, too, by the man's unexpected appearance, and provoked at my wife's childish superstition, I was in no humour to comply with her request. On the contrary, I expressed great displeasure that she should have sent the servant from home, where his assistance was always required in the warehouse; and turned him back with a letter, in which I begged that she would not trouble me any more with such unpardonable folly, reminding her at the same time that the personal safety of every traveller was, as far as possible, guarded by an active county constabulary. On that day and the two following, my journey led through a populous and flourishing district; one town or other was always in view; the weather, too, was cheering and delightful, so that I felt no regret at having dismissed the servant.

My transactions being now concluded, I determined upon returning homewards, but by another route, which was equally convenient for a traveller on horseback, and considerably shorter than the high road. And now I began to think that it would have been wiser in me to have retained my wife's courier, for I had with me a large sum of money, and its weight was too obvious to escape notice when the portmanteau was taken from my horse at an inn, and oftentimes left in the care of my host. It was hardly to be expected that the thoughts of robbery would not enter into the mind of some one or another, and more than probable that attempts would be made to put such plans into execution. Beside this, I had on my present route to traverse large tracts of forest country; and the autumnal weather beginning to break, I was forced, for expedition, to continue my way long after nightfall. I was, however, well mounted, and provided with an excellent pair of pistols, by which I trusted that, in the hour of need, I should be enabled to defend my life and property. The first day of my homeward journey I still kept on the high road, but there was many a long mile betwixt me and any place where I could meet accommodation for the night. My horse began to give evident signs of fatigue, and I was half famished with hunger, and spent with exertion, when, about nightfall, I was fortunate enough to light upon an inn. What a strange reception awaited me! I had no sooner crossed the threshold than I augured the worst ills from the depraved visages of the landlord and his wife. It is impossible to conceive a more determined concentration of savage wildness and malicious discontent than was betrayed by these people. I would willingly have retired to rest, if hunger had not compelled me to wait for supper, the preparations for which appeared to require a more than ordinary delay.

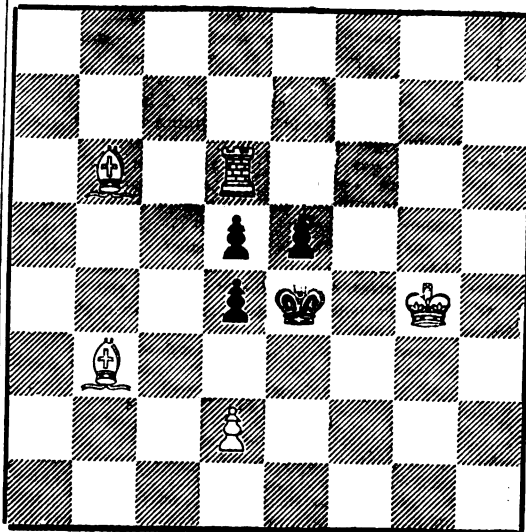
Meanwhile, they had shewn me into a room; but soon growing tired of its solitude, I only stayed to satisfy myself that there were no trap-stairs, or sliding panels in the apartment, and then betook myself to the bar parlour, and almost forgot my fears in an agreeable conversation with the landlord's daughter, a girl of remarkable beauty.

(To be continued.)

OUR CHESS BOARD.

PROBLEM No. 2.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to win in four moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 1.

WHITE.

1. Q Kt P 1 ch
2. K Kt to Q B 4th ch
3. Q Kt to Q 5th ch
4. K P 1 ch
5. K Kt to Q 6th ch
6. B checks at K Kt 6th ch
7. Kt mates at Q B 7th

BLACK.

- King to Q Kt 3rd*
- King to Q B 2nd
- King to Q sq
- King to his sq
- Kt takes Kt
- Kt covers

* If Black moves to Q R 4th, White mates in two moves.

Varieties.

EATING HUMBLE-PIE.—Humble-pie was made out of the "umbles" or entrails of the deer, a dish of the second table, inferior, of course, to the venison pasty which smoked upon the dais, and therefore not inexpressive of that humiliation which the term "eating humble-pie" now describes. The "umbles" of the deer are the perquisites of the gamekeeper.

EQUALITY.—*A Cabman's Argument.*—"Lor, sir, them as torks about hequality don't no nothing about it," said the driver. "S'pose we was all equal at this here minute—why we should be just like old Rhode's cows—a grazing; we shed all on us get a good feed; and jest as we'd done, some precious thief or other would quietly drop in and milk us!"

Pope, the actor, delighted in the good things of this life; after expatiating at table on the excellence of a ham, he said, "Ham, sir, is the same improvement upon bacon that steel is upon iron; in fact, sir, ham is the poetry of bacon!"

Lord Campbell tells of a judge who wound up a sentence of death, at Stafford, for the uttering of a forged one-pound note, in this horribly facetious manner:—"And I trust that, through the merits and mediation of our blessed Redeemer, you may there experience that mercy which a due regard to the credit of the paper currency of the country forbids you to hope for here."

THE SALT OF OUR CENTURY.



No. II.—VON HUMBOLDT.

With the name of Humboldt we associate all that is interesting in the physical sciences. No traveller who has visited the remote regions of the globe, for the purpose of observing the varied phenomena of Nature, has added so much to our stock of positive knowledge. While the navigator has explored the coasts of unknown lands, discovered islands and shores, marked the depth of the sea, estimated the force of currents, and noticed the more obvious traits of the countries at which he has touched; while the zoologist has investigated the multiplied forms of animal life, the botanist the diversified vegetation, the geologist the structure and relations of the rocky masses of which the exterior of the earth is composed; and while each has thus contributed to the illustration of the wonderful constitution of our planet, Humboldt stands alone, as uniting in himself a knowledge of all these sciences. Geography, meteorology, magnetism, the distribution of heat, the various departments of natural history, together with the affinity of races and languages, the history of nations, the political constitution of countries, statistics, commerce, and agriculture—all have received accumulations and valuable additions from the exercise of his rare talents.

Frederick Henry Alexander Von Humboldt was born at Berlin, on the 14th of September, 1769, and received his education at Göttingen and Frankfort-on-the-Oder. In 1790, he paid his first visit to England, and in the same year published his first work, "Observations on the Basalts of the Rhine;" in the year following, he went to Freiburg, and studied geology under Werner, the founder of that science. In 1792, he was appointed assessor of the Council of Mines at Berlin; the three following years were spent in alternate study and travel in various parts of Europe. In 1799, he commenced the great work on which his reputation will chiefly rest. In that year he proceeded to America, in company with M. Aimé Bonpland, and did not return to Europe till 1804. The results of this expedition were published under the title of "Travels in the Equinoctial Regions of the New Continent during the years 1799, 1800, 1801, 1802, and 1803," the publication of which extended over a number of years, and altogether comprises seventeen folio and eleven quarto volumes. In 1818 he again visited this country, and in 1827 delivered a course of lectures at Berlin before the Royal Family, on the Physical Constitution of the Globe; in 1829, he undertook a journey to Central Asia, and pursued his researches on the Uralian Mountains, the frontiers of China, and the Caspian Sea. The publication of his last great work, "Cosmos," was commenced in 1845 and concluded 1847; the cheap translations of this admirable book have done much to extend his fame in this country.

Any formal eulogy on this illustrious genius must be altogether unnecessary, for his renown has extended over all parts of the civilized world, and, at the present day, there is not a man in Europe whose name is more familiar. Not content with discharging the duties of a traveller, an observer, and a collector of facts, his philosophic mind was ever bent on the establishment of general laws; and it is to him that we owe the first generalizations regarding the temperature of the atmosphere and the earth, its magnetical condition, and those great features of our globe which mould its external form and indicate its internal

history. With an eye sharp for observation, and strained for induction, he has surveyed the regions of civilised Europe, the frozen Steppes of Asia, and the burning plains of the American Continent.

Gossip of the Day.

By the death of Mr. Patrick Fraser Tytler, the well known historian of Scotland, which took place on Monday, 24th ult., at Malvern, a literary pension reverts to the crown.

An American, named Hoe, is the inventor of the printing machine lately erected in the office of *La Patrie*, Paris newspaper. It is a beautiful piece of machinery, tended by four men, and delivering 8000 impressions an hour. The perfection and simplicity of the arrangements, as well as the celerity of its operation, are greatly admired. It prints for *La Patrie* 40,000 copies daily, of which 30,000 are without the advertisements, and are sold for a single sous each; the others, containing the advertising department, are sold for three sous. It is the most perfect printing press in Europe. The London *Times* has a more complicated and expensive machine, occupying three times the room, and tended by sixteen men, which prints about the same number of impressions hourly.

It having reached the ear of royalty that an aged woman, named Read, residing at Cowes, would complete her hundredth year on the 21st ult., and that she had lost none of her faculties, her Majesty caused her carriage to be sent to convey the old lady to Osborne; whither she went, wondering, but rejoicing. After an interview with the Queen, Prince Albert, the Duchess of Kent, and the royal children, she went home loaded with gifts, and with a well-grounded persuasion that her few remaining days will be cheered with plenty. The deed may be trifling, but it speaks volumes in favour of her Majesty's kind feelings.

A wood picture, representing Stratfieldsaye, the seat of his Grace the Duke of Wellington, has been exhibited at Bristol; it is a very ingenious production, being composed of upwards of four thousand five hundred different woods, in their natural colours, curiously inlaid, and presenting a singular effect.

The headstone erected by Burns at the grave of the poet Ferguson, being out of repair, a subscription is proposed for its restoration.

Some dissatisfaction has existed, and a discussion is now raging respecting an anomaly in the distinction of the guards and of the regiments of the line. Between these two branches of the English military service there subsists a remarkable difference, in virtue of which the officers of the guards take rank one entire grade above those of the line; that is to say, official rank in the guards carries with it a superior official rank in the army. In the regiments of the line there are five grades through which an officer now successively passes—those, namely, of ensign, lieutenant, captain, major, and lieutenant-colonel,—the latter rank bringing with it the actual command of the regiment. In the guards these steps are reduced by one, the rank of major being passed over, and the other four are conferred by a kind of cumulation, an officer of these privileged corps being first gazetted as ensign and lieutenant, next as lieutenant and captain, and, in the third step, as captain and lieutenant-colonel. It will be thus seen that a period of service which brings an officer to his captaincy in the line brings him to his lieutenant-colonelcy in the guards; or to speak more accurately, for it is upon this point that the whole question turns—such service brings the guardsmen to a certain rank in his own corps, which is considered as equivalent to and convertible with that of a lieutenant-colonel in the army. All the detriment to the public service, and all the grievance of the army, are created, not by the existence, but the *aggravation* of this honorary rank. What is both offensive and prejudicial is not that a captain in the guards should be styled "colonel," or indulged in a precedence over a captain in the line, but that he should be enabled by a single evolution to transform himself into the real working colonel of another distinct service.

ANSWERS TO CONUNDRUMS IN No. XI.

1. Because it's a cord—(accord.)
2. Because it's a count—(account.)
3. Because it's a lass—(alas!)
4. Because she is amiss—(a miss.)
5. Because it will turn rain into grain and make all gail.
6. Because he is going to awake.
7. Because it would make a lubber blubber, and oil boll.
8. Because it is the sixth of a florin, and would make him flint.
9. Because they are inland—(in land.)
10. Because it is the end of life.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA IN No. XI.

Anagram, transposed—A rag man.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LAMPGLASS.—The word is pronounced, "pertcher."

C. J.—We will endeavour to comply with your wishes.

MEANOUR.—If you will furnish us with a portion of the MS. you shall have our candid opinion upon it.

J. W. H.—Under consideration.

A SUBSCRIBER.—The ordinary canvass, and distemper colour—that is, colour mixed with size.

T. R.—Accepted, with thanks.

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21, PATERNOSTER ROW.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED NEWS

No. 13.—Vol. I.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1850.

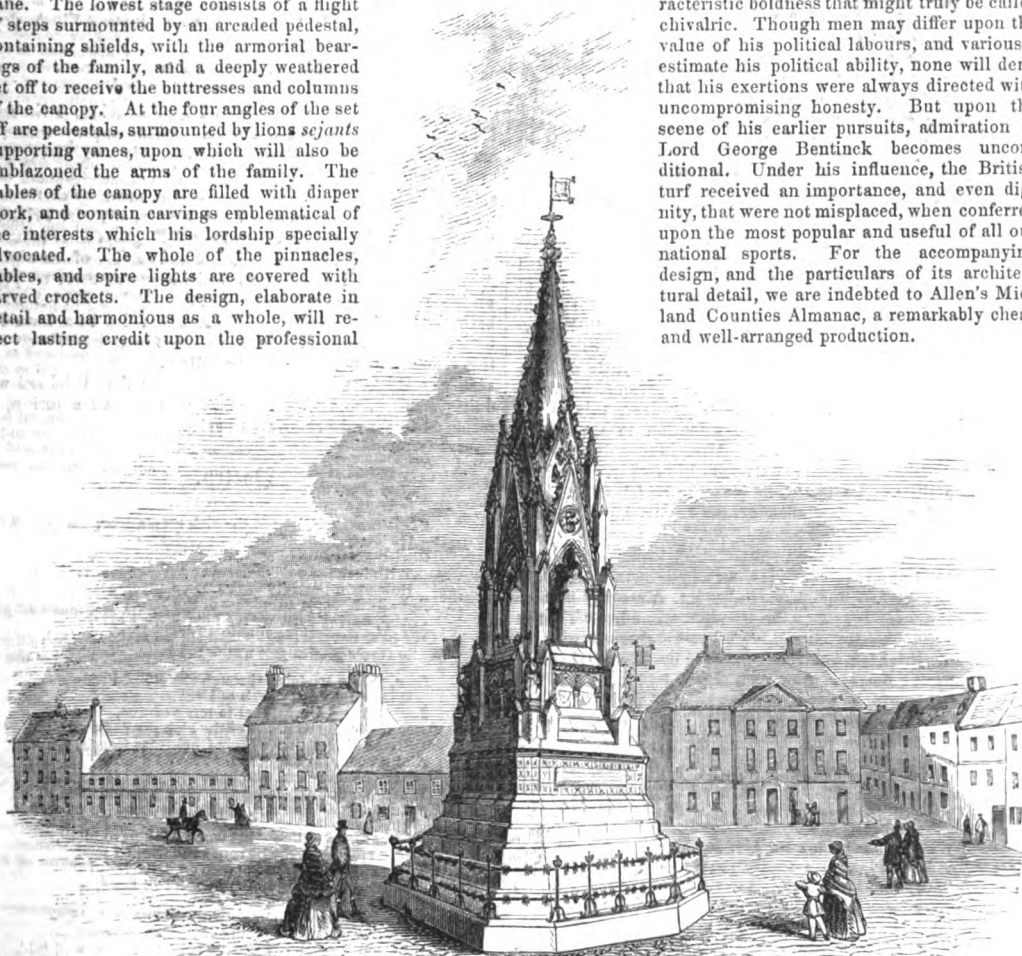
{ ONE PENNY.
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THE BENTINCK MEMORIAL.

THE Bentinck Memorial, now in course of erection in Mansfield Market Place, is from a design by Mr. T. C. Hine, of Nottingham, and will, when completed, be a richly ornamented Gothic structure, about 50 feet high, and 20 feet square at the base, of the style that prevailed in the 14th century. The whole is divided into three compartments or stages, the lowest forming the base or pedestal; the centre a gable canopy, supported on pinnacled buttresses and recessed shafts, and the highest a lofty spire roof, pierced with traceried and gabled lights, and terminating with a gilded vane. The lowest stage consists of a flight of steps surmounted by an arcaded pedestal, containing shields, with the armorial bearings of the family, and a deeply weathered set off to receive the buttresses and columns of the canopy. At the four angles of the set off are pedestals, surmounted by lions *sejants* supporting vanes, upon which will also be emblazoned the arms of the family. The gables of the canopy are filled with diaper work, and contain carvings emblematical of the interests which his lordship specially advocated. The whole of the pinnacles, gables, and spire lights are covered with carved crockets. The design, elaborate in detail and harmonious as a whole, will reflect lasting credit upon the professional

talent and good taste of the architect, and also upon the judgment of the committee appointed to make the selection. The execution of the work has been entrusted to Mr. C. Lindley, of Mansfield, from whose quarries the material will be supplied, and it is only due to that gentleman to state, that the stone was supplied by him for the Martyrs' Memorial, at Oxford, and is extensively used in the palace at Westminster.

Altogether the structure will form an elegant and grateful tribute to the memory of a man who had many qualities that have ever been held in estimation by Englishmen. More impulsive than ratiocinative in his temperament, his method of conducting the tactics of a political party exhibited a characteristic boldness that might truly be called chivalric. Though men may differ upon the value of his political labours, and variously estimate his political ability, none will deny that his exertions were always directed with uncompromising honesty. But upon the scene of his earlier pursuits, admiration of Lord George Bentinck becomes unconditional. Under his influence, the British turf received an importance, and even dignity, that were not misplaced, when conferred upon the most popular and useful of all our national sports. For the accompanying design, and the particulars of its architectural detail, we are indebted to Allen's Midland Counties Almanac, a remarkably cheap and well-arranged production.



THE BENTINCK MEMORIAL.

A DAY (AND NIGHT) WITH MACREADY;
OR,
THE STAGE-MANAGER'S BATH.

A GENTLEMAN, of the name of Prichard, having failed as an actor, settled down into the more useful occupation of stage-manager of Drury Lane Theatre. He had the peculiarity of being an extravagant admirer of celebrity; but the chief idol of his worship was Mr. Macready. His delight was intense when he heard that the great tragedian was engaged to play a number of his favourite characters. It seemed to be an honour to hear him talk. He resolved, therefore, to show him every attention.

On Mr. Macready's first visit he was almost driven to despair by the reserved manners of the actor, who seemed a frozen man with the powers of locomotion. He, notwithstanding, paid unremitting attention to the hero of his worship—looked to the fire in his dressing-room, placed lofty wax tapers there, and by a thousand delicate services expressed his deference. After a week's perseverance, he was rewarded by an inclination of his idol's head. A few days more, the face ripened into a smile; then came a more rapid thawing; and one morning, Mr. Macready was so touched by the deferential respect and attention of the stage-manager, that he actually spoke to him, "Good morning, Mr. Prichard." No one could be more astounded at a dumb man's speech, than Prichard at his lion's condescension; in a little time it ripened into "Good morning, Prichard!" And one morning, never to be forgotten by the obsequious Prichard, Mr. Macready said, "Prichard, you don't look well; you want a change of air! I have a little cottage at Elltree; come down on Saturday, and stay till Monday!" In a state of speechless rapture the admiring stage-manager accepted the invitation. Never minutes crawled so slowly as those which intervened; at length the blissful time arrived, and in a state of joyful trepidation the highly-honoured man mounted the stage that was to convey him to this terrestrial heaven. No monarch on his throne sat with a greater pride. He looked as though he felt all the passengers knew he was going to see Mr. Macready. His look seemed to proclaim, "Gentlemen, I am actually going on a visit to the great Mr. Macready—what do you think of that!" In due course he was deposited at the door of the cottage. Mr. Macready received him at the porch, led him to the parlour, and then told his servant to show Mr. Prichard his room. In this neat little dormitory the bewildered visitor endeavoured to calm the tumultuous rapture of his mind. After some little delicate devotion to his toilet, he descended to the parlour, where he was introduced to Mrs. Macready. "My dear, this is my kind friend, Mr. Prichard, whose attention to me at the theatre I have named to you." Mrs. Macready, in her usual lady-like manner, welcomed him. Mr. Prichard flowered a little and said, "The pleasure he felt in showing his respect for so resplendent a genius as Mr. Macready was his greatest happiness and reward," &c. He was interrupted in his blushing and glowing enumeration by the tragedian's saying, "We don't dine till six, we shall have time for a stroll in the garden and paddock." Mr. Macready pointed out in his sententious way the wonders around. "That is my little paddock—there's my boy's horse—there is a small hen." Mr. Prichard put forth a word or two of rhetoric. "How blissful for a man of genius, tired with the fret and fever of the world, to retire, and in the calm seclusion," and so on. Mr. Macready nipped this fine crop of oratory by saying, "That's a cow, it supplies our family with milk." "Happy oow" (exclaimed the manager), to supply so great a man's family with milk." Prichard, in the intense adoration of the minute, wished himself a cow! As Jupiter for love of Europa turned himself into a bull, so would Prichard have done the synonymous for Mr. Macready.

Behold Mr. Prichard actually seated at the same table with Mr. and Mrs. Macready. In the course of the evening the courteous host happened to say to this simple-minded manager, "Prichard, make yourself at home; ask for whatever you want. I have a warm bath in the house; one would, I am sure, do you good; if you think so, you have only to ring; tell my man, it is prepared in a minute. Now, don't stand on any ceremony—it is no trouble."

Dinner passed off; Mr. Macready was condescending—the manager seemed translated; towards midnight he was to consider himself at home, and do as he liked. Left alone, he gave himself up to a variety of pleasing reflections. Lapped in this reverie, time slid on unconsciously; at last the words of Mr. Macready, "a warm bath will do you good; it gives no trouble; it is prepared in a minute," fastened upon him with a fatal fascination. "It will do me good," involuntarily exclaimed Prichard; "I feel overpowered with the sensations that have rushed through me; I will have one. Mr. Macready pressed me to take it; he will be offended if I do not; I would not wound his feelings for the world." His hand instinctively pulled the bell; like Fear in Collins's Ode,

He back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

The tinkling ceased—dead silence; again the bell was rung louder—no one came. Prichard gave up the idea of his bath, and thanked the abortive ringing. At length, just as he was preparing to get into bed, there was a rap at his door with a half sleepy "Did you ring, sir?" "I should like to have a warm bath," faintly ejaculated Prichard, half suspecting the absurdity of the request. "A warm bath, sir?" said the servant. "Yes, Mr. Macready said I could have a warm bath." The servant vanished, and went to his master's bed-room door, and rapped; the great actor was sleeping, no doubt dreaming of histrionic triumphs with no Astor House in the vista.

Mrs. Macready was the first to hear this unusual sound. She listened a minute's space, then touching the modern Macbeth's arm, said, "William, what is that?" A deep guttural growl was the response.

Again the lady at his side
Her soul-subduing voice applied.

"William, pray wake; I tell you I hear a noise; I thought I heard a bell ring twice before. William, pray wake; I am getting alarmed." When Mr. Macready was thoroughly awake, he sat up in bed. "Who is that?" said he. "Me, sir," said the servant. "What do you mean by disturbing us in the middle of the night?" "Please, sir, Mr. Prichard wants a warm bath!" "A warm bath!" gasped his master; "does he know it is the dead waste and middle of the night? A warm bath, ha! ha!" continued he; "was there no pond on his road hither that he could have washed in? A warm bath, ha! ha! Rouse all the servants; let him have his bath; a bath! a bath! his kingdom for a bath!" saying this he sank hysterically on the pillow.

The story here ends, but we presume that Prichard was duly parboiled, and that after his journey and ablution, he returned to town in renovated health.

Poetry.

Christmas is smiling at the rich man's door.
Its joyous holiday his home endears:
Christmas is frowning on the thin-clothed Poor,
With looks of cold distress and frozen tears:
How plain the duty of the Time appears!
But selfishness is Blindness of the Heart!
And, having eyes, we see not; having ears,
We hear not warnings which should make us start,
While God's good angels watch the acting of our part.

Now, slowly trudging through the crisped snow,
Under the wintry arch of Heaven's clear dome,
Joy's cadenced music set to tones of woe,
Beneath the windows of the rich man's home
Street Singers, with their Christmas Carols, roam.
Ah! who shall recognise that sound again,
Nor think of him, who hallowed years to come,
When the past Christmas taught his fervent pen
A "CAROL" of dear love and brotherhood 'twixt men.

To what good actions that small book gave birth,
God only knows, who sends the winged seed
To its appointed resting place on earth!
What timely help in hours of sorest need,—
What gentle lifting of the bruised reed,—
What kind compassion shown to young and old,—
Proved the true learning of its simple creed,—
We know not,—but we know good thoughts, well told,
Strike root in many a heart, and bear a hundred-fold.

HON. MRS. NORTON.

* Charles Dickens's "Christmas Carol."

PENNY BANKS.

THE remarkable success of two institutions organized at Greenock and Hull, for the safe daily deposit (repayable on demand) of any sums of money not less than one penny or more than one shilling, may induce public attention to the subject, as one of the means from which there is reasonable hope of ameliorating the condition of the largest portion of every population.

At Greenock, 1580*l.* have been received from above 3000 depositors during the past year, ending Nov. 1, 1840; and at Hull, nearly 700*l.* from above 4000 depositors since the 1st of August last, with the amount and number daily increasing. These results have been produced from small sums at present rejected by the ordinary savings-banks.

By the simple system of accounts adopted, all the mechanical detail is managed by six clerks under 14 years of age, at a salary of 2*l.* per annum, under the superintendence of one chief clerk, at 10*l.* per annum, who must of course derive income from other duties for his support. Each clerk keeps a ledger adapted for 850 depositors, and receives deposits for two hours every day, marking the amount in the ledger and upon the ticket, which has given general satisfaction. At the close of every day's transactions, each clerk's cash is balanced, and the amount delivered to the chief clerk, by whom it is paid to the treasurer. At Greenock, the total sum is daily lodged in the savings-bank; at Hull, partly in the bank of Messrs. Pease and Liddell; but in both cases in the names of several trustees; and no sum can be withdrawn without a written order, signed by three of them. All the books are examined every week by a paid auditor, who marks with initials each book, as compared and found correct.

The expenditure of the Hull penny bank will not exceed 70*l.* for the first year, including all the premiums due and payable to the depositors, which will be less than 15*l.* To meet this expenditure, there will be an available revenue of about 60*l.*, arising from interest on deposits invested, and from small charges to depositors. The difference must be raised by voluntary subscriptions; but these institutions being now established, and public confidence secured, the expenditure will be less in future.

With reference to the social and moral influence of such institutions, it may be stated, that whatever in the least degree induces self-respect, so far tends not merely to the formation of good, but to the correction of evil habits; it produces gradually an entire change of thought and action, substituting thoughtfulness for carelessness, also a due regard and well-sustained anticipation of future wants for indifference, except as to the cares of the day; it converts intemperance and prodigality into sobriety and thriftiness; and, in a word, engenders a manly desire for independence, instead of a degrading and paralyzing reliance on parish support or almsgiving.

The moral character of man is thus changed—he is inclined to practise virtue, because virtue can best promote the objects he is determined to pursue. Freed from the influence of those habits which are most opposed to religion, he becomes more susceptible of religious impressions, and is at length induced to practise virtue upon the only right principle,—viz., a sense of religious duty.

A FEW WORDS IN BEHALF OF A CABBAGE.—Cabbage is a crop which, up to the present time, has not been a general favourite in this country, either in the stall or for the table, except during early spring and summer. In North Germany and Scandinavia, however, it appears to have been long esteemed, and various modes of storing it for winter use have been very generally practised. But the cabbage is one of the plants which has been chemically examined, in consequence of the failure of the potato, with the view of introducing it into general use, and the result of the examination is both interesting and unexpected. When dried so as to bring it into a state in which it can be compared with our other kinds of food, (wheat, oats, beans, &c.) it is found to be *richer in muscular matter than any other crop we grow*. Wheat contains only about 12 per cent., and beans 25 per cent.; but dried cabbage contains from 30 to 40 per cent. of the so-called protein compounds. According to our present views, therefore, it is pre-eminently nourishing. Hence, if it can but be made generally agreeable to the palate, and easy of digestion, it is likely to prove the best and easiest cultivated substitute for the potato; and no doubt the Irish kol-cannon (cabbage and potatoes beat together) derives part of its reputation from the great muscle-sustaining power of the cabbage—a property in which the potato is most deficient.

NEW ZEALAND.

IN a recent number, we promised to lay before our readers accurate information respecting the colonies, with the aspect of their natural scenery and products. We have now much pleasure in stating that our endeavours have been ably seconded by the kindness of Mr. S. C. Brees, late principal engineer and surveyor to the New Zealand Company, who has placed at our disposal his series of drawings illustrative of the colony of New Zealand, habits of the colonists, the public buildings, houses, farms, and clearings, customs of the natives, their habitations, canoes, &c., forming a complete picture of life in the colony and in the woods. Before commencing the descriptive account of New Zealand, we must inform our readers, that Mr. Brees has now on view in Leicester-square a most stupendous and magnificent panorama, painted under his own immediate superintendence, and which admirably depicts in glowing colours all the beauties of this far-distant land. As a work of Art, this painting far exceeds the usual productions of scenic artists, and bears, moreover, a correct delineation of a colony now of much interest to many of our countrymen. It cannot but be viewed with much instruction and gratification by all classes of society.

Our illustrations this week are correct portraits of some of the native New Zealanders; in our next, we shall give some interesting views of this colony, which, we feel assured, will, ere long, become the scene of numerous manufactures and agricultural improvements.

SKETCH OF NEW ZEALAND, AND THE PROGRESS OF THE COLONY.

New Zealand is situated in the great Southern Ocean, and consists of two large islands, with some smaller ones, the entire surface of which is about equal to that of Great Britain. Very little was known of the country before the time of our great circumnavigator, Captain Cook, who touched there in his good ship the Endeavour, upon the occasion of his first voyage round the world, and he first made the land at Cape Turnagain, on the east coast of the northern island on the 17th October, 1769. He also discovered the Bay of Islands, Queen Charlotte's Sound, and Dusky Bay, on this visit. Cook's Straits were not discovered until a subsequent voyage.

The principal islands of New Zealand are three in number, and are included between the parallels of 34 and 48 degrees south latitude, thus embracing a range of about 14 degrees, or 840 geographical miles in length. Their breadth varies from 40, or even less, to 200 miles, giving an average of 100 miles and extending from 166 degrees 5 minutes to 179 degrees east longitude from the meridian of Greenwich.

The entire country has been estimated to contain 122,582 square miles, or 78,452,480 acres—viz.

The Northern Island, comprising New Ulster and part of New Munster	Acres.
Ulster and part of New Munster	31,174,400
The Middle Island, forming part of New Munster	46,120,080
The Southern Island	1,152,000

Total 78,452,480

The lowest calculations make it 80,000 square miles, or 51,584,000 acres.

New Zealand is, in round numbers, about 13,000 miles from Great Britain, 1200 from New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land, and 5000 from Peru and Chili, on the west coast of South America.

Although Captain Cook's great discoveries and favourable accounts of New Zealand excited considerable interest at that time, yet they did not produce much effect in respect to settling the country; the state of Europe, and indeed of the whole world, forbidding anything like an active colonization or emigration from the mother country. The whale ships were induced to visit its seas and coasts more frequently; but it was not until thirty or forty years afterwards, that shore parties were established there. These whalers were, however, the first pioneers, after whom followed the missionaries of the Church Missionary Society in 1814, and those of the Wesleyan Missionary Society.

The country remained in the hands of these two parties



NATIVES OF NEW ZEALAND.

until its regular colonization in the year 1830, when the number of whalers and Europeans living among the natives, and adopting their customs, did not amount to less than 2000. The missionaries, although so much less in numbers, exercised great influence over the natives. They opposed the former class, and, in the sequel, all settlers, regarding them somewhat in the light of intruders.

The New Zealand Company commenced the regular colonization of these islands in the month of September, 1830. After in vain endeavouring to arouse the then colonial office to the importance of the subject, and seeing no other course left, the Court boldly despatched an agent there to purchase all the land he could, notwithstanding the Colonial Minister having denied its being British territory. This was the first great mistake that occurred with respect to New Zealand. The Government did not accomplish the recovery of the country without much loss and trouble. It is some satisfaction for the New Zealand Company to know, that the precipitancy of their first act saved us the loss of these fine islands, by forcing the Government to the only proper course. Had not this taken place, the country would most probably have been in the hands of France at the present moment, the French Government having despatched some men of war to take possession of it directly the state of affairs became known, and which arrived at New Zealand shortly after our officers had obtained the cession of the sovereignty of these islands to our sovereign. The French selected Akaroa for a port, which is situated at Banks's Peninsula, in the Middle Island, where their emigrants were landed.

The New Zealand Company's agent preceded both these parties, as before stated. He made choice of Cook's Straits as a *locale*, and Port Nicholson, which is at the southern extremity of the northern island, as the site of the Company's first town and settlement. The town was called Wellington, and the land forming the colony was disposed of in London, as soon as it was offered to the public, in 1100 lots, each of which consisted of one town acre and one hundred country acres, the price for the whole being one hundred and one pounds. By far the greater part of the returns from the sale of this land being engaged to be applied to the purposes of emigration, we have no instance on record of such a stream of population rushing into a primeval waste, as subsequently occurred at this settlement. The property in the town the first year has been estimated at 200,000*l*.

The local government established itself at the southern extremity of the same island, where Auckland was at length founded as the capital, about twelve months after the settlement at Port Nicholson.

Cook's Straits separate the northern from the middle island, and certainly possess fine harbours in Port Nicholson, on the northern, and in Queen Charlotte's Sound and Port Underwood on the other side, with the advantage of a central position as respects New Zealand generally.

Port Nicholson is situated on the southern extremity of the northern island, and forms the harbour of deposit and export for a line of coast extending from the east cape to Kawia on the west. It is not connected naturally with any very great extent of available land, the valleys in the immediate vicinity being very limited, which was found inconvenient in the early days of the colony; and this defect was further aggravated by the dense forest which covered the land in nearly every direction. The valley of the Hutt comprises nearly the whole of the flat land in connexion with the port: and the soil being composed of alluvium, is very rich and deep. Like the other parts, it is heavily timbered. The rivers which drain it are of little use for the purposes of transport, the Heretaonga, which is the principal one, being merely available for large boats, and for a short distance only. The reaches are mostly a succession of rapids, and from the vast extent of mountains and hills surmounting them, a very short duration of rain creates floods. This, however, is partially the case with all rivers in a state of nature, from the drift timber blocking up the water way, and from other causes.

The seat of Government was first fixed at the Bay of Islands, in the commencement of the year 1840, the town being named Russel. This selection arose principally through the influence of the missionaries, and the circumstance of one of the oldest trading settlements in the Island of Kororarika being established in this Bay. Government House was removed to the estuary of the Houraki, or Frith of the Thames, before the expiration of the same year, and a new town founded, called Auckland. The first site of the capital was soon found to be very circumscribed, but the latter, situated on the south shore of the Waitemate, in the district of the Thames, possesses many advantages. It is placed in an open country, in the centre of a great extent of available land, and with greater facilities for internal communication than is commonly to be met with in New Zealand. The land is rendered particularly valuable by the useful character of its rivers, a great desideratum in a new country. The river Kaipara and its branches afford water communication to the northward, and the Manukao and Waikato to the southward; the port is also considered a very good one, although perhaps not equal in its present state to Port Nicholson. Wharfs are necessary to make it complete, the landing at low water being both inconvenient and difficult. It is about fifteen miles from Kaipara Harbour, and five from Manukao, which is also a good one. The country around Auckland is open, and principally fern land, but it is said to be inferior to the fern districts of some other parts. The Waikato country is no great distance from Auckland, and the extensive plains of the Waipa on the west coast, the valley of the Thames on the east, with the Piako, is supposed to be sufficient to answer all the purposes of colonization for some years to come. The beautiful climate of the northern parts of New Zealand has always been celebrated, being much warmer than the

neighbourhood of Wellington. Geranium hedges are to be seen of good height, and all vegetation is most luxuriant.

The Government land is sold by auction in the colony, and the first sale occurred in the month of April, 1841, when upwards of 21,000*l.* was realised for about thirty-four acres of land in the capital. The country land in connexion with it was put up in September of the same year, at the upset price of 20*l.* for suburban, and 3*l.* for the rural land per acre; and 559 acres were sold for 5000*l.*, being about 8*l.* per acre, although the best land was reserved. The purchasers, consisting principally of speculators, and not of *bond fide* settlers, immediately *cut up* their allotments, as it is termed, and resold them in small pieces at exorbitant prices. There has been a trade in *Kauri* spars carried on in those parts for many years, this timber abounding in the northern districts. Abundance of iron of good quality is distributed over the whole of New Zealand. Copper is worked at the Great Barrier and Kawaii Islands; the ore is generally found next the surface of the ground, and is very superior to the Cornish. Manganese is also found.

The number and warlike character of the native population at this part present the greatest drawback to its general advantages; but now that such active measures are constantly taken by the Government, it is to be hoped that the natives will be impressed with due respect for our country, and the laws which we have introduced into their land. Besides the white people settled at Auckland and the Bay of Islands, there are some at Hokianga, a port and river to the northward; and parts of the west coast are also occupied by Englishmen. Auckland is about 300 miles from Port Nicholson by land, and 400 by sea; they are separated by a cape on either coast, therefore, until joined by a road, they may be truly said to form two distinct colonies. Perhaps the country around Auckland can be more readily subdued and settled at the present time; but Port Nicholson appears to be the spot pointed out by nature for the seat of government, and which it will eventually become, unless some other harbour on the other side of the straits should yet supplant it.

The settlement of New Plymouth or Taranaki, is situated between Port Nicholson and Auckland, on the west coast. It is called the garden of New Zealand. The ground is principally covered with high fern, not too hilly, and of excellent quality. This district, unfortunately, does not possess any harbour—the river Waitera affording shelter for small coasters only. The line of country bounded by the sea from Taranaki as far as Wainui to the southward, is nearly a plain, possessing a good soil with serviceable rivers. The ground is interspersed with forest fern-land and swamp; the hills are by no means objectionable. This fertile plain is bounded inland by the Tararua and other mountain ranges, which run down the country and form the great back-bone of the island.

There is a small settlement at Wanganui, between New Plymouth and Wellington, where the town of Petre is laid out. Although possessing a beautiful district with a most agreeable climate, the progress of the settlers at this part has been seriously retarded by the natives, not so much by those in the vicinity of the town, as by some badly disposed tribes inhabiting the hill country in the rear of the settlement. The river is only safe for small coasters, although a vessel of 300 tons has been taken in.

The Manawatu, another useful river south of Wanganui, flows through a most beautiful and desirable land. This is the great rural district of the first settlement of the New Zealand Company, where the settlers proposed to have had their stock farms. Some of the most enterprising commenced preliminary operations, but in consequence of the annoyances of the natives through the influence of some adverse chiefs, they were deterred from proceeding.

There are numerous whaling establishments along the coast as at Table Cape on the east coast, where the river Ahuriri runs through a most valuable track of country, being both level and open, as well as good soil. A complete chain of lakes exists in the interior of the country, comprising Taupo, Roturua, and several others, which run from the mountain Tangariro, and connect with the east coast. Volcanoes are found at this part, with hot springs and basins, which the natives find very handy for cooking purposes. Some of these springs constitute very agreeable baths; the



NATIVES OF NEW ZEALAND.

natives use them as such, and frequently remain in the water all day.

The Middle Island has not been so well known as the northern until very recently. It is found to be of much greater extent, and richer in grassy plains and available land than was anticipated, although a range of high mountains runs longitudinally down the country. The vicinity of Banks's peninsula has been long known as a favourite resort for whalers. The small settlement of Akaroa, founded by the French is at this part, also Port Cooper, where the great settlement of Canterbury is proposed to be founded. These harbours being in close connexion with extensive plains of available land, must form formidable rivals of Port Nicholson some day. The land generally to the southward along this coast, is highly commended. The harbour of Otago, which affords every accommodation, received the Scotch settlement, Dunedin being the chief town. The rural sections possess some good available land, extending from Otago to the Molyneux, which is a good, useful river, and the valley a soil of the finest description. This settlement also possesses easy means of communication, both by land and water, which must be found of immense advantage.

The second settlement of the New Zealand Company was founded in this island, in the locality of Blind Bay, in the month of September, 1841, when the town of Nelson was laid out, although Governor Hobson was desirous of having the settlement made at Mahurangi, which is situated to the northward.

(To be continued.)

MY WIFE'S DREAM.

(Continued from page 95.)

I WAS surprised at the proofs of good education which she displayed, and felt the more interested by an appearance of reserve and melancholy, that somewhat strangely appeared to have taken deep root in one so young. I was afraid to give her pain with rash questions, but prolonged the discourse in hopes of learning the cause of this grief, or being able to guess at her misfortunes, till her mother came, and called me to supper. After all the lengthened culinary operations, the dishes produced were so abominably bad, that, notwithstanding my hunger, I was unable to eat a single morsel. Want of sleep soon drove me to my bedroom, which I found was on the second floor. The frightful rushing of the wind through the neighbouring fir-trees, the beating of the rain on the casements, and the forbidding *tout ensemble* of this vile habitation, brought my mind into a strange mood; which, though I am not willing to incur the charge of cowardice, I frankly admit was closely allied to terror. That my host and hostess were not to be numbered among good people I was thoroughly persuaded; and the longer I thought upon this subject, the more I was inclined to believe that my life was not altogether safe under their care; and many stories crowded on my remembrance of secret murders, perpetrated about lonesome roadside inns.

It was far past midnight, and yet I could not sleep. As I lay, I heard the outer door below heavily closed, and fastened. A frightful impression then seized my mind, that I was entrapped in a den of murderers, and shut out from all assistance. Upon this thought I rose to examine the window, in the hope that, if it were necessary, I might be able to escape, by jumping into the road; this, however, from its extreme height, I found to be impossible. At this moment my wife's dreams and forebodings hastily flashed on my memory. I hastened to secure the door, but found it without lock or bolt. I then piled up some chairs against it, in the hope that, should any one attempt to enter, I might be awakened by their fall, placed my pistols within reach, and anxiously waited the first manifestations of mischief. The time crept heavily on, and all within the house was still; fatigue and anxiety at last overpowered me, and I involuntarily sunk to sleep. I might have slumbered about an hour, when a noise, apparently in my chamber, awoke me. I raised my head from my pillow, and horror! what did I see? Within the glimmering starlight that just penetrated the casement, and sent a few faint rays across the room, there stood a figure all motionless, and clothed in white—a phantom, as it seemed, clothed in a shroud! Noiselessly it moved towards my bed. My hair now stood on end, my teeth chattered, and, for awhile, I lost all self-possession, but presently summoned resolution to grasp one of my pistols. The figure showed no signs of fear, but motioning with one hand that I should be still, exclaimed in a hollow voice—"Be not afraid, for I come only to warn you. Enter not again the house of Tredgold, for you will never quit his roof alive." I was about to reply, but even as my eyes were turned towards this strange appearance, it suddenly disappeared. For awhile, I was as one petrified, and stared at the place where the apparition had been, without the power of moving; at last, I rubbed the cold sweat from my forehead, and, by a vehement effort, roused myself from this inaction. I was thoroughly persuaded that what I had witnessed was no dream. Thoughts of visions and spectres, or even speculations as to their existence or non-existence, had never troubled me; now, however, I had ocular and auricular demonstration of their reality. Was it possible that I had been deceived? How, then, could I account for the mysterious mode of appearing and vanishing of the figure? The innkeeper could never have caused this scene by stratagem, nor would have thought of doing so, for he himself had advised me to take the road that led through Tredgold's farm, and to pass the night there. Besides, how could any one but the innkeeper know anything of my plans, or wish to interfere with them? What danger I could possibly incur at my friend's house was to me a new riddle; and I kept awake debating this point long after my fear of the apparition had subsided.

The recurring remembrance of my wife's forebodings at last determined me, at all hazards, to follow the admonitions of the figure I had just seen, and to avoid the house of Antony Tredgold. Exhausted and bewildered by the occurrences of the night, and just as the first grey indications of morning stole into the chamber, I felt an irresistible desire for sleep. It was towards noon that I was awake by the loud knocking of my landlord at the chamber door. He, it seems, had become alarmed at my non-appearance, and anxiously inquired if I were unwell. I started up, dressed myself with all expedition, paid my bill for refreshments, (though the breakfast I was unable to eat, it being as bad as the supper had been,) then left the house as fast as I could, with the determination to reach home without delay. About mid-day I began, of course, to feel unusually hungry, and was fortunate enough to find a pleasant inn on the roadside, where I was supplied with an excellent dinner. Being determined to follow the track I had chosen, although but very imperfectly acquainted with it, I made inquiries of my host, and received from him the necessary directions. He was a good-humoured, loquacious man, and seemed very willing to enter into conversation on whatever subject I started. I inquired, therefore, whether he was acquainted with my friend, Antony Tredgold, who lived in that neighbourhood? At this question the man's cheerful countenance became immediately clouded; he looked at me suspiciously, was silent a few moments, and then answered drily, that he certainly did know the man of whom I spoke. I wished to hear more, and begged him to say what was his opinion of Tredgold—what character he bore in the country, and whether he had been successful in his farming occupations. My host shook his head, assured me that he was quite unprepared to enter into these particulars, and for a long while I could not obtain from him any satisfactory reply; at last he said, that from his own knowledge he could not vouch for any action, good nor bad, of my friend Tredgold; however, that his mode of life was considered by almost every one quite inexplicable, for the product of the field there always turned out so miserable a crop, that it could not pay the farm-servants' labour, yet, notwithstanding this, the man continued to maintain a numerous household, and it was said that they all lived well. For the rest, he did not associate with any person of his own rank; never appeared with his family at church; and the members of his establishment were so reserved and shy even of the daylight, that scarcely any neighbour could boast of having spoken with one among them. This intelligence was to me very perplexing,—it seemed so inconsistent with the former disposition of my friend, who could scarcely ever have enough of society; at all events, the change proved nothing in his favour, and I was by this means the more confirmed in my determination of not going to his house. The innkeeper, to whom I mentioned what had been my intentions, approved highly of this caution, and begged urgently that I would adhere to my present resolution, adding, there are many strange stories of the forests in these parts; but as to the ground of these allusions, I could not obtain from him any adequate explanation.

I was obliged to hasten onwards, that the night might not overtake me, for on that day I had still a long way to travel. Besides, there were dark clouds on the horizon, and it was easy to foretell that ere long a formidable tempest must ensue. I rode, therefore, as hard as it was possible to do, without absolutely foundering my horse. The recollection of the nocturnal apparition, my wife's forebodings, the doubtful expressions of my landlord as to the character of Tredgold, by turns occupied my attention, and beguiled the way, though certainly not in a manner the most agreeable. Meanwhile, the night drew on apace, and it was evident that the darkness, aided by the gathering clouds, would be quite impenetrable. There was a distant rolling of thunder, which reverberated hollowly through the forest; pale lightning quivered at intervals through the clouds, and the gloom always increased. It seemed as if the woods never would have an end. I made my horse exert himself to the very utmost, in order to reach some place of shelter; but at length I was obliged to pull him up, for the road became gradually more narrow, and the branches of the trees gave me such striking illustrations of the propriety of riding cau-

tiously, that I was obliged to yield to them. My situation was certainly in the utmost degree vexatious—more especially as I knew not even whether or not I was on the right road. Now I sincerely lamented my rash conduct in dismissing the servant that my wife, in her loving kindness, had sent after me, and was obliged to acknowledge that my present difficulties were only a well-deserved punishment. The darkness, which had by this time grown quite opaque, obliged me to dismount and lead my horse by the bridle, otherwise I had no chance of avoiding the branches, from which I had already received many severe blows. In such manner my progress was of course very slow, and my hopes of reaching any habitation became always fainter; at last, however, I found myself once more on the clear level ground; I felt as if I had just then escaped from a prison; I could again mount my horse and ride along without dreading every moment to have my head knocked off my shoulders by a tree.

The thunder-clouds, however, had always come nearer and nearer, the lightning dazzled me with its quivering flashes, the wind rose through the neighbouring wood in strange fitful blasts, which were regularly followed by a mysterious stillness, augmenting the terrors of the hour; yet now my hopes were revived by a light gleaming in the distance, although, in order to approach it, I durst not spur my horse, for the thunder startled him, and I was obliged to use every precaution to avoid being unsent by a sudden plunge. I had by degrees come so near the light, that I could discern by its aid the building from which it emanated, but, to my great consternation, I perceived that I had gone quite astray, and was now on the property close to the very threshold of Antony Tredgold. Good counsel rose above fear with a vengeance. Should I enter his house, or leave it? My horse was tired, the storm raged unrelentingly, and I felt myself so much in want of that repose to which the hospitable mansion of an old friend invited me, while, on the other hand, the most alarming, even supernatural, warnings had announced that here, of all places in the world, I must not risk my personal safety. Perhaps, however, my extreme want of food and rest would have made me decide on braving all dangers, if my horse had not shown a violent disinclination to proceed any further, and turned sharp round. This trifling circumstance put an end to my debate, and I resolved that I would rather pass the night in the forest than trust myself with a man whose character and mode of life were so very questionable. Accordingly, I took my way back towards the woods, leaving it to chance to bring me on the high road, or, if that might not be, I hoped to find some cottage or other place where I could at least obtain shelter from the rain, which now began to fall in large drops. I was glad when I reached the trees, which would afford me some protection, but new difficulties awaited me, for on the outskirts of the forest I did not think myself sufficiently secure against Tredgold's people, and the thickets were so dense and entangled, that my horse could not be led through them. I forced a passage through the branches, however, but at every step these became more closely interwoven, and the ground was more uneven. Several times I had fallen over the roots of trees, my face and hands bled from the scratches I had received, and my strength was nearly exhausted. At last I heard a rushing noise of water, as from a mill-race, whence I concluded that I was near to some habitation, and redoubled my exertions to reach it if possible; but as it was in vain to think of bringing my horse any farther, I tied him by the bridle to a tree, took off the portmanteau, which I threw across my shoulders, and fastened by the straps round my neck. My route was now very hazardous: I had to clamber over great trunks of trees and fragments of rock, had to struggle through deep places, where I was often so hemmed in by thickets of brushwood, that I could neither get backwards or forwards, till I nearly lost all courage. Add to these hindrances the frightful thunder-storm, and the terror that I might be struck down by lightning, attracted by the steel clasps of my portmanteau, my condition was indeed most grievous, but after long persevering labour, I came to the edge of a declivity, under which the rivolet rushed. I followed its course, not without imminent danger of tumbling in headlong, and found my conjectures con-

firmed that there was a mill there. A gleam of lightning showed me a large building of that description, but the ruinous sluice over which the water now played idly, proved that it was in disuse, therefore, probably, there was no inhabitants.

(To be continued.)

Varieties.

A PERFECT WIFE.—A perfect wife resembles that favourite liquor of the male sex, *punch*. Well made punch is neither too strong nor too weak, too sweet nor too sour, but a judicious compound of all contradictions. Different palates, indeed, and constitutions, are suited by different proportions; but some mixture there must be for every one. The *spirit* may be considered as representing intellectual vigour, and knowledge of important subjects. A blue-stocking lady, therefore, is a strong dram of brandy, which most gentlefolks don't like at all, or only a very little on rare occasions. The *water* corresponds to ordinary chat about passing occurrences of the day. This by itself is insipid, and only serves to quench the thirst we feel for social intercourse—for talking and hearing; but it is a good *vehicle* for something more agreeable. The sugar, of course, represents kindness, endearments of every sort, and not the least, flattery. A great deal of it, by itself, is cloying to the last degree; but it is a most acceptable addition to the other ingredients. And the lemon juice answers to the opposition, contradiction, reproach, sarcasm, and everything that gives a pungent acidity to one's intercourse, and takes off the flatness of it.

An old lady said her husband was very fond of peaches, and that was his only fault. "Fault, madam," said one, "how can you call that a fault?" "Why, because there are different ways of eating them, sir. My husband takes them in the form of brandy!"

KNIGHTHOOD.—When Lord Sandwich was to present Admiral Campbell, he told him that probably the King would knight him. The admiral did not much relish the honour. "Well, but," said Lord Sandwich, perhaps Mrs. Campbell would like it. "Then, let the King knight *her*," answered the rough seaman.

THE CURSE OF SCOTLAND.—WHY THE NINE OF DIAMONDS IS SO CALLED.—When I was a child, (now about half a century ago,) my father used to explain the origin of the nine of diamonds being called "The Curse of Scotland,"—thus: that it was "The Cross of Scotland," which, in the Scotch pronunciation, had become "curse." St. Andrew is the patron saint of Scotland; he suffered on a cross, not of the usual form, but like the letter X, which has since been commonly called a St. Andrew's cross; it was supposed that the similarity of the nine of diamonds to this form occasioned it being so called.—*From a Correspondent.*

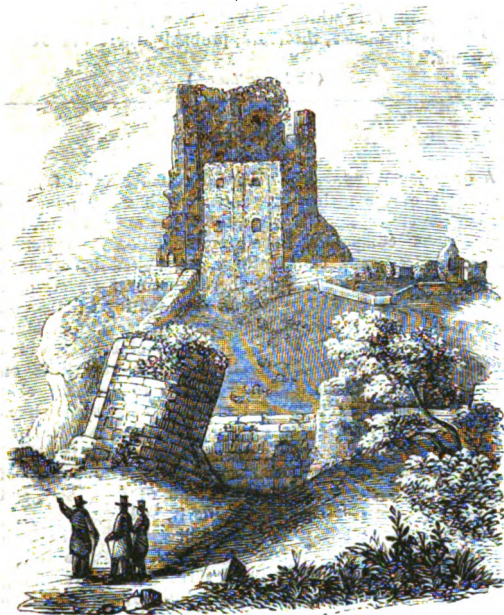
SPORTING "FACE."—Mr. Gurney (Mrs. Fry's father) was a strict preserver of his game. Upon one occasion, when walking in his park, he heard a shot fired in a neighbouring wood; he hurried to the spot, and his naturally placid temper was considerably ruffled on seeing a young officer, with a pheasant at his feet, deliberately reloading his gun. As the young man, however, replied to his rather warm expressions by a polite apology, Mr. Gurney's warmth was somewhat allayed; but he could not refrain from asking the intruder what he would do if he caught a man trespassing on his premises. "I would ask him to luncheon," was the reply. The serenity of this impudence was not to be resisted.

A man who had purchased a pair of new shoes finding the road to be rather a rough one, concluded to put the shoes under his arm, and walk home barefooted. After a while, he stubbed his great toe, taking the nail off as "clear as a whistle." "How lucky," he exclaimed; "what a tremendous lick that would have been for the shoes!"

A witticism describes Lord John Russell as "the Widow's Mite that was cast into the Treasury,"—founded on the fact of his Lordship having twice married a widow.

Suppose a fellow who has nothing marries a gal who has nothing; is her things his'n, or is his her'n, or is his'n and her'n her'n? A nice question to decide, that.

Camera Sketches.



CORFE CASTLE.

THE Dorsetshire coast, at its eastern extremity, is indented by a bay which forms the safe and capacious harbour of Poole. The entrance is only about a quarter of a mile in width; a neck of land from the isle of Purbeck, called South Haven Point, and one from the mainland of Dorsetshire, called North Haven Point, projecting into the sea within this distance of each other. The isle of Purbeck is, properly speaking, a peninsula, and forms part of the county of Dorsetshire; it is divided into nine parishes, and several hamlets and villages. Corfe Castle is the only market-town. Previous to the passing of the act to amend the representation of the people in England and Wales, this place had returned two members to Parliament since the early part of the reign of Elizabeth. The town of Corfe Castle is of mean appearance, and presents no indication of present prosperity, or of progressive improvement. The census of 1831 shows that although there were at that time no uninhabited houses in the borough, there were also none that were in a course of building; that the number of inhabited houses was 156, the number of families occupying them 103, and the total population 960. The privilege of returning two members to Parliament, while towns containing 200,000 inhabitants were denied the power of electing representatives, being inconsistent and incompatible with the times, Corfe Castle was disfranchised under the Reform Act; and being destitute of the proper elements of self-government, its corporate character also is no longer recognised.

The castle is on the north side of the town, on a steep eminence, and a bridge of four high and narrow arches, which is thrown across a deep moat, now dry, connects it with the town. Edward the Martyr was stabbed at the gate of this castle, by order of his mother-in-law, who, with her son, then inhabited it. It has been a place of considerable strength, and from its position on the southern coast, was doubtless regarded as of great importance to the protection of the kingdom. The castle was most probably the precursor of the town.

In the Bank of England not fewer than 60 folio volumes, or ledgers, are daily filled with writing in keeping the accounts! To produce these 60 volumes, the paper having been previously manufactured elsewhere, eight men, three steam presses, and two hand presses, are continually kept going within the Bank! In the copper-plate printing department 28,000 bank notes are thrown off daily, and so accurate is the number indicated by machinery that to purloin a single note without detection is an impossibility.

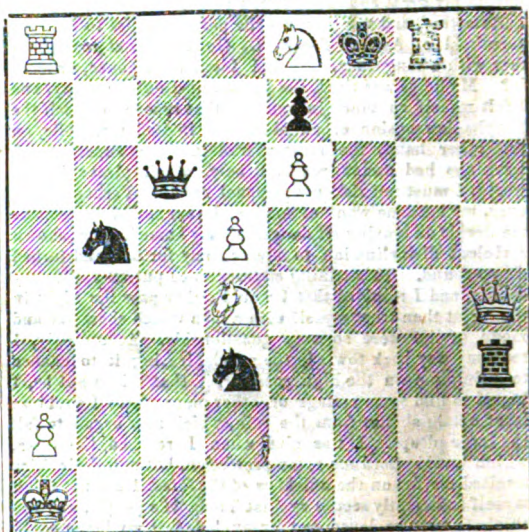
A SHOPKEEPER'S THIEF-O-METER.—The following device must win the palm for ingenuity in detecting the secret thoughts and the hidden vices of customers:—"In order to prove and profit by the probation of the frequenters, I procured a newly-coined half sovereign, and, with a particle of gum, affixed it to the inside of the top of the glass show-case, upon the counter, in such a manner that it appeared to be lying on the outer surface; and by frequently observing the conduct of customers on various occasions, I was enabled to determine with a very considerable degree of certainty, whose intentions were upright and whose the opposite. It was no less strange than alarming to note the number of those who attempted, by various strategy, to appropriate it to their own use. Now a lady would carefully lay her handkerchief upon the case, immediately over the coveted coin, and on removing it cautiously with her thumb and finger, nip that portion of it supposed to contain the prize. Another would cover the spot with her muff, and while pretending to examine some article with one hand, endeavour to secure the little innocent with the other. Some would anxiously inquire for goods on the shelves behind, to divert attention from the object of their cupidity. Some scrupulously emptied their purses when making payment, immediately over and around the unsuspecting little coin, that in the gathering up again it might be harvested. The chagrin painted on the countenance of each individual furnished an infallible guarantee of the intent, and exposed an amount of latent villany absolutely startling to the beholder. But the scheme was rather too expensive to be afforded long. I observed that those who had been unsuccessful ever after avoided the shop."

A locomotive engine is composed of no fewer than 5,416 pieces, all of which are fashioned and forged by their own particular artificers, and the whole of which, as Mr. Stephenson once expressed it, "must be put together as carefully as a watch."

OUR CHESS BOARD.

PROBLEM No. 3.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to win in four moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 2.

WHITE.

1. K B to Q B second +
2. K B to Q Kt third
3. Q B takes P
4. R checkmates

BLACK.

1. P one sq
2. P one sq
3. P takes B

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * * "The Labour Question" will be continued in our next.

ARTHER.—Declined.

R. S. V's suggestion shall meet with attention.

J. ANDREWS.—Perpetual motion is a motion proposed to be accomplished by a self-acting machine. Sir William Congreve tried to construct a clock which would go—by principle—for ever; but gravity stopped him.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Purchase "Honnycastle's Arithmetic."

Printed and Published by WILLIAM STRANGE,
21, Paternoster Row.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

No. 14.—Vol. I.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1850.

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Post Free, 2d.

THE LABOUR QUESTION.

AN EXPOSITION OF THE SOCIAL CONDITION OF THE
WORKING CLASSES.

NO. III.—CHEAP LODGING-HOUSES.



HE exposition of the labouring classes, and review of their social condition, would have been incomplete, unless the Commissioner had included in his scheme a searching inquiry into the inner life of a yet lower grade than the ill-paid artisan. For however distressing our revelations may yet have been, we have still to probe the quick of the imposthume. In the lower depths there is a deeper still, and

beyond the needlewomen and the agricultural labourer, there is a class still more inviting to a pure and enlightened benevolence, although to one actuated by a lesser motive it would be difficult to overcome the inevitable disgust that would attend a personal survey of their condition. The following are pictures of what we dare hardly call the DOMESTIC ECONOMY OF THE CASUAL LABOURER. Their daguerreotype truth alone can give an interest to the recital of such a mass of misery:—

"At length we reached the lodging-house. It was night when I had first visited the place, and all now was new to me. The entrance was through a large pair of green gates, which gave it somewhat the appearance of a stable-yard. Over the kitchen door there hung a clothes-line, on which was a wet shirt and a pair of ragged canvas trousers, brown with tar. Entering the kitchen, we found it so full of smoke, that the sun's rays, which shot slantingly down through a broken tile in the roof, looked like a shaft of light cut through the fog. The flue of the chimney stood out from the bare brick wall like a buttress, and was black all the way up with the smoke; the beams which hung down from the roof, and ran from wall to wall, were of the same colour; and in the centre, to light the room, was a rude iron gas-pipe, such as are used at night, when the streets are turned up. The floor was unboarded, and a wooden seat projected from the wall all round the room. In front of this was ranged a series of tables, on which lolled dozing men. A number of inmates was grouped around the fire, some kneeling, toasting herrings, of which the place smelt strongly; others, without shirts, seated on the ground close beside it, for warmth; and others drying the ends of cigars they had picked up in the streets. As we entered, the men rose; and never was so motley and so ragged an assembly seen. Their hair was matted like flocks of wool, and their chins were grimy with their unshorn beards. Some were in dirty smock-frocks, others in old red plush waistcoats, with long sleeves; one was



INTERIOR OF A THREEPENNY LODGING HOUSE.

dressed in an old shooting-jacket, with large wooden buttons, a second in a sailor's blue flannel shirt, and a third, a mere boy, wore a long camelot coat, which reached to his heels, and the ends of the sleeves hanging over his hands. The features of the lodgers were a very kind expression; one lad was positively handsome, and there was a frankness in his face and a straightforward look in his eye that strongly impressed me with a sense of his honesty, even though I was assured he was a confirmed pickpocket. The young thief who had brought back the 11½d. change out of the 1s. that had been entrusted to him on the preceding evening was far from prepossessing, now that I could see him better. His cheek-bones were high, while his hair, cut close to the top, with a valance of locks, as it were, left hanging in front, made me look upon him with no slight suspicion. On the form at the end of the kitchen was one whose squalor and wretchedness produced a feeling approaching to awe. His eyes were sunk deep in his head, his cheeks were drawn in, and his nostrils pinched with evident want, while his dark, stubby beard gave a grimness to his appearance that was almost demoniac; and yet there was a patience in his look that was almost pitiable. His clothes were black, and shiny at every fold with grease, and his coarse shirt was so brown with long wearing, that it was only by close inspection you could see that it had been a checked one; on his feet he had a pair of lady's side-laced boots, the toes of which had been cut off, so that he might get them on. I never beheld so gaunt a picture of famine. To this day the figure of the man haunts me. The dinner had been provided for thirty, but the news of the treat had spread, and there was a muster of fifty. We hardly knew how to act. It was, however, left to those whose names had been taken down as being present on the previous evening to say what should be done, and the answer from one to all was, that the new comers were to share the feast with them. The dinner was then half portioned out in an adjoining out-house into twenty-five platefuls—the entire stock of crockery belonging to the establishment numbering no more—and afterwards handed into the kitchen through a small window, to each party, as his name was called out. As the hungry man received his plate, he hurried to the seat behind the bare table, and commenced tearing the meat asunder with his fingers, for knives and forks were unknown there. Some, it is true, used bits of wood like skewers, but this seemed almost like affectation in such a place; others sat on the ground, with the plate of meat and pudding on their laps, while the beggar boy, immediately on receiving his portion, danced along the room, whirling the plate round on his thumb as he went, and then, dipping his nose in the plate, seized a potato in his mouth. I must confess the sight of the hungry crowd, gnawing their food, was far from pleasant to contemplate, so while the dinner was being discussed, I sought to learn from those who remained to be helped how they had fallen to so degrading a state. A sailor had assured me he had been robbed of his mariner's ticket, that he could not procure another under 12s., and not having as many pence, he was unable to obtain another ship. What could he do? he said: he knew no trade; he could only get employment occasionally as a labourer at the docks, and this was so seldom, that if it had not been for the few things he had, he must have starved outright. The good-looking youth I have before spoken of wanted but 3s. 10s. to get back to America; he had worked his passage over here, had fallen into bad company, been imprisoned three times for picking pockets, and was heartily wearied of his present course. He could get no work. In America he would be happy, and among his friends again. I spoke to the gentleman who had brought me to the spot, and who knew them all well. His answers, however, gave me little hope. The boy whose face seemed beaming with innate frankness and honesty had been apprenticed by him to a shoe-stitcher; but no, he preferred vagrancy to work. I could have sworn he was a trustworthy lad, and shall never believe in looks again."

The Commissioner of the *Morning Chronicle* goes on to observe:—"Knowing that this lodging-house might be taken as a sample of the class now abounding in London, and, moreover, having been informed by those who had made the subject their peculiar study, that the characters generally congregated there constituted a fair average of the callings and habits of those who resort to the low lodging-houses of London, I was determined to avail myself of the acquaintances I had made in this quarter, in order to arrive at some more definite information upon these places than had yet been made public. I deal with the class of houses, and not with any particular house, be it understood."

"The lodging-house to which I more particularly allude makes up as many as eighty-four bunks or beds, for which 2d. per night is charged. For this sum, the parties lodging there for the night are entitled to the use of the kitchen for the following day. In this a fire is kept all day long, at which they are allowed to cook their food. The kitchen opens at five in the morning, and closes at about eleven at night, after which hour, no fresh

lodger is taken in; and all those who slept in the house the night before, but who have not sufficient money to pay for their bed, at that time are turned out. Strangers, upon arriving in the course of the day, must procure a tin ticket by paying 2d. at the wicket in the office, previous to being allowed to enter the kitchen. The kitchen is about forty feet long by fifteen feet wide. The sleeping-room is about forty-eight feet deep by forty feet wide. The bunks are each about seven feet long and one foot ten inches wide, and the grating on which the straw mattress is placed is about twelve inches from the ground. The wooden partitions between the bunks are about four feet high; the coverings are a leather or a rug, but leathers are generally preferred. Of these bunks there are five rows, of about twenty-four feet deep, two rows being placed head to head, with a gangway between each of such two rows, and the other row against the wall. The average number of persons sleeping in this house of a night is sixty. Of these, there are generally about thirty pickpockets, ten street beggars, a few infirm old people, who subsist occasionally upon parish relief, and occasionally upon charity, ten or fifteen clock labourers, about the same number of low and precarious callings, such as the neighbourhood affords, and a few persons who have been in good circumstances, but who have been reduced, from a variety of causes. At one time, there were as many as nine persons lodging in this house who subsisted by picking up dogs' dung out of the streets, getting about 5s. for every basketful. The earnings of one of these men were known to average 9s. a week. There are generally lodging in the house a few bone-grubbers, who pick up bones, iron, rags, &c., out of the streets. Their average earnings are about 1s. per day. There are several mud-larks, or youths who go down to the water-side when the tide is out, to see whether any article of value has been left upon the bank of the river. The person supplying this information to me, who was for some time resident in the house, has seen brought home by these persons a drum of figs at one time, and a Dutch cheese at another. These were sold in small lots or slices to the other lodgers. The sanitary state of these houses is very bad; not only do the lodgers generally swarm with vermin, but there is little or no ventilation to the sleeping-rooms, in which sixty persons of the foulest habits usually sleep every night. There are no proper washing utensils, neither towels, nor basins, nor wooden bowls. There are one or two buckets, but these are not meant for the use of the lodgers, but for cleaning the rooms. The lodgers never think of washing themselves. The cleanest among them will do so in the bucket, and then wipe themselves with their pocket-handkerchiefs, or the falls of their shirts. According to the report of the Constabulary Force Commissioners, there were in the metropolis, in 1839, 221 of such houses as the one at present described, and each of these houses harbouring daily, upon an average, no less than eleven of such characters as the foregoing, making in all a total of 2481 vagrants and pickpockets sheltered by the proprietors of the low lodging-houses in London. The above twopenny lodging-house has, on an average, from sixty to seventy persons sleeping in it nightly, yielding an income of 3s. per week. The threepenny lodging-houses in the same neighbourhood average from fifteen to twenty persons per night, and produce a weekly total of 20s. to 25s. profit, the rent of the houses at the same time being only 5s. to 6s. per week."

A TRICK OF SOUTHEY'S UNCLE.

WHEN it was found (we are told) impossible to make anything of him by education, he was left to himself, and passed more time in the kitchen than in the parlour, because he stood in fear of his step-father. There he learnt to chew tobacco and to drink. Strange creature as he was, I think of him very often, often speak to him, quote some of his odd apt sayings, and have that sort of feeling for his memory, that he is one of the persons whom I should wish to meet in the world to come. The man of whom he learnt the use, or rather the abuse, of tobacco, was a sottish servant, as ignorant as a savage of everything which he ought to have known—that is to say, of everything which ought to have been taught him. My mother, when a very little girl, reproved him once for swearing. "For shame, Thomas," she said; "you should not say such naughty words; for shame! Say your prayers, Thomas!" "No, Missey," said the poor wretch; "I shan't; I shan't say my prayers; I never said my prayers in all my life, Missey; and I shan't begin now." My uncle William (the squire he was called in the family) provoked him dangerously once. He was dozing beside the fire, with his hat on, which, as is still the custom among the peasantry, (here in Cumberland at least,)

he always wore in the house. You, perhaps, are not enough acquainted with the mode of chewing tobacco, to know that, in vulgar life, a quid commonly goes through two editions; and that after it has been done with it is taken out of the mouth, and reserved for a second regale. My uncle William, who had learned the whole process from Thomas, and always faithfully observed it, used to call it, in its intermediate state, an old soldier. A sailor deposits, or, if there be such a word, (and if there is not, there ought to be,) repositis it in his tobacco box. I have heard my brother Tom say, that this practice occasioned a great dislike in the navy to the one and two-pound notes; for when the men were paid in paper, the tobacco-box served them for purse or pocket-book in lack of anything better, and notes were often rendered illegible by the deep stain of a wet quid. Thomas's place for an old soldier between two campaigns, while he was napping and enjoying the narcotic effects of the first mastication, was the brim of his hat; from whence the squire, on this occasion, stole the veteran quid, and substituted in its place a dead-mouse, just taken from the trap. Presently the sleeper, half wakening without unclosing his eyes, and half stupefied, put up his hand, and taking the mouse with a finger and thumb, in which the discriminating sense of touch had been blunted by coarse work and unclean habits, opened his mouth to receive it, and, with a slow sleepy tongue, endeavoured to accommodate it to its usual station, between the double teeth and the cheek. Happening to put it in head-foremost, the hind legs and the tail hung out, and a minute or more was spent in vain endeavours to lick these appendages in, before he perceived in the substance, consistence, and taste, something altogether unlike tobacco. Roused, at the same time, by a laugh which could no longer be suppressed, and discovering the trick which had been played, he started up in a furious rage, and, seizing the poker, would have demolished the squire for this [practical] jest, if he had not provided retreat by having the doors open, and taking shelter where Thomas could not, or dared not, follow him.—*Life and Correspondence of Southey.*

TALE OF A WATER DOG.

A VERY extraordinary and unprecedented occurrence took place on board the *Ayrshire*, a ship belonging to Mr. Warren, of Houndsditch, on her homeward voyage from Calcutta in May last. Shortly after the ship had crossed the line, Captain Browne, the master, had occasion to pull at a rope passing through a block which was badly secured with some rope yarn. Whilst tugging at the rope, the block gave way, and his own impetus suddenly carried him over the side. A noble Newfoundland dog, which was a great favourite on board, with the generous instinct natural to its species, jumped in to its master's rescue, and seizing him by the collar, brought him in safety alongside, when both were hoisted on board. It was only then that the danger to which the captain and his brave deliverer had been subjected became fully evident. A huge shark which had been playing for some time about the ship watching for windfalls, had marked the captain for its prey, and was making towards him just as his four-footed deliverer bounded to his assistance. They did not, however, escape altogether unscathed, for just as they were getting up the side, their voracious assailant bit away half of the poor dog's tail. The gratitude of the captain for his double escape will be better felt than described, effected, as it was, in so providential a manner.

Friendship hath the skill and observation of the best physician, the diligence and vigilance of the best nurse, and the tenderness and patience of the best mother.

A science succinctly summed up in the profound exhortation of the American philosopher: "Rear up your lads hardy, and like nails; they'll not only go through the world, but you may clench 'em on t'other side."

No man, however guilty, should be judged without a fair trial before a jury. But, under the existing law, no guilty man can have such a trial, unless he add falsehood to his offence.

THE NEW ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

No sooner had the failure of Sir James Ross, in his search after the expedition under Franklin, become known, than the Government appear to have concluded that no further success could attend the inquiry, if prosecuted by way of Baffin's Bay. It was then determined to enter the Arctic Regions from the Pacific, through Behring's Straits; and for that purpose the *Enterprise* and *Investigator* have just left our shores. It is to be hoped, from the superior equipment of these vessels, that they may succeed in doing that which the *Plover*, though dispatched two years since, has yet been unable to accomplish in that quarter. Upon this subject our contemporary, the *Athenæum*, makes the following interesting observations:—

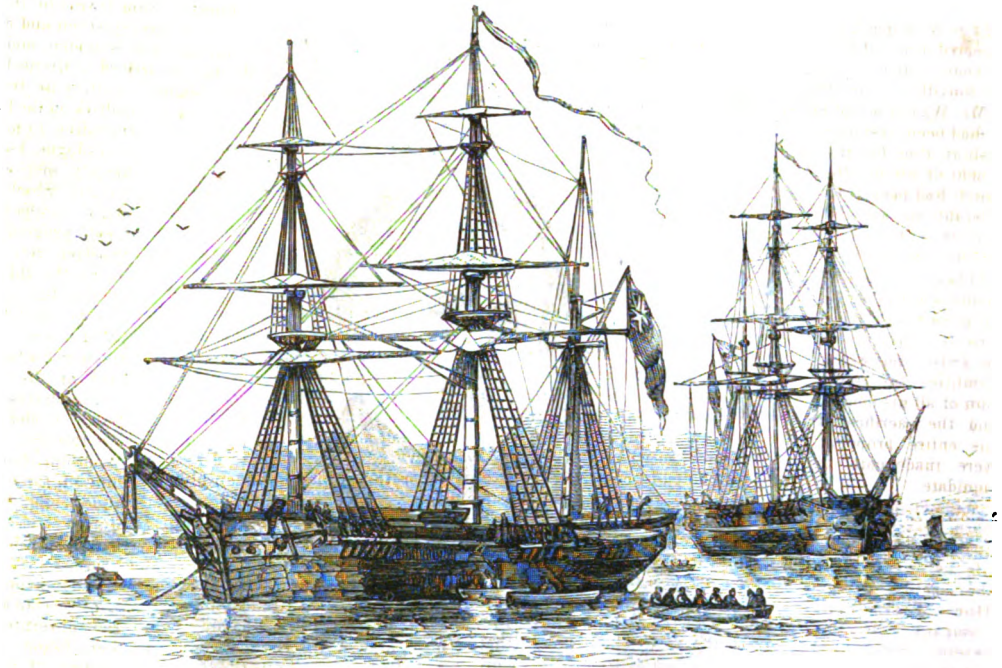
"Once more, an Expedition has sailed, by direction of the Admiralty, to bring relief, it is hoped, to—or, at the worst, to solve the problem of—the long-lost Arctic voyagers. The interest which this new adventure represents is one which the late disappointment has but deepened; and it is important to see that this interest, while it expresses itself strongly, expresses itself also wisely by this form of its utterance.

The new Expedition, our readers know, takes different ground from that which has been hitherto followed for the same objects. It consists of the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, which were lately under the command of Sir James Ross in the Arctic Seas; and the new commander, Capt. Collinson, is directed to enter Behring's Straits, and proceed to the west of Melville Island,—where, in the opinion of Sir James Ross, and other eminent Arctic officers, traces of Sir John Franklin will be met with. It is argued by these authorities, that as no vestige of the *Erebus* and *Terror* was discovered during the late Expedition of Sir James Ross, which penetrated Barrow's Straits as far as Cape Bunney,—therefore, those ships must have made a great westing, and be now (if in existence) frozen up in a longitude of at least 110 degrees west.

During a visit which we paid last week to the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, we learned that they have suffered scarcely any injury from the terrible pressure of the ice to which they were subjected during their late voyage. This proves their strength of build; and now that they have undergone thorough over-hauling and refitting, they leave our shores in the best possible condition for voyaging in the Arctic Seas. Accumulated experience has shown that the auxiliary power of steam applied to boats is not as useful as was anticipated,—while its excessive weight is a serious evil; consequently, the launches attached to the *Enterprise* and *Investigator* are unprovided with steam machinery. Some curious experiments have, however, been performed to test the power of steam jets on ice. Six blocks of ice, each 2½ inches thick, and a yard square, were placed over each other,—making altogether a thickness of about 14 inches. A flexible hose, an inch and a half in diameter, was adjusted to a steam-boiler in Woolwich Dockyard, and a jet of steam was directed upon the block of ice. With a pressure of about 50lb. to the square inch, the entire substance was severed in about fifty-five seconds. As the ships are provided with boilers for the purpose of melting snow, it would, of course, be practicable to generate steam, and use it in the above manner; but as the fuel of each ship is necessarily limited to 100 tons of coal, and as the ice to be operated on in the Arctic regions is of enormous thickness, it is not to be expected that any beneficial results can arise out of these experiments.

Each vessel carries a much larger quantity of gunpowder than has heretofore been supplied to Arctic ships; it being supposed that it may be employed with great success in blasting the ice, instead of the old and tedious process of sawing. We should have thought that gun-cotton might be used with even greater advantage than powder for this purpose.

It does not appear, so far as we can learn, that Lieut. Gale's desire to take a bird's-eye view from his balloon of the North Pole is likely to be gratified. There is no doubt, however, that an immense range of vision would be enjoyed by ascending even to the height of 1000 feet; and the density of the atmosphere in the Polar regions would greatly assist aeronautic operations, as a comparatively small amount of hydrogen would suffice. The safety of the aeronaut



THE ENTERPRISE AND INVESTIGATOR IN THE DOWNS.

might be almost entirely insured by making the balloon captive.

The ships now sent out are provisioned for three years. They are provided with forty ice sledges, and a vast number of ice saws, poles, hatchets, &c. The *Enterprise*, besides her captain, carries three lieutenants and sixty-six men; and the *Investigator*, commanded by Commander M'Clure—who was first lieutenant under Sir James Ross in his late expedition—carries two lieutenants, a mate, and sixty-five men.

The ships will proceed to the Falkland Islands; where they will find a steamer to tow them through Magellan's Straits,—thus avoiding the tedious difficulties of rounding Cape Horn. As soon as they have cleared the Straits, the officers and crews will receive double pay, which will be continued during their period of service. The vessels will

touch at the Sandwich Islands, to receive fresh instructions from the Admiralty; and should no intelligence have been received in the mean time of Sir John Franklin, they will then proceed to Behring's Straits, and commence their searching operations."

A number of suggestions have been made to enable the vessels to penetrate through the ice. Commander Smith submitted to the Admiralty a plan for firing a grapnel, or anchor, several hundred yards across the floes,

and moving the vessels onwards by aid of the capstans. Others have proposed melting a portion of ice by steam, to allow of the centre places being drawn back to make room for the passage of the vessels; and there are a considerable number of 14-foot ice-saws put on board, to work, if required, on the old plan. Lieutenant Gale has suggested the use of a balloon to reconnoitre for a far greater distance than can be done from the mastheads of the vessels. Others have suggested the simply flying of kites during favourable weather, which might be seen at a long distance by the missing voyagers, if they are still alive. A large kite could support a light in the night time, which would be easily distinguished from a star by its different degrees of elevation as the kite ascended and descended, or its different position, effected by the variation of the wind. Light rockets might also be sent up attached to the tail of a kite, to be discharged by a slow match when run up to a high elevation, which, if successful, would give them a double or treble higher position at the time of explosion. It is satisfactory to know, that although many of the suggestions made are only theoretical, the gallant officers on board the *Enterprise* and *Investigator* have paid every attention to them, and will avail themselves of all that has been stated, according to the means in their power when any emergency takes place.



COSTUME OF THE CREW.



COSTUME OF THE CREW.

DEATH OF LIEUTENANT WAGHORN, R.N.

It is with much regret that we record the sudden and unexpected death of the gallant pioneer of the overland route to India, a few days ago, at his residence, Golden-square, Pentonville, in the 40th year of his age.

Mr. Waghorn had but recently returned from Malta, where he had been residing a short time for the benefit of his health, which had been considerably impaired by anxiety of mind, arising chiefly from pecuniary engagements contracted in his prosecution of the Trieste experiments in 1846, and which liabilities the devotion of all his means, and the sacrifice of his entire property, were inadequate to liquidate.

Lieutenant Waghorn passed some years of his eventful life as an officer in the service of the Hon. East India Company. In this severe school, the native energy of his comprehensive and ardent mind was fully developed. It often fell to his lot to proceed from India to England, and experience the extreme irksomeness, as well as great expense and danger, of a six-months' voyage, and soon began to contemplate the possibility of finding a more direct, economical, and expeditious course. To this purpose he devoted all his attention; and in the year 1829, his views ultimately attracted so much public notice, that he was selected by the Court of Directors to take out despatches, and report upon the route by the Red Sea. On his arrival at Bombay he received the thanks of the Governor-General in council for the successful accomplishment of his duty. Since that period, the endeavours of this enterprising man to accomplish his object, by the formation of establishments in Egypt for the passage of mails and passengers, have been unceasing.

In 1843, Lieutenant Waghorn resolved to attempt the route to India by way of Trieste, considering there would be an actual saving of two hundred and forty miles over the usual way by Marseilles. He considered, too, that the saving of a mile, or the gaining of a minute, in so great an enterprise, was of the utmost importance; and on the accomplishment of it in the shortest possible time he set his heart.

At the outset of this extraordinary expedition, he determined that an experimental mail should be made up by his own agents, to accompany in part the regular mail—one to be despatched through the usual channels, by way of Marseilles; the other taken by himself by way of Trieste. Every arrangement being completed, the Governor of Bombay accelerated his express some hours; it then proceeded per steamer to Aden, from Aden to Suez, from Suez to Cairo, and, on board the little Nile steamer, to Alexandria; off Alexandria on the 20th October, Lieut. Waghorn on board the *Emperor*, an Austrian steamer, received the mail at noon; and though a tempest was raging, instantly pursued his gallant course across the Mediterranean, a distance of 1167 miles. Impeded by strong head-winds, his passage occupied

six days and thirteen hours, instead of four days and twelve hours. At half-past one in the morning he landed at Dwina, about twelve miles beyond Trieste; from Dwina he reached Inspruck, a city of the Tyrol, in twenty-seven and a half hours; his next place of destination was Kempten, and then rapidly leaving Ulm and Worms, he arrived at Brenschel.

By railway he proceeded to Mannheim, then he tried to embark on the Rhine, intending to proceed to Cologne, but unhappily met with a disaster which suddenly stopped his rapid progress. A Prussian vessel, owing to the thickness of the fog, ran its bowsprit through the paddle-box of the steamer, breaking the gear of the engine, and rendering it useless. Under these circumstances, Lieut. Waghorn resolved to land on the opposite shore, and to make his way to Cologne by the best means he could.

By the courtesy of the Prussian and Belgian governments, he here found great facilities of despatch, orders having been given that he should proceed, without stoppage, between the rates of forty and sixty miles per hour. He hastened on his way in a carriage driven by two engines. At 6 A.M. he reached Ostend, and crossing the Channel to Dover,

arrived in London by the South-eastern railway in two hours and twenty minutes; and in a dark and foggy morning, reached the *Times* office at twenty minutes past four, on the morning of Friday, the 31st of October; in fourteen minutes more he was comfortably seated in his office at Cornhill,—having performed the entire journey in twenty-nine days and a half; and but for the extraordinary delays he encountered, would have been done in twenty-six days.

The ordinary mail, via Marseilles, did not reach London till eleven o'clock on Saturday night, the 2nd of November.

Independent of the main incidents of his history in connexion with the Indian overland enterprise, which has immortalized his name as one of the greatest practical benefactors of the age, Lieut. Waghorn's career had been a most extraordinary one, full of the strangest vicissitudes, and abounding in evidences of character in every way worthy of enduring commemoration.

Of the pension lately awarded to him by government, Lieut. Waghorn lived but to receive only one quarter's payment; but we make no doubt that the same considerate feeling which originally prompted that grant to so eminent a public servant will suggest the propriety of its continuance to his widow, whose now straitened circumstances are principally attributable to her husband's high-minded endeavours to discharge, in his private capacity, obligations incurred on the faith of what he believed to be a permanent retention of his services by the Executive and on behalf of the community. His death was occasioned by the general break-up of the system, though the wreck of his iron constitution, and his irrepressible energy, offered so great a resistance to the inroads of debility, that it was thought to the last he would rally, and his dissolution was attended with great pain and suffering.



LIEUTENANT WAGHORN, R.N.

MY WIFE'S DREAM.

(Continued from page 103.)

ON further search, I discovered an old tottering bridge, leading across the mill-race, which I passed, and ran towards the building for shelter, while the rain fell in torrents. Suddenly, it occurred to me that this place might be the resort of robbers, in which case I should absolutely throw myself into their hands; but my fatigue was so great, that it overbalanced my apprehension. I found the door open (a sign that no one lived there); I groped about with great caution in the darkness, and advanced till I touched the platform of the inner mill-wheel, quite worn out, yet terrified by the thoughts of falling, perhaps, through a hole in the floor, or tumbling over some murdered victim. I seated myself, at last, in a corner, and resolved to wait there for daylight. Scarcely had I composed myself for rest, when a most overpowering sense of horror came over me. What could be the real history of this building, which stood so desolate and forsaken? If robbers, as it seems, probably haunted the place, would I not certainly be found out, and murdered? What if the midnight spectre should again appear to me? These, and other harassing thoughts, forced themselves on my mind; and I was the less able to combat them when, reclining on the floor, I became aware of a most detestable atmosphere, as if from a charnel-house, which became so insupportable that I would have left my hiding-place if my fears had not rendered me powerless. After I had remained for about an hour in this torment, voices were audible at the door; and as I had no doubt that the new comers were banditti, my death seemed now irrevocably decreed. I could hear that there was some wrangling among them as to the cause of the door being found open; after which, four men came in with a lantern, and bearing a sack that was filled evidently with some cumbrous and heavy load. They drew near without observing me, lifted up some boards in the flooring, and opened the sack. It contained the bloody corpse of a man, which they threw down under the floor, then closed up the aperture as before. My hair now stood on end; I shook as in an ague fit, and nearly fainted, for in addition to the other terrors of this scene, I recognised Tredgold's eldest son among the murderers. "So much for that fellow," said he, when they had thrown down the body; "if we had met with E*****, (here he mentioned my name), and disposed of him in the like manner, it would have been better worth our trouble." "I am afraid," said another, "we have no chance of seeing him to-night." "Well," answered a third, "if he comes not to-night, he will to-morrow; at all events he shall not escape us." Perhaps I had unconsciously made some noise, for the ruffian Tredgold remarked—"The door was left open; let us search the house, that we may be sure no one is watching us." The rest, however, were afraid; they alleged that it was no place to remain in longer than necessity required; and it was impossible that any one would venture to watch there unless it was some revengeful ghost. This cowardice saved my life, for if in reality they had searched the building, I must have been discovered, and my death was certain. At last they quitted this den of murder, and carefully locked the door.

My feelings at that moment baffle every attempt to describe them. How near I had been to destruction! I had just seen one murdered victim secreted, and heard that a like fate was destined for me. Even now I was by no means safe, for if by chance they discovered my horse, this would, doubtless, excite their suspicions; they would then come back and make a resolute search. If I could escape on the return of daylight was also uncertain; but these miserable apprehensions were increased to a nameless horror when I heard the murdered man beneath me groaning hideously, and rattling in his throat. I am certain that I heard him; he was murdered, indeed, for his wounds must have been mortal, but life was not yet extinct; the cold sweat stood on my forehead; my heart beat audibly; I had almost died; indeed, it seemed as if the night would never have an end; my senses were confused in delirium, and I almost doubted if I yet lived.

At last the grey light of morning began to gleam through the broken roof, and hopes revived that I might make my escape. As soon as I could clearly distinguish objects, I went to the door, but it was so thoroughly secured, that all my efforts to force it open were in vain. In searching through the building for some other outlet, I stumbled on the entrance to the pitfall into which the last victim had been thrown. I lifted up the boards, and with indescribable abhorrence beheld eleven dead bodies, many of them already in the most frightful stages of corruption. Among these I was to have been deposited, and might be so still, if I did not succeed in gaining my liberty. After much trouble, I found another door, which yielded to a vehement effort. It led into a room in which there were many bloody dresses hung up against the wall. This apartment was lighted by a small window, of which I instantly broke the casement, and thought at the risk of my neck, leaped out. Now, then, I was at liberty, but still I had not my horse, nor, if he were found, did I know in what direction I should ride, in order to escape from those assassins. I retraced, as nearly as I could guess at it, my course of the preceding night, and having now the advantage of daylight to guide me through the thickets, discovered my faithful steed sooner than I expected; a beaten cart-road also presented itself. I mounted, and trotted away with the utmost expedition. Though the scenes were quite new to me, and I could not tell whither I went, yet chance for this time favoured my purpose; for, after riding about two miles, I reached a post station. Here, as soon as I had obtained some refreshment, I took a carriage with extra horses, and drove as rapidly as possible towards B——. I reached home the same day, and on my arrival, had recourse to the director of police, before whom I made a circumstantial declaration of my adventures; whereupon he ordered a proper legal inquiry to be commenced, and the same evening despatched one of his officers, with a band of soldiers, to Tredgold's residence.

My wife was everjoyed at my safe return, having felt the most unconquerable anxiety during the whole time of my absence. But my sufferings from that terrible night were not yet complete. I was attacked by a fever, which ended in very serious illness. My strength had been so severely tried by the excitement I had undergone, that extreme weakness and relaxation followed, and I must have perished but for the constant attention of a skilful physician, under whose management, after being six weeks confined, I felt myself once more in a condition to leave my room.

As soon as my health allowed of any exertion, I made a visit to the prison in which Tredgold was now secured. Notwithstanding his crimes, and the attack which he would, doubtless, have made on my life, I could not help looking on him with some degree of compassion, and wished to alleviate his sufferings as far as the law would permit. However, no sooner had I made my appearance than he began to rave like a madman, and broke out into the most horrible imprecations, as if he were determined to prove how undeserving he was of that interest which I took in his fate. In a few minutes I was obliged to leave him with aversion and disgust, but I begged the gaoler to obtain for me an interview with Tredgold's youngest son, from whom I hoped to extract some information as to his father's crimes. The young man, when he saw me, was moved even to tears, and answered my inquiries with such candour, that on my return home I was able to set on paper what here follows, and which corresponds exactly with the records of the criminal court.

Antony Tredgold, at his commencement in trade, was exceedingly active and prosperous; his income was competent; he lived within it, so that his fortune augmented, slowly indeed, but securely, and his credit rose every year. By some unexpected windfalls, however, my capital increased so much, that I was able to extend my business to an extraordinary degree, and this excited his envy. Till then, we had always advanced on an equal footing, both as to our gains and our expenditure. Our credit and influence on 'Change were the same; and there was, in truth, no difference between our respective fortunes. But now these circumstances were completely changed. Never having been inclined to avarice, I did not deny myself any elegance or luxury which my resources now warranted. At length I considered a handsome

carriage and horses allowable; therefore indulged in the purchase of both. My first wife was perhaps more partial to fine dresses than was altogether commendable, but as we lived very happily together, I did not choose to run the risk of involving myself in domestic quarrels by crossing her harshly in this humour.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A SIGH FOR THE POOR.

BY L. M. THORNTON,
AUTHOR OF "THE CHILD'S APPEAL."

A sigh for the Poor, without shelter or friends,
Exposed to the blast and the storm;
A hand ever ready to ease their distress,
And a heart that with pity beats warm.
Oh, why is our lot not as abject as theirs?
Do we differ one jot in the mould?
And why have we kindred, and riches, and health,
And why are we screen'd from the cold?
Then a sigh for the Poor, without shelter or friends,
Exposed to the blast and the storm;
A hand ever ready to ease their distress,
And a heart that with pity beats warm.
Oh, I loathe the proud giver, who boasts of his deeds,
And plays with the coin he bestows;
But give me the one who is cheerful withal,
Though a mite 'midst profusion he throws.
True charity comes like the *Widow* of old,
And not as the *RICH MEN* I ween:—
The one came in sympathy, abounding all gaze,—
The others, alas! to BE SEEN!
Then a sigh for the Poor, without shelter or friends,
Exposed to the blast and the storm;
A hand ever ready to ease their distress,
And a heart that with pity beats warm.

8, Fisher Gate, York.

DOMESTIC AND USEFUL.

A correspondent recommends, on the ground of experience, that parties subject to cramp should "sleep in their stockings." Another correspondent has found the following to be an unfailing remedy:—"Tie a bandage of flannel list, about an inch and a half or two inches in breadth, just below the knees, every night when going to bed. The length on each leg about one yard and a quarter."

YORKSHIRE PUDDING.—Put six tablespoonfuls of flour into a basin, with six eggs, a pinch of salt, and a quarter of a pint of milk; mix well together with a wooden spoon, adding the remaining three-quarters of a pint of milk by degrees. You have previously set a shallow tin dish under a piece of roasting beef before the fire. An hour before serving, pour in the batter, leaving it under the meat until quite set, and rather browned upon the top, when, turn the pudding over upon the dish you intend serving it upon, and again place it before the fire until the other side is rather browned, when it is ready to serve with the meat. This pudding is also very excellent baked under a small piece of beef of about five or six pounds. It is also frequently baked beneath a shoulder of mutton; also baked in an oven separate, (with a few spoonfuls of gravy added), if the fire is not large enough.—*M. SOYER.*

A VERY DELICATE CALF'S HEAD.—First choose your head as thick and fat as you can, then plunge it into two gallons of water, which must be nearly boiling, in a pan on the fire; let your head remain about ten minutes, then take it out by the ears, and after remaining a short time, scrape your hair off with the back of a knife without injuring your cheek, and pull your eyes out; break your jawbone and saw your head in two without smashing your brains, which take out carefully; set it in cold water, to get clean and white; then pull out your tongue, scrape and dry it, having previously boiled it with your head, which after two hours' ebullition, will feel as soft as possible, when see that your head is in the centre of the dish; your tongue divided in two, and placed on each side of it: sharp sauce according to No.—is allowed to be served with either head or tongue.—*M. SOYER.*

BURNING WATER INSTEAD OF LAMP OIL.—The *New York Sun* has a letter from Worcester Mass., in which the writer claims to have invented and put in use an apparatus which separates the oxygen of which water is composed, and produces gases for lights. This it does at no other expense than that of the machinery—as no material but water is used. The water is decomposed by a current of electricity, evolved by the apparatus. The labour of five minutes, once in two hours in the day, in winding up the machine, is all that is required to produce two hundred and fifty cubic feet of gas. The expense of the machine is three hundred dollars, and it can be carried by a man under his arm. Such is the description of it. Time will determine whether it is even so.

A CHEAP SUBSTITUTE FOR A VAPOUR BATH.—Take a piece of lime, about half the size of your closed hand, and wrap around it a wet cloth, sufficiently wrung to prevent water running from it—a dry cloth is to be several times wrapt around this; place one of these packets on each side, and by both thighs (a few inches from them) of the patient; an abundant humid heat is soon developed by the action of the water on the lime, which quickly induces copious perspiration, the effect lasting for two hours at least. When sweating is fully established, the lime may be withdrawn, which is now reduced to a powder. In this way, neither copious drinks nor loading the bed with covering is required.—*Gazette Medicale.*

Varieties.

A RABEE SHOW.—Show me the man who can quit the brilliant society of the young to listen to the kindly voice of age—who can hold cheerful converse with one whom years hath deprived of its charms—show me the man who would no more look rudely at the poor girl in the village, than at the elegant and well-dressed lady in the saloon—show me the man who treats unprotected maidenhood as he would the heiress surrounded by the powerful protection of rank, riches, and family—show me the man who would abhor the libertine's jibe, who shuns as a blasphemer the traducer of his mother's sex—who scorns, as he would a coward, the ridiculer of woman's foibles, or the exposé of womanly reputation—show me that man who never forgets for an instant, the delicacy, the respect that is due to woman, as woman, in any condition or class—show me such a man, and you show me a gentleman—nay, you show me better, you shall show me a true Christian.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S LAST FRIEND IS THE TAX-GATHERER.—His wife may leave him, his family disown him, his children run away from him, his best friends and worst acquaintances avoid him, but the Tax-gatherer follows him wherever he goes, even to the grave. It must be most flattering to an Englishman's pride that poor as he may be, he has always one friend that takes care of him, and who will call without the smallest ceremony, and share his last penny loaf. Solitude and selfishness cannot exist in England, for no man can live independent of the Tax-gatherer. His existence is a partnership drawn up for life, between the Government and himself, in which the former takes what it likes, and the latter gives more than he likes. In short, every Englishman may be said to possess two shadows—his own genuine, true-born shadow, and the Government presentation shadow; but there is this difference between the two, that, whereas his own shadow merely walks after him, the Government shadow walks into him if it is not paid the moment it runs after him.—*Punch.*

AMERICAN ELOQUENCE.—"What, Mr. Speaker, what shall I say to my constituents?" exclaimed a wrathful member of Congress, on the passing of a bill to which he was utterly opposed. "What shall I say?" he repeated; but found it impossible to get beyond the interrogatory. "Tell them," replied the waggish Speaker, "that you tried to make a speech, but couldn't."

A puffing schoolmaster asked poor Tam, a kind of natural of his village, "how long a man might live without brains?" Tam, laying hold of the dominie's button, and gazing for a few moments in his face, asked, "How long hae ye lived, dominie?"

CLASSICAL HODGE-PODGE.—The *Builder* says,—In the same manner that Scotch architects mingled styles, Scotch poetical epitaph makers adopted mixed languages. Here are specimens:—

"Here lies the Laird of Lundie,

Sic transit gloria mundi!"

"*Hic jacet Johannes Spencius,*

Qhna biggit this Kirk-yaird Dyke at his ain expenses."

ANGELS ON THE TRAMP.—A vagrant called at a house on a Sunday, and begged for some cider. The lady refused to give him any, and he reminded her of the oft-quoted remark, that she "might entertain an angel unawares." "Yes," said she, "but angels don't go about drinking cider on Sundays!"

"Don't, dear," said Mrs. Partington to a child playing with a powder-horn, "don't touch the pesky thing, for it may go off, and then you'll get burnt, as the poor little boy did that got blowed up by a pound of shot."

HOW MANY MILES A PRINTER'S HAND TRAVELS.—Although a printer may be setting all day, yet in his own way he is a great traveller, or at least his hand is, as we shall prove. A good printer will set 8000 ems a day, or about 24,000 letters. The distance travelled over by his hand will average about one foot per letter, going to the boxes in which they are contained, and of course returning, making two feet every letter he sets. This would make a distance each day of 48,000 feet, or a little more than nine miles; and in the course of a year, leaving out Sundays, that member travels about 8000 miles!

Camera Sketches.



IFFLEY CHURCH, OXON.

PROBABLY there is not a better specimen extant of a parochial church of the Norman period, than that of Iffley; and, fortunately, whatever alterations have been introduced, which happily are very few, and are confined principally to insertions of windows, have not destroyed the original character of the building, while they afford an opportunity of viewing at one glance a specimen of each style of Gothic architecture that followed the Norman. It stands upon the banks of the Thames, about two miles from the city of Oxford, and, viewed in connexion with an old water mill at the foot of a rising ground, forms a most picturesque object from the river. The church consists of a nave and chancel, which are separated by a large square tower. The tower is low yet massive. The most striking feature of a Norman edifice is invariably its elaborately carved doorways; and in these Iffley is peculiarly rich. The western door is the finest, and has long been known and admired by antiquaries. It is large and has a bold circular arch, carved with the zig-zag and other ornaments; the outer arch has a double row of grotesque heads, and one of animals above. These carvings are rude in style, but possess on the whole much grandeur of effect. The doorways on the northern and southern sides are also considerably enriched. The southern is singular, but far less beautiful than the western doorway. On each side of it are two pillars, with the usual Norman ornaments, but all differing from each other—they support a circular enriched arch. The interior of the edifice is peculiarly characteristic, and presents a remarkably venerable and sombre appearance, becoming so early a relic of "hoar antiquity." The font in the church is also Norman, and one of the most perfect of its period. In the churchyard is a yew tree, with a trunk of enormous girth; near this are the remains of a cross, which has suffered much from the effects of time and ill-usage. Looked at from the churchyard, the appearance of the church is very picturesque, especially when the huge dark mass of the yew, and the dilapidated cross beside it, are in the foreground. The precise date of its erection is unknown. Warton, in his "History of Kidding-ton," states it to have been built by a Bishop of Lincoln in the twelfth century, but he gives no authority for his statement. All that is really ascertainable is, that it was in existence in 1189. In 1217 it belonged to the Black Canons of Kenilworth. Its great antiquity is therefore clear, apart from the evidence afforded by its style, and fortunately it has escaped without any remarkable injury.

No cloud can overshadow the true Christian, but his faith will discover a rainbow in it.

No endowments of the mind are a sufficient justification for pride.

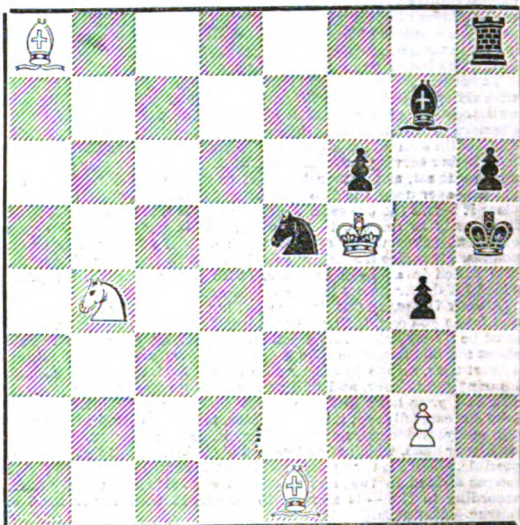
Another mammoth cave has been discovered in Kentucky, about twelve miles distant from the celebrated one. It has already been penetrated five miles, where it was still extending, and it will probably prove the largest cave in the world.

Anecdotes.

A NEW TITLE FOR MAJESTY.—One forenoon, last autumn, as her Majesty, some hundreds of miles distant from her Life Guards, was taking a solitary walk along a public road in the vicinity of Balmoral, she met a countrywoman carrying a basket of eggs, with whom she entered into conversation. In reply to a question put to her, the basket-carrier said she was going with her eggs to the place—a name given to Balmoral by the Highlanders, to distinguish it from every other place in the world. "Do you get a good price for your eggs?" inquired her Majesty. "Sometimes," replied the woman; "but we are get the best price when the Queen comes." On this her Majesty offered to purchase the contents of the basket, and tendered a golden sovereign in exchange. "I cannot break it, my leddy," said the woman, meaning that she had not the requisite amount of small coin to make up the difference in value between the eggs and the shining piece of gold. "Oh, never mind," said the Queen, "if you cannot break it, you must keep it whole. Take your eggs to the place, and tell the people there that the Queen has paid for them." The honest woman started back with uplifted hands, and with joy and surprise pictured on her face, exclaimed, "Is that your ain sel, Mistress Albert? Is that your ain sel?"

THE 119TH PSALM.—The minister of a parish, in which the manse is at a considerable distance from the church, happened one Sabbath to have forgotten to bring his sermon along with him. Not deeming it proper to address his flock in an extemporaneous effusion, he announced the singing of the 119th Psalm, till he should return. Unfortunately his manuscript was mislaid, which detained him longer than he expected. The kirk officer, a sort of Jack of all trades, who acted in emergencies as precentor, Sabbath-school teacher, collector of poor's money, &c., and who would even have mounted the pulpit, it was thought, upon a very slight hint, repaired at length to the manse, and on finding the missing parson, addressed him as follows:—"I just took the liberty, sir, to come and see what was keepin' ye. Yon pair folk are muckle to be pitied; ye maun really gang an' look after them. When I cam' away they were warstling through the 57th verse, an' were a' cheepin' like as many mice." The minister, of course, not being able to resist such a moving appeal, made all the haste possible, and arrived in time to prevent any fatal effects resulting from his blunder.

OUR CHESS BOARD.

PROBLEM No. 4.
BLACK.

WHITE.
White to win in four moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 3.

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. Q takes K P+ | 1. K takes Q |
| 2. Kt to K B fifth+ | 2. K to K B sq |
| 3. Kt to Q sixth+ | 3. Q takes R. |
| 4. P checkmates. | |

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. H. C.—The contribution is too well known.

FROD.—Declined, with thanks.

J. W.—See our answer to W. M. in No. 2.

J. M.—We shall be happy to hear from you.

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THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED NEWS

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{ ONE PENNY.
POST FREE, 2d.

ASYLUM FOR DECAYED GOVERNESSES.



NE of the most admirable of our metropolitan charities is the Governesses Benevolent Institution; in connexion with which this Asylum is founded. It is built from the design of the Messrs. Brandon, and stands in Grafton Place, Kentish Town.

The Governesses Institution has been established, to raise the character of governesses as a class, and thus

to improve the tone of female education; to assist governesses in making provision for their old age; and to assist in distress and age those governesses whose exertions for their parents, or families, have prevented such a provision.

There is something inexpressibly sweet in the idea of providing a haven for the storm-beaten mariner—a shelter for the weather-tried traveller—a place of rest for the wearied wayfarer.

The committee have been repeatedly urged by some of their best and kindest friends to carry out the plan of a permanent home for aged governesses; but they waited for the manifestation of a similar feeling on the part of the public, in the form of donations for this especial purpose, and they have not waited in vain. Many liberal donors have come forward; and with the assistance of a highly

patronised fancy sale at Chelsea Hospital, a sufficient sum has been accumulated to commence the Asylum with apartments for ten inmates; four of whom were elected during the past year, and four will be elected in the present year. A most kind friend is raising 1000*l.* towards the endowment by a silver subscription; and has more than half achieved her self-imposed task; and there is every reason to expect the manifestation of a similar spirit by others. It is calculated by the architect, that 200*l.* will at any time secure the addition of rooms for two more occupants; the endowment required is 500*l.*, or 15*l.* per annum legally and permanently secured; and a definite object is thus offered to donors.

As the society is empowered to hold land, the assistance of liberal friends would be of great value at the present time to secure contiguous property, which will otherwise soon be built over.

In projecting the asylum, the committee are carrying out their professed principles of meeting the wishes of all classes of their subscribers.

It has been a great desire of the committee to facilitate all arrangements for the benefit of governesses, without laying down dogmatic principles according with their own views. Any branch of the society can thus be supported without committing its supporters to other details, their subscriptions being specially devoted to that peculiar fund. Thus the Provident Fund may be supported exclusively by those who consider assistance degrading to the class; the Annuity Fund by those who approve its system of inalienable security for its objects; *this fund* by those who wish to see a tranquil



THE GOVERNESSES BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.

home provided for the comfortless and aged governess, and to give the largest amount possible *from income* to this good work. The committee will be happy to spend upon this branch every shilling of subscription devoted to it; and an opportunity is thus afforded to test the number of those who are of opinion that the income of the society should be thus employed.

The necessity of such a home is more and more pressed upon them. It seems almost superfluous again to point out how impossible it is that governesses in general should save sufficient to provide for their own old age. A reference to one polling paper will be the best course, as it will produce facts, which are always the soundest arguments. There were eighty-four candidates for three annuities of 15*l.* each—eighty-four ladies, many reared in affluence, and all accustomed to the comforts and luxuries of at least our middle ranks—all seeking an annuity of 15*l.* Of these seventy were unmarried, and out of this number seven had incomes above 20*l.*—two derived from public institutions; sixteen had incomes varying from thirty-six shillings to 14*l.*; and forty-seven had absolutely nothing! It will be recollected that all these ladies are above fifty years of age; and of the utterly destitute, eighteen were above sixty. It is sometimes asked, could they not have averted this lamentable condition? The committee would fain hope that all who have received a polling paper have read the cases to which they refer; to see that out of these seventy ladies no less than fifty-four had not provided for themselves, because they had devoted their salaries or their savings, legacies from relations, and all their earnings, more or less, to their families; from the "support of one or both parents for many years," to the educating younger sisters, helping brothers in their onward path, and protecting and educating orphan nephews and nieces. To all interested in the subject, to all who have benefited by the governess's care, [and who has not?] it seems a duty and a privilege to provide a home for the desolate old age of those whose high sense of private duty has thus deprived them of a self-provided home. We cannot give them the best blessings that are conveyed in that almost sacred word; we cannot surround them with the family ties and the sweet sympathies of home; but we can take them from a cheerless lodging, and the anxieties of daily privation, and the harshness of petty creditors—the half-spread table—the *not half* warmed room—the lonely hours of increasing helplessness; and give them warmth, and food, and care, and kindness—freedom from the cruel anxiety of rent—a hand to help, a voice to cheer—the blessed certainty that their weakness will be tended—their infirmities cared for—their last days allowed to pass undisturbed by the harassing anxieties of poverty.

GARRICK'S OWN ACCOUNT OF HIS FIRST APPEARANCE.

AMONG a few letters written by David Garrick, that have recently become known, there is a very interesting one to his brother Peter, commenced on the day on which he made his first appearance as an actor, and finished on the day following. In it he communicates his change of occupation to his brother, premising that since he had been in business he had "run out four hundred pounds, and found *grade* not increasing;" and had now begun to think of some way of redeeming his fortune. "*My mind (as you know) has always been inclined to the stage; nay, so strongly so, that all my illness and lowness of spirits was owing to my want of resolution to tell you my thoughts when here.* Though I know you will be displeased with me, yet I hope, when you shall find that I may have the genius of an actor without the vices, you will think less severe of me, and not be ashamed to own me for a brother." He then makes an offer as to the transfer of his business, stock, &c. "*Last night I played Richard the Third to the surprise of everybody; and as I shall make very near 300*l.* per annum of it, and as it is really what I doat upon, I am resolved to pursue it.*" While still acting at Goodman's Fields he writes again to his brother Peter, after a short interval. "The favour I have met with from the greatest men has made me far from

repenting of my choice. I am very intimate with Mr. Glover, who will bring out a tragedy next winter on my account. I have supped with the great Mr. Murray, counsellor, and shall with Mr. Pope, by his introduction. I supped with Mr. Littleton, the Prince's favourite, last Thursday night, and met with the highest civility and complaisance. He told me he never knew what acting was till I appeared; and said I was only born to act what Shakspeare writ. I believe nobody, as an actor, was ever more caressed; and my character as a private man makes 'em more desirous of my company (all this *entre nous*, as one brother to another). I am not fixed for next year, but shall certainly be at the other end of the town. I am offered 500 guineas and a clear benefit, or part of the management, &c."

Such as give ear to slanderers, are but one degree better themselves.

Some men marry for beauty, some for love. I knew a clergyman who married because his wife made the best beef-steak pie in England—and he was no fool.

AN INTERESTING BRIDAL RACE.—The conditions of the bridal race are these:—The maiden has a certain start given, which she avails herself of to gain a sufficient distance from the crowd to enable her to manage her steed with freedom, so as to assist in his pursuit the suitor whom she prefers. On a signal from the father, all the horsemen gallop after the fair one; and whichever first succeeds in encircling her waist with his arm, no matter whether disagreeable or not to her choice, is entitled to claim her as his wife. After the usual delays incident upon such interesting occasions, the maiden quits the circle of her relations, and, putting her steed into a hand-gallop, darts into the open plain. When satisfied with her position, she turns round to the impatient youths, and stretches out her arms towards them, as if to woo their approach. This is the moment for giving the signal to commence the chase, and each of the impatient youths, dashing his pointed heels into his courser's sides, darts like the unhooded hawk in pursuit of the fugitive dove. The savannah was extensive, full twelve miles long and three in width; and as the horsemen sped across the plain, the favoured lover became soon apparent by the efforts of the maiden to avoid all others who might approach her. At length, after nearly two hours' racing, the number of pursuers is reduced to four, who are altogether, and gradually gaining on the pursued. With them is the favourite; but, alas! his horse suddenly fails in his speed; and as she anxiously turns her head, she perceives with dismay the hapless position of her lover. Each of the more fortunate leaders, eager with anticipated triumph, bending his head on his horse's mane, shouts at the top of his voice, "I come, my Peri! I'm your lover." But she, making a sudden turn, and lashing her horse almost to fury, darts across their path, and makes for that part of the chummun (plain) where her lover is vainly endeavouring to goad on his weary steed. The three others instantly check their career; but in the hurry to turn back two of the horses are dashed furiously against each other, so that both steeds and riders roll over the plain. The maiden laughed, (for she well knew she could elude the single horseman,) and flew to the point where her lover was. But her only pursuer was rarely mounted, and not so easily shaken off. Making a last and desperate effort, he dashed alongside the maiden, and, stretching out his arm, almost won the unwilling prize; but she, bending her head to her horse's neck, eluded his grasp, and wheeled off again. Ere the discomfited horseman could again approach her, her lover's arm was around her waist; and, amidst the shouts of the spectators, they turned towards the fort.—*Captain Burslem's Peep into Turkisthan.*

SEASONABLE DEFINITIONS.

SNOW.—Winter's dressing-gown.

ICE.—The sheet of the river's bed.

ICICLES.—Nature's pendants manufactured from gems of the purest water.

DEW.—A bill drawn by Night and Co., taken up and accepted by the Sun.

FOG.—The cloud's embrace.

GERMEN.

NEW ZEALAND.

SKETCH OF NEW ZEALAND, AND THE PROGRESS OF THE COLONY.

(Continued from page 101.)

NELSON is formed by a sort of natural breakwater, or bank, composed of large boulders. The bank is a few feet above high-water mark, and averages a quarter of a mile in width, lying parallel with the coast, and joining the land at one extremity. The town is laid out in a basin of 1000 acres, and enjoys a mild and serene climate, being enclosed by hills. The land belonging to this settlement is principally fern, and some of it, like that around Auckland, is considered by judges to be of inferior quality compared with other parts. The Waimea and Mouere districts are the best in this settlement. Coal and limestone are found close by in Massacre Bay, also at other parts along the coast southward.

Like their elder brothers of Port Nicholson, the settlers of Nelson are men of the greatest energy and spirit. It was the misfortune of the settlement to lose some of its best supporters in an attempt to perform the obligations of the Government without the requisite means, on the 17th of June, 1843, when a collision occurred with the natives at the Wairau district, in Cloudy Bay, and Captains Arthur Wakefield and England, Messrs. Thompson, Richardson, Patchet, Cotterell, and Howard, were among the slain. The natives were headed by Te-Rauperaha, and Te-Rangiahaeta, chiefs belonging to the opposite side of the straits.

The east coast of this island is still very imperfectly known, but it is certain that very little available land exists, although possessed of several harbours. Stewart's, or the southern island, like many other parts, is at present occupied by whalers, and being of such small extent, will probably be left to these pioneers of civilization for some years to come. The entire European population may be roughly estimated at 12,000, and the native at 120,000.

The healthiness of the climate of New Zealand forms its greatest recommendation. The general temperature is even, the thermometer rarely descending below forty-five degrees, during the day, in winter, (which begins in May,) and in summer, (commencing in November,) seldom rising above eighty-five. It is, however, windy, and not altogether pleasant at some parts to the fresh arrived emigrant. It is fallacious to expect a luxurious climate in New Zealand, but the healthiness of it may be safely asserted. Although the wind does blow, it never feels cold; and to wear a great-coat is quite impossible for a person walking. The designer of this Panorama has frequently been more or less wet for weeks together, day and night, when out on exploring trips. Many of his sketches were made during the rain, or standing up to his middle in a river, or swamp, yet he does not remember ever to have had a cold during the whole time that he was in New Zealand, a period of between three and four years. It must not be understood that these practices are prudent, since they are sure to tell upon any man at last, neither is there any necessity for a colonist to expose himself in this manner.

The Bishop of New Zealand writes as follows of the climate:—"No one knows what the climate is, till he has basked in the almost perpetual sunshine of Tasman's Gulf, with a frame braced and invigorated to the full enjoyment of heat by the wholesome frost or cool snowy breeze of the night before. And no one can speak of the soil or scenery of New Zealand, till he has seen both the natural beauties and the ripening harvests of Taranaki. When he has sat upon the deck of a vessel sailing to Taranaki, and watched the play of light and shade upon the noble mountain and the woods at its base, and far behind, in the centre of the islands, the thin white wreath of streamy smoke which marks the volcano of Tongariro, and to the south the sister mountain of Ruapaho, covered with perpetual snow—then he may be qualified to speak of the scenery of this country, especially if he has added to his sketch-book the great chain of the southern Alps, which I have lately seen in all their wintry grandeur, stretching in an almost unbroken line from north to south for more than three hundred miles. And no one can speak of the healthfulness of New Zealand till he has been ventilated by the restless breezes of Port

Nicholson, where malaria is no more to be feared than on the top of Chimborazo, and where active habits of industry and enterprise are evidently favoured by the elastic tone and perpetual motion of the atmosphere. If I am not mistaken, no fog can ever linger long over Wellington, to deaden the intellectual faculties of its inhabitants."

It has been observed by more than one traveller, that there is certainly some charm in this country that makes us like it, in spite of the discomforts we at first endure, and which is to be accounted for only by the strong resemblance it bears to England in temperature and productions. "One can scarcely imagine the light heart, the elastic step and feeling of vigour, one so soon acquires here."

The following is a Table of the Climate of London compared to that of Wellington:—

	Mean Annual Temperature.	Mean of Winter.	Mean of Coldest Month.	Mean of Hottest Month.	Average No. of Days on which Rain falls.	Mean Annual quantity of Rain in Inches.
London . . .	50·39	39·12	37·36	63·48	178·	34·80
Wellington	52·50	48·85	44·05	64·25	128·	28·73

Our engravings, sketched by permission from Mr. Brees's New Panorama, represent Thoms' Whaling Station, and Fort Richmond and the Hutt Road.

Mr. Thoms has long had a whaling station at this port: he also keeps a house of entertainment for travellers on the same spot, and ferries them over the harbour. The whaler's house and sheds are shown in the view. The sea lies in a direction towards the right; and the depth of water near the shears is about twelve fathoms. The whaling from shore parties was commented about the year 1827 by the sealers frequenting the southern parts of New Zealand, who were induced, from the scarcity of seals, to try their hand with the whale. The vicinity of Cook's Straits was the scene of their earliest efforts. Kapiti and Cloudy Bay had been long resorted to by whaling ships, and some of the crews generally managed to run away and join the shore parties. The whalers therefore have been associated with lawless habits, bold and hardy from the commencement. A station usually numbers several boats. The whale boat is long, and sharp at both ends, and generally built for five rowers, although six, seven, and even eight oared boats are used at the present time. The boats are not steered by a rudder, but by a long oar, which is in the hands of the headsman, and affords him great power over it. The rower at the head also acts as harpooner, and after making fast to a whale, the oars are peaked or balanced out of the water on each side, and the boat is drawn through the sea in the track of the whale at a fearful velocity. After going along in this way for some time, the cord being taken in, and payed out again as found necessary by the headsman, perhaps another boat fixes on the fish; water being poured over the rope where it chafes against the boat to keep it cool. Upon the whale becoming tired, it is killed by the headsman, who goes to the head of the boat, and takes the place of the harpooner, who then becomes the boat steerer. The finishing strokes are generally given with the lance or spade. The whale is afterwards anchored for the night, or towed ashore according to circumstances. The chase of the whale, like all sports in which danger is associated, is very exciting; and much judgment and powers of endurance are displayed by the men. Although there are no written laws among the whalers, yet they have a regular code in force which has been handed down by custom and tradition. The first boat which makes fast to a whale is allowed to be entitled to her. The season commences in May, and continues until the beginning of October.

The men are generally employed "on the lay," which is a system of sharing the proceeds arising from the sale of the oil and bone among them, the headsman and steersman having extra shares. The owner of the station fits it out, and receives a certain number of shares: he supplies the men with whatever they require, which is paid for at the end of the season, generally at very exorbitant prices. The



FORT RICHMOND AND THE HUTT ROAD.

catch of fish is very uncertain; but when the season is good, the amount of an oarsman's wages comes to about 30*l.* or 40*l.*, after spending which, unless such is impossible, they retire to the vicinity of their native Pa's, with their wives. Although the whalers are generally a reckless class, still there is much hospitality and good feeling exhibited by them, partaking in some degree of the character of the British sailor. They take wives for a time among the native women, who have a strong partiality for the white men. The natives build their houses, and frequently take a part in the whaling operations; and, when short of food, they will not scruple to eat the flesh of the whale.

The blubber or fat is removed from the whale, and cut into pieces of about two feet in each direction. These are melted into oil, over a fire, in a large vessel called a try-pot, about six feet in diameter, and made in the shape of a common go-ashore, with legs. The oil is conveyed into coolers, and afterwards to large casks, ready for shipment. Whales sometimes yield twelve or thirteen tons of oil, but nine is considered very well. The practice of whaling from shore parties is undoubtedly very injurious to the fisheries. Most of the fish will be slaughtered in the course of time; the catch of oil being already much diminished. The oil and whalebone caught in the neighbourhood of Port Nicholson, in the year 1844, was worth 50,000*l.* in the London market.

FORT RICHMOND, AND THE HUTT BRIDGE.

The Hutt Bridge was erected by the New Zealand Company, and opened in the month of April, 1844. The view is taken looking down the river, and also shows Fort Richmond. This fortress was erected under the direction of Captain Compton, an enterprising settler on the Hutt. It is planned on the model of those in the United States of America, to guard against the incursions of the Indians. The stockade is arranged in the form of a square of ninety-five feet, with towers of defence, or block-houses, at two of the opposite angles, which command the bridge and the river on both sides. It is composed of slabs of wood, nine feet six inches high, and five to six inches thick, and is musket proof. One of the block-houses is fifteen, and the other twelve feet square. The fort was erected at a cost of £124, independent of the value of the timber, which was presented by Mr. Compton, and voluntary labour to the amount of £54 10*s.* is included in the above statement of the cost.

BONAPARTE'S POVERTY IN EARLY LIFE.—M. Thiers, in his "History of the Consulate," relates some very strange and previously unknown particulars respecting the early life and penury of Napoleon Bonaparte. It appears that after he had obtained a subaltern's commission in the French service, and after he had done the state good service by his skill and daring at Toulon, he lived for some time in Paris in obscure lodgings, and such extreme poverty that he was often without the means of paying 10 sous each (5*d.*) for his dinner, and frequently went without any meal at all. He was under the necessity of borrowing small sums, and even worn-out clothes, from his acquaintances! He and his brother Louis, afterwards King of Holland, had at one time only one coat between them, so the brothers could only go out alternately, time and time about. At this crisis the chief benefactor of the future emperor and conqueror, "at whose mighty name the world grew pale," was the actor Talma, who often gave him food and money. Napoleon's face, afterwards so famed for its classical mould, was, during this period of starvation, harsh and angular in its lineaments, with projecting cheek bones. His meagre face brought on an unpleasant and unsightly cutaneous disease, of a type so virulent and malignant, that it took all the assiduity of his accomplished physician, Corvisart, to expel it after a duration of more than ten years. The squallid beggar then, the splendid emperor afterwards—the threadbare habiliments, the imperial mantle, the hovel and the palace—the meagre food and the gorgeous banquet—the friendship of a poor actor, the homage and terror of the world—an exile and a prisoner—such are the ups and downs of this changeable life, such the lights and shadows of the great and mighty.

MR. MECCHI.—Mr. Mecchi, although what is called a man-of-business farmer, is the identical gentleman whose magic paste and toilet elegancies are so well known in Leadenhall-street. He has only chronicled his own experience. Eight years ago, Mr. Mecchi came down to Essex from his counting-house in London, and invested in a cold clay farm of 130 acres some of the handsome profits he had realized in magic paste. He astonished the Essex men at once and for ever by his operations on Tiptree Farm; he levelled the hedge-rows, rooted up trees, filled in the ditches, built nine-inch walls for enclosure, and at Tiptree-hall erected a magnificent steading of slated roofs (a slated roof is a novelty on the Essex clay), and, if we mistake not, an India-rubber liquid manure tank. In short, on 130 acres of his own, and 40 acres of hired land, Mr. Mecchi had, four years ago, by his own showing, expended 13,500*l.* in improvements. Yet, in coming to the question of results, we observe that, although this enterprising apostle of improvement proclaims himself satisfied with his present year's crops, satisfied with his whole expenditure, in fact (and, as he says himself, he is as close an accountant as any man), still his brother farmers are not satisfied to follow his example. They allege that Mr. Mecchi, having three and a half or four quarters of wheat (Mr. Mecchi himself says five) per acre, cannot cover the interest of 13,500*l.* expended on his farm; and a perfect storm of clamour was raised at the very meeting referred to for Mr. Mecchi's accounts. Mr. Mecchi, as we understand, has declined to furnish accounts, because his trust is in the future; he looks forward to a time when his improvements will begin to be remunerative, and denies the fairness of instant investigation.—*Tail's Magazine.*



THOM'S WHALING STATION, PORERUA.

A GREAT JEW BROKER.

SAMPSON GIDEON, the great Jew Broker, as he was called in the city, and the founder of the house of Fardley, as he is known to genealogists, died in 1762. This name, as the financial friend of Sir Robert Walpole, the oracle and leader of 'Change Alley, and the determined opponent of Sir John Bernard, was as familiar to the city circles in the last century as the names of Goldsmid and Rothschild are to the present. A shrewd, sarcastic man, possessing a rich vein of humour, the anecdotes preserved of him are unhappily few and far between. "Never grant a life-annuity to an old woman," he would say; "they wither, but they never die; and if the proposed annuitant coughed with a violent asthmatic cough on approaching the room-door, Gideon would call out, "Ay, ay, you may cough, but it shan't save you six months' purchase." In one of his dealings with Mr. Snow, the banker—immortalised by Dean Swift—the latter lent Gideon 20,000*l.* Shortly afterwards the "forty-five" broke out; the success of the Pretender seemed certain; and Mr. Snow, alarmed for his beloved property, addressed a piteous epistle to the Jew. A run upon his house, a stoppage, and a bankruptcy, were the least the banker's imagination pictured; and the whole concluded with an earnest request for his money. Gideon went to the bank, procured twenty notes, and sent for a phial of hartshorn, rolled the phial in the notes, and thus grotesquely Mr. Snow received the money he had lent. The greatest hit Gideon ever made was when the rebel army approached London; when the king was trembling; when the prime minister was undetermined, and stocks were sold at any price. Unhesitatingly he went to Jonathan's, bought all in the market, advanced every guinea he possessed, pledged his name and reputation for more, and held as much as the remainder of the members held together. When the pretender retreated, the stocks rose, the Jew experienced the advantage of his foresight. Like Guy, and most men whose minds are absorbed in one engrossing pursuit, Mr. Gideon was no great regarider of the outward man. In a humorous essay of the period, the author makes his hero say, "neither he nor Mr. Sampson Gideon ever regarded dress." He educated his children in the Christian faith, but said he was too old himself to change. Being desirous to know the proficiency his son had made in his new creed, he asked "Who made him?" and the boy replied, "God." He then asked, "Who redeemed him?" to which the fitting response was given. Not knowing what else to say, he stammered out, "Who—who—who gave you that hat?" when the boy, with parrot-like precision, replied in the third person of the Trinity. The story was related with

great unction at the period. "Gideon is dead," writes one of his contemporaries, in 1762, "worth more than the whole land of Canaan. He has left the reversion of all his milk and honey, after his son and daughter, and their children, to the Duke of Devonshire, without insisting on the duke taking his name, or being circumcised." That he was a man of liberal views may be gathered from his annual donation to the Sons of the Clergy, from his legacy of 2000*l.* to the same charity, and of 1000*l.* to the London Hospital. He died in the faith of his fathers, leaving 1000*l.* to the Jewish synagogue, on condition of being interred in the burying-place of the chosen people.—*Chronicles of the Exchange.*

THE ESQUIMAUX.—The wandering habits of the Esquimaux are strikingly evidenced in the following extract. The writer was at Fort Chimo, on the south side of Hudson's Strait:—"A greater number of Esquimaux were assembled about the post than I had yet seen; and among them I was surprised to find a family from the north side of the Strait, and still more astonished when I learned the way they had crossed: a raft, formed of pieces of drift-wood picked up along the shore, afforded the means of effecting the hazardous enterprise. On questioning them what was their object in risking their lives in so extraordinary an adventure, they replied that they wanted wood to make canoes, and visit the Esquimaux on the south side of the Strait. 'And what if you had been overtaken by a storm?' said I. 'We should have gone to the bottom,' was the cool reply. In fact, they had made a very narrow escape, a storm having come on just as they landed on the first island. The fact of these people having crossed Hudson's Strait on so rude and frail a conveyance strongly corroborates, I think, that America was originally peopled from Asia. The Asiatic side of Behring's Strait affording timber sufficiently large for the purpose of building boats or canoes, there seems nothing improbable in supposing that, when once in possession of that wonderful and useful invention—a boat, they might be induced even by curiosity—that powerful stimulus to adventure—to visit the nearest island, and from thence proceed to the continent of America; and finding it, perhaps, possessed of superior advantages to the shores they had left, settle there. My voyageur was evidently induced as much by curiosity as by the desire of procuring a canoe, to visit the south side of Hudson's Strait, where the passage is as wide as between the island in Behring's Strait and the two continents."—*M'Lean's Service in the Hudson Bay Territories.*

MY WIFE'S DREAM.

(Concluded from page 111.)

MEANWHILE the wife of Tredgold wished to be attired exactly like mine, and as he could not afford such expense, she overwhelmed him with reproaches for his bad management. He would, indeed, willingly have competed with me in all respects; but feeling this to be out of his power, he tried passionately every method, however hazardous, to become quickly opulent. He strained his credit to the utmost, and entered into speculations which brought with them a tumult and whirl of business quite beyond his strength to support. In the confusion this induced, he overlooked the necessary precautions; his reputation for punctuality was impaired, and the fall of his house seemed inevitable. The thoughts of being reduced to poverty through those very exertions which were intended to make him rich, were to Tredgold so insupportable, that he took the resolution of ending his sufferings by suicide. With this weight on his mind he wandered about restlessly for some time, till the very day had arrived which he had fixed on for the execution of his purpose, and he was traversing the fields near a country-house which he then rented in the environs of B——. Quite absorbed in his own gloom and despondency, he was insensible to all that passed around him, till he felt himself pulled by the sleeve, and saw a fine, artless boy, about sixteen years of age, who inquired of him the way to the house of a merchant who was said to live in that neighbourhood, and for whom he had a packet of letters. This merchant was no other than Tredgold himself, and on inquiry he found that the boy was a son of one of his own country correspondents, who sent, not letters only, but a considerable sum of ready money, which was to be appropriated to certain specified purposes. The boy had come with the diligence, but had left it at the last station, in order to enjoy a walk in fine weather through the pleasant gardens that surround the city. Tredgold, as if the devil had been there present in *propria persona*, was seized with a horrid and overpowering impulse, which he was the less disposed to combat, as his whole soul had just before been possessed by the idea of self-murder. He led the boy by circuitous paths, where he would escape observation, and said that he was going himself to town, where the merchant then was, with whom he was well acquainted, but must first call at his own country-house. He brought his unsuspecting victim into a retired apartment, without being seen by any mortal, there put him to death, and thus became possessed of a large sum, partly in paper, but mostly in ducats, which the unfortunate had had carried in a huntsman's leather bag. He had just completed this atrocious deed, when the door unexpectedly opened, and his wife, with her two sons, entered the room. At first their astonishment and abhorrence were unbounded; however, when he had explained his desperate circumstances, from which only this crime could have relieved him, their detestation of his guilt was gradually lost in terror of the consequences which might else have awaited him and the whole family. Thus he threw the disastrous load of his own wickedness on the conscience of his wife and of his children, after which disclosure they became gradually more and more accustomed to a life of suspense, misery, and deception. They were obliged to assist him in that first adventure to conceal the body of his murdered victim; and, in order more effectually to avoid all suspicion, he appeared with his wife and sons at a large party to which they had been invited for that day. Aided by the money thus obtained, he upheld his sinking credit; but the conscious guilt which weighed on his heart left him not a moment's peace of mind. He could not endure the ordinary restraints of society; therefore, by degrees, withdrew himself from trade, and purchased that landed property on which I had found him. Being quite ignorant of husbandry, he soon discovered that it would be impossible for him to live by this farm, which, even under the best management, would have yielded but a very narrow income; and was on the point of being reduced to abject poverty, when, one stormy night, a traveller made his appearance, and begged earnestly for shelter and refreshment. The stranger's dress and *tout ensemble* betokened opulent circumstances; his heavy saddle-

bags (for he was on horseback) seemed full of money, so that the demon of Tredgold's avarice was once more aroused. He received his guest with the most specious courtesy, and within the next hour he had entered into an agreement with his wife and sons that the man should be murdered, and his property seized. The deed soon followed, and with a view to concealment in this instance, he prepared a deep grave in a thicket of the neighbouring forest, to which, with the help of his eldest son, he carried the body. Now, however, it was the will of Providence that he should be discovered. A passenger who had watched him occupied in this abominable task, came up boldly, and questioned him what was the matter. Tredgold, in order to screen himself effectually, would instantly have murdered this intruder, but the latter, being well armed, was provided against any such attacks. He assured the criminal, nevertheless, that if allowed to share in the booty, he would henceforth preserve inviolable secrecy as to what he had then witnessed. Tredgold was, of course, under the necessity of assenting; and the bribed villain soon made it known that he also was by no means disinclined to such exploits, if only the spoil were sufficient to counterbalance the risk and trouble. This person was the detestable landlord of that inn where the ghost appeared to me. In a short time, the two miscreants were on confidential terms with each other; and not only did the innkeeper assist Tredgold with servants who were bound on oath and on pain of death to conceal whatever might occur, but came personally on the field when the corps of his worthy partner was not sufficiently effective. To prevent discovery, he took special care never to make his own inn the scene of action, but for the most part served as a watchful spy, and gave notice to Tredgold when travellers were on the road who had with them any large sum of money. The innkeeper's wife was also an accomplice, but his daughter, who had been educated in the family of a worthy and conscientious aunt, was wholly ignorant of these atrocities.

It was proved, that in the course of eight or ten years, more than fifty people had been assassinated by these outlaws. The ruinous building in which I spent the night had been possessed and occupied by a certain miller, a man of good character, of whose voluntary connivance at such transactions there was no hope; he was therefore looked on by this gang as a very troublesome neighbour, and in order to be rid of him, they contrived, by various stratagems, to make it appear that his house was haunted. The loneliness of its situation favoured this undertaking, and by degrees they terrified the superstitious man so much, that being completely tired of this residence, he sold the lease of the mill to Tredgold for a mere trifle; and the stories of ghosts were henceforth so industriously spread through the neighbourhood, that it was never wondered at if the building was left deserted and in disuse. It served the assassins thereafter as a regular place of rendezvous and concealment.

For my escape from the fate that otherwise awaited me, I was indebted to Tredgold's youngest son. This youth had never taken any active share in his father's crimes, though he had been bound by a solemn oath, like the others, to preserve secrecy. Towards me, as his godfather, he cherished, from earliest youth, some feelings of attachment and respect, which were increased by my well-intended offer to take him into my house as a clerk. He had been aware of the plot laid against my life, but could not, without betraying his father, give me any direct information. With the innkeeper's house, however, he was well acquainted; and as there existed a love affair betwixt him and the girl whom I have already mentioned, he happened to be there at the time of my arrival, and afterwards made use of a private door which I had not discovered, in order to appear like a ghost, and warn me against trusting again to Tredgold's hospitality; with the same view, also, he had made use of the opportunity when I was in the landlord's room to enter mine, and draw the slugs from my pistols, so that if I had fired at the intruder, he would not have sustained any injury. Thus he was my protector from otherwise inevitable destruction, and became, in consequence, the cause of his father's guilt being duly punished.

It was impossible that Tredgold could deny or extenuate the many proofs that were brought against him; and circumstances came to light of a description so new and horrible,

that every one shuddered at the bare idea of such enormities. On account of many additional witnesses, and other instances of persons who had mysteriously disappeared in the forest, the trial was lengthened out, and it was not till a year had passed over that judgment was pronounced, which was afterwards duly ratified by our sovereign. Tredgold and the innkeeper, with their wives, were broken on the wheel; Tredgold's eldest son was punished in like manner; and the servants and other accomplices were beheaded with the sword, and their bodies nailed to the wheel. As for the young girl, she was, of course, pronounced innocent; but her lover, though by silence only he had rendered himself an accomplice, was awarded ten years' imprisonment in the house of correction; even that decree, in consideration of his having saved my life, was changed into a sentence of two years' confinement only.

SPELLING REFORM.

We take the following from the *Liverpool Mercury* of the 18th instant. It is from the pen of Mr. John Smith, of that newspaper:—

THE WONDERFUL LETTERS "O U G H."

If your first line ends with cow,
Rhyme *o w* with plough:
Should your second nicely go,
Seek *o* long, as found in though:
Thirdly, would you try this too,
Double *o* is heard in through:
Fourth, a variance we are taught,
Like a *u*, is heard in thought:
Speak you, fifthly, of a sorrow,
Give the *o* obscure in borough.
In the sixth place, you may pick up
Sounds of *u p* in a hiccough:
Turn your seventh couplet off,
Assuming *o f* as in cough:
Eighthly, sing you of a rock:
Echo *e k* with a lough:
Ninth and last, and quantum suff.
Sound *u f*, and cry enough.

EIGHTEEN MODES OF SPELLING "NO."

1. No: No.
2. Noa: Boat.
3. Noe: Toe.
4. Nol: Yolk.
5. Noo: Door.
6. Nou: Soul.
7. Nough: Though.
8. Now: Low.
9. Nowe: Owe.
10. Nho: Ghost.
11. Noh: Oh.
12. Neau: Beau.
13. New: Sew.
14. Neo: as in first syllable of Yeoman.
15. Naut: Hautboy.
16. Gno: Gnomon.
17. Kno: the sound would still be No.
18. Know: No.

Of course, it follows that if a learner be taught that *s e w* spells *so*, he may naturally suppose that *n e w* spells *no*; and so on with the rest.

The *Manchester Guardian*, in copying the foregoing, objects to one or two of the examples, more particularly the rhyming of *hiccough* with *pick up*, and of *lough* with *rock*; though admitting the position of the writer as it regards the "numerous diversities of sound required for the same collocation of letters," and the "varieties of spelling for the same sound," in the English language.

THE MOST REMARKABLE ECHO YET.—An advertiser in a New York paper, in proclaiming the superiority of his extract of sarsaparilla over a rival preparation, says,—“When, however, this whole controversy of claims is boiled down to a single question, ‘Which of the two is the best sarsaparilla?’ the answer is heard rolling along every valley, and reverberating from every hill top, throughout the length and breadth of the land, as with one voice, ‘Old Dr. Jacob Townsend’s.’”

Varieties.

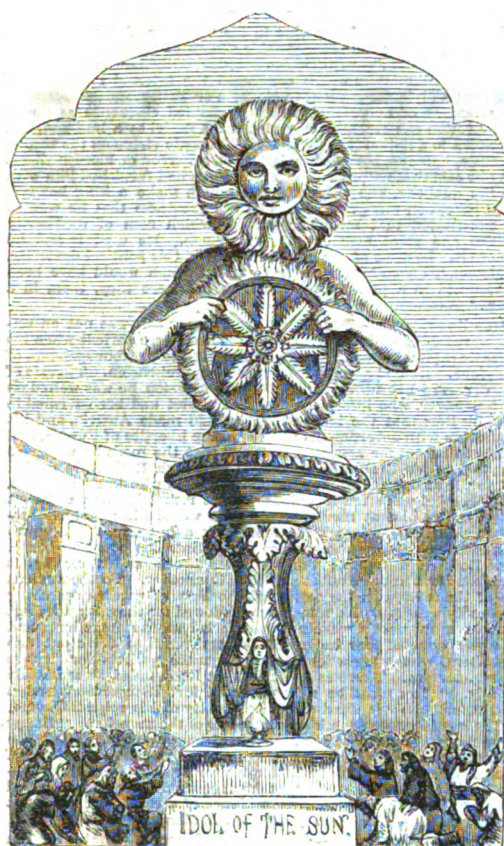
LOUIS-PHILIPPE.—Lamartine in his “History of the Revolution of 1848,” gives the following graphic sketch of the character of the “Modern Ulysses:”—“Stodious, reflective, enlightened; profoundly versed in all matters which concerned the internal regulation of empires; a diplomatist equal to Mazarin or Talleyrand; possessed of easy fluency of expression, which resembled eloquence as far as conversation can resemble dissertation; a model as a husband, and a pattern to a nation that loves to see domestic virtue on the throne—gentle, humane, born brave, but with a horror of bloodshed. It may be said that nature and circumstances had furnished him with all the qualities, one only excepted, which make a king beloved. That exception was greatness. For the greatness that he wanted he substituted that secondary quality which men of mediocrity admire and great men disdain—cleverness. He used it and he abused it. In some of the manifestations of this political dexterity, he descended from his character to tricks which would have been condemned in a private individual. What were they, then, in a king?”

OLD ROTHSCHILD.—THE PAINS OF AVARICE.—It was not an unvaried sunshine with this gentleman. There were periods when his gigantic capital seemed likely to be scattered to the four quarters of the globe. He had also other sources of apprehension. Threats of murder were not unrequent. On one occasion he was waited on by a stranger, who informed him that a plot had been formed to take his life; that the loans which he had made Austria, and his connexion with governments adverse to the liberties of Europe, had marked him out for assassination; and that the mode by which he was to lose his life was arranged. But though Rothschild smiled outwardly at this and similar threats, they said who knew him best, that his mind was often troubled by these remembrances, and that they haunted him at moments when he would willingly have forgotten them. Occasionally his fears took a ludicrous form. Two tall, moustachioed men were once shown into his counting-house. Mr. Rothschild bowed; the visitors bowed; and their hands wandered first in one pocket and then in another. To the anxious eye of the millionaire they assumed the form of persons searching for deadly weapons. No time seemed allowed for thought; a ledger, without a moment's warning, was hurled at the intruders; and in a paroxysm of fear he called for assistance to drive out two customers, who were only feeling in their pockets for letters of introduction. There is no doubt that he dreaded assassination greatly. “You must be a happy man, Mr. Rothschild,” said a gentleman, who was sharing the hospitality of his splendid home, as he glanced at the superb appointments of the mansion. “Happy—me happy!” was the reply. “What! happy; when, just as you are going to dine, you have a letter placed in your hand, saying, ‘If you do not send me 500*l*. I will blow your brains out!’ Happy!—me happy!” And the fact that he frequently slept with loaded pistols by his side, is an indirect evidence of a constant excitement on the subject.—*Characters of the Stock Exchange.*

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—The secret of success—what is it? In this country, among people who are equally protected and encouraged, it lies in the pursuit of intelligence, temperance, and frugality. So far as outward comfort and competence constitute wealth, there is but a fraction of society who may not possess it, if each will but turn his hand and brain to the vocation for which his instinct and capacity most fit him. If the great fortunes which dazzle the misjudging poor be analyzed, they will be found, in ninety-nine out of every hundred cases, to have sprung and matured from calm, patient, and simple toil—toil which had an endurance and faith behind, and an object and hope before it. So, too, with success, in whatever man seeks to accomplish. A clown may stumble upon a splendid discovery in art or science, but a fixed general law provides that high achievement shall require profound and ceaseless labour. The price of success, except in isolated cases, is the devotion of one's life. He is a fool who trusts to any dream for possession or advancement, unless he connects with it the prudent exercise of his own energy and judgment. The little spring in the mountain rock becomes a brook, a torrent, a wide rolling river, and a part of the fathomless ocean, simply by pushing steadily and bravely forward.

“A TALE OF BEEF TEA.”—A Scotch minister, who cared about no sublunary things (except now and then a visionary tale of babewees might cross his mind), on one occasion, being taken seriously ill, called in the doctor, and admonishing him first, “not to draw a lang bill, for he couldna afford it,” asked him the nature of his complaint. After feeling the parson's pulse, looking at his tongue, tapping his chest, &c., the doctor declared that he was starving himself. “Lord! doctor,” said the minister, “ye're a witch; for Jeannie (his housekeeper) gae'd awa two days sine, and I've no had a pickle of brose sine!” “Why, minister, man! ye maun hae some beef tea.” “Lord! doctor, I hae nae tea in the hoose, nor beef either; ye maun be a fool to think o' finding ony here.” “Weel, weel, minister, I'll sen' ye some beef tea doon.” “Na, na, doctor, ye'se put it in the bill.” “Minister, I'll send it doon free o' charge, and mind ye tak it.” The doctor sent down the beef tea, and next day called to see how his patient was getting on. “Weel, minister, how are ye the day?” “Heh, man! I'm awfu' bad: of a' the phiesick I ever teuk in ma life, the beef tea beats a'. Why, man, it wadna stay wi' me, ava; it made me worse than ony miltick.” “Why, minister, I'll try the tea myself.” So putting some in a skillet, he warmed it, tasted it, and told the minister it was excellent. “Man,” says the minister, “is that the way ye sup it?” “What ither way should it be suppit? Its excellent, I say, minister.” It may be gude that way, doctor, but try it wi' the cream and sugar, man! try it wi' that, and then see how ye like it!” “It is needless to say how the doctor laughed at the simple minister fancying that all tea should be taken with cream and sugar!

THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.



Sunday.

THE peculiar system of worship adopted by our Saxon ancestors being little known, we propose to give a series of illustrations of the seven Saxon idols, from which originated the present names of the days of the week. When the Saxons had settled themselves in England, they had many gods and worshipped various images. Speed, the historian of Britain, observes, "as in virtues the Saxons outstripped most of the Pagans, so in the zeal of their heathenish superstition and idolatrous service, they equalled any of them; for besides HERTHUS, or Mother of Earth, they worshipped Mercury (or more probably Mars) under the name of WODEN, as their principal god of battle, and sacrificed to him their prisoners taken in war; and of him named one of the week-days, (WEDNESDAY.) His wife, named FREA, was by the like foolery held to be Venus, a goddess, unto whom another of their week-days was assigned for name and service, which of us is called FRIDAY."

Mr. Sharon Turner in his "History of the Anglo Saxons," observes that the worship instituted by the English Saxons, is too little known to us for its stages to be distinguished or its progress described. It appears to have been long in existence. Among some of the objects of their adoration, however, we find the following, their names for the days of the week.

Sunday.....THE SUN'S day.
Monday.....THE MOON'S day.
Tuesday.....Tiw's (or Tuisco's) day.
Wednesday.....WODEN'S day.
Thursday.....Thunre's (or THOR'S) day.
Friday.....Friga (or FREA'S) day.
Saturday.....Seterne's (or SATURN'S) day.

In commencing with the idol of the Sun, we quote the following description from Richard Verstegan, a laborious English antiquary, who wrote in 1605. "The idol of the Sun

was made as here appeareth, (set upon a pillar,) his face as it were brightened with gleams of fire, and holding, with both his arms stretched out, a burning wheel upon his breast; the wheel being to signify the course which he turneth round about the world; and the fiery gleams and brightness, the light and heat wherewith he warmeth and comforteth the things that live and grow."

THE SAD POSITION OF SINGLE WOMEN.—Look at the numerous families of girls in this neighbourhood—the Armitages, the Birtwhistles, the Sykes. The brothers of these girls are every one in business, or in profession; they have something to do; their sisters have no earthly employment, but household work and sewing; no earthly pleasure but unprofitable visiting; and no hope, in all their life to come, of anything better. This stagnant state of things makes them decline in health; they are never well; their minds and views shrink to wondrous narrowness. The great wish, the sole aim of every one of them is to be married, the majority of them will never marry, they will die as they now live. They scheme, they plot, they dress, to ensnare husbands. The gentlemen turn them into ridicule; they don't want them; they hold them very cheap; they say—I have heard them say it with sneering laughs many a time—the matrimonial market is overstocked. Fathers say likewise, and are angry with their daughters when they observe their manœuvres; they order them to stay at home. What do they expect them to do at home? If you ask, they would answer, sew and cook.—They expect them to do this, and this only, contentedly, regularly, uncomplainingly, all their lives long, as if they had no germs of faculties for anything else, a doctrine as reasonable to hold as it would be that the fathers have no faculties but for eating what their daughters cook, or for wearing what they sew. Could men live so themselves? Would they not be very weary? And when there came no relief in their weariness, but only reproaches at its slightest manifestation, would not their weariness ferment in time to frenzy?—*Shirley.*

GAS.—The first gas pipe was lighted within these sixty years—and there are now in England and Wales 560 proprietary gas works, and in Ireland and Scotland 170. Beside these, there are thirty-three which belong to private individuals, and twelve the property of municipal bodies or parish officers; in all, seven hundred and seventy-five distinct establishments for the manufacture and sale of gas. In these works a capital of 10,500,000*l.* is said to be invested. The quantity of gas annually produced is about nine thousand millions of cubic feet—and the coal consumed in making it weighs 1,125,000 tons. The number of persons employed in its production is about 20,000: and probably an equal number find employment in the preparatory work in the mines, iron works, and other processes connected with it. After allowing for waste and leakage, the quantity of gas actually sold to the public in the year is about 7,200,000,000 feet—producing a light equal to what would be given out by 33,133,640 gallons of sperm oil; which at 8*s.* a gallon would cost the customers 13,253,456*l.* The gas itself is charged by the companies about 1,620,000*l.*—*Gas Lighting; by J. O. N. Ruddock.*

WEAR OF THE NIAGARA FALLS.—The 74,000 tons of water which each minute pour over the precipice of Niagara are estimated to carry away about a foot of the cliff every year. Taking this average, and adopting the clear geological proof that the fall once existed at Queenstown, four miles below, we must suppose a period of twenty thousand years occupied in this recession of the cataract to its actual size; while the delta of the Mississippi, nearly 14,000 square miles in extent (an estimate founded on its present rate of increase, and on a calculation of the amount of earthy matter brought down the stream,) has satisfied Mr. Lyell in alleging that sixty-seven thousand years must have elapsed since the formation of this great deposit began.—*Quarterly Review.*

OUR CHESS BOARD.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 4.

WHITE.

1. Kt to Q fifth
2. Kt to KB fourth+
3. KB to its third
4. KKt P two squares, checkmate.

BLACK.

1. Kt to K Kt third
2. Kt takes Kt
3. P takes B.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- L. M. V.—The sketches have been received.
T. JONES.—The engraving appeared in No. 7.
S. S.—Yes, to both questions.
WILLIAM B.—Under consideration.

Printed and Published by WILLIAM STRANGE,
21, PATERNOSTER ROW.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED NEWS

No. 16.—Vol. I.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1850.

{ ONE PENNY.
POST FREE, 2d.

THE LABOUR QUESTION. AN EXPOSITION OF THE SOCIAL CONDITION OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

NO. IV.—THE GOVERNMENT SLOP-WORKERS.

FROM the numerous heart-rending scenes of real life in the metropolis now being so truthfully depicted by the special correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*, we select the following particulars of the atrocious system adopted by the contractors who supply the various articles of wearing apparel to the different Government depôts, — a system which, as it enriches the great manufacturer, sinks into the very depths of destitution, misery, and starvation the poor operative, is only deserving of the severest reprobation and fullest exposure:—

"From the slop-workers of the Eastern parts of the metropolis," observes the *Commissioner*, "I now come to consider the condition of the male and female operatives employed in making the clothes of the army, navy, police, railway, customs, and post-

office servants, and convicts. Small as are the earnings of those who depend for their living upon the manufacture of the ready-made clothes for the wholesale warehouses of the Minorities and the adjoining places, still the incomings of those who manufacture the clothes of our soldiers and sailors, government, railway, police, and custom-house officers, are even less calculated to support life."

Our limited space will not permit us to follow the *Commissioner* in his several visits to the homes of the different work-people. A few extracts from the price-list will be sufficient to show how cruelly these poor people are oppressed. To eke out a bare subsistence, many are obliged to work on the Sabbath, and many assert that they are in the constant habit of rising at four or five in the morning, and working till eleven or twelve at night. The following may be found amongst some of the prices paid to the workpeople by the great army clothiers and contractors:—*Cavalry* private soldier's coat, taking fifteen to sixteen hours to make, 2s. to 2s. 2d.; private's trousers take six hours, 8½d.; infantry private's coat, ten to twelve hours' making, 1s. 2d.; calico shirts, some take a day each, 4½d.; great coat for the army and artillery, 5d. each; a woman can scarcely make six in a week—3s. 9d.—it costs her for thread 9d., leaving for lodging, fire, candles, living, and clothes, 3s. The blue coat for policemen takes seventeen to eighteen hours to make; some can only make one in two days, 2s. 10d.; railway great-coats, 6d. each; tide



THE CONVICT SLOP-WORKER.

waiter's jacket, waistcoat, and trousers, 4s. the suit. The convict work is the worst paid work of all; jacket, double stitched, takes five hours to make, 3d., deduct for thread one halfpenny; trousers, four hours' work, 3d.; waistcoat, two hours, 1½d.; shirts, 1½d. We will now proceed to give one of the "plain, unvarnished tales" of the operators themselves, and that one of the very worst class—the convict-worker:—

"As I had been informed that the convict work was the worst paid of all labour, I was anxious to obtain an interview with one who got her living by it. She lived in a small back room on the first floor. I knocked at the door, but no one answered, though I had been told the woman was within. I knocked again, and hearing no one stirring, I looked through the keyhole, and observed that the key was inside the door. Fearing that some accident might have happened to the poor old soul, I knocked once more, louder than ever. At last, the door was opened, and a thin, aged woman stood trembling nervously as she looked at me. She stammered out with a gasp, 'Oh! I beg pardon, but I thought it was the woman come for the shilling I owed her.' I told her my errand, and she welcomed me in. There was no table in the room, but on a chair without a back there was an old tin tray, in which stood a cup of hot, milky tea, and a broken saucer, with some half-dozen small potatoes in it. It was the poor soul's dinner. Some tea-leaves had been given her, and she had boiled them up again to make something like a meal. She had not even a morsel of bread. In one corner of the room was a hay mattress, rolled up. With this she slept on the floor. She said, 'I work at convict work—the greys—some are half yellow and half brown, but they're all paid the same price. I makes the whole suit. Get 7½d. for all of it: 3d. the jacket, 3d. the trousers, and 1½d. the waistcoat, and finds my own thread out of that. They're all made with double whitey-brown. I never reckoned it up, but I use a good bit of thread when I'm a making of 'em. Sometimes I gets an ounce, and sometimes half an ounce. It takes about an ounce and a half to the suit, and that would be 8d., at 2d. an ounce, and then they'll have them well pressed, which takes a good bit of firing; yes, it does, indeed. I am obliged to have a penny candle—a cheaper one I couldn't see with. It'll take me more than a day to make the suit. If I had the suit out now, I could get them in to-morrow evening. There's full a day and a half's work in a suit. I works from nine in the morning till eleven at night.' [Here a sharp-featured woman entered, and said she wished to speak with the convict-worker when she was alone. 'She came,' said the poor old thing, when the woman had left, 'because I owes her a shilling. I'm sure she can't have it, for I haven't got it. I borrowed it last week of her.'] 'In a day and a half,' she continued, with a deep sigh, 'deducting the cost of thread and candles for the suit, (to say nothing of firing), I earns 8½d., not 2d. a day. The other day, I had to sell a cup and saucer for a halfpenny, 'cause crockeryware's so cheap—there was no handle to it, it's true—in order to get me a candle to work with. Sometimes, for weeks, I don't make anything at all. One week, at convict work, I did earn as much as 3s. That's without deducting the cost of thread or candles, which is quite half. The convicts' clothes is all one price; no one gets any better wages than this; a few has less, I believe. Some of the waistcoats an't above five farthings, two-pence-halfpenny the jackets, and trousers the same. I can't tell what I average, for sometimes I have work, and sometimes I an't. I could earn 3s. a week if I had as much as I could do; but I don't have it very often; I'm very often very idle. I can assure you; I've been trotting about to-day, to see after a shilling job, and couldn't get it.' [The same woman again made her appearance at the door, and seeing me still there, did not stop to say a word. 'What a bother there is,' said the convict clothes-maker, 'if a person owes a few halfpence; that's what made me keep the door locked.'] 'I suppose her mother has sent for the old shawl; she lent me. I haven't no shawl to my back; no, as true as God, I haven't; I haven't, indeed. I'm two months idle in the course of the year.' She went on again.—'Oh, yes, more, more than that; I've been three months at one time, and didn't earn a halfpenny. That was when I lived up at the other house. There was no work at all. We was starving one against the other. I'm generally about a quarter part of my time standing still; yes, that I am, I can assure you. About 8s. a week, I tell you, is what I generally earn at convict work, when I'm fully employed, but then there's the expenses to be taken out of that. I've worked at the convict work for about fourteen or fifteen years—ever since my husband's been dead. He died fourteen years ago last February. I've nobody else dependent upon me. I hadn't need to have, I'm sure. I hadn't a bit of work all last Friday, and all last Saturday,—no, not till Monday. I work for a piece-master. I don't know what profit the piece-master gets. The convicts' great coats are 5d., and I can do about three of them in two days, and they will take about an ounce and a half of thread—that's 3d.' "

THE TRAGEDY OF HELEN ABERCROMBIE.

An old gentleman of Builth, to whom the death of a celebrated literary character, the notorious Wainwright, mentioned a month since in the *Athenæum*, and copied into various journals, has only now found its way, gives an account of his personal knowledge of that individual, from which we take some details, as they may be new to the present generation of readers, who only know him as the prototype of Sir Edward Bulwer's hero, the father of "Lucretia." After stating that he had been twice in the company of Wainwright in the year 1820, not long before Miss Abercrombie's death, the writer proceeds to describe the appearance of Wainwright and his literary position when the *London Magazine* was first published:—

About the year 1820 started the *London Magazine*, enlisting among its contributors the most gifted of the *litterateurs* of the time. Sergeant (Judge) Talfourd has done justice, in his "Memorials of Lamb," to the merits of that periodical. Hazlitt (the only one with whom the writer of this had much acquaintance), Shelley, Godwin, Leigh Hunt, De Quincey, Mr. Proctor (Barry Cornwall), and Reynolds, a friend of Keats, formed the corps. John Scott, the editor, fell in a duel springing out of a literary quarrel, not long after the magazine commenced. It was at the house of this gentleman, in York-street, during an "official" breakfast (that is, a sort of cabinet council in the magazine administration) that the writer fell in with the miscreant in question. Conceive among the plain, low-voiced, diffident young men, some retiring from the breakfast-table to one of greater attractions, piled with all works of the day, fresh from the press, or to the loaded book-shelves of their short-lived "great captain," whose days were about drawing to the close, a figure, so ostentatiously "well-dressed," with excess of "toggerly," frogged coat, jewelled fingers (not gold-chained vest, for at that time displayed watchguards were not), evidently affecting the military dash; a form so incongruous as to almost seem an apparition in that calm and pensive atmosphere. He was of middle height; but as to his features, what with the gloom of a London street in winter, added to that of curtains, and, more than all, a certain disgust that led the writer to rather avoid than court acquaintance with the self-complacent dandy, I have not the least recollection. All I heard of him, being (at Taylor and Hessey's, Fleet-street, publishers then of the *London*) "that's the nephew of Dr. Griffiths, of Turnham green, the young man who writes the articles signed 'Janus Weathercock.' The portfolio of drawings that was on the other side-table was of his own execution." He appeared about twenty-five, or rather more, and seemed to be regarded as a fashionable *roué* by the real *litterateurs*, on the strength of his supposed connexion with *Fashion*; it seemed that modest genius almost cowered under the pretender's condescending hauteur. Newspaper dramatic critics (such as Leigh Hunt), artistical critics (such as Hazlitt), were poor studious cannibals about him—he to attend a bookseller's *soirée*, and stoop to accept 20l. a sheet for his articles!—it was a striking proof of the meekness as well as the whimsicality of a man of high fashion; he held himself aloof from Hazlitt, who was a painter by profession, from secret fear of Hazlitt's sturdy intolerance of foppery in every shape, and who was never deceived into respect for him, as Lamb was into some degree of regard. In fact, Wainwright, by cool effrontery, had somehow almost usurped the proper function of Hazlitt, by giving a showy sort of exterior to criticism on the *Fine Arts*, which, fascinating mere readers, superseded the sterling merit of that most original thinker, and the booksellers tacitly acquiesced in this preference of flippant cleverness to sober judgment.

The dark story of the cold-blooded murder of his sister-in-law is thus (correctly) told:—

He married and settled at Turnham-green, in the house of his deceased uncle. His wife had two half-sisters, each with 10l. per annum, as their sole means of subsistence. They came to reside with the young couple. Wainwright obtained a small sum by the death of his uncle; his extravagant habits were already ruining him, yet he expended a great part, if not the whole of this windfall, in a manner not to be accounted for with the belief of his sanity, but on the

supposition of a foul and inhuman purpose; that admitted, quite rational, and the whole is as clear as the sun at noon-day. One of the sisters, Miss Helen Abercrombie, was then in her twentieth year, in health, and happiness, and beauty. So uniform had been her good health, and so strongly was that depicted in her blooming face, that a gentleman, casually looking at her from his post in a life-assurance office, said, "There's a young lady for insurance! We might take her by only looking at her!" Yet, this fresh and hale girl, by whose death no loss was to arise to any one, as by her life no gain (both girls being almost penniless); did her brother-in-law persuade to insure her life (or rather to let him insure, for the payment he was to make) at many offices, to an immense amount, concealing from each establishment the fact of her being insured at many others. By what vile pretence poor Helen herself was induced to consent in the falsehoods told, is not known. One inducement to tempt her was reversionary gain to her sister, but one large sum was expressly in his own favour, and the whole to come under his handling as her trustee. At some of the offices, two years, at others, three, was the term insured; so that, in the event of her living but that little period, every farthing of the money paid for the policy would have been lost; yet, in this wild speculation did this embarrassed man actually embark 200*l.* ready money. This would have been madness; but taken with the untimely death of innocence and beauty, the madness disappears, the murder looms dim, dreadful, and detestable in the mystery! No less than 30,000*l.* was to accrue by her death. So rapacious was his avarice, that other policies were attempted at other offices, but refused, not without kind and solemn hints of warning from one principal, to which the trusting, artless young creature replied only by laughing at the idea of anyone plotting against her harmless life. Thus, this cold-hearted wretch created for himself a lottery in the dark—in the shadow of death, of the friendless, fair, trusting being, whom he seemed to be protecting—the question was one of utter ruin—sacrifice of the whole sum paid, or—affluence (the capital price of 30,000*l.*!) Her domestication, her confidence, her youth, all conspired to give fatal facility to the execution of a horrid tragedy, without witness but God!

After expressing his doubts whether Mrs. Wainwright were cognizant of the dreadful crime, the writer says:—

And now the curtain begins to rise, the tragedy to unfold its plot. The villain hero is expelled from his unpaid home and its contents by bailiffs. Yet, we find him in good lodgings at the West-end (Conduit-street), frequenting the theatre during all his troubles, and poor Helen, following his and her sister's fortunes, still under the same roof. At this (to him) critical time, a slight illness affected her. Medical aid was rather officiously called in—even a physician was sent for. Dr. Locock saw nothing at all serious, far less any death symptoms, but prescribed, of course. Mr. and Mrs. Wainwright, it was proved, administered to her a medicine in powder, apparently to his order, and directly went on a very long walk (in London streets). Very quickly Helen fell into convulsions. The doctor, coming in haste, pronounced her labouring under affection of the brain. He did not remember to have prescribed any medicine under the form of powder. In an interval of the fits, she recovered sense enough to say, "Oh, doctor, these are the pains of death." On the return of her two protectors from their long walk, Helen was a corpse. The doctor, however, hardly conceiving the possibility of foul play (they were all strangers to him) to a harmless young creature, seemingly cherished in the bosom of her family, even her medicines passing through no hands but those of her only friends—imputed the death to natural causes. It is important here to observe that any progressive "pressure on the brain" reaching the stage of convulsions could not have allowed an interval of reason; coma would have followed as the harbinger of death; but such a struggle between reason and its invading destroyer, admitting even partial recovery of speech and intellect, is quite compatible with "affection of the brain" produced artificially—that is, by exhibition of a deadly narcotic, or such drugs as act on the sensorium entirely through the nervous system, the brain itself remaining without physical alteration. Now, such insidious destroyer is strychnine, an intense extract of the drug cocculus indicus. To connect

the links of this terrible tale, we must here anticipate a little in the course of events, to record that some three years after, Wainwright, who had been long skulking abroad, was seized and carried (under circumstances to be presently told) before the Correctional Tribunal of Paris; secreted on his person was found this very poison, of fearfully secret activity—strychnine! To return: poor Helen Abercrombie, "in her cold grave," Wainwright claimed the enormous aggregate of all the sums due. Every one of the offices resisted his claim, nominally, indeed, waiting the darker ground of defence, and relying on the well-proved fact of false representations having been made to effect the insurances. Wainwright, thus baffled, became a wanderer on the Continent during three or four years, all the while prosecuting his suit against the insurance companies in the law courts. At last, after one trial unfinished, and one jury discharged, because they could not accede to Lord Abinger's direction ("to throw out of their consideration the darker insinuation") a final trial ultimately blasted the hopes of the audacious claimant, who, happily, never touched a farthing of the long-expected "price of blood." It was merely *pro forma*, as a legal technicality, that the judge excluded the criminal charge from a *Nisi Prius* cause, the defence being deemed perfect without it; yet, so strong was the feeling of the first jury against even the appearance of acquitting him of the "darker" charge, that they separated without a verdict, as has just been related. Following the "felon at large," we find him living under the roof of some half-pay English officer at Boulogne. This gentleman, at his instigation, insured his life at some London office, but survived to pay only one half-year's policy. The sum insured was paid at his death; Mr. "Janus Weathercock" had something to do in the case, but the circumstances have not reached the public. Suspicion, of course, has ample scope. Those who put faith in "particular providences" may find the interest of a solemn romance in the brief sequel. Shortly after, we find him seized in Paris, on the charge of bearing a false name, and being without a passport. This he could easily have got over, but there was found on his person a mortal poison (that already mentioned), which bringing him within the category of "persons armed with the means of destroying human life," subjected him, by the law of France, to six months' imprisonment. The Englishman who identified him in Paris as concealing his real name, was Forrester, the Bow-street officer, who happened to be in Paris, and recognised him. His term of duration past, the long-ex-patriated vagabond ventured to step on English ground; he even dared to appear in a London street, where the first "old familiar face" was the dreadful one of Forrester again! And again the dreadful cry, "You are my prisoner," sounded in his ears. He was now seized on a more serious accusation (though short of what he actually deserved)—forgery. It was not of the deepest die, consisting in affixing the names of some trustees to a trifling property accruing from his uncle's death, which his conscience-stricken flight and prudential exile prevented him from obtaining. "Transportation for life" was now his doom. Thus, the fact of his merely carrying about the very poison which, in all human probability, destroyed the young unfortunate beauty, Helen Abercrombie, became the means of changing a slight trouble into a six months' misery—that again (through the strange ubiquity of Forrester) led to perpetual exile, chains, and the "death of the wicked," in fury, squalor, and despair. With the vanity, effrontery, and overweening self-love inherent in this "Celebrated Character," while yet awaiting in Newgate his dismal voyage, he petitioned the Home Secretary for certain relaxations of rules in his favour, and the inquiries made forced on the recollection of the Government the whole history of the insurances (that virtual conviction for murder by deduction), and the only reply to his insolent complaint and claim of personal exemptions from penal rules, appeared in the shape of heavy irons; and in convict dress, to the music of their clanking, the *ci-devant* "Sentimentalist on the Fine Arts," the dandy and the murderer, made his last appearance on English ground.

A resolution which costs us much, should be realised the moment it is formed. The heart may not have strength for a second offer.

THE NEGRO EMPIRE.

It is an important question whether Negroes are constitutionally, and therefore irremediably, inferior to whites in the powers of the mind. Much of the future welfare of the human race depends on the answer which experience will furnish to this question, for it concerns not only the vast population of Africa, but some millions of Negroes who live elsewhere, and the whites who are becoming mixed with the black race in countries where slavery exists, and where it has existed till lately. Many persons have ventured upon peremptory decisions on both sides of the question, but the majority are still unsatisfied as to the real capabilities of the Negro race. Their actual inferiority of mind is too evident to be disputed, but may be accounted for by the circumstances amidst which Negroes have lived, both in their own countries and abroad, which, if no one single instance can be adduced of a man of jet black complexion who has exhibited a genius which would be considered eminent in civilized European society, we have at least a proof that there is no incompatibility between Negro organization and high intellectual power. Among a very few individuals of the African race who have distinguished themselves, Faustin I., the recently-crowned Emperor of Hayti, is pre-eminent.

We this week present our readers with authentic portraits of Faustin I., Emperor of Hayti; Adelina, the Empress; Prince Joseph, brother to the Emperor; and the Duc de Tiburon, Minister of Marine.

When it is remembered that this now powerful and intellectual race of blacks sprang from a once degraded state of slavery, the formation of an imperial empire by one who may be truly styled the Napoleon of Negroes, becomes at once an interesting and important subject for contemplation.

We have been favoured with the following interesting description of the Negro Emperor by a recent visitor to the imperial court of Hayti:—"My first view of him was as he was riding through the city, as his custom is on every Sabbath morning, after having reviewed the army. His colour is the most thorough coal black, but his nose, lips, &c., are more European than one would expect from his colour. From his forehead to the top of his head, he is entirely bald. He rode a grey horse—very good for this country—was accompanied by a hundred or more of his life guards, on horseback, preceded by cavalry music, and passed through the principal streets of the city, uncovering his head, and disposing freely his bows and his smiles to the crowds as he



FAUSTIN THE FIRST, EMPEROR OF HAYTI.

rode rapidly past them. He was dressed in full military uniform, of a very rich character; the entire front of his coat, as well as other parts of his dress, being overlaid with heavy golden trimmings. His age is a little above fifty, his form large and erect, near six feet in height, weighing about 2 cwt., and well proportioned, with the exception of some corpulency. His horsemanship is of the most perfect character. This attracts the attention of all foreigners, and their universal remark is that, in this respect, he is rarely equalled. He usually rides to the Bureau of the Port, the Custom House, and through some of the streets of the city, attended by a few of his guards, twice during the week."

The Emperor has created an aristocracy, consisting of six princes, sixty dukes, marquises, and barons. He has also provided his court with sumptuous furniture to the value of upwards of 2,000,000 francs, which was paid for in hard cash by his agents in Paris.

An Haytien officer, writing to a friend in Paris, observes—"Heaven preserve the daughter of the patriarch Bishop Deverel, the noble, courageous, and magnanimous Adelina, the consoling angel of Faustin the First, the benefactress of the poor, and the protectress of the oppressed. We live and labour in the hope of seeing all our efforts tend to propagate and fructify that idea so long deemed impossible to realize, that we, the descendants of every age and society, will give to the Old World that great truth, that the Africans, left to themselves, and in contact with European civilization, can march in concert with them."

We ask whether many white republicans would speak more fairly, and profess sentiments more noble and elevated than this Haytien. This attempt at regeneration, which appears to us Europeans somewhat risible, is perhaps more serious than we suppose; at any rate, the observations prove, despite the wit of certain writers, that the Blacks are worthy of their freedom, and that they have attained their majority.

The beautiful island of Hayti (or St. Domingo, as it was formerly called) is 300 miles long, and 400 broad, in its widest part. The north and east coasts are barren; but the interior spreads into fertile plains and rich plantations.

There are some high mountains, and many beautiful valleys, shaded with cacao groves and coffee plantations; while in the plains are fields of cotton, sugar, and tobacco, separated by hedges of limes, citrons, and flowery shrubs.



PRINCE JOSEPH.



ADELINA, THE EMPRESS.



DUC DE TIBURON.

RICHARD COBDEN, ESQ.

THIS champion of free trade and financial reform is decidedly one of "the people." Richard Cobden, the powerful and popular intellectual warrior for the public good, is the son of a farmer; he was born a short distance from the town of Midhurst, in Sussex, and commenced the "battle of life," at a very early age, in the office of a merchant's counting-house, where for some time he devoted his attention and industry much to his employer's satisfaction. He shortly after entered into an engagement as commercial traveller with a merchant's house largely engaged in the cotton trade. With the experience gained in this capacity, and with the assistance of an elder brother, Cobden commenced business in Manchester as manufacturer on his own account. By his skill and judgment in this most precarious branch of trade, he has been ever most successful, and now owns one of the largest print-works in Lancashire.

As the advocate of free-trade, Mr. Cobden has been long familiarly known to the public. He is now daily engaged in waging war with the Protectionists, and a sharp contest may be looked for during the ensuing session of parliament.

At a recent meeting in Aylesbury, Mr. Cobden strongly expressed his pride in the source of the means to which he owes his estate in Sussex, the scene of his birth and infancy, which his father had been forced to part with, but which the gratitude of Mr. Cobden's countrymen has enabled him to re-purchase, and to "light up again the hearth of his fathers." On that occasion, his advice to tenant-farmers is

strongly in keeping with his views of commercial freedom. In reply to a question, Mr. Cobden observed, "I farm a small estate, of about one hundred and forty acres, in West Sussex, which is situated in a purely farming district. This property came into my possession in 1847; I am indebted for it—and I am proud to acknowledge the fact—to the

bounty of my countrymen; and I rejoice that I am enabled, by possessing it again, to light up the hearth of my fathers in the place where I spent my infancy. My first visit to this property, after it came into my possession, was in 1848, and I then foresaw the competition to which we should soon be exposed. I gave orders immediately that every hedgerow in it should be cut down. It required drainage, and that I have done at my own cost. This small estate being near those of great game preservers, was particularly infested with hares and rabbits; and the hares, so troublesome had they become in one place, that they entered the gardens and allotments of the labourers, one of whom appeared and gave evidence before the committee of the House of Commons, on the game laws, in 1845, and

stated that those rabbits not only devoured the vegetables and destroyed the cabbages and pease, but actually dug up the potatoes. At that time, in 1845, the property did not belong to me, but in 1848, I advised them, in short, to set snares, and when they had caught them, to be sure to put them in their own pots, and eat them." Taunted as he is by his opponents with the materialism of the Manchester school, Mr. Cobden's allusion to the history of this property at Aylesbury shows that the imagination is not dead within him, that it can be quickened by honest pride and natural feeling.



RICHARD COBDEN, ESQ., M.P.



THE BIRTH-PLACE OF RICHARD COBDEN, ESQ.

IMAGINARY EVILS.

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow;
 Leave things of the future to fate;
 What's the use to anticipate sorrow?
 Life's troubles come never too late!
 If to hope overmuch be an error,
 'Tis one that the wise have preferr'd;
 And how often have hearts been in terror
 Of evils that never occur'd!

Have faith—and thy faith shall sustain thee—
 Permit not suspicion and care
 With invisible bonds to enchain thee,
 But bear what God gives thee to bear.
 By His spirit supported and gladden'd,
 Be ne'er by "forebodings" deterr'd;
 But think how oft hearts have been sadden'd
 By fear—of what never occur'd!

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow;
 Short and dark as our life may appear,
 We may make it still darker by sorrow—
 Still shorter by folly and fear!
 Half our troubles are half our invention;
 And often from blessings conferr'd
 Have we shrunk in the wild apprehension
 Of evils—that never occur'd!

CHARLES SWAIN.

THE UNGREASED AXLETREE.

(From the French of Viennet.)

An axletree sent forth a squeaking sound,
 And set on edge the teeth of all around;
 While, more than this incessant, horrid squall,
 The din from barking dogs was worse than all.
 'Tis always so, you know, (excuse my jokes),
 With yelping curs—and eke with noisy folks.
 It chanc'd withal a wheelwright's shop was near,—
 For music such as this he had no ear;
 The waggoner he woke, and grease applied,—
 And thus the axletree no longer cried;
 The waggoner, the wheelwright wish'd good day,
 And now, forsooth, in peace pursued his way.
 I've oft heard noisy people strain their lungs,
 Who wanted grease to make them hold their tongues!
 But grease enough throughout the land, I fear,
 Could not be found,—and peace would be too dear.

T. S. A.

AN IRISH LEGEND.—Once upon a time, a farmer in these regions perceived that his grass was eaten down much faster than his own few cattle could consume it, and he resolved to lie in wait for the trespassers. Between midnight and sunrise, he descried from his ambush a fair white-robed female, driving a herd of beautiful cattle before her, and quietly installing them in his pasture. As soon as they had begun to graze, he discovered himself, sprang forward, turned some of the cows into an enclosure, shut the gate on them, and then rushed upon the intrusive herdsman to take her prisoner; but immediately he perceived that she was not of this world. He started back, terrified and trembling, while Mora, collecting together by a sign the rest of her herd, led them towards the lake, the farmer following at a respectful distance. When she reached the water, she stood beside it, and waving her white arms over it, uttered audibly a spell to the effect, that in revenge for the insult she had received from a mortal, henceforth no angler should ever take more than three trout in one day from her Lough, though he should ply his craft from dawn to midnight; and thus having said, she and her kine moved forward on the Lough, and soon disappeared beneath its surface. The farmer returned to his grazing ground, determined, at all events, to keep the fairy cattle he had captured, for the improvement of his original stock; for a belief in these supernatural ruminants is very general in the south of Ireland; and the peasantry affirm that the mixed breed between them and mortal kine is very beautiful, and exactly resembling the magic animals, pure white, with red ears. The farmer watched his captives closely during the rest of the dark hours; but as the sun rose, the fairy cows began to grow indistinct to sight, and ever as it became lighter, they waxed more and more dim, and when the sun was above the horizon, they seemed to have vanished away into nothingness. A murmur soon afterwards broke out among the farmer's cattle, and swept them all away; nothing prospered with him, and he eventually died in the utmost poverty; and, according to the rustic deponents, Mora's "statute of limitations," with respect to the three trout is still in full force against mortal anglers.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

PROFESSOR ANDERSON'S PRIZE CONUNDRUMS.

PROFESSOR ANDERSON, the Wizard of the North, while in Edinburgh recently, announced his intention of giving a handsome twenty guinea silver cup to the inventor of the best original conundrum, and an elegant twelfth cake, weighing 20 lb., to the inventor of the second best. The conundrums to be sent in to Professor Anderson, with the names of the inventors, and the decision on their merits to take place at the Music Hall. The wits of Edinburgh set their brains a-working, and the result was that, in a few days, so many as 595 conundrums were sent in! On the evening appointed for the decision, the Music Hall was densely filled in every part. The whole of the 595 conundrums were read, after which the occupants of the various parts of the hall were at liberty to call out the numbers of the conundrums which were thought to be the best, and, after fully half an hour was spent in gathering the opinions of the company, the thirteen jurymen who had been appointed retired, and after being absent for some time they returned, when Mr. Cobbald, foreman, stated that the jury had endeavoured to arrive at a correct decision. The finding of the jury, therefore, was, that the author of the following conundrum was entitled to the silver cup—"Why did the Highland soldiers do most execution at Waterloo? Because every man had one *lift* (killed) before the battle began." The silver cup was accordingly presented to Mr. J. Mackay, 14, Princess-street, Edinburgh. The jury also gave it as their opinion that the author of the following conundrum was entitled to the twelfth cake—"Why is a 'poor workhouse boy' at Christmas like the Emperor of Russia, at present? Because he's confounded *Hungary*, and longs for a piece of *Turkey*." The twelfth cake, it was accordingly agreed, should be sent per first train, to Mr. Easton, painter, Dunbar.

For the amusement of our readers, we make the following selection from this Budget of Edinburgh wit:—

QUESTIONS.

1. What frequently becomes a woman?
2. Why is the Wizard like four capital letters of the Alphabet?
3. Why do people older than yourself resemble grass fields?
4. Sometimes with a head,
 Sometimes without a head,
 Sometimes with a tail,
 Sometimes without a tail,
 Sometimes with both a head and a tail,
 And sometimes without either a head or a tail?
5. Why is Jenny Lind like a provident housekeeper?
6. If Prince Cream-Kahn-Catagoric-Coolie-Can (an Ethiopian prince) were a special constable, what would he be?
7. Why is a floweret in spring like a promissory-note?
8. If Sarah the housemaid were to call the cook a dirty creature, what term of heraldry would she use in reply?
9. What other animal would I name were I to address a sickly pig?
10. If a young lady named Elizabeth were to declare her fixed determination never to marry, what single word would describe both her character and condition?
11. What three letters of the Alphabet are most intoxicating?
12. Twice animate and twice inanimate, and yet can remain longer inanimate the first time than animate altogether—what can that be?
13. Why is a good schoolmaster like a good clock?
14. If a criminal officer were pursuing a female thief, what ancient warrior's name would he call out?
15. Why is a lady walking in a tent like a satyr in full-dress?
16. When may a fair be said to be a complete fair?
17. Why is a bad conundrum like a deep sigh?
18. What key is that which unlocks all the gates of mirth, wit, and fun?
19. When is a child like a cup?
20. Why would you say that Lord Gough (in the late war in India) *cribbed the Sikhs*?
21. Why is Perth the smallest city in the world?
22. Why is the notoriously impudent Joseph Ady like a very modest, love-sick swain?
23. If nails could speak, what word would they utter?
24. What animal is born with its price affixed to it?

(Answers to the above will appear in our next.)

Some descendant of Solomon has wisely remarked, that those who go to law for damages are sure to get them!

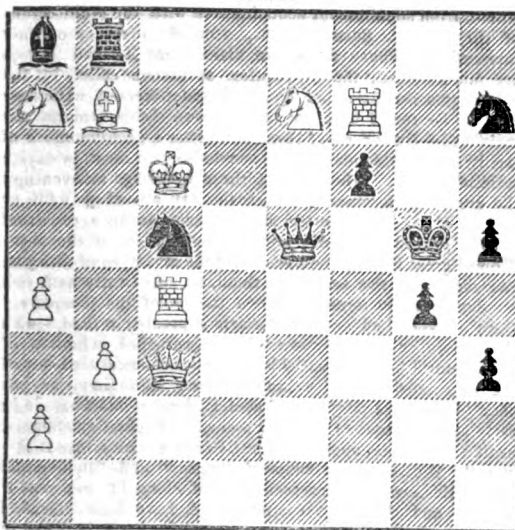
Voltaire defined a physician to be an unfortunate gentleman, who is every day required to perform a miracle—viz., to reconcile health with intemperance.

In all waters there are fish which love to swim against the stream; and in every community persons are to be found who delight in being opposed to everybody else.

OUR CHESS BOARD.

PROBLEM No. 5.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White or black to move and win in three moves.

In order to render our Chess Problems of interest to players, we shall be happy to insert any Problems or Solutions forwarded to us.

G. H. favours us with the following improved Solution in three moves to our Problem No. 2, page 95:—

White to mate in three moves.

- | WHITE. | BLACK. |
|--------------------------|-----------------|
| 1. K B to Q B second | 1. P one square |
| 2. K B to Q Kt third | 2. P one square |
| 3. K B to Q fifth mates. | |

SHAKESPEARE.—He was not a man to be led away by pretences to glory, or imposed upon by that transparent trickery which excites so much popular enthusiasm, and makes scarlet so becoming a colour in the eyes of those who "can be pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw." Shakspeare laughed at all such nonsense; he set the buffoon Thersites to turn it into ridicule, and make it a spectacle for the mirth of gods and men; and had heroism been generally seen thus, and studied thus, the world would have got something by it, for it would have cut the great connecting link between the military destroyers of one age and those of a later time. Had the world looked upon heroism with Shakspeare's eyes, the renown of an Achilles would not have been the inspiration of an Alexander, nor that of an Alexander have descended upon a Cæsar, nor the success of a Cæsar have been the stimulus to the ambition of a Napoleon. All this would have been long before brought to an end: the world would have known to what idol they were paying their homage; they would have ceased to be parties to the continuance of their own misery; they would have ceased to become the aids and helps to the desolation of their own homes; they would have ceased to be the rewarders of their own pests and nuisances, and the profferers of honours and homage to those from whom they and their children reaped nothing save disappointment, misfortunes, and calamities: they would have ceased to follow these destroyers with shouts and acclamations of applause, and instead of striking up at their appearance, "See, the conquering hero comes," they would have turned away from them, to have hailed with welcome the author of some useful invention, the propagator of some sound instruction, the holder of some great and glorious gift of mind, although perchance exhibited to them in the person of one of the most lowly and miserable of the human race.—*Fox's Lectures.*

Varieties.

VASTNESS OF RAILWAY WORKS.—The great Pyramid of Egypt was, according to Diodorus Siculus, constructed by three hundred thousand—according to Herodotus, by one hundred thousand men; it required for its execution twenty years, and the labour is estimated as equivalent to lifting 15,733,000 (fifteen millions seven hundred and thirty-three thousand) cubic feet of stone one foot high. Now, if in the same measure the labour expended in constructing the Southern division only of the present London and North-Western Railway be deduced to one common denomination, the result is 25,000,000,000 (twenty-five thousand millions) of cubic feet of similar material lifted to the same height, being 9,267,000,000 (nine thousand two hundred and sixty-seven millions) of cubic feet more than was lifted for the pyramid, and yet the English work was performed by about twenty thousand men only, in less than five years. Again, it has been calculated by Mr. Leecount, that the quantity of earth moved in the single division (113 miles in length) of the railway in question, would be sufficient to make a foot-path a foot high and a yard broad, round the whole circumference of the earth; the cost of this division of the railway in penny-pieces being sufficient to form a copper kerb or edge to it. Supposing, therefore, the same proportionate quantity of earth to be moved in the 7150 miles of railway sanctioned by Parliament at the commencement of 1848, our engineers, within fifteen years, would, in the construction of our railways alone, have removed earth sufficient to girdle the globe with a road one foot high and one hundred and ninety-one feet broad!

A Connecticut family on a visit to the South, to save postage, drew on the margin of a newspaper a child's face, an awl, and a well, with buckets, &c., thus interpreted:—"We have an infant, all are well."

WHAT DID MARY SAY?—In one of the American courts lately, there was a long and learned discussion as to whether a witness should be allowed to answer the question,—"What did Mary say?" Three judges gave long and elaborate opinions in the affirmative,—and the question being repeated, the answer was—"Not a word."

HOW THE WORLD IS PAPERED.—The Press sends forth in the daily papers a printed surface which amounts in the year to 349,308,000 superficial feet, and, if we add to these all the papers that are printed, weekly and fortnightly, in the metropolis, and the provinces, the whole amounts to 1,466,150,000 square feet, upon which the press has left, in legible characters, the proof of its labours. Of the newspapers, therefore, that have been published in the United Kingdom during the year 1849, we may say, that they would cover a surface of 33,658 acres, or would extend, if joined one to another, to 138,843 miles: that is, they would nearly six times encircle the earth at the equator.—*Bentley's Magazine.*

LIFE.—A modern philosopher has apportioned man's full existence as follows:—

Seven years in childhood's sport and play—	7
Seven years in school from day to day—	14
Seven years at a trade or college life—	21
Seven years to find a place and a wife—	28
Seven years to pleasure's follies given—	35
Seven years by business hardly driven—	42
Seven years for fame, a wildgoose chase—	49
Seven years for wealth, a bootless race—	56
Seven years for hoarding for your heir—	63
Seven years in weakness spent and care—	70
Then die and go—you know not where!	

Death falls heavy upon him who is too much known to others and too little to himself.

Those who quit their proper character to assume what does not belong to them, are, for the greater part, ignorant of both the character they leave, and of the character they assume.

To be humble to superiors, is duty; to equals, is courtesy; to inferiors, is nobleness; and to all, safety: it being a virtue that, for all her lowliness, commandeth the soul it stoops to.

Camera Sketches.



CONINGSBURGH CASTLE.

THIS celebrated structure stands on the left of the road from Rotherham to Doncaster, about five miles from the latter town. The castle is large, the outer wall standing on a pleasant ascent from the river, but much overtopped by a high hill, on which the town stands, situated at the head of a rich and magnificent vale, formed by an amphitheatre of woody hills, in which flows the river Don. The name of Coningsburgh would lead one to suppose it the residence of the Saxon kings. It afterwards belonged to King Harold. The Conqueror bestowed it on William de Warren, with all its privileges and jurisdiction, which are said to have extended over twenty-eight townships. At the corner of the area, which is of an irregular form, stands the great tower, or keep, placed on a small hill of its own dimensions. The tower within forms a complete circle, twenty-one feet in diameter, the walls fourteen feet thick. The ascent into the tower is by an exceeding deep flight of steep steps, four feet and a half wide, on the south side, leading to a low doorway, over which is a circular arch, crossed by a large transom stone. Within this door is the staircase, which ascends straight through the thickness of the wall, not communicating with the room on the first floor, in whose centre is the opening to the dungeon. From the first floor to the second story (third from the ground) is a way by a stair in the wall five feet wide. The next staircase is approached by a ladder, and ends at the fourth story from the ground. Two yards from the door, at the head of this stair, is an opening, nearly east, accessible by treading on the ledge of the wall, which diminishes eight inches each story; and this last opening leads into a room, or chapel, ten feet by twelve, and fifteen or sixteen high, arched with freestone, and supported by small circular columns of the same, the capitals and arches Saxon. It has an east window; and on each side in the wall, about four feet from the ground, a stone basin, with a hole and iron pipe to convey the water into or through the wall. This chapel is one of the buttresses; but no sign of it without, for even the window, though large within, is only a long, narrow loop-hole, scarcely to be seen without. On the left side of this chapel is a small oratory, eight feet by six, in the thickness of the wall, with a niche in the wall, and enlightened by a like loop-hole. The fourth stair from the ground, ten feet west from the chapel door, leads to the top of the tower, through the thickness of the wall, which at top is but three yards. Each story is about fifteen feet high, so that the tower will be seventy-five feet from the ground. The inside forms a circle, whose diameter may be about twelve feet. The well at the bottom of the dungeon is piled with stones.

"When," says Sir Walter Scott, "I first saw this interesting ruin of ancient days, one of the very few remaining examples of Saxon fortification, I was strongly impressed with the desire of tracing out a sort of theory on the subject, which, from some recent acquaintance with the architecture of the ancient Scandinavians, seemed to me peculiarly interesting. Those who have visited the Zetland Islands are familiar with the description of castles called by the inhabitants Burghs; and by the Highlanders,—for they are also to be found both in the Western Isles and on the mainland—Duns; all of them built after a peculiar mode of architecture, which argues a people in the most primitive state of society. The style of these buildings evinces that the architect possessed neither the art of using lime or cement of any kind, nor the skill to throw an arch, construct a roof, or erect a stair; and yet, with all this ignorance, showed great ingenuity in selecting the situation of Burghs, and regulating the access to them, as well as neatness and regularity in the erection, since the buildings themselves show a style of advance in the arts scarcely consistent with the ignorance of so many of the principal branches of architectural knowledge. I have always thought that one of the most curious and valuable objects of antiquaries has been to trace the progress of society, by the efforts made in early ages to improve the rudeness of their first expedients, until they either approach excellence, or, as is most frequently the case, are supplied by new and fundamental discoveries, which supersede both the earlier and ruder system, and the improvements which have been ingrafted upon it. Following some such principle, I am inclined to regard the singular Castle of Coningsburgh—I mean the Saxon part of it—as a step in advance from the rude architecture, if it deserves the name, which must have been common to the Saxons as other Northmen. The builders had attained the art of using cement, and of roofing a building—great improvements on the original Burgh. But in the round keep, a shape only seen in the most ancient castles—the chambers excavated in the thickness of the walls and buttresses—the difficulty by which access is gained from one story to those above it, Coningsburgh still retains the simplicity of its origin, and shows by what slow degrees men proceeded from occupying such rude and inconvenient buildings to the more splendid accommodations of the Norman castles, with all their stern and Gothic graces. Coningsburgh offers means of curious study to those who may wish to trace the history of architecture back to the times preceding the Norman conquest."

TO DISCOVER WHETHER BREAD IS ADULTERATED WITH ALUM.—The bread must be soaked with water, and to the water in which it has been soaked, a little of the solution of muriate of lime must be added, upon which, if any alum be present, the liquid will be pervaded with milkiness; but if the bread be pure, the liquid will remain limpid. Rationale: sulphuric acid has a stronger affinity for lime than for the alumina and potash, with which it forms alum; it therefore quits those bodies to form sulphate of lime with the lime of the test, which produces milkiness.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * * Those of our correspondents who may not perceive their communications noticed immediately after receipt are respectfully informed, that the delay is unavoidable, and in consequence of the necessity of our work being printed in advance.

OUR BACK NUMBERS.

Considerable additional expenses attending the stereotyping and reprinting of Illustrated works, we beg to intimate that, after a certain period, we shall be under the necessity of making an *extra charge for all Back Numbers*. DUE NOTICE of this arrangement taking place will be given. In the meantime, those of our Subscribers who have neglected to complete their sets, are respectfully advised to do so, now the back numbers are in print, and procurable at all Booksellers. Price One Penny each.

GEORGE OVERTON. The engraving mentioned we had in preparation, and it would have appeared in our No. 14, but for an accident which occurred to it at the moment of going to press.

J. P. C.—Respectfully declined.

G. V., and J. L. V.—Your suggestions shall receive early attention.

DIXES.—Under consideration.

T. S. ALLEN has our best thanks for his good wishes and talented contributions.

Printed and Published by WILLIAM STRANGE,
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THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED NEWS

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{ ONE PENNY.
FREE, 2d.

THE TAILORS' BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.

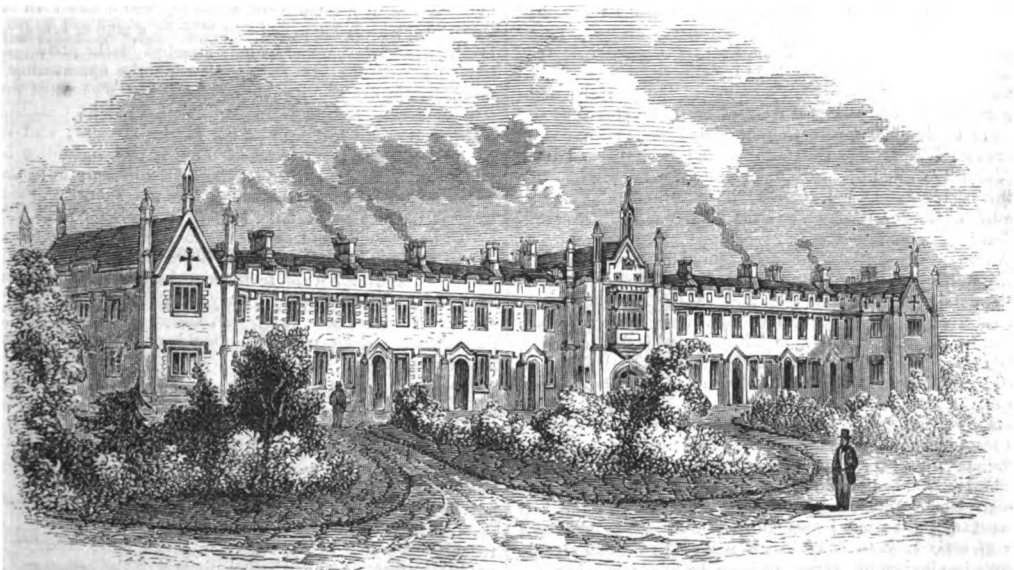


HIS institution was established in the year 1837, for the relief of decayed tailors of every nation. From the last annual report, we obtain the following particulars: The pensioners are elected by ballot; annual subscribers are entitled, for every guinea subscribed, to five votes; donors of ten guineas are entitled to five votes; of twenty guineas, to ten votes; and so on, in proportion. Subscribers,

being journeymen tailors, are entitled, for every seven shillings annually subscribed, to five votes; and for every seven guineas subscribed for the purchase of a life membership, subsequent to the 21st of January, 1846, to five votes. The votes are accumulative, the numbers polled by an unsuccessful candidate at one election being carried to his credit at the next subsequent one; and so on, from time to time, until success shall have been secured to him. The benefits of the institution are available to the journeyman tailor of every nation and of every creed, who shall be incapacitated for labour, and have subscribed for three years to the funds.

The west front of the asylum at Haverstock Hill was built in 1842, and the north front in 1840. The freehold site

for the building, together with the cost for the erection of six of the houses and the chapel, as also the endowment of the latter, being the munificent gift of the late president of the institution, John Stultz, Esq. Upwards of one hundred pensioners have been placed on the fund of the institution since its foundation, and fifty-seven now remain. Each pensioner is allowed 20l. 16s. a year, with coals, medicine, and medical attendance. Although much has been done by the benevolent and charitable in originating and sustaining the good work thus brought under notice, it will be evident, on referring to the corrected list of subscribers to this institution, lately published, that death has made lamentable inroads upon the ranks of its supporters, several of the first and best of its friends being now no more. To supply the places of these and others whose subscriptions are no longer available, is a matter of the deepest anxiety with the board of directors, and indispensably essential to the maintenance of the charity; and to this end, those kind friends who have hitherto favoured it with their support are most respectfully, yet ardently, urged, while the stream of charity and love is still sustained by them to the utmost of their ability, to use their influence in propitiating the bounty of those who have the means to do good, and who have not yet, either from ignorance of the existence of the institution itself, or of its nature and operations, attached themselves to it. To both must result much happiness, for the blessing of Him that was ready to perish shall assuredly fall upon them.



THE TAILORS' BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.

THE ROMANCE OF BIOGRAPHY.

JOHN LAW AND GEORGE HUDSON,
A PARALLEL.

"READ now and then a romance to keep the fancy under," was the counsel of a writer who knew something of life and human nature, to a friend bent upon a visit to the Antipodes. The wisdom of the advice is acknowledged by every living man beyond the age of thirty. Novels may concentrate action, excite interest, touch the heart, but they cannot heighten the power of imagination. It is reality that astonishes; fiction dares not, if it would, be half so bold. What if we should tell the reader that—say a century and a half ago—there lived a man in England who in his youth gave himself up to riot, gambling, and debauchery, who, driven at last to desperation by absolute beggary, quarrelled with an acquaintance, fought and killed him, who was tried, convicted of murder, and sentenced to death, yet managed to escape unhurt to the Continent; who, in the course of his wretched wanderings, became known and marked at every notorious gambling house in Europe; who was publicly expelled, first from Venice, then from Genoa, and finally, from indulgent Paris itself; who, venturing to visit the capital of France, encountered a prince of the blood royal at a public gaming table, and won his friendship; who, trading upon the necessities of that prince, succeeded in obtaining the highest consideration in France—for his wife, the adulation of women in whose veins poured the richest blood of the land—for his son, the companionship of a king—for himself, the obsequious worship of millions? What if we should go on to say, how, in order to obtain but a moment's interview with this sublime adventurer, a duchess bade her coachman overturn her carriage at the great man's gate, and a marchioness, with the same intent, on the same spot, raised a cry of fire; how, in the course of a very few months, the convicted murderer, the beggared outlaw, the outcast gambler, became the owner of more than one magnificent estate in France, and generously filled the land of his adoption with wealth beyond the power of man to calculate or enjoy; how, in an hour, as if by the breath of an avenging angel, the fabric fell, the bubble burst, and the proud architect himself was fain to sneak in obscure hiding places, lest they should take his worthless life, who but an hour before had knelt to him adoringly as before a god; how, finishing his wild career precisely as he commenced it, he eluded again the hands of justice, again walked up and down and through the world, eating the foul crumbs that might be gathered in the common gambling booth, until he reached, poor as at first, that very city of Venice, which he honoured with his death, as before he had polluted it with his living presence? What, we ask, if we were to narrate this tale, and fill up the sketch with all the incidents necessary to complete the startling history? Who would listen patiently to the ravings of one who, for want of better employment and greater skill, must needs communicate the inspirations of some feverish dream? Dream, forsooth! The life and death of John Law, and the national bankruptcy of France—the result of his daring and splendid imposture—are as real as the life of George Hudson, and the history of railway speculation in England.

And not only are both histories true, but to the observant and inquiring mind both present points of resemblance in their details very remarkable and in the highest degree instructive. Mr. Hudson, like Mr. Law, emerged from obscurity to dazzle a whole kingdom with his amazing refulgence. He also filled the coffers of men with fictitious wealth, and brought high and low, rich and poor, cringing to his feet. He gambled, too—venturing his credit and good name in a desperate game with fortune; he, too, counted his magnificent estates, and reckoned amongst his common associates the most renowned and the most illustrious of their kind. He, too, had his altar, upon which wealth-worshippers flung their daily incense, and offered up the sacrifice of their mercenary souls; and he awoke from a dream of bliss to a day of reckoning, to find himself hooted by throats already hoarse in singing his praise, smitten by hands erewhile too much honoured in receiving the bare droppings of his disgraceful gains.

A century and a half have carried us high up into the realms of civilization. During the interval, what has science not accomplished for the comfort of man—what have the spread of intelligence, the labour of missionaries—sacred and profane—the intercommunication of thought, the better understanding of nations and classes—not wrought for his happiness? To dwell upon human progress during the last hundred and fifty years is to behold at a glance the spoils of as noble a victory as ever rewarded patient endurance, unflinching energy, and heroic devotion. Yet, in some respects, we are precisely as we were.

THE PRISONS OF PARIS.

SOME of the most horrible prisons of Paris were entirely demolished at the latter end of the last century, and amongst these are happily to be reckoned the Grand and the Petit Châtelets, two fortresses built at an early period of French history for the defence of the city. We read in the history of these buildings that the Grand Châtelet was divided into eight different compartments, each of which was distinguished by a name either literally or sarcastically denoting its honours: for example, one was called The Cradle, another Paradise, and another the Butchery. Then there were Les Puits, (The Wells,) and Les Oubliettes, (The Forgotten); and there was one called La Fosse, (The Grave,) into which the miserable tenant was let down through a hole in the vault, and which, being in the form of an inverted cone, allowed neither to stand nor to lie. It was also known by the name of La Chausse d'Hypocras, (The Stockings of Hypocras,) because the prisoner stood in water up to his knees. Fifteen days was generally the longest term of imprisonment in this frightful receptacle, as, by the end of that period, Death took the affair into his own hands, and set the captive free. There was another dungeon called La Fin d'Aïse, (The End of Ease,) which was full of filth and reptiles, and equally fatal to human life. Not long before the destruction of these buildings, a young advocate called Varnier made a singular escape from the Grand Châtelet. The offence that brought him there was as follows:—During Voltaire's last visit to Paris, as he was driving one evening along the Pont-Royal, pursued by a mob, crying, 'Vive Voltaire!' this young man, Varnier, opened the door of the carriage, and kissing the hand of the patriarch, cried 'A bas les rois! Vivent les philosophes!' Marais, the inspector of police, being at hand, Varnier was seized, and, in spite of the resistance of the people, who handled the inspector very roughly, was carried to the Châtelet. Now it happened that Marais, a man of brutal and insolent character, was specially attached to the prison, and having Varnier in his power, he took the opportunity of revenging on his unfortunate captive the blows he had himself received. Driven to desperation by this ill treatment, Varnier resolved to fly, or perish in the attempt; and one night that a violent storm of thunder and lightning had momentarily diverted the attention of the keepers from their duty, he effected his object. The neighbouring parish clock struck ten as he found himself in the streets, through which he began to run as fast as his legs would carry him; but he had not gone far when he heard the clashing of arms and the sound of horses' feet behind him—a moment more, and his hopes of life and liberty were for ever frustrated. He cast his eyes about in despair, and as he did so, they fell upon an old woman, who was unlocking the door of a small house at a corner. Just as she was about to enter, a person spoke to her, towards whom she turned to answer; Varnier seized the opportunity, pushed open the door, and entered the house. All was dark within, and he groped his way along a passage, and up some stairs, guided only by the sound of an instrument and a sweet female voice, which was singing an air out of a favourite Italian opera of that day. He had no time to lose, for he expected every moment that the old woman would overtake him; so, on reaching the door of the apartment whence the sounds proceeded, he opened it, and found himself in the presence of a beautiful young female, whose protection and assistance he implored. Moved by his distress, and the wretchedness of

his appearance, she promised to conceal him; and he then told who he was, related the story of his horrible captivity and miraculous escape, terminating his narration by calling down curses on the head of the monster Marais. At the name of the inspector the lady started and changed colour; but before any explanation could follow, a loud knock at the outer door, and an angry voice upon the stairs, announced the approach of danger. Pale and trembling, she rose, and pointing to the door of a small inner chamber, she bade him enter there, and be still. He was no sooner shut in than he heard a man's foot in the room he had just quitted. 'Doubtless her husband or father,' thought Varnier.

'What is the matter with your hands?' asked the young girl; 'they are stained with blood.'

'Give me some water to wash them,' replied the man. 'One of our most important prisoners has escaped this evening,' he added with an oath, 'and I have been revenging myself on the rest of them.'

It was Marais, the inspector! He then called for wine; and after drinking for some time he went out, telling his daughter he should see her no more that night. 'I must go and divert myself,' he said, 'in order to put this vexatious affair out of my head.'

Through the assistance of this young girl Varnier finally escaped out of France, accompanied by his protectress; and Marion, the daughter of the inspector, became the wife of the delivered captive.

The Bastille, as everybody knows, was destroyed during the first French Revolution. Here, too, were the most horrible dungeons, vaults hollowed out of the earth nineteen feet below the surface, swarming with rats, toads, and spiders, where the vaults were never dry, and the floor was mud and filth. In those instances where the captive was not intended to be starved, or nearly so—for the ordinary rations in all these prisons were so bad and so scanty, that they hardly kept body and soul together—he was permitted to obtain food of a better description if he could afford to pay for it at an extortionate rate; but the abuses were so enormous, that whilst the governors drew handsome revenues from this source, the poor prisoner got very little for his money.

The Man with the Iron Mask, as he is called, lived some time in the Bastille, having been transferred thither from St. Margaret's; but the treatment he received in both prisons was quite an exception to the general rule. He was both sumptuously fed and sumptuously clothed; and the governor, St. Mars, who was the only person allowed to address him, always did so standing and uncovered; but these were poor compensations for the extreme rigour with which he was watched, and the utter solitude to which he was condemned. The mask was not made of iron, but of velvet with steel springs, and no one ever saw his face except St. Mars. An impenetrable veil of mystery covers his early years. Where and how they were passed nobody knows; but he must have been young when taken to St. Margaret's, and had probably been a prisoner from his birth. Little doubt exists that he was an elder but illegitimate brother of Louis XIV., whose hardened conscience and selfish nature permitted this barbarous and lifelong incarceration. It is a singular fact, and one that would almost induce the belief that his mother had connived to conceal him during his childhood, that he had been taught to write—an accomplishment which one might suppose would have been carefully withheld from him whilst in the hands of those who feared him. We only know of two instances in which he attempted to avail himself of this acquirement; the first was at the fortress of St. Margaret's, where an unfortunate barber one day observed something white floating on the water under the prisoner's window. Having obtained it, and discovered it to be an exceedingly fine linen shirt, on which some lines were inscribed, he carried it to the governor, who asked him if he had read what was written on it: the man protested he had not; but two days afterwards he was found dead in his bed. The second attempt of this poor victim to communicate his fate to somebody able or willing to aid him, was by writing his name on the bottom of a silver dish with the point of a knife. The governor always waited on him at table, and handed the dishes out to a valet; this last perceived the writing, and thinking to recommend himself, showed it to St. Mars. Of

course the possessor of such a secret was not permitted to live. On the journey from St. Margaret's to the Bastille, in 1698, the party halted at the house of a gentleman named Palteau. It was observed here that St. Mars ate with the prisoner, and that he sat with a pistol on each side of his plate; but whether the mask was worn at table they could not ascertain, as no one was allowed to enter the room. The diary of the Bastille for the 19th November, 1703, contains an entry to the effect that 'The unknown who always wore a black mask, had been taken ill after attending mass, and was dead so suddenly, that there was no time for the services of the church;' perhaps poisoned with the wafer. He was buried on the 20th in the churchyard of St. Paul's, under the name of Macehiale. His funeral cost forty livres. After the removal of the body, everything in the chamber he occupied was burnt; the walls were strictly examined, scraped, and whitewashed; and the very window panes were taken out, lest he should have made some mark on them that should furnish a clue to this perilous secret. A person in the neighbourhood, more curious than wise, bribed the gravedigger to open the grave and let him see the corpse: the trunk and the limbs were there, but no head—luckily for this inquisitive gentleman, who would otherwise have probably lost his own.

NEW ZEALAND.

SKETCH OF NEW ZEALAND, AND THE PROGRESS OF THE COLONY.

(Continued from page 116.)

KAI-WARRA SAW MILL.

This mill is situated on a tributary of the Kai-Warra, and upon a section belonging to Captain Daniell. It was undertaken by four enterprising millwrights, and the works were completed in the month of October, 1842. The same parties first attempted to establish themselves near Porerua harbour, and leased four sections, for the purpose of carrying out their views; but having built a wa-re, and commenced operations, they were turned off in the month of April preceding, by Rangihacate and his followers, who destroyed all they had done. The Kai-Warra consists of a water-wheel placed athwart the stream, which works several circular saws, and the water is dammed up above to maintain the requisite head.

Nearly all the trees in the New Zealand forests are ever-greens, and present a very diversified character, according to the nature of the soil. On rich alluvial soil, trees of the largest growth flourish. They are accompanied by dense underbush and supplejack thickly matted in every direction, with numerous creepers and parasitical plants, and the ground is covered with dwarf ferns in great variety. As the soil becomes of less depth, and clay appears, the Rimu pine becomes more prominent, and on high hills and terraces of cold clay the Towai only is seen; the forest becomes park-like and quite open, like those of Australia, with very little underbush and no supplejacks; the ferns covering the ground resemble mosses, and are soft as velvet to the feet.

Some of the timber is admirably adapted for ship building. The Totaro is the most valuable tree in the southern parts, to which it is confined; the wood resembles cedar in appearance, and is prized by the natives for canoes. It is extremely durable and also very beautiful, and valuable for ornamental purposes. The Kaikatea is another pine, with a very clean white wood, and closely allied to the Kauri. The latter has long been held in the highest estimation for masts and spars, &c., being very light in weight. It prevails only at the northern parts of the island, and is sometimes found with a trunk equal to 40 or 50 feet in circumference, and 100 to 120 feet high without a branch, the total height of the tree being from 200 to 230 feet. Those usually cut for shipment are about ten feet in circumference. In some experiments lately made in this country, this wood resisted decay better than all the other specimens tried. The rata is one of the largest trees of the forest, and the wood is very hard; the trunk is of a twisted and crooked form, with numerous stems growing up in sort of clusters. The tree has very small leaves, and is covered all over with red



KAI-WARRA SAW MILL.

myrtle blossom at the time of flowering. The young tree is very seldom seen standing alone, but always found entwined round the trunks of other large trees of the forest, which serve as supports for it, until the rata at length occupies the site of the tree on which it grew, and destroys all trace of it. The writer has seen the trunk of a Pukatea tree with several small rata stems from four to six inches diameter inside of it. He has also measured a rata growing on the top of a high saddle-backed hill skirting the river Hutt, 56 feet in circumference, perfectly truncated, and of proportionate height. The forest in which this tree grew was of the ordinary character, but it towered so high above all the other trees, that on viewing it afterwards from the hill on the opposite side of the river, it appeared almost solitary.

Although the forests are not very thickly inhabited by the feathered tribes, there are many birds to be met with, as the wild pigeon, which is extremely large, and very common; the parrot, or *kaka*, and the *tui*, or mocking-bird, which is about the size of the English blackbird, and of the same colour, but with two bunches of white feathers under the neck; his notes are few in number, but very melodious, resembling the tinkling of small bells, which harmonize together as they are delivered. They are all very good eating. Birds of prey, as the falcon, hawk, owl, and numerous others, are found. Small teal, snipe, and ducks, are generally met with at the mouths of rivers. The bush frequently resounds at mid-day, during the summer months, with the buzzing of a large beetle, which lives in the trunks of fallen trees.

There is a small owl in the forest, that shrieks out, "More pork," as he flies, and has frequently been the cause of misunderstanding among new comers. On one occasion, the officer commanding a picket at the Hutt, drawn up an hour before daylight, in anticipation of an attack from Mamaku, was roused to a high state of passion, by the repeated demands for "more pork," from his men, as he thought,

notwithstanding his commands that they should cease talking, and threatening to place the first under arrest who made any more allusions to pork. It was not until he went down the line in search of the offender, when he was assailed from the trees on all sides, by "more pork," among the irresistible giggle of the men, that the real culprits were discovered.

With this subject we terminate our descriptive account of New Zealand, and return our acknowledgments to Mr. Brees for his kind assistance rendered to ourselves and our artists; and at the same time we assure those of our readers who can visit Leicester-square, that they will experience much gratification by inspecting Mr. Brees' Panorama of New Zealand, which, we are happy to know, is daily rising in public estimation.

THE DUKE AND THE EARL.—The following anecdote is very current in Aberdeen and Banffshires, and, whether true or not, gives an excellent illustration of the two noble individuals introduced:—"The Duke of Richmond—one of the best of landlords for enterprising tenants—dislikes small holdings upon his estates, and, as the leases of the crofter expire, he adds their few acres to the neighbouring farm. The Earl of Fife is of the very opposite disposition. Nothing delights him more than to see the curling smoke from the little cottages on the road-side as he sweeps through his estates. His factor complained of the number of persons from the Duke of Richmond's estates requesting a cow's meat and a small cottage. His Lordship, of course, desired him to supply them, and to send none away. At last these applications became so numerous that the Earl desired his factor to write to the Duke that he would greatly oblige by 'not putting out the poor men's fires faster than Lord Fife could light them.' " It is said that this intimation had the desired effect, as the uncultivated hills, with a little cottage, are set apart for those who choose of the outgoing small holders.



THE ALPINE SORCERESS.

An Illustrated Romance.

(From *German Stories*, by R. P. GILLIES, Esq.
Blackwood and Co., Edinburgh.)

It happened, on a very beautiful evening of the year 1683—, that a young lover and his mistress, by name Rudolf and Alice, were seated together on the banks of the Lake Constance, in Switzerland. The sun had long since vanished behind the mountains—only the rugged pinnacles of the opposite shore on the south still shone with a roseate splendour. Twilight shades had settled dimly in the valleys, where wreaths of white vapour collected and were slowly mounting towards the pine-tree forests above. Meanwhile, it was delightful to see how the stars, shining out one by one, and the red light from these lofty cliffs, were mirrored in the water; and as it happened to be Sunday evening, no sounds of rural labour interrupted the quiet mood of contemplation—only the light beating of the lake waves on the shore, the voice of the blackbird, or the call of a lone shepherdess from the Alps broke the solemn stillness.

Rudolf and Alice were faithfully and ardently attached to each other; many a severe trial had they already undergone. They were long separated, and had encountered painful scenes of contention among relations; but those evils were now past, their hearts heaved with mutual affection and with gratitude to the Giver of all good, for on this Sunday they had been regularly betrothed in the chapel of the Benedictine convent, and their wedding was appointed to take place early in the following month.

Rudolf's father had been a rich scythe-smith, well known by the name of Master Christoph, whose comfortable abode, with its workshop, foundry, and farm-buildings, lay in the neighbouring forest, where the machinery required for his art was driven by the rapid and thundering currents of the Giessback. Rudolf was an only son, and his father earnestly wished that he should be a clergyman, in which case he might in due time become a person of no little consequence in Switzerland, where, in those days, the presumptuous conduct of the freemen, as they called themselves, rendered the council of pious, well-educated monks very desirable in promoting general tranquillity. Thus, in imagination, Master Christoph already beheld his son, invested with gold chain and cross, in the chamber of the Austrian representatives, or even at the Emperor's court; delighting himself so much with these anticipated honours, that on this account he willingly renounced the hopes he should otherwise have entertained of seeing his old age cheered by a circle of blooming

grandchildren, for whom his property would have supplied ample means of support. Rudolf, however, had, unobserved and in silence, formed plans very different from those of his father. Even from earliest youth, his inmost heart had beat with indescribable emotions when bands of soldiers happened to stop on their march and obtain refreshment at the farmhouse. Then if perchance they talked of their services under the banners of the great Wallenstein, and of the ferocious depredations of the Swedish marauders, his eyes gleamed, and his blood circulated with new fervour through every vein. He watched with the greatest anxiety every expression on the lips of the speaker; and afterwards, in his play-hours, the battles of which he had thus caught the description, were represented with the aid of his young comrades, over whom he had, unawares, gained a kind of supremacy.

Of this disposition, so obviously betrayed, his father was determined not to take any notice. Rudolf was established for his education at the Benedictine convent, though, instead of profiting by the opportunities afforded him there, he only looked on it as a very miserable prison. But time brings changes; and when, after these boyish impressions, he stepped into the years of adolescence, his feelings were more fully developed, and it was proved how utterly unsuited he was to the life and duties of a priest. It happened that he was chosen to play a principal part at a very grand procession on Corpus-Christi day. He was the handsomest and among the oldest of the scholars, so that he was chosen to carry the largest banner, and stand at the rustic altar, reared, according to Swiss fashion, on the banks of the lake. After the priest had read the gospel of the day, there stepped forward from the procession six maidens, clothed in white, with garlands in their hair and baskets of flowers in their hands. They sang a choral hymn to the blessed Virgin, and then strewed their variegated wreaths on the altar. One of these girls, by far the handsomest of the party, happened to steal a glance at Rudolf from her innocent blue eyes, that shone under her coronet of narcissus flowers, when, as struck by a magician's wand, he became lost to all besides that passed around him, and almost let the banner drop out of his arms. She also seemed equally confused, and after stretching out her hand, drew it back, and remained motionless like a statue, blushing, with her eyes fixed on the ground, till, on a signal from one of her companions, she hastily threw her gifts before the altar, and retired to gain her former place in the procession. From that moment never did the cherished image of this beautiful stranger fade from Rudolf's remembrance; and, in spite of school tasks and discipline, he contrived in a few days to find out her name and place of residence—nay, more, he determined that he would see her and

speak with her, though this could happen but seldom, and not without risk of discovery. Her father was very poor, and lived at a remote cottage in the mountains, where he contrived to maintain his household by his own hard labour and the produce of a small field. By circuitous and unfrequented paths through the forest, where he was sure that no one would meet him, he contrived to make his way thither; and it was easy to read in Alice's looks, when he first surprised her by coming, at the risk of his neck, down the rocks behind her father's cottage, that she had not forgotten the tall, graceful standard-bearer of the Corpus-Christi procession. From that day onwards, the two young people were in the habit of meeting as often as their mutual plans of secrecy would permit; and if the slightest inclination towards a monastic life had ever existed in Rudolf's mind, of course it must now have been completely overcome. Accordingly, he took the first opportunity of declaring to his father that he never would be a priest, though, of course, he was on his guard not to mention the greatest obstacle that stood in his way; but watchful suspicion, aided by chance, had already discovered what the young man imagined to be securely veiled from all the world.

His father fell into a violent rage; threatened him with lasting resentment—even with his malediction—if he dared to cherish a single thought in favour of the contemptible goatherd's daughter, or offered another word against the cherished plans which had been laid for his future life; not only should he now attend the school as before, but, according to an agreement that Master Christoph had already made with the abbot, Rudolf should be received as a novice into the monastery; he should live there night and day, and be treated altogether like a younger member of the fraternity.

As it might have been expected by any one who was not, like Master Christoph, led astray by his own imperious temper, the consequence of all this was, that Rudolf disappeared that same evening, and was nowhere to be found. The sothe-maker, indeed, tried to comfort himself by insisting that his son could not have travelled to any great distance, and that he would soon return again, when he found himself in want of money. But although inquiries were made at every house in the neighbourhood, not a single trace of the runaway could be obtained.

After some time, it was proved, however, that in the neighbouring town there had been a recruiting-party, who had, by large bribes, endeavoured to gain soldiers for the army of the Archduke Leopold Wilhelm, as the danger from the inroad of the Swedes into the heart of Austria grew every day more urgent, and their Generals Banner and Torstensohn were marching through and ravaging Bohemia. At this intelligence, the recollection of Rudolf's love of a military life fell like an insupportable weight on his father's heart. Indeed, about three weeks later, all doubts and surmises were at an end, for Master Christoph spoke at the market-town with a travelling artisan, who gave a frightful account of the cruelties committed by the Swedes, bringing at the same time, Rudolf's last greeting to his friends, and entreaties for his father's forgiveness and benediction. This man had already seen the lost youth mounted on a fine horse among the Pappenheim cuirassiers, in the square at Linz, where the general mustered his troops, and dwelt with particular satisfaction on the appearance of his young and promising recruits.

Now, then, Master Christoph's fine schemes and cherished hopes were completely dispersed. Hitherto the notion that his son had only concealed himself for a time, in order that by this artifice he might forward his own views, had kept up the old man's courage and usual severity; but the misfortune which he had long dreaded had fallen upon him, and not only was it fruitless to talk of the advantages to be derived from ecclesiastical dignity, but he could not even calculate on his son's life, who might fall in the very first engagement. Most willingly would he now have resigned every ambitious hope, if he could have once more possessed his son; but in vain did he send letters, through the Benedictine abbot, to the general, for the regiment had already marched away to Bohemia; and in such disastrous times there would be no chance that any man would obtain leave of absence.

Three years had in this manner passed away. Travelling

artisans, and merchants who attended the annual fairs, sometimes brought intelligence and letters from the now distant army. Notwithstanding Rudolf's dislike to the Benedictine convent, he had not altogether failed to profit by the instructions afforded in the school there; and being a ready penman, he sent many written tokens to Alice and his father both, that he continued in good health and spirits, and that his affectionate remembrance of them was unchanged. Painful, indeed, as the separation had been to Alice, she would rather that her beloved Rudolf should be stationed among the Pappenheim cuirassiers than with the Capuchin monks, for of his fidelity she never entertained the least doubt, but was convinced that if only his life were preserved, he would return to her as constant as ever.

At length, news came that the youth had in such manner distinguished himself as to be promoted to the rank of cavalry sergeant; and Master Christoph began to be comforted with the reflection that in those days soldiers even of the humblest origin might rise at last even to fame and fortune, so that his anger quite subsided.

Finally, it happened that, after the contracts of peace were signed and sealed at Osnaburgh, the old man fell dangerously ill, and consequently a letter was written to his son, who could now easily obtain furlough, or, if he wished for it, his final dismissal. Rudolf hastened directly to attend the sick-bed of his once-more loving and reconciled father, who lived only so long that there was time for mutual explanations, leaving to the young soldier, with his parental blessing, the whole of his property, which in Switzerland was looked upon as very considerable. Henceforward, Rudolf gave up all thoughts of returning to his military companions, for he had already seen enough of the world, and could retire from it with honour. Nor had Alice been deceived in her confident anticipations, for he had no wish but that of leading her directly to the altar, and of sharing with her the fortune which had thus devolved on him.

Meanwhile, however, the return of the young soldier, who was at once handsome, rich, and distinguished for his gallant conduct in the wars, exciting great attention in the neighbourhood, on the following Sunday, when he stood at the fountain in the market-place, waiting for the opening of the church-doors, and dressed in his gay hussar uniform, with his red sash, honorary medal, large boots, and, above all, the stately helmet with red feathers waving over his shoulders, the eyes of every woman, whether young or old, were of course turned towards the dazzling visitor. All of them remarked how well his military attire became his elegant form, which, indeed, was such as a statuary might have chosen for a model; while those who had been acquainted with him before, observed how much he had improved within the last few years, though, in despite of his warlike appearance, his fine eyes beamed with as much kindness and affability as if he had never been absent from among them. There were not wanting among them wise people who calculated how much ready money his father had amassed, and estimated the worth of his farm and iron-foundry, so that from that moment Rudolf became an object of attention from every family where there were unmarried daughters.

But all this passed over without leaving a single trace on his faithful heart. Nor would such wise plans and speculations have led to any consequences; but there was one young damsel, named Gertrude, daughter of the Baron's land-steward, on whom, unfortunately, his appearance that Sunday morning had left an impression far too deep to be effaced; nor did it seem reasonable to doubt that she who was, beyond comparison, the richest and gentlest girl in the village, would succeed in winning the affections of this distinguished youth. Of course, her father joined in these anticipations, and no method was neglected that seemed likely to promote such a result. Rudolf was frequently invited to the steward's house; the most brilliant prospects were held out to him for his future life, which, with the help of such a father-in-law—who was a person of no small consequence in the country—might, doubtless, have been realized. At last, a more direct mode of proceeding was adopted; an absolute proposal of marriage was made on the part of the girl's friends, and not without the most violent displeasure, she found out that the heart which had appeared so cold and insensible had long since cherished an ardent

and unalterable affection for the poor and almost unknown daughter of a cottager on the mountains. Thus enraged, but not utterly discouraged, they made every possible attempt by stratagem, especially by spreading abroad the blackest calumnies, to alienate his affection, so that Alice was tormented beyond measure. Henceforward, Rudolf heard from all quarters the most wicked insinuations against the character and conduct of his intended bride, and her father was intimidated by downright threats and defiance. The youth, however, pursued the even tenour of his way; he was vexed only because Alice had been thus disquieted; and at last, having, in spite of the steward's menaces, received her father's consent, he saw himself at the very goal and summit of his wishes.

(To be continued.)

A LOOK FROM A YOUTHFUL LADY.

(Imitated from the French.)

BONNIE lassie, didst thou know
What a piercing look can do,
Then to hide thou wouldst not fail
Eyes like thine beneath thy veil;
Bright they sparkle—wound the heart—
Like a flying, thrilling dart.

Should'st thou chance a walk to take,
Hide them for thy lover's sake;
Prithce tak' this hint from me,—
Then, depend on't, we should see
Fewer love-sick on their beds,
Fewer men with crazy heads.

Why delight to tease us so,—
Ever causing tears to flow!
What tho' God hath made thee fair,—
Tho' thine eyes so beautiful are;
E'en those eyes, of eyes the chief,
Should not fill us all with grief.

Eyes were not bestow'd to harm,—
They, like words, were form'd to charm;
Woman is an angel fair,
Made to comfort, not to scare;
Surely such we must approve,—
Such a being all must love.

Pretty lassie, cease to prize,
Proudly thus, thy sparkling eyes;
Other orbs, another day,
Lightning-like, shall shoot a ray,
Overpowering, glittering, bright,
Overdazzling to thy sight.

Bonnie lassie,—such thy fate,—
Thou shalt feel—alas! too late;
Then to hide thou wilt not fail
Tearful eyes beneath thy veil,—
Then, like others, thou shalt know
What a piercing look can do!

T. S. A.

DOMESTIC AND USEFUL.

LINIMENT FOR RHEUMATISM.—Spirits of wine, two ounces; camphor, half an ounce; oil of origanum, one drachm; spirits of red lavender, ditto; opodeldoc, one ounce. Let the bottle be well shaken, and the liniment rubbed on the affected part before a hot fire.

SPERMACETI OINTMENT.—Take of spermaceti half an ounce, white wax one ounce and a half, olive oil three ounces; melt the whole together with as little heat as possible, and then stir till cold. It forms a safe and cool dressing for wounds or chafing of the skin, chapped lips or hands.

SALT BUTTER SUPERSEDED.—The following mode of preserving butter, which is prevalent in Switzerland, is said to be much superior to the English plan of salting:—Into a clean copper pan (better, no doubt, tinned) put any quantity of butter, say from 20 lb. to 40 lb., and place it over a gentle fire, so that it may melt slowly; and let the heat be so graduated that the melted mass does not come to the boil in less than about two hours. During all this time the butter must be frequently stirred, say once in five or ten minutes, so that the whole mass may be thoroughly intermixed, and the top and bottom change places from time to time. When the melted mass boils, the fire is to be so regulated as to keep the butter at a gentle boil for two hours more, the stirring being continued, but not necessarily so frequent as before. The vessel is then to be removed from the fire, and set aside to cool and settle, still gradually; this process of cooling is supposed also to require about two hours. The melted mass is then, while still liquid, to be carefully poured into the crock or jar in which it is to be kept. In the process of cooling there is deposited a whitish cheesy sediment, proportioned to the quantity of butter, which is to be carefully prevented from intermixing with the preserved butter. The caseous grounds are very palatable and nutritious, and are constantly used as food. Butter so prepared will last for years perfectly good, without any particular precaution being taken to keep it from the air, or without the slightest addition of salt.

Varieties.

SET A THIEF TO CATCH A THIEF.—In Paris a collector of the Comptoir d'Escompte was lately robbed of 10,000*fr.* The director of the bank went to consult M. Carlier, Chief of the Municipal Police, on the affair. M. Carlier expressed the opinion that the collector really had been robbed; but the director expressed surprise how a man could, without seeing it, lose a packet of 10,000*fr.* placed in a pocket-book on his breast. "Oh!" answered M. Carlier, "it is very simple. Take, for example, this newspaper—fold it up, and put it in the pocket of your coat on the breast. Well! I won't pledge myself that it will not be taken from you before you leave the prefecture, and if it be, I answer in advance that you will not feel the hand of the clever fellow who will do the trick." "Ah!" said the director, confidently, "but I am sure that it shall not be taken!" and he placed the journal in the pocket indicated by the side of his pocket-book. M. Carlier then engaged him in conversation, and whilst he did so, wrote orders and received visits. When the director rose to leave, M. Carlier said—"And the newspaper; have you got it still?" "Oh, yes! to be sure!" cried the bank director, triumphantly, and he plunged his hand into his pocket; but lo! the newspaper was gone, and with it his pocket book. Yes, he was robbed!—robbed in the room of the chief of the police! Judge of his stupefaction. After enjoying his confusion for a few moments, M. Carlier pulled the bell, and a man immediately brought in a newspaper and the pocket-book. A line written by M. Carlier had sufficed for instructions to the man, and the trick was done in a moment.

AKERMAN, GOVERNOR OF NEWGATE [1756].—Boswell tells an anecdote of his esteemed friend Akerman, characteristic of the prison world at that time. A fire broke out in that part of Newgate in which the officers lived: this was before the present buildings were erected. The prisoners, seeing the flames, became alarmed for their own safety, and rushed to the gate, shouting, "Down with it! we shall be burnt!" It was a moment of great excitement, and the men were about to carry their shouts into effect, when Akerman appeared at the grill, and commanded silence. After a little confusion, they allowed him to speak. He told them with great calmness that the gate must not go down; that they were under his care, and not a man of them should be suffered to escape. But he could assure them that the fire was not in the prison, properly so called, which was built entirely of stone; and there was no danger. If they would behave quietly, he said he would come in to them, and remain with them until they were convinced that the danger was past. To this they agreed. He then ordered them to fall back from the gate: it was lowered, and he stepped in. Then turning to the under-keeper, who now stood on the other side of the grill, he commanded him, in a resolute tone, not to open the gate on any account, not even if the prisoners should compel him to give the order for it. Having shown them in this manner that he would die with them rather than allow a general escape, he conducted them by passages, of which he carried the keys, to a part of the gaol farthest from that where the fire was raging, and having brought them into a place of safety, addressed them—"Gentlemen," he said, "you are now convinced that I told you true. I have no doubt the engines will soon extinguish this fire; if they do not, a guard will come, and you shall all be taken out and lodged in the Compter. I assure you, upon my word and honour, that I have not a farthing insured. I have left my house that I might take care of you. I will keep my promise, and stay with you if you insist upon it; but if you will allow me to go and look after my family and property, I shall be much obliged to you." This appeal went home, and they all cried out for him to go. Happily, no further mischief was done by the fire.—*The London Prisons.*

Patiently should that be borne which no strength can overcome, nor counsel avoid.

The wisest advice that can be given is, never to allow our attention to dwell upon comparisons between our own condition and that of others, but to keep it fixed upon the duties and concerns of the condition itself.—*Paley.*

THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.



Monday.

IN our No. 15 we commenced a description of the Seven Saxon Idols, which furnished names to the various days of the week; of these, the Idol of the Moon, signifying Monday, is the second of the series.

In explanation to the above engraving, we again refer to the text of Verstegan:—"The next, according to the course of the days of the week, was the Idol of the Moon, wherof we yet retain the name of *Monday*, instead of Moon-day; and it was made according to the picture above. The form of this idol seemeth very strange and ridiculous, for being made for a woman, she hath a short coat like a man; but more strange it is to see her hood, with such two long ears. The holding of a moon before her may seem to have been to express what she is; but the reason of her hood, with long ears, as also of her short coat and pyked shoes, I do not find."

RABELAIS' DEATHBED.—He died, it appears, not at Meudon, but at Paris, in a house in the Rue des Jardins, on the 9th of April, 1553, having just completed his seventieth year. "When he had received extreme unction," says M. Jacob, "he observed aloud, that they had greased his boots for the great journey." To this story, which is quoted by Bacon, are usually added two others—that of his profane pun, "*Beati sunt qui in Domino moriuntur*;" and that of his last bequest, "I have nothing; I owe much; I leave the rest to the poor." Neither story seems in the least degree credible. More dismal in itself, and more difficult to be set aside, is the story of his answer to a page sent by the Cardinal du Bellay, or the Cardinal de Châtillon, to inquire how he was. "Tell monseigneur," he said, "in what brave spirits you find me. I go to seek a great *Perkaps*; he is in the cockloft, tell him to keep there; as for you, you will never be anything else than a fool." Just before dying, it is added, he gathered his strength for one last burst of laughter, saying, when he had ceased, "Draw the curtain, the farce is over." Nay, to crown all, (and if, with M. Jacob, we accept the other stories, it will be but charitable to accept the solution), "The priest that confessed him, and performed the last offices, spread the report everywhere that he died drunk." Reading this, it is best to be dumb.—*British Quarterly Review*.

CHARADES.

No. 1.

In sable garb my first doth oft appear,
When all is still, and earth seems dark and drear;
My second is an useful quadruped,
For various purposes by mankind fed;
My whole's a morbid pressure on the breast
By which mankind have oft been sore oppress'd.

No. 2.

In every Romish church throughout the land
My first is celebrated—solemn—grand;
My second is a portion of our earth,
Which is both valued, and of little worth;
My whole, alas! fills every heart with dread,
'Tis nought but murder, butchery; and bloodshed.

LAGO FFFNONAU.

No. 3.

I'm a word of 7 letters, composed of 6 of which my 1, 2, 4 is a covering; my 4, 6, 7 is much used by cooks and housemaids; my 3, 5, 4 is to drink; my 3, 6, 4 is a kind of juice; my 3, 5, 7 is a violation of the rules of God; my 4, 5, 7 is a little domestic article used by women; my 2, 3, 4 is an animal of the serpent kind; and my whole is an inland sea.

W. P. C.

ANSWERS TO PROFESSOR ANDERSON'S PRIZE CONUNDRUMS.

1. A little girl.
2. Because he is a great D C V R, (*deceiver*.)
3. Because they are past your age, (*pasturage*.)
4. A wig.
5. Because she has gone to stock home (*Stockholm*) with her earnings.
6. A black guard.
7. Because it is matured by falling dew.
8. Salient, (*Sal*, I ain't.)
9. Pork-you-pine, (*porcupine*.)
10. Celibacy, (*silly Bessy*.)
11. O D V, (*eau de vie*.)
12. A grain of wheat. Why? Because it is animate when forming; inanimate when cut down, (in which state it can remain for many years); and again animate when sown in the earth; and, after a time is extinct.
13. Because he always warns before he strikes, and never strikes oftener than is requisite.
14. Cmsar, (*seize her*.)
15. Because she is going under canvass.
16. When it is a thoroughfare.
17. Because it is far-fetched.
18. Whisky.
19. When it is a teething, (*tea thing*.)
20. Because he gave them three checks on the banks of the Sutlej.
21. Because it lies between two inches.
22. Because he is very backward in paying his addresses.
23. In-knock-you-us, (*innocuous*.)
25. A guinea-pig.

OUR CHESS BOARD.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 5.

WHITE.

1. R to K Kt seventh+
2. Q to K square+
3. Kt checkmates.

BLACK.

1. K to KR fifth
2. Q takes Q

R. H. B. forwards the following Problems, which he has been unable to solve. We submit them to the skill of our numerous talented correspondents.

No. 1.

WHITE.

K at Q B 6th
Kt at Q 4th
Ps at Q 3rd, Q Kt 4th, and
Q R 3rd

BLACK.

K at Q R 3rd
R at Q R sq
Kt at Q R 6th
Ps at Q B 2nd, Q Kt 4th, and
Q R 2nd

White to play, and mate in three moves.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

. Those of our correspondents who may not perceive their communications noticed immediately after receipt are respectfully informed, that the delay is unavoidable, and in consequence of the necessity of our work being printed in advance.

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Considerable additional expenses attending the stereotyping and reprinting of illustrated works, we beg to intimate that, after a certain period, we shall be under the necessity of making an extra charge for all Back Numbers. DUE NOTICE of this arrangement taking place will be given. In the meantime, those of our Subscribers who have neglected to complete their sets are respectfully advised to do so, now the back numbers are in print, and procurable at all Booksellers. Price One Penny each.

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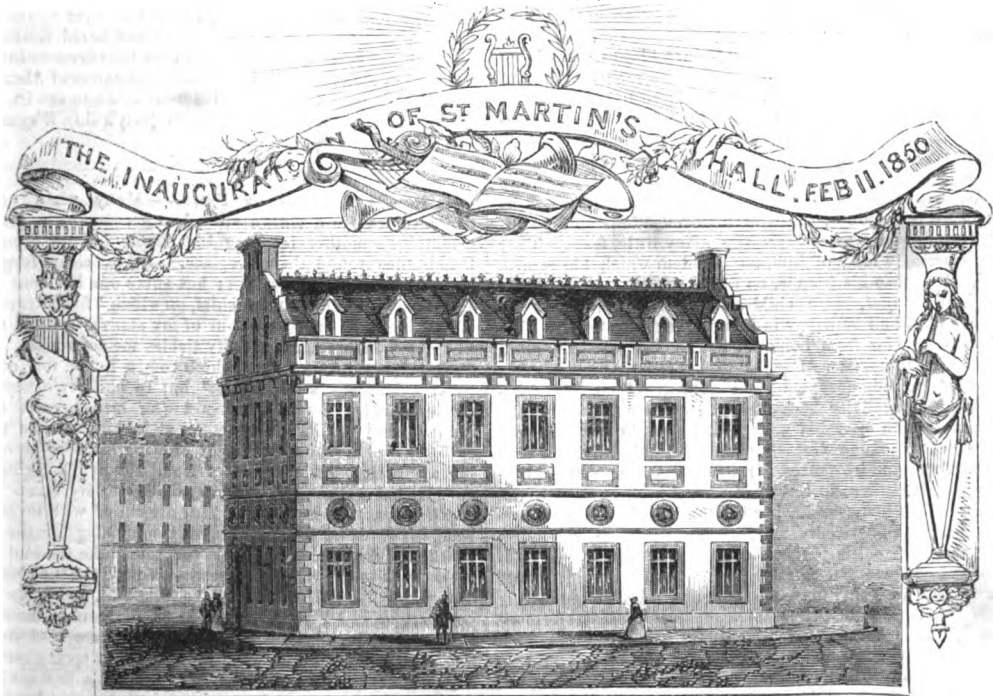
THE INAUGURATION OF ST. MARTIN'S HALL.

On Monday evening, February 11th, Mr. Hullah gave his first public concert in St. Martin's Hall, Long Acre, to a very numerous assemblage. It would be unfair to offer a decided opinion upon its capabilities for the equal distribution of sound until the building is entirely completed; but what we heard on Monday night was sufficient to justify the most flattering anticipations, and we are much mistaken if the public will not have to thank Mr. Hullah's enterprise for the best Music-hall in London, and one of the best in England. The length of the Hall at present is between 70 and 80 feet, the width 55, and the height 40. But the design is not yet accomplished; 50 feet are to be added to the length of the room, which, when finished, will fulfil the conditions declared by those learned in acoustics to be most favourable to musical effect.

The orchestra is constructed on the principle of gradual elevation, but approaches much less nearly to the perpendicular than that of Exeter-hall. The chorus, between 400

and 500 in number, summoned from the ranks of Mr. Hullah's upper singing-school, and the band, consisting of upwards of 70 performers, filled the orchestra to the extremities. The hall being also completely crammed, and the whole brilliantly lighted by a double row of elegantly formed chandeliers, suspended from the roof, the aspect presented to the eye was brilliant and animated. When Mr. Hullah took his place in the conductor's rostrum, he was hailed by a burst of enthusiastic applause from every part of the building, a token of the high estimation in which he is held as well by the general public as by his own pupils.

The programme was worthy of the occasion. The performances began with Mendelssohn's sacred *cantata*, the *Lauda Sion*. The execution of this fine work was such as to prove that, while unprovided with a *locale* for public performance, Mr. Hullah has not allowed his pupils to remain idle. The evidence of constant practice and progressing improvement was undeniable. The massive choral effects were produced with fulness and decision, while the lights and shadows of expression were successfully obtained. The



ST. MARTIN'S HALL, LONG ACRE.

feature of the evening was a new festival anthem, "Let God arise" (MS.), by Mr. Henry Leslie, the words of which are entirely selected from the 68th Psalm.

Our space will not permit us to separately enumerate and criticise the various solos and choruses introduced in this work, but, altogether, the composition does Mr. Leslie infinite credit. The reception of the anthem by the audience was throughout most flattering. The second part of the concert was miscellaneous, and concluded with the National Anthem. On retiring from the orchestra, Mr. Hullah was loudly and unanimously cheered. The inauguration of St. Martin's Hall could not have passed off more auspiciously.

We annex a view of St. Martin's Hall, which has been nearly three years in course of erection; the first stone having been laid by Viscount Morpeth, on Monday, June 26th, 1847. The design of the building is by Mr. William Westmacott; it is in the Elizabethan style, and promises to be one of the most elegant and useful of all the metropolitan improvements.

EFFECT OF HABIT.—THE LAST DAYS OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.

ALEXANDER SELKIRK quitted the island of Juan Fernandez, where he had lived in utter seclusion four years and four months, in 1710, and arrived in London in 1711, on board the ship *Duke and Duchess*, with "a capture of one hundred and seventy thousand pounds value." Of this large sum Alexander Selkirk, of course, obtained a share. Now comparatively a rich man, and anxious to see his relations after so long an absence, he sought his native village of Largo, Scotland, where he found all his friends in good health. The excitement of their first meeting over, however, he gradually sunk into his usual solitary habits. He resided in the house of his elder brother, his father not having sufficient accommodation for him. Here the record of his life is almost as romantic and interesting as it had been in Juan Fernandez. "It was his custom," says Howell, who acquired the information from the descendants of the family, "to go out in the morning, carrying with him provisions for the day; then would he wander and meditate alone through the secluded and romantic valley of the Keil's Den. The romantic beauties of the place, and, above all, the stillness that reigned there, reminded him of his beloved island, which he never thought of but with regret for having left it. When evening forced him to return to the haunts of men, he appeared to do so with reluctance; for he immediately retired to his room up stairs where his chest at present stands (1826) and in the exact place, it is probable, where it then stood. Here was he accustomed to amuse himself with two cats that belonged to his brother, which he taught, in imitation of a part of his occupations on his solitary island, to dance and perform many little feats. They were extremely fond of him, and used to watch his return. He often said to his friends, no doubt thinking of himself in his youth, 'that, were children as docile and obedient, parents would all be happy in them.' But poor Selkirk himself was now far from being happy, for his relations often found him in tears. Attached to his father's house was a piece of ground, occupied as a garden, which rose in a considerable acclivity backwards. Here, on the top of the eminence, soon after his arrival at Largo, he constructed a sort of cave, commanding an extensive and delightful view of the Forth and its shores. In fits of musing meditation, he was wont to sit here in bad weather, and even at other times, and to bewail his ever having left the island. This recluse and unnatural propensity, as it appeared to them, was cause of great grief to his parents, who often remonstrated with him, and endeavoured to raise his spirits. But their efforts were made in vain; nay, he sometimes broke out before them in a passion of grief, and exclaimed, 'Oh, my beloved island, I wish I had never left thee! I never was before the man I was on thee—and, I fear, never can be again!' Having plenty of money, he purchased a boat for himself, and often, when the weather would permit, made little excursions, but always alone; and day after day he spent in fishing either in the beautiful bay of Largo, or at Kings-craig Point, where he

would loiter till evening among its romantic cliffs, catching lobsters, his favourite amusement, as they reminded him of the *craw fish* of Juan Fernandez. The rock to which he moored his boat is still shown. It is a small distance from Lower Largo, to the east of the Temple houses." Thus was the time passed by Alexander Selkirk during his short stay at Largo. He appears to have been an enthusiast, and to have formed notions of domestic life which never could be realised. He was evidently far from being happy. The religious bias by which his mind had become affected in the island of Juan Fernandez, and the nearness, as it were, with which he had drawn to the Creator, while apart from society, tended to increase the irksomeness of that restraint which intercourse with his fellow-creatures imposed. "At length," continues Howell, "chance threw an object in his way that awakened in his mind a new train of thoughts and feelings, and roused him from his lethargy. In his wanderings up the burnside of Keil's Den are the ruins of Baleruie Castle and its romantic neighbourhood, in which he often met a young girl seated alone, tending a single cow, the property of her parents. Her lonely occupation and innocent looks made a deep impression upon him. He watched her for hours unseen, as she amused herself with the wild flowers she gathered, or chanted her rural lays. At each meeting the impression became stronger, and he felt more interested in the young recluse. At length he addressed himself to her, and they joined in conversation. He had no aversion to commune with her for hours together, and began to imagine that he could live and be happy with a companion such as she. His fishing expeditions were now neglected; even his cave became not so sweet a retreat. His mind led him to Keil's Den and the amiable Sophia. He never mentioned this adventure and attachment to his friends; for he felt ashamed, after his discourses to them, and the profession he had made of dislike to human society, to acknowledge that he was upon the point of marrying, and thereby plunging into the midst of worldly cares. But he was determined to marry Sophia, though he firmly resolved not to remain at home to be the subject of their jests. This resolution formed, he soon persuaded the object of his choice to clope with him, and bid adieu to the romantic glen. Between lovers matters are soon arranged; and, accordingly, without the knowledge of their parents they both set off to London. Alexander left his chest and all his clothes, nor did he ever claim them again; and his friends knew nothing and heard nothing of him for many years after; still they kept his effects untouched in hopes of his return."—The subsequent career of Alexander Selkirk may be briefly told. He went again to sea in 1717, and died a lieutenant on board his Majesty's ship *Weymouth*, in 1723.

A POET'S NOTIONS OF FAME.—Many years ago, I wrote verses for a child's annual to accompany a print of Doddridge's mother teaching him Bible history from the Dutch tiles round their fireplace. I had clean forgotten both the print and my verses; but some one has sent me a child's penny cotton handkerchief, on which I find a transcript of that identical print, and four of my stanzas printed under it. This handkerchief celebrity tickles me somewhat. Talk of fame! is not this a fame which comes home, not only to "men's business and bosoms," but to children's noses in the bargain! Tom Churchyard (an artist) calls it an indignity, an insult, looks scorn at it, and says he would cuff any urchin whom he caught blowing his nose on one of his sketches. All this arises from his not knowing the complicated nature and texture of all worldly fame. 'Tis like the image the Babylonish king dreamt of, with its golden head, baser metal lower down, and miry clay for the feet. It will not do to be fastidious; you must take the idol as it is—its gold scone, if you can get it—if not, take the clay feet, or one toe of another foot, and be thankful, and make what you can of it. I write verses to be read; it is matter of comparative indifference to me whether I am read from a fine bound book on a drawing-room table, or spelt over from a penny rag of a kerchief by the child of a peasant or a weaver. So, honour to the cotton printer say I, whoever he be; that bit of rag is my patent as a household poet.—BERNARD BARTON.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

THE anniversary of St. Valentine's day, disregarded as it is now in refined society, is still a season of pleasing excitement among village lovers in humble life, and to them this almost solitary relic of this ancient national custom is scarcely less precious than when high and low throughout the land met in merry mood to choose their Valentines. It is true, that the rhyming ware which formed the subject of the epistolary Valentines of the English peasantry, like their Christmas carols and epitaphs, have, from ancient times, contained little poetry, and scarcely any variety; nevertheless, the doggerel verses were always acceptable to whomsoever they were sent, and the meaning was by no means difficult to be comprehended. Some years ago, when the art of penmanship was scarcely known among the peasantry, the parish-clerk, if actually possessed of this rare accomplishment, was commonly employed as Valentine-writer and reader-general to the unlettered lovers of the congregation. This, of course, proved an annual source of profit to the sagacious scribe, who never exercised his clerical skill for a less consideration than a silver tester, and not unfrequently received a handsome gratuity over and above, and a sort of good-luck offering from some of the most anxious among his gentle clients. It was his interest to nurse up all love affairs to a matrimonial conclusion, on account of the fees which fell to his share, in his official capacity, for his assistance in the performance of the marriage-service.

POST-OFFICE PERSEVERANCE.

THE manner in which a letter will sometimes track a person like a bloodhound, appears marvellous enough, and is calculated to impress the public with a deep sense of the patience and sagacity of the post-office officials. An immense number of letters reach the post in the course of the week with directions perfectly unreadable to ordinary persons; others—sometimes circular by the thousand—with only the name of some out-of-the-way villages upon them; others, again, without a single word of direction. Of these letters, about eight a-day are received on an average, affording a singular example of the regularity with which irregularities and oversights are committed by the public. All these letters, with the exception of the latter, which might be called stone-blind, and are immediately opened by the secretary, are taken to the Blind-letter office, where a set of clerks decipher hieroglyphics without any other assistance than the Rosetta stone of experience, and make shrewd guesses at enigmas which would have puzzled even the Sphinx. How often, in directing a letter, we throw aside an envelope because the direction does not seem distinct!—useless precaution! The difficulty rather seems to be, to write so that these cunning folks cannot understand. We would imagine the designation of such a letter as this, for instance:—

L. Mosca,

Ratlshivai.

Some Russian or Polish town immediately occurs to one from the look of the word, and from its sound; but a blind-letter clerk at once clears up the difficulty, by passing his pen through it and substituting—Ratcliffe Highway.

Letters of this class, in which two or three directions run all into one, and are garnished with ludicrous spelling, are of constant occurrence, but they invariably find out their owners. Cases sometimes happen, however, in which even the sharp wits of the Blind-letter office are nonplussed. The following, for instance, is a veritable address:—

Mrs. Smith,

*At the Back of the Church,
England.*

Much was this letter paused over before it was given up. "It would have been such a triumph of our skill," said one of the clerks to us, "to have delivered it safe; but we could not do it. Consider, sir," said he, deprecatingly, "how many Smiths there are in England, and what a number of churches!" In all cases like this, in which it is found impossible to forward them, they are passed to what is called the Dead-letter

office, there opened, and sent to their writers, if possible. So that out of the many millions of letters passing through the Post-office in the course of the year, a very few only form a residuum, and are ultimately destroyed.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

Let not any one say he cannot govern his passions, nor hinder them from breaking out and carrying him into action; for what he can do before a prince or a great man he can do alone or in the presence of God if he will.

FORMS OF INTemperance.—There is the intemperance of mirth, and then its victim is a silly buffoon; the intemperance of seriousness, and then he is a gloomy ascetic; the intemperance of ambition, and then he is the laurelled hero of a hundred fights, a mad-cap poet, or a mountebank statesman; the intemperance of love, and then he is a good-for-nothing driveller; the intemperance of anger, and then he is a frothing madman; the intemperance of dress and manners, and then he is a glittering fop; the intemperance of the table, and then he is a filthy glutton; the intemperance of the bowl, and then he is a reeling drunkard; therefore, "let reason in all things be your constant guide."

THE BENEFIT OF RAILWAYS.—Looking at railways as instruments and agents in social and popular improvement, we find that the lines at present in action furnish respectable and remunerative employment to 53,000 men—a greater proportion of the British population than was ever maintained under arms in England's greatest war and under her greatest commander for the liberation of the Spanish peninsula. Besides these, a body of nearly 200,000 more are engaged upon the construction of works still incomplete; and though the circumstances under which these labourers were first brought together suggested some reasonable misgivings as to the possible results, yet it is now a fact attested by abundant evidence that this class of workmen is not only better paid and better treated, but, as a natural consequence, is, upon the whole, better informed and better conducted than any other of its kind; so that a body of men equivalent to the entire population of a first-class town, has been thus raised one whole grade above the position it might otherwise have occupied. The effects of the system upon the general habits of the country at large are even more remarkable. A computation of the gross traffic shows that the number of passengers conveyed on the several lines was such as to allow two trips a-year to every man, woman, and child in Great Britain and Ireland; and though, of course, the actual locomotion was not so evenly distributed, yet there must be thousands of our readers, we are sure, in the last three years of their lives, who have travelled more and seen more than in all their previous life taken together. Thirty years ago not one countryman in 100 had seen the metropolis. There is now scarcely one in the same number who has not spent his day there. Londoners go in swarms to Paris for half the sum, and in one-third of the time, which in the last reign it would have cost them to go to Liverpool. The manufacturers of Yorkshire and Lancashire are carried by shoals to the lakes of Cumberland. The agriculturists of the eastern counties are deposited in droves at Yarmouth. Wherever, within 100 miles, there is a spot promising either pleasure or profit, it is now accessible to thousands who but one generation ago could have only known its existence by hearsay. Nor are these the mere speculations of theory. The traffic tables show that the poorer classes of our countrymen are actually those who have, in the greatest numbers, availed themselves of the facilities for locomotion which railways supply. In a six months' return from the various lines in the kingdom the total number of passengers carried was 31,000,000, of whom about $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions travelled by the first-class, 12 millions by the second, and the remainder, amounting to nearly 16 millions, by the third. As to the safety of this mode of travelling, it must now be surely beyond question even in the minds of the most timid. Out of a grand total of 57,960,784 passengers conveyed during a period of 12 months, 21 only were killed, of whom 12 met their deaths by their own carelessness or misconduct, leaving but NINE bona fide casualties upon near 58 million ventures, and giving the odds of more than 6,000,000 to 1 in favour of the traveller's safety.—*Times.*

THE SENTIMENTAL & DRAMATIC ADVENTURES OF MR. GREEN.



On awakening one fine morning,
Mr. Green felt himself in good
spirits,



and began to reflect.



I am unmarried, said he to himself—



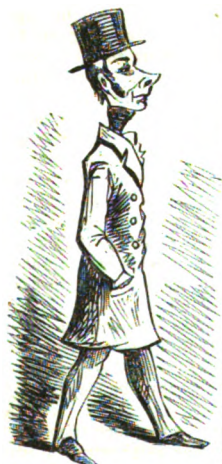
I am but 45 years of age—



Without being exactly handsome, I am one
of those natty fellows so agreeable to the
ladies—



Why, then, should I not make a
conquest?



Satisfied with his reflections,
Mr. Green sets out in search
of an adventure,



which he is not long in meeting with under
the seductive figure of a yellow bonnet.



Mr. G. feels himself struck with a
mortal blow!



THE ALPINE SORCERESS.

An Illustrated Romance.

(Continued from p. 135.)

RUDOLF and Alice had met, as we have already said, on the banks of the lake; they sat under a thicket of elder-trees, newly covered with the rich verdure of spring; and their attention was quite absorbed in one of those delightful dialogues, of which the charm is only known to true and affectionate lovers. Twilight, meanwhile, gave place to the fast gathering night, the glow-worms began to twinkle amid the darkness, and over a high cliff, covered with fir-trees, that rises out of the lake, gleamed the slender, solitary crescent of the new moon. The time had passed away unobserved; but now the owls began to shriek, and the night-hawks burst, flapping their wings, from the covert. Alice started often at these noises; even the rustling of a green frog, or lizard, among the grass, made her tremble; and she clung closer and more ardently to her bridegroom for protection. He laughed at her childish fears, and tried to encourage her, but in vain, for she became every moment more timid. A hundred stories that she had heard of supernatural beings, who, at certain hours, acquired unconditional supremacy, crowded at once on her mind; and even under the quieting influence of Rudolf's presence she was quite unable to conquer her inward agitation. Even the young man's attention was at last raised, for while Alice was in this paroxysm of terror, he actually heard steps through the darkness as of some one approaching them. He lifted the almost fainting girl in his arms, and walked forward to meet the intruder. "Who is there," cried he, "who wanders here at such an hour?" The moonlight, though very faint, was yet such that he could distinguish a female form, wrapped in a mantle, that came along the steep path leading from the mountain; and instead of answering him, only uttered a strange hollow cry, passed by the lovers, and went on rapidly, taking the road towards the village. Alice was so frightened that, for a long time, she was unable to speak; for, according to her creed, the mysterious figure could have been no other than that of a witch, who was returning from some of her abominable orgies on the hill top, where there stands a circle of large stones, and the ground is blighted by the unhallowed feet that dance at midnight, so that the grass cannot grow there. She believed, too, that Rudolf, by his question, must have disturbed the sorceress in her incantations, by which means he had stirred up implacable malice

against himself, and must suffer consequently for all his life to come. In vain did the youth try to argue her out of these notions, and insisted that, by the moonlight, he had indisputably recognised the rich steward's daughter—that it was his acquaintance Gertrude who had passed by them. "Nay, nay," said Alice, "what would induce a girl of her habits—so proud, forsooth, and always so finely dressed—to be wandering here at such an hour? How could she trust herself all alone in these woods? You forget that the witches—God protect us from them—have power to assume any form they please; and though you had recognised the features of the steward's daughter, this affords no proof whatever that we are in safety." During this discourse, Rudolf had, without molestation, brought his trembling bride home to her father's cottage, and, for his part, resolved to think no more of that evening's adventure. On Alice, however, it had made an impression far too deep to be forgotten; but to her who was the cause of all this—to Gertrude, the steward's daughter—the consequences were still more fearful and insupportable. Rudolf had, indeed, been perfectly in the right when he thought that he recognised her; nor was this the first time that, at the rising of the crescent moon, she had come forth in disguise, and chosen the lonely road towards the mountain. In this unhappy girl was, indeed, realized the poet's image of the wounded hart, that flies restless through the fields and woods, trying in vain to escape from the torment which the hunter's barbed arrow had inflicted. After their first meeting, a long interval had elapsed before she was aware of the difficulties she had to encounter in her plan of gaining his affection; and when the truth was at last discovered, her attachment had already acquired too great an ascendancy to admit of its being successfully resisted. Besides, had this been possible, the will, alas, was wanting, even as much as the power to effect so laudable a purpose. Gertrude was neither pious nor resigned; and, with her father's encouragement, she made every possible attempt to break the bonds of affection between Rudolf and Alice, till finding that calumny and threats were in vain, she determined to avail herself of other methods.

It was very certain that many extraordinary events and changes had happened in their neighbourhood which could not be referred to natural causes; and it was also well known to her that there were individuals, especially five or six old women, against whom, indeed, no legal proofs had hitherto been brought, yet every one was firmly convinced that these persons had it in their power to ruin the fortunes of all whom they regarded with dislike. At such a time it was

precisely a character of this description to whom Gertrude wished to have recourse; nor had she failed to discover one who was ready to become her confidante, and aid her detestable schemes. Accordingly, they had already been at work together, and but that the lovers were always guarded by the blessed cross and rosary round their necks, and were in heart so pious and innocent, the complete wreck of Alice's worldly hopes might very soon have been accomplished.

Fruitless as all such endeavours for some time proved, Gertrude's unhappy passion remained unconquerable; and at length, when it occurred one day at church that the betrothing of our hero and heroine was proclaimed, and their names read aloud, the full conviction of her misfortune, in all its terrors, came upon her, so that, after an ineffectual struggle with her emotions, she fainted, and was carried out by her friends; this, of course, excited attention. When the service was over, and the community lingered as usual in the market-place, there were many persons eager to tell of what they had heard of Gertrude's disappointed hopes, the violent conduct of her father, and the despair by which she would of course be overcome now that Alice's marriage was irrevocably fixed. Female neighbours were, of course, not wanting who repeated all this at the steward's house; and Gertrude, as if it were not enough to feel that all her fond expectations were for ever baffled and dispersed, had the mortification to find that she was made a subject of railery, or affected commiseration, through the whole village.

Through that fatal Sunday, in all the bitterness of her grief and disappointment, she waited impatiently for the sinking of the sun, and then hastened forth, in this direful emergency, to take counsel from her wicked confidante. Wrapt in her mantle, she had stolen out in the twilight from her father's house, had, unobserved, reached the witch's cottage, which was situated in a rocky ravine of the mountain, and, with great vehemence, demanded that the long promised aid should instantly be granted her, if all were not to be given up, and lost. Grinning with an abominable aspect of confidence and composure, the old woman recommended her to have patience, declaring, at the same time, that she was then employed on certain incantations, which, when completed, would enable her to meet all the wishes of her young friend, as the stars had of late been unusually propitious. The utmost that she required at this moment, in order to succeed, was to be allowed to pluck seven hairs from Gertrude's beautiful tresses. With these words she stretched out her long, bony arms, like the talons of a fiend, and forced her guest down on a low root of a tree, that served in place of a chair; but, at the first touch of the old hag, Gertrude started up, and screamed aloud, so that it was not without violence that the sorceress, laughing scornfully at the poor girl's pain, effected her purpose. Having obtained the seven hairs, she instantly led Gertrude (who was now stunned and speechless) to the door, thrust her out with resistless force, and turning the key in the lock, called aloud that she might come again when the now crescent moon was at full, but not sooner.

Yet it was not till after a long interval that Gertrude was able to move from the door of this unhalloved abode. Her head felt violently painful, and a nameless horror, such as she had never before experienced, had quite overpowered her. In the cottage all was now silent, the twilight had already faded away, and, in her gloomy desolation, she stared at the black Alpine cliffs, that rose like gigantic spectres between her and the dusky heaven. A mysterious murmuring pervaded the wood; even the breaking of the light lake waves on the shore seemed to her disturbed imagination fraught with some terrible meaning. At length she hastened down along the path leading through the ravine; but after she had turned the corner of the cliff, and the slanting moonbeams fell on her way, every moment she seemed to behold some horrid apparition; the bats shrieked and whirled in circles round her head; even the rustling of a leaf made her tremble. Then, too, on approaching close to the banks of the lake, through the thicket of elder-trees, she actually heard whispering voices, and saw the outlines of a human form; she went on—she recognised the tall and commanding figure, the well-known accents of Rudolf—of the youth whom she yet so fervently loved, and had lost

perhaps for ever. It was he, the dazzling hero, for whose sake alone she wished to live; and Alice was in his arms. At that moment she uttered the hollow cry that was heard by them with so much terror, and then rushed homewards to the village.

Therafter, with what impatience did the miserable girl count every day and every hour, till the coming of the full moon, that only promised her new anxieties and desperate encounters; while, with the dawn of each revolving day, the betrothed lovers met in their calm happiness and delight, looking forward no less with rapture to the evening, as it would bring them one day nearer to their appointed marriage.

At last the full moon rose in her glory over the mountains, and Gertrude having wrapped herself in her mantle, so that no one could recognise her, hastened out, taking the loneliest path up the hills, when, on arriving at the cottage, the door was opened, as if prepared for her reception. In the witch's apartment there was no light but that of the moon—now flickering and uncertain, for clouds, driven rapidly by the wind, often came across her splendour. Behind, in the rock against which the cottage leaned for support, there was a small narrow gateway, forming the entrance to that mysterious cavern, where the old woman carried on her incantations; while the front room wore the appearance of extreme poverty, and the negligent simplicity of a Swiss *paysanne*. Gertrude now looked at her hostess, and was once more seized with a fit of extreme horror and apprehension, for every feature in that visage, always forbidding, seemed to-night supernaturally distorted, and fraught with unutterable meaning. The hag perhaps was aware of the effect which she had produced, for she grinned as if in scorn and mockery, at the same time advancing to the inner doorway, which she opened; and Gertrude, without venturing a word, watched for the result. In the interior of the cave a fire was visible, on which stood a boiling kettle. The sorceress brought a pair of bellows, with poker and tongs, to rouse the flames; in which task Gertrude advanced to assist her, but was instantly repulsed. "Fool!" cried the old woman, "if thou should'st now dare to cross this threshold, thy life will be the forfeit. Remain where thou art, unless I summon thee." Gertrude then stood trembling at the entrance; the kettle boiled more fiercely, and a thick stupifying vapour mounted in wreaths to the ceiling; while the visage of the old woman, shown by the lurid glare of the fagots, became so repulsive and intolerable, that Gertrude was obliged to desist from gazing at her. At length, the words "Now! now!—look yonder!" roused her attention; and through the dark wreaths of smoke, which had collected in a distant corner of the cave, she beheld a luminous spot that always increased in size and brightness, till it assumed the form of a large mirror. Therein, after some time, she distinguished the well-furnished interior of a room, where a man was sitting at a table busily employed in cleaning a musket, and other military accoutrements. This man was Rudolf—not his mere picture, but himself, as vividly and unquestionably before her as she had seen him but a few days ago. Two children were also visible, one of them playing on the floor, the other slept in a cradle near the fire-place. At last the door of the apartment opened, the figure of a woman entered, in whom, at the first glance, Gertrude recognised herself, even as if she had seen her own reflection in an ordinary mirror. This figure went directly up to Rudolf, (who saluted her with every sign of confidence and affection,) then took her place by the fire, lifted the younger child from the cradle, and laid it on her bosom; while the father looked round on them with an expression of delighted emotion. At this scene Gertrude's heart beat high, and her eyes gleamed. She it was—the wife of Rudolf—and her children were his. A cry of joy and exultation escaped from her lips; but at that moment, with a frightful crash, the whole illusion vanished from her sight. The old woman seized her by the arm, and forced her from the gateway, which was violently closed. She then broke forth into a torrent of reproaches on account of the cry which the poor girl had uttered at a time when she should have been as silent as the grave. Gertrude, however, allowed the old hag to scold on without making any remonstrance, only asking now and then—"Will it ever be so?—shall I ever be his wife?" "Thou hast already seen

it answered," said the witch; "for the present let this suffice, and trouble me with no further questions." With these words she forced the girl, as before, out of her cottage, adding, "that as she had believed that night with such inexcusable folly, she should never come thither again unless she was sent for."

This interdiction was indeed of little consequence, for had not Gertrude already beheld the veil lifted from futurity, and herself established as the wife of Rudolf; what could she wish for more in this world. She now walked home as if treading in air, and quite absorbed in her own dreams; though in what manner such happiness was ever to be realized she could not even conjecture, for his marriage with Alice was now near at hand, and no stratagem or hindrance occurred by which she could obtain a farther delay. Yet, notwithstanding all this, she continued to rely on the witch's divinations; sometimes also reflecting with complacency on her own pre-eminent wealth and beauty, and on Rudolf's good sense, which might enable him, before the marriage had taken place, to see the rash folly of his choice. All the interval, however, she watched with miserable and wasting anxiety for every word of news that could be gathered from the neighbours, still clinging to the hope that, sooner or later, some occurrence must take place by which her utter misery might be averted. Such was her impatience that, notwithstanding the old woman's injunctions, she had already been twice at the cottage on the mountains; but whether its owner were really absent, or only in bad humour, remained unexplained. The door was always firmly closed against her, nor when she called aloud could she obtain any answer.

(To be continued.)

DOMESTIC AND USEFUL.

PORK.—The flesh of no other animal depends so much upon feeding as that of pork. The greatest care ought to be observed in feeding it, at least twenty-one days previous to its being killed; it should fast for twenty-four hours before. No animal is more used for nourishment, and none more indispensable in the kitchen; employed either fresh or salt, all is useful, even to its bristles and its blood; it is the superfluous riches of the farmer, and helps to pay the rent of the cottager. It is cut up the same as the ox. The fore quarter is the fore loin and spring; if it is a large pig, the sparerib may be cut off. The hind quarter is the leg and loin. There is also the head and hasket, (which is the liver, kidney, craw, and skirts,) and also chitterlings, which are cleansed for sausages and black-puddings. For boiling or roasting it should never be older than six months, and the leg must not weigh more than from six to seven pounds. The short legged thick necked, and small headed pigs are the best breed, a cross from the Chinese. If fresh and young, the flesh and fat should be white and firm, smooth and dry, and the lean break if pinched between the fingers, or you can nip the skin with the nails; the contrary if old and stale.—*M. SOREX.*

TOAST AND WATER.—To make it to perfection proceed as follows:—Cut a piece of crusty bread, about a quarter of a pound in weight; place it upon a toasting fork, and hold it about six inches from the fire; turn it often, and keep moving it gently until of a light yellow colour; then place it nearer the fire, and when of a good brown chocolate colour, put it into a jug, and pour three points of boiling water over; cover the jug until cold; then strain it into a clean jug, and it is ready for use. Never leave the toast in it, for in summer that would cause fermentation in a short time. The idea that bread must be burnt black to make toast and water is quite a popular delusion.—*M. SOREX.*

TO BLACK GRATES AND STOVES.—Mix a gill of stale beer and two ounces of black lead together; add a piece of common soda, the size of a nut. Having removed all soot and ash-dust from the grate, rub it over with the mixture. Take a hard brush and rub it well. A great brilliancy will soon be produced.

SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING.—Anything that will lessen the evils of the "Washing-day" we feel confident heads of families will be pleased to learn. The following receipt has been recommended, and we believe it will be found an excellent method for getting a week's wash out of hand in quick time: dissolve a quarter of a pound of lime in boiling water, and strain it twice through a flannel bag; dissolve, separately, half a pound of brown soap and half a pound of soda; boil the three together. Put six gallons of water into the boiler, and when boiling add the mixture. The linens having been steeped in cold water for twelve hours, must be wrung out, all stains rubbed with soap, and put into the boiler: boil them thirty-five minutes, and then take them out and deposit them in a tub, (preserving the liquor, which can be used three times;) pour clear boiling water over them, rub them out, rinse them well in cold water, and they will be ready for drying. By this process two-thirds of the ordinary labour of washing is saved, and the bleaching entirely dispensed with; the clothes are much clearer and are less worn than by the ordinary mode of washing, and the mixture in no way damages the fabric.

Varieties.

PINS.—At a pin manufacturing establishment at Birmingham 6000 pins can be made every minute; a ratio equal to 3,600,000 per diem, or one billion, one hundred and twenty-three millions, two hundred thousand a year.

HOW TO PAY THE NATIONAL DEBT.—Get every one of the men, women, and children who make up the population of the globe (800,000,000), to deposit a sovereign each in the British treasury.

Cobbett said, "Women, so amiable in themselves, are never so amiable as when they are useful; and for beauty, though men fall in love with girls at play, there is nothing to make them stand to their love like seeing them at their work."

A STERN LOVER.—Guy, the founder of that noble edifice which bears his name, was a bookseller in Stock's Market, between Cornhill and Lombard-street. He had a maid-servant whom he agreed to marry, and preparatory to his nuptials he had ordered the pavement before his door to be mended as far as a particular stone, which he marked. While her master was out, the maid, innocently looking on the pavements at work, saw a broken place which they had not repaired, and mentioned it to them; but they told her that Mr. Guy had directed them not to go so far. "Well," said she, "do you mend it; tell him I bade you, and I know he will not be angry." It happened, however, that the poor girl had presumed too much on her influence on her wary lover, for Guy, enraged to find his orders interfered with, renounced the matrimonial scheme, and resolved upon perpetuating his name by building an hospital.

AMOUNT OF RISK BY RAILWAY TRAVELLERS.—According to an account recently published, of railway passengers and railway accidents, it appears that out of 18,761,805 persons conveyed, 96 individuals lost their lives. If this be a fair average to calculate upon, the risk to life is as one in 209,582. By the same rule, a person riding by railway 50 times a-year, may calculate on being killed once in 6000 years; that is, in a similar period to that of the age of the world.

INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS.—To dream of a mill-stone around your neck is a sign of what you may expect if you get an extravagant wife. When a young lady dreams of a coffin it betokens that she should instantly discontinue lacing her stays tightly, and always go warmly and thickly shod in wet weather. To dream of fire is a sign that—if you are wise—you will see that the lights in your house are out before you go to bed. To dream that your nose is red at the tip is an intimation that you had better leave off brandy and water.

At a printer's festival in Washington the following was a regular toast—"Woman—the fairest work of creation: the edition being extensive, let no man be without a copy."

In a lecture at Birmingham, Dr. Coffin said, as to the uncertainties of medicine, that Boerhaave left a large folio volume as the result of the experience of a long and arduous life. This book, when opened, proved to have but one simple sentence:—"Keep your head cool, your body warm, and throw physic to the dogs."

WEIGHT OF THE HUMAN BRAIN.—The brain of Cuvier weighed 64½ oz.; this was the largest on record. That of Dr. Abercrombie was 63 oz.; that of Dupuytren, a celebrated surgeon of France, 63½ oz.; Dr. Chalmers, 53 oz. (skull very thick;) Sir Walter Scott, not large, perhaps average, but not weighed; Lord Byron, 58 oz.

To live amidst general regard is like sitting in sunshine, "calm and sweet."

He who giveth his thoughts to charity carries the key of heaven.

Take heed what you promise; see that it be just and honest and lawful, and what is in your power certainly and honestly to perform; and when you have so promised, be true to your word.—*SIR MATTHEW HALE.*

Thus much in favour of activity and occupation, that the more one has to do, the more one is capable of doing, even beyond our direct task.—*BURKE.*

Camera Sketches.



DUNBARTON CASTLE.

ABOUT fifteen miles from Glasgow, a very lofty, sombre-looking rock rises from the sands, near to the right bank of the river Clyde. This is the castle of Dunbarton. Some writers consider it probable that this ancient military fortress was originally one of the stations occupied by the Romans, and that the Roman fleet anchored on one occasion immediately under the rock. A fragment of an old building, crowning one of the summits, has been conjectured to be the remains of a Roman Pharos or lighthouse.

The tower of Dunbarton stands on the left bank of the Leven, about three-quarters of a mile from the castle, which is situated on the confluence of that river with the Clyde. On the occurrence of an unusually high tide, the rock is sometimes quite insulated; but in general the ground is dry between it and the town.

Dunbarton Castle used to be considered all but inaccessible, and, therefore, impregnable, except by the expedient of starving the garrison. It was, however, once taken by assault in a most extraordinary manner. On the 1st of April, 1571, a truce that had been arranged between the adherents of Mary, Queen of Scots, and her opponents, expired, and the insurgents determined upon surprising the castle of Dunbarton, the only fortress held by the Queen, and of which Lord Fleming was the governor. A soldier who had served in the garrison, and had been disgusted by some ill-treatment, offered to be the foremost man in the enterprise. It was thought prudent to risk any danger for so great a prize. Scaling-ladders, and whatever else might be necessary, were prepared with the utmost despatch and secrecy,—all the avenues to the castle were seized, that no intelligence of the design might reach the governor. Towards evening, Captain Crawford marched from Glasgow with a small but determined band. By midnight, they arrived at the bottom of the rock. The moon was set, and the sky, which hitherto had been extremely clear, was covered with a thick fog. It was where the rock was highest that the assailants made their attempt, because in that place there were few sentinels, and they hoped to find them least alert. The first ladder was scarcely fixed, when the weight and eagerness of those who mounted brought it to the ground. None of the assailants were hurt by the fall, and none of the garrison alarmed by the noise. Their guide and Crawford scrambled up the rock, and fastened the ladder to the roots of a tree which grew in a cleft. This place they all reached with the utmost difficulty, but were still at a great distance from the foot of the wall. Their ladder was made fast a second time; but in the middle of the ascent, they met with an unforeseen difficulty; one of their companions was seized with some sudden fit, and clung seemingly without life to the ladder. All were at a stand. It was impossible to pass him, to tumble him headlong was cruel, and might

occasion a discovery; but Crawford's presence of mind found a remedy. He ordered the soldier to be bound fast to the ladder, that he might not fall when the fit was over, and turning the other side of the ladder, they mounted with ease. Day now began to break, and there still remained a high wall to scale, but after surmounting so many difficulties, this was soon accomplished. A sentry observed the first man who appeared on the parapet, and had just time to give the alarm before he was knocked on the head. The officers and soldiers ran out undressed and unarmed, more solicitous for their own safety than capable of making any resistance. The assailants rushed forward with repeated shouts, and with the utmost fury took possession of the magazine, seized the cannon, and turned them against their enemies. Lord Fleming got into a small boat, and fled alone into Argyshire. Crawford, in return for his valour and good conduct, remained master of the castle, and as he did not lose a single man in the enterprise, he enjoyed his success with unmixed pleasure.

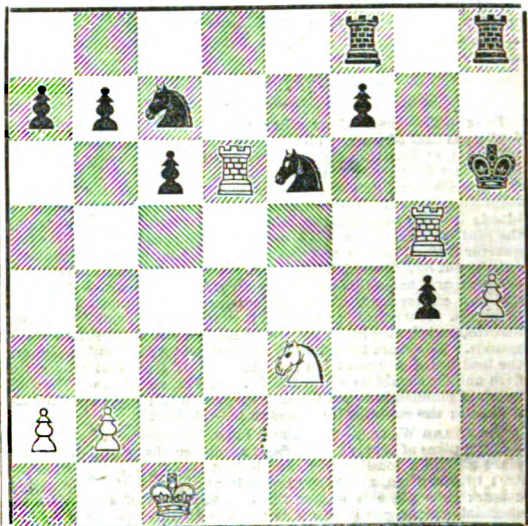
Since this period, Dunbarton Castle has been frequently used as a place of custody for state prisoners.

Sorrows are like tempest-clouds—in the distance they look black, but when above us, scarcely grey. As sad dreams indicate coming joy, so will it be with the so-often torturing dream of life when it hath passed.—JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

OUR CHESS BOARD.

PROBLEM No. 6.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to win in four moves.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES IN No. 17.

1. Nightmare.
2. Mass Acre—(Massacre.)
3. Caspian Sea.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * * Those of our correspondents who may not perceive their communications noticed immediately after receipt are respectfully informed, that the delay is unavoidable, and in consequence of the necessity of our work being printed in advance.

H. S.—We cannot promise until we see it.

ST. JAMES.—Consult the Post-office Directory.

W. H.—We do not answer legal questions.

E. seems not to have seen No. 3. We shall always be glad to hear from our correspondent.

CONTRIBUTIONS DECLINED.—VOLUNA, W. P. C., T. R., ALPHA, R. J. S., and SILEX.

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THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED NEWS

No. 19.—Vol. I.

SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1850.

{ ONE PENNY.
POST FREE, 2d.

THE CITY OF ROME.

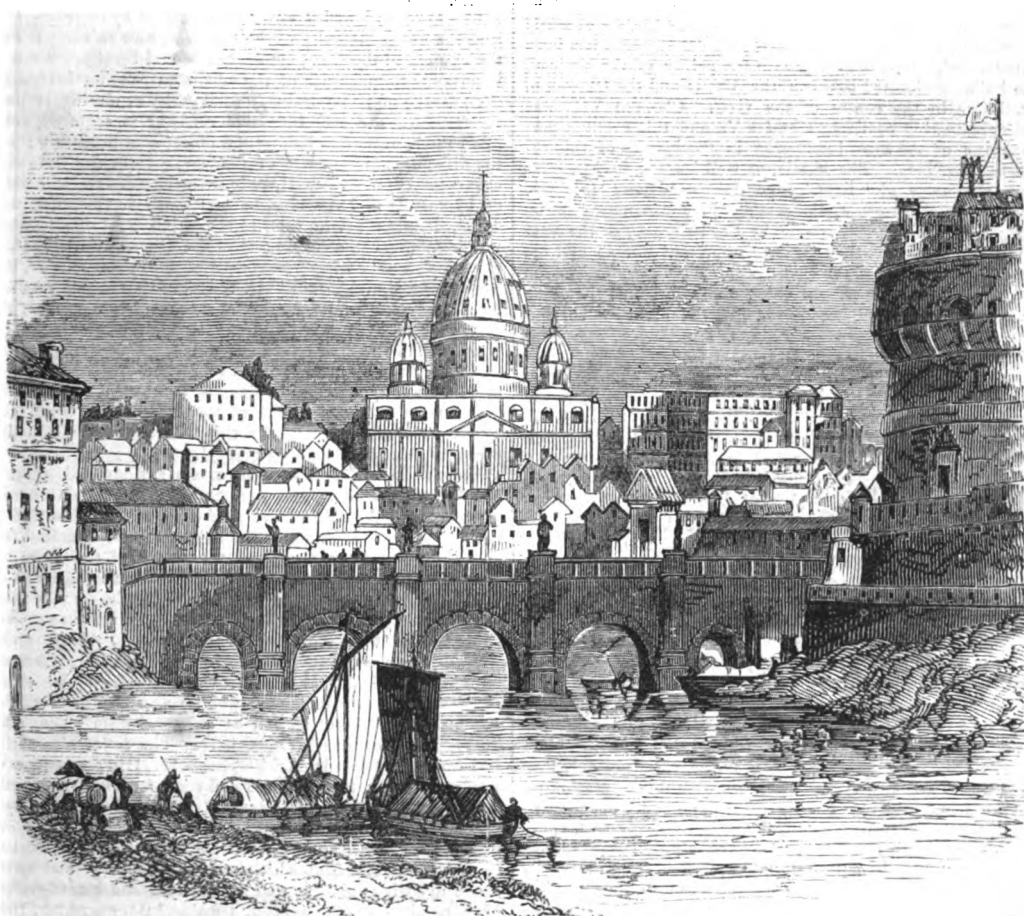
THE recent intervention of the French government in the affairs of Rome, together with the approaching return of Pope Pius to this ancient classic capital, renders of interest every allusion to that triumph of architecture and Italian genius, St. Peter's—the most glorious structure that ever has been applied to the use of religion.

"This temple," says Count Stolberg, "is the largest and most magnificent on earth! The square before it is worthy

of the temple, the temple of the square; each in its kind is the most magnificent in the world. No work of man ever seized upon and filled my mind like this."

In whatever direction the traveller approaches Rome, the stupendous dome of St. Peter's is the first object that attracts his attention, and increases the feelings of enthusiastic admiration common to every person of taste, on a first visit to the eternal city.

From the mast-head of a ship in the Mediterranean, and from the numerous hills in the vicinage of Rome, St. Peter's



VIEW OF ROME.

seems to reign in solitary majesty over all the flat and, for the most part, uncultivated districts surrounding the city; and is perhaps never so impressive an object as when viewed from these points on the evenings of the stated festivals. Upon those occasions, it is almost instantaneously illumined with a brilliant flood of light. Some conception of this scene the reader may imagine, by fancying the dome of our St. Paul's suddenly lighted up with myriads of lamps and torches.

The view we have engraved is, however, considered the most advantageous point of sight—beholding St. Peter's from the banks of the Tiber, with the Bridge and Castle of St. Angelo. Here the Campus Martius of ancient Rome joined the Tiber; and many a lively scene of classical story presents itself to the imagination. Both the banks, however, and the plain itself, are now covered with the houses of modern Rome, amidst which the French recently constructed their works, while only one relic of antiquity occurs to the view, and that so altered and transformed as scarcely to bear a trace of its ancient character. The Castle of St. Angelo, the massive structure to the right of the engraving, was once the mausoleum of the Roman Emperor Adrian, who died A.D. 138. The immense strength of the walls of this building, together with its commanding structure and situation, had rendered it early an object of military attention, and on its capability for offensive and defensive operations, the Romans principally relied for their ability to secure the city from any successful assault by the troops of General Oudinot. Belisarius was the first commander to avail himself of the advantages this stupendous structure afforded as a military position. In the tenth century it was occupied by the rebel Crescentius, who was dislodged therefrom with immense difficulty: when the castle again returned into the hands of the Popes, it was constantly made use of by them as a state prison and a place of refuge in case of need; for which purpose, a long corridor of great strength has been constructed, communicating with the palace of the Vatican, the building situated between the Castle and the Church of St. Peter in the centre of the view. Clement VII. was besieged in this castle by Charles V., and this event is perhaps one of the most interesting in the history of this remarkable edifice. The castle, as well as the bridge, once bore the name of "Elio," from Ælius Adrian; this was changed to its present designation in consequence of an alleged miraculous vision seen by Pope Gregory in the year 593. A plague was then raging throughout Rome; and he, having dreamt one night that he saw an angel standing on the castle, in the act of sheathing a sword, hailed the omen as betokening the staying of the plague; and it so fell out that his expectations were shortly after verified. The figure of an angel in this attitude surmounts the edifice, as may be seen in our illustration. It is here and on the bridge of St. Angelo that the people of Rome chiefly resort upon the occasion of the great festivals, when the cupola of St. Peter's is illumined. This splendid exhibition occurs on the eve and on the evening of St. Peter's day, and on the anniversary evening of the reigning pope's election, at an appointed hour, with the aid of an immense number of hands, the dome is converted into an hemisphere of liquid light, and this, as we have said, almost instantaneously.

Seen from the Plozzì, or Square of St. Peter's, the temple itself loses from the extreme heavy structure of the front, which more than half hides the cupola, while it does not harmonize with the general form of the church.

THE WEDDING RING.—The marriage ring is placed on the left hand because it is much less used than the right, and therefore the ring was less likely to be bruised or broken. This is from an old Latin author; and we find a similar reply in the "British Apollo," 1788, and that "for the same reason, the fourth finger was chosen, which is not only less used than either of the rest, but is more capable of preserving a ring from bruises; having this one quality peculiar to itself, that it cannot be extended but in company with some other finger, whereas the rest may be singly stretched out to their full length and straightness." The rigid notion of married women never putting off the wedding ring, is supposed to have originated in the ancient custom of hallowing the ring, besides the remembrance of the expression, "till death do us part," in our marriage service.

THE BRITANNIA TUBULAR BRIDGE.

PROJECTED AND DESIGNED BY ROBERT STEPHENSON, ESQ.

THE Tubular Bridge at the Menai Straits, an arm of the sea separating the coasts of Anglesea and Carnarvon, called THE BRITANNIA, (we quote "A Resident Assistant,") and that at Conway, do not differ materially in anything. They were designed at the same time, and the principle and details of construction are identical in both; but as the size of the former is greater than that of the latter, and the difficulties of the site more numerous and insurmountable, our description will chiefly apply to the Britannia, with allusions by the way to any small points of difference which are worthy of notice in the Conway Bridge.

The line of road connecting London with Holyhead has been long esteemed, and with reason, the principal road in the country. In 1822, Telford, the most eminent engineer of his day, was employed by the government to improve and reconstruct the old mail-coach road; and he did so, leaving it the most perfect piece of road-engineering then known, constructing, in the course of it, the two beautiful suspension-bridges at Conway and the Menai, which have deservedly immortalized his name. The latter of these bridges was quite as great a work in that day as the Britannia is now, and, like it, presents a new and untried method of construction daringly developed at the first effort almost to its ultimate capabilities.

But railroads came, and superseded the turnpike-road, even in its improved and matchless state, and, Chester having been reached, the remaining part of the highway to Ireland was too important to be allowed to continue in its old condition. In 1844, the Chester and Holyhead Railway Company was formed, and it was soon perceived by their engineer that the grand difficulty of the line was, how to carry it over the estuary of the Conway and the Menai Straits. As it is impossible to make use of the chain suspension bridge for the passage of heavy trains, its flexibility rendering it unfit for cases where a stiff inflexible roadway is required, some other mode of accomplishing the object was necessary; and the difficulties in the way of this arose from the following causes:—At both places there is a considerable traffic, carried on by vessels of large size, to avoid any interference with which, it was requisite that, in the building of the bridges, no scaffolding or centering should be used, since that, if employed, would of course obstruct the passage. In the case of the Menai Straits, Mr. Stephenson met this requirement by a design for a bridge, of two cast-iron arches, the span of each to be four hundred and fifty feet, the height of the crown of the arch one hundred feet, and of the springing fifty feet, from the water; the use of centering being with great ingenuity dispensed with, by connecting by tie-rods the half-arches on each side of the centre pier with each other. The site intended for this was that on which the present bridge is now being erected.

But the first difficulty having been surmounted, another and far more serious one presented itself. The Commissioners of the Admiralty, on this design being submitted to them for approval, insisted on a height of one hundred feet above the water, not merely at the crown of the arch, but also close to the piers; thus giving but two alternatives—to retain the arched form, but increase its height by fifty feet; or, relinquishing the arched form, to construct, in some entirely new form, a beam which should depend for its stability simply on the strength of its parts; the first requirement, moreover, rendering it necessary that it should be either constructed in its ultimate position on a suspending scaffolding, or else lifted *entire*, and *at once*, into its place, after having been put together elsewhere. The latter alternative was the one chosen by Mr. Stephenson. His proposition of a tube or girder, four hundred and sixty feet in clear length, strong enough, not only to carry a railway train, but to bear its own weight, was received by the public, on its first announcement, with almost universal incredulity. However, though the public doubted, the railway company had confidence in their engineer; and his labours and investigations have resulted in the present tubular bridges, which, from their stupendous magnitude, the singularity of their form, and the gigantic nature of the operations by which entire

bridges of such unexampled weight are transported and raised into their position, have excited more interest, both in the scientific world and the public, than any other engineering works of the present day.

We have said that the arch and the chain bridge being unavailable, Mr. Stephenson was driven to adopt the third possible form—that of a beam; and we would impress on our readers, that these tubes are nothing but gigantic beams; they derive no strength from any transmission of horizontal pressure to the abutments, as is derived by the arch; nor from any mode of suspension, as in the chain bridge, but resist incumbent pressure on exactly the same principle as the short plank does by which the village brook is crossed. But their form and the method of employing the material of which they are composed is so novel and beautiful, and so very different to those of a simple beam or girder, that we would willingly draw the attention of our readers to a few of these points before proceeding to a detailed description of the tubes themselves.

The word "tube," as applied to these bridges, is certain to give those who are unacquainted with them a wrong impression of their form and method of construction. By a tube is commonly meant a round pipe, of no very considerable size, whereas these are of square shape, and of great breadth and height. But still it would not be easy to find any one word which would describe their construction so well as this of "tubular;" for not only are they hollow from end to end, and closed in all round in manner of a tube, but their roof and floor are each formed of a row of smaller square pipes or tubes, side by side, all firmly connected together, adding most materially and essentially to the strength and stiffness of the main body. Indeed, on a close scientific investigation, its whole strength will be found to reside in the tubular top and bottom.

Now, on reading this description, or looking at the tubes themselves, many persons may be tempted to ask what necessity there is for all this intricacy—why it is necessary not only to have the tubular shape in the main body, but also these smaller tubes at the top and bottom, and why these beams should not have been made of a similar shape, but with breadth and height correspondingly enlarged, to those which they have often seen across openings of fifty or sixty feet. Such questions are at once answered by merely stating the fact, that after a certain size has been reached, a solid form is the most inefficient way of employing a given quantity of material. To those who are conversant with mechanics, the demonstration of this is not difficult—to those who are not so, we would explain that a thin tube of any material is far stronger than the same quantity tightly rolled up into a solid rod of less diameter than the tube: of this they will at once call to mind many examples—how strong are quills, reeds, or straw, in proportion to the very small quantity of material employed in them. Paley has noticed this in speaking of the bones of birds, which, while lighter than those of animals of equal size, are quite as strong from their hollow or tubular form. In the case of the tube bridges, it is easily ascertained, by a simple calculation, that a solid bar of iron—could such a thing be made—of the same length, breadth, and depth as one of the large tubes, would not even bear its own weight.

The particular spot at which the Britannia bridge crosses the Menai Straits is exactly a mile nearer to Carnarvon than the suspension-bridge; the railway, after leaving the end of the bridge, passing close under the Anglesea column. The shores are of the same precipitous and shelving character at both places, but the stream is wider here than at the suspension-bridge, being about eleven hundred feet across at high water. It is divided nearly exactly in the middle by the Britannia Rock, which at high water is covered to a depth of ten feet. The rise and fall of the tide is ordinarily twenty feet, and its velocity very great, often as much as eight miles and a quarter an hour. It is from the Britannia rock that the bridge takes its name, the centre pier being based upon it. It and the Anglesea shore consist of chlorite schist, a very hard and intractable kind of rock, worked with great difficulty: from this, and the circumstance that no coffer-dam was used, and therefore few hours only could be consecutively spent on the rock, some months were passed in laying the bottom course of the tower. It was commenced

in May, 1846, the first stone being laid without ceremony by Frank Foster, Esq., acting engineer of the portion of the railway between Conway and Holyhead, and of the masonry, scaffolding, &c., of the Britannia bridge.

The stone of which the towers are built is a hard carboniferous limestone, or marble, called Anglesey marble; it abounds in fossils, and is capable of receiving a very high polish.

To show what has been done, as well as to illustrate the arduousness of the operations, a statement of the approximate dimensions, and of the gross amount of material employed in the entire fabric will be interesting. The total length of one set of tubes forming the passage for one line of rails across the Straits, is 1849 feet; another set of tubes, exactly similar, and parallel, furnish a double line of rails for the up and down line—the total length of the tubes for both lines of railway being 3698 feet; the greatest span in the clear, 460 feet; the height of the tubes in the middle, 30 feet; height at intermediate piers, 27 feet; height at each end, 23 feet; extreme width, 14 feet 8 inches. The number of rivets in the entire bridge is 1,704,000; the amount of iron calculated to be used is, in the first land tube, 274 feet long, 450 tons of plates; in the other three, of the same length, 1350 tons; in the first tube of 472 feet long, 965 tons of plates; in the three others of the same length, 2895 tons of plates; making a total, with pier tubes, of 5778 tons. The total computed weight of angle iron employed in them is 1240 tons, of T iron 850 tons, of rivet iron 686 tons, of cast-iron in the frames and beams 2000 tons; making a total dead weight of 10,570 tons. The total length of the tubes, if placed in a line, would be about three-fifths of a mile. The strength of this great rigid structure consists in what is called the cellular system, found so effective in resisting lateral and vertical pressure. The plan, as in the tubes now raised, consists of a series of cells or pipes at the top and bottom of the tube, ranged in hollow compartments, covered above and below by iron plates riveted together, and having a parallel direction to the long axis of the tubes. These cells are sufficiently large to admit of the entrance of a man, for the purpose of being cleaned and repaired. It was originally proposed to have a double tier of these cells at the top, more effectually to resist the crushing force, but the construction of a single tier was subsequently resolved on as sufficient. These cells have the effect of placing the resistance of compression and expansion nearly in equilibrium with each other. The utmost tenacity and stiffness is obtained, with the least possible weight of material; and it is believed that a tube of 1000 feet span might be constructed with safety upon this cellular system of rigidity and strength. Trains have passed through the smaller scale of tube at Conway for months, without any injury or effect whatever. No motion can be detected by the eye during the passage of a train, and instrumental observations detect a deflection of only the eighth of an inch. It has been found that the effect of a very severe gale from the north-west on the side of the Conway tube, at an angle of about 50 degrees, produced an oscillating motion, which being carefully measured, gave a lateral deflection of only 0.23 inch. It is found, moreover, that the enormous weight of the tubes themselves, opposed to the impulse of the wind, is a security against continuous oscillation. The effect temperature constantly produced, but in no way injuriously, on these large surfaces of iron, is remarkable. In the afternoon, the sun shining on the top and on one side, the tube is bent in that direction 0.06 inch, or nearly one inch. On comparing the deflections of the morning with those of mid-day, a decrease of 7-10ths of an inch was observable, or a rising in the middle of the tube had taken place to that extent. The result of a change of temperature is an increased convexity in curvature of the top and bottom sides, to the extent of raising the entire tube 0.71 inch in the middle.

A large number of distinguished visitors have been to inspect the tubes and stupendous works; amongst them their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, who spent a considerable time over the tubes, Prince George of Cambridge, Lord Vivian, several of the nobility, and almost every engineer in the kingdom. It is intended by the directors of the Chester and Holyhead railway to give some cheap excursion trains periodically to the Straits, to enable the

THE SENTIMENTAL & DRAMATIC ADVENTURES OF MR. GREEN.

(Continued from page 140.)



After two hours' pursuit the yellow bonnet disappears like a shadow,



and Mr. G. gives himself up to despair.



Music is a balm for his wounded heart.—Mr. G. finds his instrument harmonizes beautifully with the notes of his cat Tom.



In a sentimental mood, Mr. G. breathes a sigh—Tom hazards a plaintive chromatic,



which is set to music by a talented young artist,



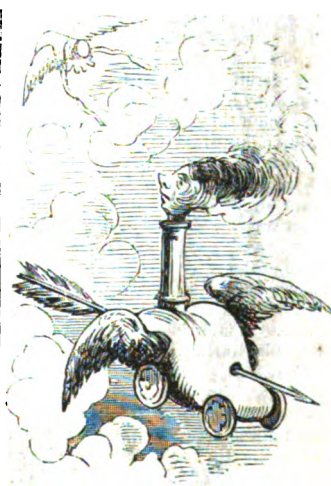
and introduced by Mr. G. with the Bayadere's step, in national costume,



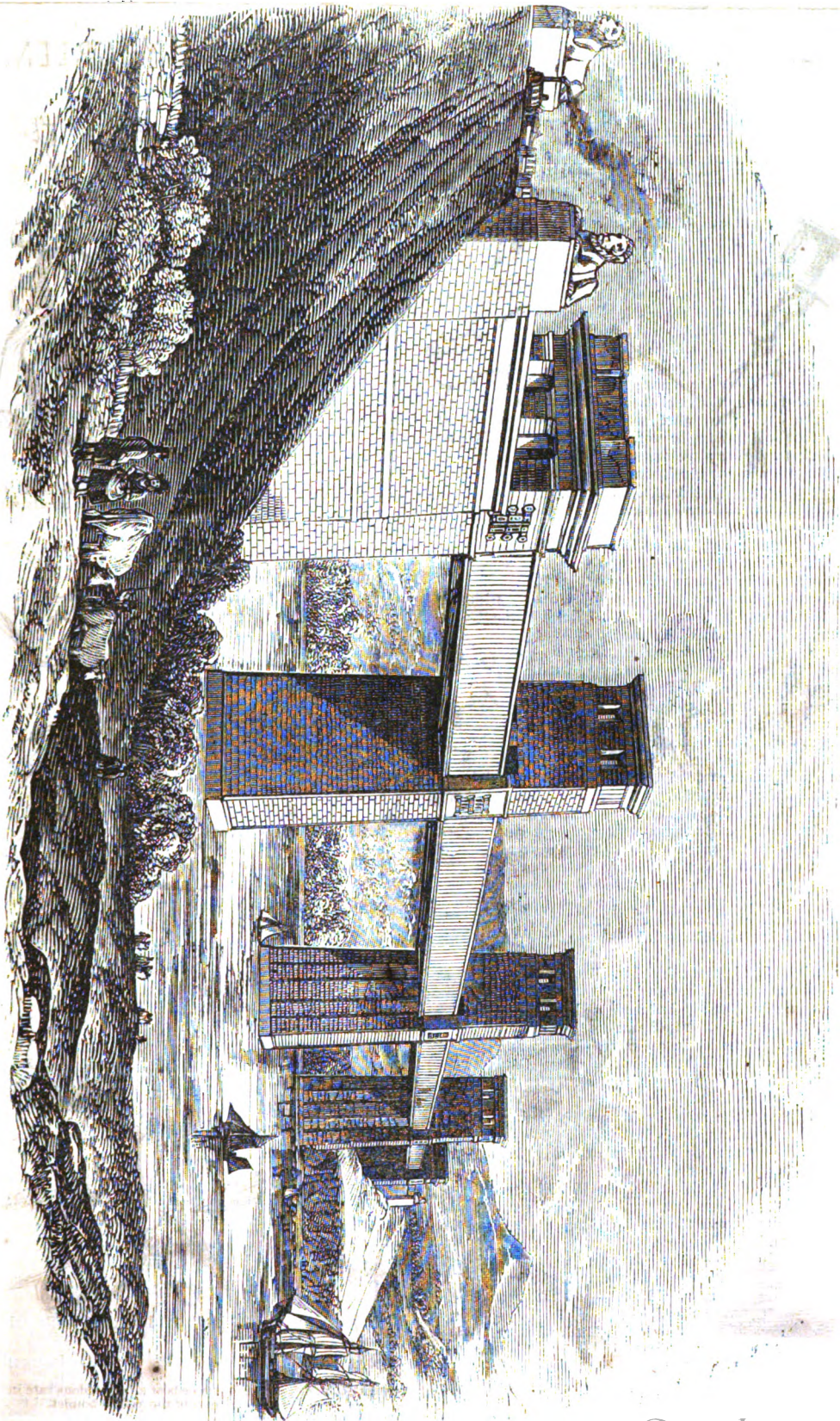
before a distinguished company.



But his heart was not there.



He proceeds at a tremendous rate in search of the yellow bonnet.



THE BRITANNIA RAILWAY TUBULAR BRIDGE.

middle and humbler classes to visit these noble works of art. The day at present fixed on, should no unforeseen contingency occur, for the completion of one highway and the transit of the first train over the Straits, is the 1st of March next. Thus the great work will have been nearly four years in completion.

THE UNCLAD HORSEMAN.

WIDOWERS should look out for breakers. Absalom Nippers was a widower, and one of the particularest men, perhaps, that ever lived, though some people said, that when his wife was alive, he used to dress as a common field hand, and didn't use to take any pains with himself at all. Everybody knows how he spruced up about six weeks after Mrs. Nippers died, and how he went to church regular every Sunday; but they didn't have no confidence in his religion, and used to say he only went to church to show his new suit of mourning, and to ogle the gals.

With such a character among the wimmin, it aint to be supposed that he stood any chance of getting another Mrs. Nippers near home; and whether he was as bad to his first wife as they said he was, or not, one thing was certain, he had to look abroad for some one to fill her place.

Mr. Nippers was very lucky in finding a gal just to his mind, what lived about ten miles from his plantation. Nancy Parker was rich, and though she wasn't very young nor very handsome, she belonged to Mr. Nippers' church, and filled his eye exactly; so he sot in courtin' her with all his might. Ten miles was a good long ride, and as he was an economical man, he used to ride over to old Mrs. Parker's plantation every Sunday morning, to go to church with the family, take dinner with them, and ride back in the cool of the evening. In that way he managed to kill two birds with one stone; that is, to advance the prospect of his happiness on this earth and the world to come at the same time, without losing any of his week-day time.

A ride over a dusty road is apt to soil a gentleman's dry goods, and make him and his horse very tired. However, Mr. Nippers didn't mind the fatigue as much as his horse; but in a matter sich as he had in hand, it was very important that he should make as good an impression as possible, so he adopted a plan by which he was able to present himself before the object of his affections in order, with his Sunday coat as clean, and his blooming ruffles as fresh and neat as if they had just come out of a band-box. This was a happy expedient, and nobody but a widower lover would think of it. He used to start from home with his new coat and shirt tied up in a pocket handkerchief, and after riding within a quarter of a mile of Mrs. Parker's plantation, he would turn off into a thicket of chinkapin bushes, and there made his rural toilet.

One bright Sunday morning Mr. Nippers had arrived at this dressin' ground. It was an important occasion. Everything was promisin', and he had made up his mind to pop the question that very day. There was no doubt in his mind that he would return home an engaged man; and he was reckonin' over to himself the value of Miss Nancy's plantation and niggers, while he was settin' on his horse makin' his accustomed change of dress.

He had dropped the reins on his horse's neck, what was browsin' about, making up his last night's scanty feed from the bushes in his reach, and kickin' and stompin' at such flies as was feedin' on him in return.

"I'll fix the business this time," ses Mr. Nippers to himself. "I'll bring things to a pint, this time," ses he; and he untied his handkerchief with his clean clothes, and he spread them on his saddle-bow.

"Wo, Ball," ses he—"I've jist got to say the word, and—wo!" ses he to his horse, what was kickin' and rearin' about. "Wo! you cussed old fool—and the business is settled jist like fallin' of a log."

He was drawin' his shirt over his head, when Ball gave a sudden spring what like to make him lose his balance. "Wo!" ses he—but before he could get his arms out of the sleeves, Ball was wheelin' and kickin' like rath at something that seemed to trouble him behind. Down went the clean clothes, shirt and all, on the ground. "Blast yer infernal

pictur—wo, now!" ses Mr. Nippers, grabbin' at the reins. But before he could git hold of 'em, Ball was off like a streak of lightnin', with a whole swarm of yellow jackets round his tail.

Mr. Nippers grabbed hold of the mane and tried to stop the horse, but it was of no use. Away went the infuriated Ball, and takin' the road he was used travellin', another moment brung him to the house. The gate was open, and in dashed the horse with the almost naked Nippers hangin' to his neck hollerin', "Stop him! hornets!" as loud as he could scream.

On came the dogs, and after the horse they went round the house, scatterin' the ducks and chickens, and terrifyin' the little niggers out of their senses. The noise brung the wimmin to the door.

"Don't look, Miss Nancy!—hornets! Wo! ketch him!" shouted the unclad Nippers, as, with spent breath, he went dashin' out of the gate agin, with the dogs still after him, and his horse's tail switchin' in every direction like a young hurricane. Miss Nancy got one glimpse of her forlorn lover, and before she could get her apron to her eyes, she fainted at the awful sight (!) while his fast recedin' voice, cryin' "Hornets! stop him! hornets!" still rung in her ears. —*New Orleans Picayune.*

"WHILE THERE IS LIFE THERE'S HOPE."

BY JOHNSON BARKER.

Oh! say not Hope's a foolish dream,
A passing of the breath—
A bubble on the living stream,
Evanishing in death;

For it bears a deeper meaning to the virtuously brave,
Whose earthly leaning staff is Hope, a Hope beyond the grave.

Ho! ye who sweat the livelong day,
And half the livelong night,
More cheerly on your rugged way,
And work with main and might!
Trudge on—trudge on, while yet ye may—
Oh! struggle onward in the fray,
And God will crown the right!

Tho' lowly be your present task—keep heart and never fear:
The loom of Time can wonders weave—keep heart and persevere!
With faith and truth for guiding stars, with kingdoms ye may cope,
Then let your earnest motto be, "While there is Life there's Hope."

Ho! ye who by affliction's side,
Wear out the sleepless hour,
And watch the mouldering of pride,
The pride of youthful flower—
Watch on—watch on, whate'er betide;
The very dying have not died,
When lost to human power.

Then let not frowning aspects daunt—watch on, and never fear:
True-hearted Hope will never flag—watch on, and persevere;
Unfearing, not a moment stay, to sigh, or weep, or moan,
But let your earnest motto be, "While there is Life there's Hope."

Ho! ye who 'neath oppression bend,
Bow'd by a chastening rod;
Ho! ye without an earthly friend,
Contemn'd, despis'd, bestrod—
Hope on—hope on, and well depend,
Ye'll be befriended in the end,
If ye but hope in God.

Then onward wend your weary path—Hope on, and never fear,
A breath is all of worldly wrath—Hope on, and persevere;
Tho' bow'd and bent your worldly way ye stumbling have to grope,
The triumph will be yours at last, if ye but live in Hope!

Then say not Hope's a foolish dream,
A passing of the breath—
A bubble on the living stream,
Evanishing in death;

For it bears a deeper meaning to the virtuously brave,
Whose earthly guiding star is Hope—a Hope beyond the grave!

As to true friends, choose them with great care, and let their number be small. Have no friend who does not fear God—who is not wholly governed by the truths of religion. —FENELON.

Ambition is like a wild horse, which prances unceasingly until it has thrown off its rider.

It is a sign of wisdom to be willing to receive instruction; the most intelligent sometimes stand in need of it.

Passion makes those fools who otherwise are not so, and shows those to be fools who are so.

WOMAN AS SHE SHOULD BE.—The sweetness of her disposition harmonizes with the fierceness of man, as wool meets iron more easily than iron meets wool, and turns resistance into embracing. Her kindness of heart is apparent in every action, for she has no guilty designs to conceal. Her manners are not formed by any fixed rule, but bend to the occasion. She has so much knowledge as to love it; and for deficiency in this respect, she will sometimes, in a pleasant discontent, chide her sex. *She lives at home*, and adapts outward things to her taste, not her taste to them. She dresses well, but not beyond what decency absolutely requires in her station. Her mind is so happily constituted, that she does not seek a husband, but finds him. Description is soon exhausted, when there is no variety of ill. When married, her chief sentiment is love for her husband; and his advantage is henceforth the end of her actions.

DOMESTIC AND USEFUL.

THE FOOD OF MAN.—Vegetables, generally speaking, are not a sufficient stimulating food for intellectual man. Irishmen live on potatoes, East Indians on rice; but they are not usually men of intellectual energy. A portion of animal food seems essential to healthy stimulus. The most digestible is the flesh of wild animals fed on vegetables, especially of the aromatic kind. Venison, or the flesh of deer, is the most digestible of all. Such deer as can procure abundant food of this kind, and shelter from the weather at their own pleasure, produce the best food. Cattle and sheep follow next; and they form the wholesomest food for man in proportion as they are in the fullest enjoyment of their animal spirits. Deer, and sheep, and cattle, fed in stalls, are unhealthy and deteriorated. The writer once travelled in a wild country where cattle were driven with the caravan as food. They were in good condition, but occasionally they travelled till they were weary and foot worn. If killed in this condition they were flavourless as food. "Tired meat" was the name given to them. The meat appeared not to nourish at all, and the appetite could not be satiated with it. There is little doubt that the *ormazone* of the chemist, and the *flavour* of the butcher, are synonymous with "animal spirits." The animal when in its healthiest state—in its state of the greatest enjoyment—is fittest for the food of man. But not the flesh of all animals. Veal, and lamb, and fish are less digestible than venison, beef, and mutton. The reason seems to be that the former are more animal, being fed on animal substances—milk and the flesh of other animals. We are not aware that it has yet been tried to feed fish artificially on vegetables. Venison, beef, and mutton, fed on aromatic herbage, are partly antiseptic. The proof of this is, that they may be eaten and relished partly decomposed; while the smallest taint renders veal, lamb, and fish disgusting. The practice of feeding on the flesh of animals, entombing their bodies within their own, has something in it repugnant to refinement. Many individuals there are who wholly abstain from this food, and confine themselves to vegetables. Some there are who abstain, even to the injury of their own health. We are not counsellors of this species of martyrdom, but, nevertheless, think it desirable that the practice of eating animals should disappear from civilized communities so soon as other means of maintaining their physical energies can be obtained. We think that nature has provided for this also, as another phase of man's existence, when his brain shall be set to work upon it.—*Westminster Review*.

FOOD FOR INFANTS.—Flour tied up tight and boiled three hours; scrape it and mix it with milk, instead of arrow-root for change.

PRESERVATION OF EGGS.—A person who dealt largely in eggs at Paris made some public experiments, in order to show his method of preserving them. A large number was placed in a vessel, in which was some water saturated with lime and a little salt. They were locked up, and kept in that state for several years. The vessel in which they had been placed was opened in the month of January last, and the eggs, without one exception, were found to be in excellent preservation. An omelette was made for the company, and it was declared to be as good as if the eggs had only been kept two or three days.

PICKLES FOR BEEF, PORK, HAMS, AND TONGUES.—Water 32 quarts, bay salt 6 pounds, brown sugar 2 pounds, nitre 2½ ounces. Boil all the ingredients together, skimming off, very carefully, anything which floats on the surface, and keep boiling for twenty minutes. When cold, pour the liquor over the meat, taking care that it covers it well. If the meat be long in the pickle, it is necessary, at the expiration of two months, to boil the pickle as before, and add, brown sugar half a pound, salt two pounds.

THE SICK-ROOM.—Nothing is to me more painful than to see any food ill prepared for sick people, where the sense of taste is partially gone; everything ordered by the doctors as food should be cooked in the greatest perfection, especially as everything they require is so very simple and easily done, that it is unpardonable to do it badly.—*M. SORER*.

PIMPLES ON THE FACE.—Touch them with spirits of turpentine once in six hours, and they will soon take themselves away. To bring them on again, all that is necessary is to touch a little "spirits and water."

Varieties.

SINGULAR FACT.—A somewhat novel incident occurred at the terminus of the South-Western Railway at Vauxhall. A carrier pigeon was seen in an exhausted state; it was caught by hand, but died shortly afterwards. A label was appended to one of its legs, addressed to his Grace the Duke of Wellington, which stated that three pigeons were thrown up at the island of Ichaboe. The distance is computed to be between 2000 and 3000 miles from the place where the pigeon appears to have been liberated to its destination in London. The bird, with its appendage, was immediately forwarded to Apsley House, and the Duke of Wellington, by an autograph note, the next day courteously acknowledged the receipt from the party who sent the bird. It has been stuffed, and in the process it has been discovered that the bird was shot, otherwise there can be no doubt that it would have reached home. It is supposed not to have had strength left to cross the Thames.

RATHER GREEN.—"Have you ground all the tools right, as I told you this morning when I went away?" said a carpenter to a rather green lad whom he had taken for an apprentice. "All but the handsaw, sir!" replied the lad, promptly; "I couldn't get quite all the gaps out of that."

EXCESS OF FEMALES IN ENGLAND.—In the metropolis alone 83,500 women are engaged in the single business of apparel making. It is estimated that 28,500 of them are under twenty years of age, and that of these a large portion are subsisting, or attempting to subsist, on sums varying from 4½d. to 2½d. a-day. Throughout Great Britain the male population is greatly outnumbered by the female. By the census of 1841 it appeared that there were 320,000 more women than men, and so great has been the amount of male emigration during the last nine years, that the excess of females may be fairly supposed to have reached half a million. In the British colonies, on the other hand, the inequality is reversed; in 1847 there were in New South Wales only 41,000 females to 83,000 males; in South Australia only 13,000 females to 17,000 males. Similar disproportion exists in Van Dieman's land and other colonial dependencies. It is proposed to take measures with a view to abate this double evil: to supply the colonies with the population which is the crying want of society there, and at the same time to redress this increasing grievance of the mother country, to rescue from penury and misery those who emigrate, and by diminishing the unnatural excess of female labour, to better the condition of those who remain.

THE IMPORTANCE OF A KNOWLEDGE OF PHYSICAL LAWS.—After the invention of the diving-bell, and its success in subaqueous processes, it was considered highly desirable to devise some means of remaining for any length of time under water, and rising at pleasure without assistance, so as either to examine at leisure the bottom, or perform at ease any work that might be required. Some years ago, an ingenious individual proposed a project by which this end was to be accomplished. It consisted in sinking the hull of a ship made quite water tight, with the decks and sides strongly supported by shores, and the only entry secured by a stout trap-door, in such a manner, that by disengaging, from within, the weights employed to sink it, it might rise of itself to the surface. To render the trial more satisfactory, and the result more striking, the projector himself made the first essay. It was agreed that he should sink in twenty fathoms of water, and rise again without assistance at the expiration of twenty-four hours. Accordingly, making all secure, fastening down his trap-door, and provided with all necessities, as well as with the means of making signals to indicate his situation, this unhappy victim of his own ingenuity entered and was sunk. No signal was made, and the time appointed elapsed. An immense concourse of people had assembled to witness his rising, but in vain; for the vessel was never seen more. The pressure of the water at so great a depth had, no doubt, been completely underestimated, and the sides of the vessel being at once crushed in, the unfortunate projector perished before he could even make the signal concerted to indicate his distress.—*Herschel on the Study of Natural Philosophy*.

THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.



Tuesday.

THE next of the Saxon Idols after the two most apparent planets, the sun and the moon, was Tuisco, the most ancient and peculiar god of all the Germans. Verstegan describes this Tuisco as "being the first and chiefest man of name among the Germans, and the day which yet among us retaineth the name of Tuesday was especially dedicated to the adoration and service of this idol."

The Germans regarded this Tuisco, or Tuisto, as the founder of their nation. He is also said to have given them laws, and to have gained so high a degree of honour among that rude people, that, after death, they placed him among their gods; and as one of the chief ceremonies of his worship, sang songs to his praise. The Saxons being of German origin, it has been truly said that the "British Constitution came out of the woods of Germany."

A NEW GHOST STORY.—One more ghost story, and we have done. The story which we are about to relate was told the writer by an intimate friend, a graduate of Cambridge, and he had it from his brother, a post-captain in the navy, and the hero of the tale. Captain S—— was once appointed to the command of a tender, not at the time, it seems, in much employment, and he had only about a dozen men with him, he being the only officer. The ship was an old 90-gun ship, and being no longer in active service, was painted entirely black; at the same time, her guns, stores, and crew being taken out of her, she drew but little water, and made a figure at once dismal and colossal. Figure to yourself so small a crew in so huge and desolate a vessel, anchored ten miles from a shore, where nothing but reeds and marshes were to be seen, and during weather wet, foggy, and squally. Captain S—— had abundance of time to meditate; and, among other subjects which his situation forced upon him, was the number of wild legends connected

with the old ship he now commanded. She had cruised in the West Indies during the reign of the Buccaneers; scenes of bloodshed and wild revelry had been witnessed on and between her decks; she had been laden with Spanish gold; and her crews had sent to their last accounts hundreds of pirates; in short, she was a haunted ship. Tradition, whatever is said for their bravery, had but little to speak for the good conduct, in other respects, of her once occupants; and it was said that execrations long obsolete sometimes startled the ears of the living between her decks. Save the captain's apartments, all the bulkheads were cleared away, and the view was fully suited to the ship, the season, and the station. For some nights all went off very well, though Captain S—— thought there certainly were very strange and very loud noises; but at last these became more and more distinct, and formed themselves before long into the noise and din of a tumultuous assembly in the midshipman's berth. The rattling of glasses and bottles, the spilling of liquor, oaths, and songs of a past period, were to be heard with a fearful distinctness, till at length the tumult of quarrel succeeded to the tumult of intoxication, and the clashing of daggers mingled with discourse such as in the present day is rarely heard, even at sea. Night after night this continued, and continued to increase, till one night Captain S—— heard a low, suppressed, but inexpressible bitter laugh, and then marked a stealthy step coming round towards the door of his cabin; step after step he counted as it drew near, and then the handle of his door was violently shaken. Captain S—— was a man whose bravery had been too often tried to be supposed very subject to the influence of fear, but he acknowledged that his heart beat now quicker than usual. He leaped from his cot, drew his sabre, and approached the door; again the same bitter suppressed laugh was heard, and again the door handle was shaken. Captain S—— now suddenly flung open the door, and cut furiously about him, but nothing was to be seen, and the moon was shining between the decks, so that he could see from one end of the ship to the other. Struck with a shivering awe, he returned to bed; but no sooner was the door closed, than a long, bitter peal of the most deriding laughter was raised from the scene of the former revelry. After this, he never heard any more, but was soon, to his great joy, appointed to a frigate. This story, probably, owes much to the powerful and excited imagination of the captain. It certainly owes not a little to the imagination of my friend, and his exquisite mode of telling it; and, as I before remarked, we are not acquainted with many of the attendant circumstances, and, consequently, not at all qualified to judge. It must be admitted that a haunted ship is a yet more fearfully wild and desolate subject for fancy than a haunted house, or even a haunted castle.—*The Cradle of the Twin Giants.*

Few things are impossible to ingenuity and perseverance. —Johnson.

First deserve, and then desire.

The useful and the beautiful are never far asunder.

There never was a hypocrite so disguised, but he had yet some mark or other to be known by.

A civil answer to a rude speech costs not much, and is worth a great deal.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 6.

WHITE.

1. Kt to K B fifth+
2. R to K Kt seven+
3. R to K R sixth+
4. Kt to K seventh checkmate.

BLACK.

1. K to R second
2. Kt takes R
3. K to Kt sq

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE ALPINE SORCERESS will be continued in our next.

. Those of our correspondents who may not perceive their communications noticed immediately after receipt are respectfully informed, that the delay is unavoidable, and in consequence of the necessity of our work being printed in advance.

L. V., Durham.—The subject cannot be alluded to in our work.

A WELL-WISHER.—The suggestion shall receive consideration.

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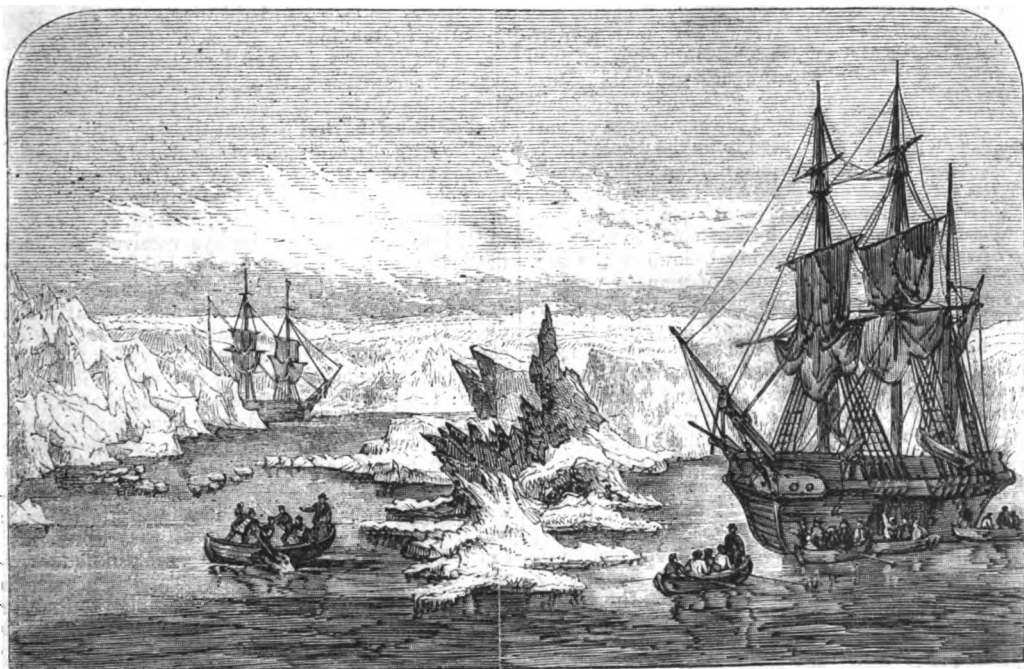
THE POLAR REGIONS.

EXTREME interest being still attached to all subjects referring to Arctic voyagers, we this week present to our readers a view from Mr. Burford's beautiful Panorama of the Polar Regions.

In order to increase the interest, and at the same time to give a more comprehensive view of those extraordinary regions of everlasting ice and snow, under different aspects, Mr. Burford's Panorama has been divided into two distinct subjects—one-half the great circle exhibiting the Polar seas at midnight in the summer season, the other presenting a similar scene at noon, under all the sublime severities of an arctic winter.

The summer portion of the Panorama, to which the spectator is first introduced, represents the Expedition in the month of July, in what was named Glacier Harbour, on the coast of Greenland, in latitude $73^{\circ} 42' N.$, longitude $55^{\circ} 20' W.$, "threading

their way as they best could through lanes of water in the ice, which extended to the very verge of the horizon, and was thickly studded with bergs of great size." Desolation here reigns triumphant; all is wild disorder. The sea, piled into solid mountains of ice, strangely mingles its white pinnacles with the dark and frowning summits of rock that here and there rise to an immense height; and the earth, buried beneath its cumbrous load of frozen water, blends its dreary shores, undistinguishable by any boundaries, with the bleak deserts of the ocean: all seems one continued and vast pack of ice in close array,—a sublimely picturesque scene, of which there exists no parallel. Towering ice-bergs of gigantic size and the most fantastic shapes; immense hummocks; huge masses of ice formed by pressure; columns, pyramids, and an endless multitude of singular forms, heaped together in the wildest disorder, threatening each moment, as they are driven in mighty strife by the wind or tide, to crush the ships to atoms. In some parts, huge stalactitæ are gracefully pendant from the larger masses; others present sparry crystals and brilliant icicles, exhibit-



THE ENTERPRISE AND INVESTIGATOR IN GLACIER HARBOUR.

ing a thousand nameless effects of light and shade, arising from proximity or distance, the prominent surfaces being tinged with vivid emerald and violet tints, whilst in clefts, crevices, and deep recesses, lurk shades of the most intense blue, strikingly contrasting with the alabaster-like fabrics by which they are surrounded. At the distance of about three miles, rises an immense and imposing barrier of ice, a vast glacier, the supposed line of the coast of Greenland, beyond which are again plains and rugged wastes of ice, whilst a remote line of mountains are seen along the horizon, in some parts in considerable length, without interruption; in others, abruptly broken off for a short space, and again resumed; the whole forming a sublime and splendid exhibition of icy grandeur.

The winter scene presents most prominently the two ships in their winter quarters in Port Leopold, firmly beset by the ice, in a position nearly north and south; the housings of the decks and all upon them white with snow; the masts, tops, shrouds, stays, and every portion of the rigging that was left standing, on which a particle of snow could lodge, encrusted with a fleecy covering, presenting, if not a very cheerful, at least a most picturesque and beautiful appearance.

Both views form striking and romantic scenes, most difficult to conceive, the awful grandeur and sublimity of which cannot be contemplated without intense interest and enthusiastic admiration.

Our artist has represented a portion of the Summer View, showing the "Enterprise" and "Investigator" in "Glacier Harbour." This stupendous glacier, the accumulated snow and ice of ages, is about three miles from the ships; it extends for many miles along the supposed coast of Greenland, and in some parts is several thousand feet in thickness. The actual height of the face of the glacier above the sea could not be ascertained, from the enormous masses of recently detached ice floating about, but it may be estimated at approaching 1000 feet perpendicular. Old, or lost Greenland, was discovered 983, by some Norwegians, who planted a colony on the eastern coast, which flourished until the fifteenth century, when, by the gradual increase of the ice, it became inaccessible; heavy, consolidated floes, having imbedded in them bergs of vast size, which, grounding, served to fix the whole firmly to the shore, were soon formed into an impenetrable barrier, that has, and doubtless will remain for ages, compact and immovable, presenting a rugged, perpendicular front, bidding stern defiance to the roaring of the winds, or the raging billows of the sea, and mocking the vain attempts of man to pass it. The general aspect from one extreme to the other, is barren and rugged; the average elevation is 3000 feet, there being in some places mountains from 4000 to 6000 feet in height. The glacier on the west coast is formed between high and unconnected land as far as could be seen, making it appear, as has been supposed, that Greenland is formed of a vast number of islands. It is named by the sailors the manufactory of icebergs, for every fall of hail and snow increasing its size and propelling it forward, vast overhanging projections are formed by the action of the sea below, the enormous weight of which separating them from the main body, they fall in masses of many thousand tons into the water, with terrific roar, the heaviest portion of course sinking below. Soundings were taken from the ships to the depth of 150 fathoms, without finding the bottom.

To the left of the scene, a portion of the crew are engaged in bear-hunting. The Polar bear (*Ursus Maritimus*) is too well known to need particular description. In these regions, where it might be supposed so large an animal must necessarily perish for want of food, they manage to support nature on seals and fish. Some persons assert that they sleep during the winter in ice caverns, but it is more probable that they migrate, as the winter approaches, to the more western parts, in search of open water; they are very frequently seen on icebergs a great distance from land, and are good swimmers, but cannot remain long under the water. They seldom evince a disposition to act on the offensive, unless attacked or driven to bay, when they become very ferocious assailants; they are of great strength and size, weighing from eleven to twelve hundred pounds.

In the centre of the view, a singular iceberg attracts the eye. Some idea of the vastness of these masses may be formed, when it is stated, that although many of them have an altitude of at least 300 feet, yet not more than one-ninth of the whole appears above water. It is impossible to contemplate these vast elevations of ice, without reflecting on the enormous power that must have been exerted to rend them from the parent mass.

To the right of the picture, various boats are engaged in towing the "Enterprise" along the difficult course; in the foremost boat Captain Ross may be seen, superintending the exertions of his adventurous crew. Sir James Clark Ross is an officer of no ordinary character, whether as regards his nautical skill or scientific abilities; he seems to have been formed by nature for the arduous service to which he has devoted himself; to great physical powers, and a constitution equal to any privations, he unites every mental qualification necessary to constitute the man destined to conduct a great and hazardous expedition. The greater part of his life has been spent in the Arctic and Antarctic regions, having accompanied most of the recent voyages of discovery; he sailed with his uncle, Sir John Ross, in 1818, in the four voyages of Capt. Parry, and again in the last voyage of Sir John, in 1829, during which he discovered Boothia, surveyed many hundred miles of the coast, and had the proud satisfaction of being the first to plant the flag of his country on the true magnetic pole of the world. Altogether he has spent fifteen summers and nine winters in the polar regions; and in the various departments of astronomy, natural history, and surveying, committed to his care, has always received the most flattering testimonials for zeal and ability.

The last expedition of Sir James, though unsuccessful in its result, was nobly and gallantly conducted; nothing was left unattempted that anxiety could suggest or foresight contrive. If it failed, no fault can be imputed to the party under Sir James Ross: the powers of nature overcame the efforts of man, and they were forced to return; not, however, without having performed important services, which may yet be productive of much good. It is the general opinion, that the lost expedition is not eastward of any navigable point in the Arctic regions; and not a single sign was met with that would lead to the conclusion that Sir John Franklin had experienced any misfortune. They carried provisions for three years, which might be extended to four, or even longer, if they were fortunate in taking seals and birds; if in pressing distress, they would, no doubt, abandon the ships, and make for the nearest point where they could expect relief, and probably

fall in with some of the dépôts formed for them. Let us therefore hope that it may please Providence to shield them from the many dangers of their enterprise, and restore them in health and honour to their country. Certain it is, that nothing will be wanting on the part of Sir John and his gallant companions, to accomplish all that human means and human intellect can command.

In the meantime, it is highly satisfactory to know, that another expedition of relief having been resolved upon, no time was lost in refitting the "Enterprise" and "Investigator" for the purpose, and they sailed from Woolwich for Behring's Straits on the 10th of January, under the command of Captain Collinson and Commander McClure.

THE HAWTHORN, AND ITS HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS.

"Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroidered canopy
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?"

THE Hawthorn is a beautiful, fragrant, flowering shrub, deserving of notice as much from its own beauty as from its connexion with interesting historical facts, and national customs, now almost forgotten.

The common white hawthorn (*Crataegus oxyacantha*) was the distinguishing badge of the Tudors, and the cause of its adoption is thus accounted for:—

Richard the Third being opposed in his claim to the crown by his cousin, the Duke of Richmond, determined to try the event of a battle. Accordingly, he met the enemy at Redmore Heath; but being defeated, he was slain, and his body thrown with contempt amongst a heap of his dead heroes. The crown, however, had been previously stolen from his brow, and hidden by a soldier in a hawthorn bush; but a friend of Lord Stanley's accidentally discovering it, carried it at once to him, who, placing it on the head of his son-in-law, Richmond, saluted him by the title of Henry the Seventh. "It was in memory of this picturesque fact," writes Miss Strickland, "that the red-berried hawthorn once sheltered the crown of England, that the house of Tudor assumed the device of a crown in a bush of fruited hawthorn. The proverb of 'Cleave to the crown, though it hang on a bush,' alluded to the same circumstance."

The hawthorn forms the chief beauty of our hedgerows in the "merry month of May." It requires no particular cultivation, beautifying and enlivening the humblest garden and the most lowly cottage wall; bestowing on them the luxury of flowers and perfume as richly as it sheds them over the slopes and through the bowers of the rich man's pleasure-grounds. For this, and for other reasons also, it is a favourite amongst all classes: The memories which it awakens (for it is a bridal flower), and the hopes which it gives, as one of the first heralds of spring, bring a sunshine into every heart in which the genial current of kindly feeling is not wholly dried up.

To the Irish peasants it has been, from time immemorial, an emblem of hope; for which reason they decorate their houses and doorways with its branches on May morning, and carry it from house to house as they "go a Maying."

The custom of going on May mornings, at break of day, into the woods, to bring away the boughs and flowers, was much discountenanced by our reformers. They regarded it as the remains of an evil superstition, because it had its origin in the spring rites paid by the heathen to Flora; and they also disapproved of the noisy and profligate revelling with which it was often accompanied. They preached continually against "doing observance to a morn of May," and were greatly the means of suppressing May sports and May gatherings. May-day was also called Robin Hood's day; and the sincere and earnest Bishop Latimer complained, that once when he was about to preach in a town on that day, he could get no audience, because all the young men and maidens were gone a Maying. "I found," said he, "the

churches fast locked. I tarried there half-an-hour or more, and at last the key was found. One of the parish came to me and says,—Syr, this is a busy day with us, we cannot hear you—it is Robin Hood's day. The parish are gone abroad to gather for Robin Hood; I pray you hinder them not." So," observes the good bishop, "I was fain to give place to Robin Hood and his men."

These superstitious customs are now, happily, all laid aside; and the hawthorn is simply used as a "palm branch of welcome" to the spring, and carried, in the south and west of Ireland, to the houses of the newly-married peasants, as an emblem of hope.

It was a favourite flower of Mary Queen of Scots; and it is said that until lately there stood on the eastern side of the village of Duddingstone a hawthorn tree of her own planting. The tradition concerning it is thus related by Nelson:—

"The good regent Murray was at play with his half-sister, Mary Stuart, on the banks of the Duddingstone Loch, then known by another name, which proved displeasing to the ears of the royal maiden; and after a merry interchange of bandied jest and repartee, the light-hearted queen was called upon to give it a better name; when, in the same sportive mood, she picked up a little pebble from the margin of the loch, and throwing it into the water, exclaimed, in the old courtly dialect of Holyrood court—'There, then—call it *Duddy stane!*' And such has been its name ever since."

"On the same day it was that the future rivals determined, in their sport, to try their fortunes, by each planting their favourite tree. James Stuart, the future regent, chose for his representative a hardy young oak; while Mary selected a hawthorn plant, which seems to have ever been her favourite tree, as various others exist that were planted by her hand."

"When next the young queen rambled by the new-named loch, she sought out the rival plants, and was rejoicing in the discovery that her thorn alone survived—a pregnant omen, as it seemed, of prosperity and triumph—when her companion arrived with the news, that it had been determined to exile her from these happy scenes of youthful frolic, to seek new ties and state alliances at the court of France. The young queen flung herself by her new-planted favourite, and abandoned herself to grief at the unwelcome news. A child's grief, however, though slight its cause, hath bitterness enough at the moment to seem the sorest trial that could be borne; and it may be that the unhappy Mary Stuart, in some such moment of outgoing affection towards the bright scenes of her childhood, when about to bid them a long farewell, yielded to such a burst of grief as might be no unmeet foreshadowing of that long life of suffering ere she closed its sorrows far from those happy scenes, in the gloomy towers of Fotheringay."

There are one hundred species of hawthorn; of these, thirty-five are varieties of the common English hawthorn (*Crataegus oxyacantha*), and the remainder are beautiful ornamental shrubs, brought principally from North America. The species are all hardy, and almost equally beautiful in fruit as in flower; they require a dry soil, and may be easily increased by seeds, in the following manner: a large quantity of the best and finest-looking are put into a large heap, called a hot-bed, where they are allowed to remain for three or four months. However, care must be taken to turn them frequently, lest the vital powers should be destroyed by the heat caused by fermentation. Afterwards, they may be taken to a garden-house, and spread thinly on the floor; and, after ten days, may be sown in dry, light, rich soil.

LONG NOSES.—Napoleon used to say—"Strange as it may appear, when I want any good head-work done, I choose a man, provided his education has been suitable, with a long nose. His breathing is bold and free, and his brain, as well as his lungs and heart, cool and clear. In my observation of men, I have almost invariably found a long nose and a long head go together."

DAISIES.—It is a curious fact that, notwithstanding the immense breadth of grass in Greenwich Park, scarcely half a dozen daisies are to be found within it. Indeed, none but the curious and persevering would be able to discover one—although the adjacent lawn of the Asylum is thoroughly gemmed with that beautiful youth-remembered flower.

THE SENTIMENTAL & DRAMATIC ADVENTURES OF MR. GREEN.

(Continued from page 148.)



After four hours' pursuit, Mr. G. returns in despair, and is struck by an electric shock, emanating



from the eyes of Tom, who felt a storm approaching.



For many hours Mr. G. remained under the influence of that mysterious power.



He awakes, impressed with a novel idea—



a new horizon seems to open before his eyes!



Could he, an unknown genius, have discovered the sources of animal magnetism?



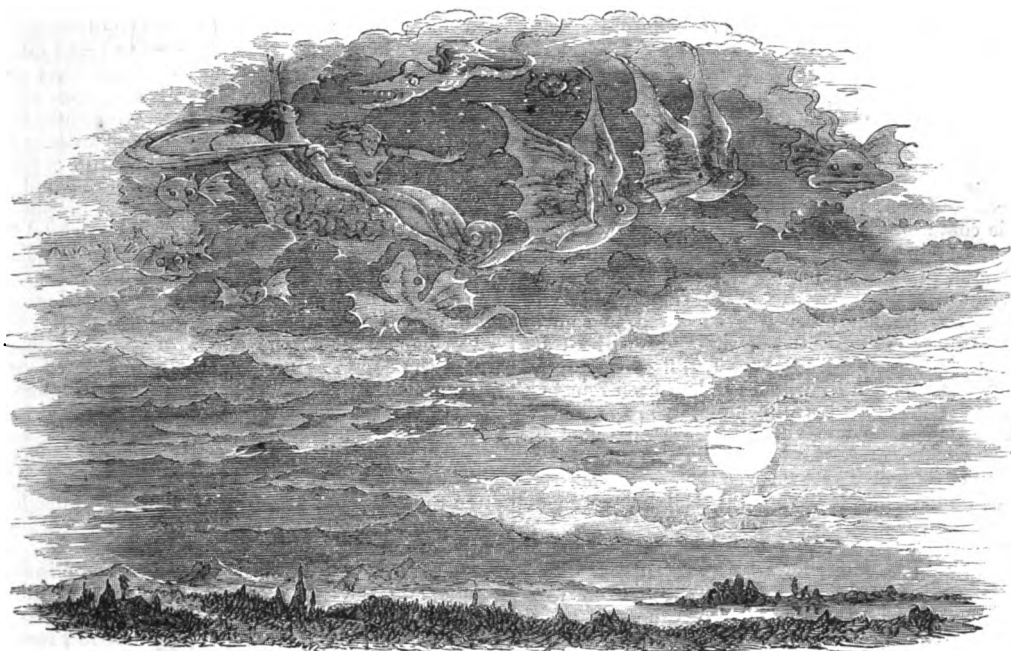
Mr. G. studies the most celebrated necromancers, and is struck with the affinity of magnetism with electricity,



and how electricity accumulates towards the points;



consequently, Mr. Green concludes that the magnetic power of Tom is in his tail.



THE ALPINE SORCERESS.

An Illustrated Romance.

(Continued from p. 143.)

At length, only two days remained of the interval that must elapse before Rudolf's marriage; and moreover, Gertrude had been informed that the witch's hovel had been found with the door open, empty and deserted, so that she had certainly left her habitation without any intention to return. With bitter self-abasement and regret, Gertrude now felt convinced that, in addition to her other misfortunes, she had been basely deceived, that the hag had only mocked at her vain credulity, and in her malice would rejoice at the pangs thus inflicted. It is not, then, to be wondered at, if, under circumstances such as these, the unhappy girl eagerly embraced an offer made by a female friend, who wished for her as a travelling companion to a town at a considerable distance, in which there resided a sister of Gertrude's mother. If thus stationed at her aunt's house, she would at least be freed from the influences of a scene where every object reminded her of her once cherished hopes; and, above all, she would be spared the torture and humiliation of being present at Alice's wedding festival.

Next morning, then, she found herself with her friend, moving along in their small calèche; and once more, when they had arrived on the opposite shore of the lake, she looked, through tears of bitter envy and regret, on the well-known wooded mountains, where she could distinguish the smoke rising from Rudolf's dwelling—that flourishing little farm, where, after another day, her hated rival would be established in all that happiness which the affection of the handsomest and best husband in the whole canton could bestow. Once more she renounced and cursed in her heart the witch who had so wickedly deceived her with false hopes; and, in a state of the deepest melancholy and despondence, she arrived at the dwelling of her aunt. In due time, she was

tormented there by a description of Rudolf's marriage festival—how dazzling and handsome the bridegroom had appeared in his hussar dress at the church of the Benedictine convent, and how meekly and modestly the bride had conducted herself in her grand attire of white silk, embroidered in pearls. Then there was an account of the grand banquet which followed the wedding; and, above all, an encomium on the generosity of Rudolf, who had given next day an entertainment to a large number of the poorer class, and bestowed on each individual a present of some article of dress, with a small sum of money. In short, it seemed that wherever Gertrude took refuge, she could not escape the poisoned arrows that were aimed against her. Her pride was more than ever wounded, her heart was crushed, and yet, notwithstanding all this, her unhappy passion remained unabated and unconquerable. Meanwhile, however, circumstances occurred which tended in some degree to abstract her attention, and afford her the means of pastime.

A very wealthy ironsmith (or hammermeister, in the language of the Swiss frontier), who had given up business, and now lived as a man of independent fortune, often came to the house in which Gertrude was stationed; and though she had now rather lost the first bloom of youth, and assumed a haughty, capricious demeanour, yet he did not like her the less for these characteristics. Indeed, as to her temper, which repelled all other suitors, the idea was rather flattering to him (for he was exceedingly vain), that he should be able to obtain the favourable ear of one whom others looked on even with a kind of awe, not very consistent with the feelings of true love. Besides, she was the daughter of the baron's land-steward, and would have a large dowry, which, in his estimation, formed no slight inducement to continue his addresses, and, finally, he made a formal proposal, entreating that her aunt would speak in his behalf. Gertrude took the affair into consideration; the man was advanced in years; his person was neither promising nor agreeable; moreover, his

abode was on the Alps, at a remote distance from her native village. These were formidable objections; but then his wealth—the idea that she, too, ought by this time to have secured a husband—and the lurking wish to prove to the world—above all, the proud youth who had deserted her for a goatherd's daughter—that she could form a more important connexion, determined her to accept the offer now made; only her triumph must be complete; and she therefore proposed it to her suitor, as an indispensable condition, that he must give up his farm upon the mountains, and come to reside at her birth-place. The wish to be near her parents and other friends served as a pretext for this arrangement, and as to her own views, she scarcely even dared to confess them to herself. In truth, she only wished, by means of her husband's fortune and her own dowry, to humble the man by whom she had been rejected, and to cast her hated rival completely in the shade.

Of course, then, the villagers were all taken by surprise when, after the lapse of a few weeks, the steward's daughter returned as the wife of the far-famed hammermeister, who was well known to be one of the richest freemen in the canton. Immediately she took possession of the handsomest house that could be obtained for a high rent, and provided herself with the most costly furniture and extravagant dresses. Every one talked of this great news, sometimes laughing at the rapid change in her affections, and sometimes admiring her extraordinary good fortune. Only the two individuals aimed at, on whom all this was designed to have made a deep impression, were perfectly indifferent—indeed, totally ignorant—as to what was going forward.

Rudolf and Alice were too happy within their own domestic sphere to think of their neighbours, and had lately been occupied with plans for a new farming establishment, so that it was not till a whole fortnight had passed by, and people had almost given up the subject, that Alice heard on a Sunday, at church, of Gertrude's marriage. At this she would have sincerely rejoiced, had she not been informed that the bridegroom was old and ugly; but on her returning home, she communicated the news to her husband, who scarcely made any reply. Afterwards, as they were sitting hand in hand before their house door, watching the glories of the evening sun, as he sank behind the Alps, and the lake reflected its golden radiance, their hearts expanded in rapture—and, in silent gratitude to Heaven, Gertrude and her wealthy husband were by them entirely forgotten.

It fared very differently, however, with the wife of the hammermeister, for she could never forget Rudolf. According to all outward appearance, her circumstances were brilliant and prosperous. Their house, as we have already said, was one of the best in the village; their domestic economy was richly provided, and from every fair her husband brought her home new furniture, costly jewels, and embroidered gown stuffs. However, the worm of envy and concealed love still gnawed at her heart; as often as she saw Rudolf by accident at church, or at any holiday festival, she was dreadfully agitated, and at such moments felt always a burning pain in her head, where the old hag, now nearly a twelvemonth ago, plucked the seven hairs, when she visited at the cottage. In health and temper she became gradually changed, so that her discontent was visible to every one; and when, at last, the birth of a fine boy seemed to complete the happiness of Rudolf and his wife, her torments increased so as to be quite insupportable.

Just at that time, it was said that the old witch had been seen at the cottage. Huntsmen and foresters, who were always the first to bring intelligence of any such occurrence, declared that they had found traces of her wonted nightly orgies within the Druid's circle on the hill top. Gertrude treasured up all these intimations, and there arose in her heart a violent longing to visit the frightful old hag, if it were only to put her to the question, and reproach her for the vile delusions and false prophecies of which she had been guilty. For awhile this wish was combated in her mind by better impulses, or by the conviction that she would but incur new disappointments, till at last the wish prevailed over all other considerations.

Gertrude went to the abode of the old woman, where the door was no longer closed against her; on the contrary, she was invited to visit there as often as her domestic duties would permit; and her whole situation seemed in a short time to have assumed a new and promising aspect. Gertrude's endless caprices and uncertain temper, which had often rendered her presence intolerable to her husband and to every one else in the household, now quite disappeared. At holiday meetings, too, she seemed always tranquilized by a kind of inward confidence; she entered cheerfully into the amusements of her friends, and looked with an expression of unaffected kindness on Alice, whom she invited to share her seat at church; of course our heroine was incapable of answering coldly or rudely, if the hammermeister's wife afterwards wished to enter into conversation; nor could she dwell on former injuries, if she saw any token of repentance and a desire to atone for the past.

At last, this intercourse was carried so far, that one fine Sunday, Gertrude, who had frequently praised the beautiful situation of Rudolf's farm, accompanied his wife on her walk all the way home. This first visit was short, but it was followed by others that were longer. Alice thought herself obliged to return these visits, but went as seldom as possible; for to leave Rudolf and her child, even but for an hour, was to her like giving up all the world. Besides, he had, from the beginning, warned her against making too intimate an acquaintance with one who had betrayed such evil intentions, and this alone would have deterred Alice from making any nearer advances, for Rudolf's wishes were to her powerful as any law. But then her husband was obliged at last to give up his suspicions, the hammermeister's wife seemed so polite and kind, without any effort or exaggeration from which he could have guessed that she had selfish views. It was said that her worldly circumstances were now even better than at the time of her marriage, and he was so willing to believe that even the most wicked and perverted heart might become changed, and seek to compensate for past errors, that his dislike had been gradually conquered, and he did not offer any objections when he saw the two friends together. Only one circumstance sometimes disquieted him, and almost roused his former suspicions. This was the rumour that occasionally came to his ears, of Gertrude's having been discovered in a renewed intercourse with the old hag that lived in the cottage above his farm, and every one believed that this woman was a notable sorceress; yet these rumours were so little confirmed by evidence, Gertrude's conduct was so specious and plausible, that he did not venture to draw any fixed conclusion; besides, she always contrived to make her visits to Alice when

he was not at home, so that he seldom thought of the matter. Of course, too, this caution had the effect of preventing the least approach of jealousy, which might otherwise have completely dissolved the friendship of the two young women.

Towards the return of spring, Rudolf was obliged, on account of his affairs, to make a journey of considerable length, and Alice thought, with great pain, on the separation that awaited her. On this change Gertrude built her cherished hopes and plans more firmly than ever; but, of course, her outward conduct continued guarded and circumspect. The day came at last, when Rudolf was obliged to depart; and as his return could not be expected before the month of May, many a long hour of widowed solitude hung over Alice, so that Gertrude made her visits as frequent as possible, in order, as she said, to divert her friend's attention.

The labours of the spinning-wheel at night had now ceased; both men and women servants were almost always in the fields; and now it was that Gertrude, in these lonely evenings, began to acquire a complete ascendancy over the unsuspecting Alice, who was best amused by the relation of long, wonderful stories, of which the former, as it soon appeared, had a store quite inexhaustible. Above all, they spoke of extraordinary dreams, forebodings, and apparitions, in which Alice was a firm believer. But when such legends had been discussed, the hammermeister's wife went on to speak of other mysteries, which for her auditor seemed almost to open a new world. She insisted that there were certain mortals who could make themselves invisible, or appear in different places at the same time; that they were able to pass over a vast extent of country in a single moment—even to call up the dead from the grave, and force them to reveal all secrets, past, present, and to come. Pretending great caution, and under promise of secrecy, she made Alice acquainted with some adventures that had happened to her during the preceding year, when she was on a visit to her aunt, who, according to the hints that she gave, significantly enough, was one of the initiated in these occult sciences. At this disclosure, Alice could not help betraying that her curiosity was roused; and though she shuddered almost at every word which her companion now uttered, she still asked one question after another, till at length Gertrude ventured to inform her that it was very possible to become an eye-witness of all these wonders without any participation in the guilt (if there were guilt) by which they were attended.

"But," said Alice, in an anxious tone, "how can this be proved? Could any mortal be a looker-on without incurring all the risk of these mysteries?"

"Why not?" answered Gertrude; "certainly there are precautions to which a spectator might have recourse, and there are limits which even the supernatural powers thus invoked dare not infringe; prudence and care are, no doubt, absolutely required. We must not rashly step over the prescribed circle, nor be led astray either by our curiosity or terror; above all, it is indispensable to avoid speaking aloud. Only let such rules be observed, and there cannot be the slightest danger. For example, you see that I am here, as well and cheerful, moreover, as sincere a Christian as you are, yet I have more than once been a witness to such incantations, and were I to describe what I have seen, it might, indeed, appear to most people a mere dream of a disordered brain."

(To be continued.)

Varieties.

FIGHT BETWEEN A BOY AND A LYNX.—We stated a few days since that a large lynx had been killed in Weare, N.H. by a lad of sixteen years of age. A gentleman from that vicinity has given us the following account of the exciting particulars:—On Saturday, October 27th, a party of individuals in Weare started out on a squirrel hunt, and among the number was Master Almon Favour, a youth of sixteen years of age, who was armed with a small gun, intended only for squirrels, partridges, and other small game. During the day his dog treed a large *loup cervier*—a species of wild cat or lynx. The courageous lad, not wishing to lose so good a "count" for his "side," although his gun was loaded with but a slight charge of small shot, drew up the weapon and fired, the charge taking effect in the shoulder of the animal. The animal apparently took but little notice of the wound, and after walking back and forth upon a large limb several times, all the while eyeing his two antagonists below, he deliberately backed down the trunk of the tree, and sprang at the lad, but the faithful dog interfered, and a sharp contest ensued between the two animals. At length the dog was overpowered for a moment, when the lynx made a second spring at the lad, but was again prevented from effecting his object by the interference of the dog, and a second fight ensued between the two. While this was going on, the lad laid aside his gun, and arming himself with a stout club, he in turn went to the rescue of his noble canine friend, and seizing a favourable opportunity, struck the "varmint" a heavy blow between the ears, which laid him dead at his feet. After resting awhile, young Favour shouldered his game and started for home. Before he had gone far he came across the carcass of a fresh killed sheep, upon which the animal had probably breakfasted that morning. The *loup cervier* weighed 27 pounds, and his longest tusks measured $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length. The lad received two dollars bounty from the town, and also disposed of the skin for a handsome sum, thus making a profitable day's work.—*Boston Journal*.

DANCING.—The following nautical method of dancing was found among the papers of the late Admiral Sir Joseph Yorke, of facetious memory:—"Third Figure: Heave a-head, and pass your adversary yard-arm and yard-arm; regain your berth on the other tack in the same order; take your station with your partner in line; back and fill; fall on your heel, and bring up with your partner. She then manœuvres a-head; heave all back; shoots a-head again, and pays off alongside you. Then make sail in company with her nearly astern of the other line; make a stern board, and cast her off to shift for herself; regain your place by the best means in your power, and let go your anchor."

ADVICE TO CHILDREN.—Always speak with the utmost politeness and deference to your parents and friends. Some children are polite and civil everywhere except at home, but there they are coarse and rude enough. Nothing sits so gracefully upon children, and nothing makes them so lovely, as habitual respect and dutiful deportment towards their parents and superiors. It makes the plainest face beautiful, and gives to every common action a nameless but peculiar charm.

GONE TO EARTH.—The cold is so severe at Kamtschatka that the governor has been compelled to quit his usual residence at St. Peter and St. Paul to bury himself under the earth—that is to say, he has retired to his subterranean palace, which is 20 metres below ground, and is capable of accommodating 200 persons. This palace is perpetually lighted by lamps. Most wealthy private persons have dwellings of this kind, but it is rarely cold enough to induce them to flee thither for refuge.—*Hamburgur Bursenhalle*.

When the fox preaches, beware of your geese.

The secret of making ourselves amiable is to love.

The prosperity of others is the alarm-bell of ambitious people.

Physic, for the most part, is nothing else but the substitute for exercise or temperance.

Every seat, stool, &c., of the American steamer, *Massachusetts*, is a life-boat made of iron, with air-tight compartments, and adapted to swim even with the weight of a man.

Camera Sketches.



GODSTOW NUNNERY.

THREE miles from the city of Oxford stands the picturesque ruin which we have engraved above, from an original sketch by Mr. George Davis Gibbs. It is the more remarkable from the fact of its having afforded shelter to the celebrated Rosomond Clifford, or fair Rosomond, as she is termed. Few but are acquainted with the story of the guilty loves of Henry the Second with this beautiful but fallen woman. Beneath the east window it is said her body lay entombed. Her brother Walter—he endowed the nunnery with his broad lands' issue—and her royal lover beautified her tomb with the richness of a shrine; the story of her death by poison, through the revenge of Henry's queen, at Woodstock, being wholly fictitious.

The ruin is now used as a place to pen the cattle of an evening, and its interior is desolation's very self. Within the walls—that is to say, its courtyard or grounds—there is a remarkable nut tree, which evidently is as aged as the ruin itself. The

windows have been good, some of the mouldings of which are very perfect. Altogether, a visit to this ancient ruin would well repay the admirer of archaeology and the lover of the romantic.

DOMESTIC AND USEFUL.

CHEAP AND WHOLESOME BEVERAGE.—Pindar commences one of his celebrated odes with an eulogium on water: and Hoffman, the celebrated physician, gives it as his opinion, that pure water is the fittest drink for persons of all ages and temperaments. Many instances of longevity could be deduced from among persons whose only drink was water. Machinery may be applied with effect for the improvement of water. It is well known, that it is ameliorated by pouring it from one vessel into another; and the more it is agitated, the more it acquires the qualities to be desired. The common mode of impregnating water with fixed air is troublesome and expensive; besides, fixed air should not be taken in large quantities in every case; whereas, the more the water can be impregnated with atmospheric air the better.

PREVENTIVE OF RUST.—The cutlers in Sheffield, when they have given knife or razor blades the requisite degree of polish, rub them with powdered quicklime, in order to prevent them from tarnishing; and it is said, that articles made of polished steel are dipped in lime water by the manufacturer before they are sent into the retail market.

CARE OF THE EYES.—Looking into the fire is very injurious to the eyes, particularly a coal fire. The stimulus of light and heat united, soon destroys the sight. Reading in the twilight is injurious to the eyes, as they are obliged to make great exertion. Reading or sewing with a side light injures the eyes, as both eyes should be exposed to an equal degree of light. The reason is, the sympathy between the eyes is so great, that if the pupil of one is dilated by being kept partially in the shade, the one that is most exposed cannot contract itself sufficiently for protection, and will ultimately be injured. Those who wish to preserve their sight should preserve their general health by correct habits, and give their eyes just work enough, with a due degree of light.

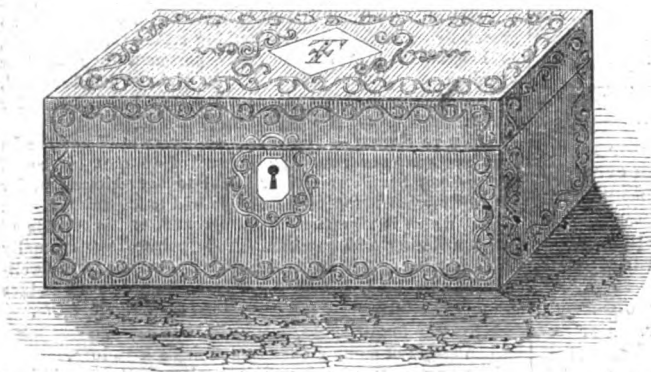
NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * * Those of our correspondents who may not perceive their communications noticed immediately after receipt are respectfully informed, that the delay is unavoidable, and in consequence of the necessity of our work being printed in advance.

IAGO FLYNNORAU will favour us by transmitting the solutions to his conundrums, &c.

ANNE MOONEY has our thanks for her very interesting contribution. A. B. Brighton.—Our First Number was published on Saturday, October 27, 1849.

A WONDERFUL WORK-BOX!



According to a PRIZE ENIGMA published in the FAMILY FRIEND for March the 15th, an ordinary WORK-BOX is capable of containing a Lion, an Elephant, a Tiger, a Stag, a Dragon, a Peacock, a Goat, and numerous other Animals, all alive, and to each one may be allowed a cage. In addition to this Menagerie there may be exhibited, within the Work-Box, a Magic

Lantern, by which may be shown a Living Ghost—

"And as uncommon things the most make common people stare,
(And Giants are uncommon) great Goliath shall be there!"

See the Enigma published in No. 18 of the FAMILY FRIEND, price 2d. to be had of any Bookseller.

* A Gold Watch, value Ten Guineas, will be presented to the person who produces the Best Solution.

A Superb Crochet Table Cover, Designed and Worked by Mrs. Warren, value Five Guineas, will be given to the person who produces the Second-best Solution.

A Gold Pencil Case will be presented to the person who supplies the Third-best Solution. The competition will remain open until April 10th. The conditions of the Award are published in the number with the Enigma.

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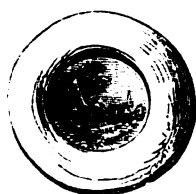
THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED NEWS

No. 21.—VOL. I.

SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1850.

{ ONE PENNY.
Post Free, 2d.

THE ARTIZAN'S HOME.



OUR numerous subscribers, who have been most deeply impressed with the too long delayed exposure of the insufficient and over-expensive house accommodation provided for the bulk of our people—detailed in previous numbers of this publication—may now rejoice with

us in the expectation that the vigorous efforts at present making to provide better dwellings for the poor, are likely to be crowned with early success. The power of compulsion necessary to be applied, to induce the present owners of houses to incur the expense of providing the indispensable means of insuring cleanliness, comfort, and health, has not yet been conferred upon the 2,200,000 inhabitants

of London; but it can no longer be refused now that their unanimous demand is advocated by such potent voices as those of the Bishop of the diocese, and the member for the county, re-echoed by all the most influential and disinterested of our citizens. A very few details will make clearly manifest the indisputable justice of this demand. The sanitary condition of London at this moment is such, that one half of the deaths produced by a certain class of diseases can be positively traced to the want of the commonest appliances of health. The average weekly number of these deaths is about 250. It was a fearful reflection that, in the metropolis alone, more than 16,000 persons had fallen victims to the terrible cholera, 8000 of whom, at least, according to the reports of the medical men who had visited the sick in their several districts, might have been spared to their families, if timely sanitary precautions had been resorted to. The estimated cost of



COFFEE-ROOM IN THE ARTIZAN'S HOME, ST. GILES.

the cholera, actually assessed upon this metropolis, was 1,060,096 $\frac{1}{2}$., widows and orphans charges not included. Besides, though these awful plagues are only seen at intervals, agents little less destructive are perpetually at work. Diseases, the most easily prevented by timely sanitary precautions, carry off annually about 13,000 of the metropolitan population, entailing a cost of about 800,000 $\frac{1}{2}$., still exclusive of the indirect consequences of individual misery. On the other hand, the economy of the measures proposed to be adopted is scarcely credible. A survey had been made of one of the very worst localities, and an estimate formed that all the most important sanitary improvements could be effectually applied for an average rate of seven farthings per week for each house. These are, 1, constant supply of water; 2, a sink; 3, a water-closet; 4, a drain; 5, a dust-bin. By these simple appliances, what an amount of domestic misery, sickness, destitution, and crime, the effect of orphanage, might be prevented. A gratifying hope of the greatest possible prevention for the future of these calamities is afforded by the operations of the Metropolitan Association for Improving the Dwellings of the Industrious Classes; a visit to the houses erected by which association, in Spitalfields, has afforded us the greatest satisfaction.

The first set of houses was erected by them in the Old Pancras Road, leading from King's Cross to Camden Town, containing accommodation for 110 families, in sets of two and three rooms each, with a separate scullery, an ample supply of water, and all the other conveniences estimated above. All the dwellings have been occupied, almost without interruption, from the date of their completion in the spring of 1848. The total number of tenants has been 173, several of whom, having left their apartments, have subsequently wished to return. The strongest fact to prove the satisfactory condition of this first investment of the association is that, out of 1390 $\frac{1}{2}$ l. 8s. 3d. of rents accrued due, only 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ l. 8s. 11d. are in arrear; the whole of which will be ultimately received. Nine deaths only have taken place in the building, eight of which were children. There are now three hundred and fifty-one children on the premises, and twenty-nine have been born there.

The houses at present building in Albert-street, Spicer-street, Spitalfields, for sixty families, will be complete early in the present spring. The adjoining house, built for the accommodation of 234 single men, is finished, and was opened on Wednesday, December 12th, and already is partly occupied. It only remains for us to give a full description of this building:—It is five stories in height from the basement; the latter is surrounded by an open area, and contains baths and washhouses, with all the requisite appurtenances, and ample space for workshops. Upon the ground floor, the entrance here is commanded by the superintendent's apartments, which are placed upon the left; while the store-room and cook's apartments occupy about the same space on the right. Immediately in front of the entrance are the stairs, of fire-proof construction, which lead to the three stories of sleeping apartments. The coffee-room is directly in front of the staircase hall, and extends to the back of the building, communicating on the right with the kitchen, and on the left with the reading-room and library. Our illustration will convey a better idea of it than any description.

The three upper stories are fitted with sleeping apartments on each side of the corridors; these

rooms are all furnished with iron bedsteads and suitable bed-furniture; there is also in each a locker for linen and clothes. All the doors are secured by spring latches, of which each tenant has his own key; and no key will open the lock of any other. On each floor are washing-rooms and water-closets. The place is so clean, so airy, so wholesome, and altogether so inviting, that one almost longs to live in it oneself, and make use of its endless accommodations in continual succession. The warming and ventilation are complete, the latter being accomplished by a lofty shaft, which discharges smoke and foul air fifty feet above the roof of the building. After this general description, the reader will be prepared for more particular details.

The water is made to boil in the tubs in the wash-house by means of a stream of steam conducted from the boiler in the engine-room. The wringing-machine and the mangle will be worked by the steam-engine. The drying-closet is fitted with horses to hang the clothes upon; the process is so perfect, that washed blankets can be dried in twenty minutes. Ironing-boards and ironing-stoves are also furnished. Passing along the space intended to be let as workshops to artificers requiring the use of a steam motive power, we enter the larder, which is an enclosure of that part of the basement directly under the kitchen; this contains 234 small safes, all under lock and key, raised on brick piers, placed in ranges back to back, with ample space for ventilation, and furnished with crockery and coffee-pots, so that any young man nice about the flavour of his coffee may prepare it himself in the kitchen above as uninterruptedly as in his own private home. This room is 45 feet long by 21 feet 9 inches wide, and affords every opportunity and inducement to a frugal mode of living. It contains two ranges, provided with ovens and boilers, a sink with cold water, and apparatus for cooking purposes. To young men accustomed to take their meals and their news at ordinary eating-houses and coffee-houses, the coffee-room affords far superior accommodation, on better terms, supplied by the cook of the establishment, who is also licensed to sell beer and tobacco for the use of the tenants. It will be in this room that the young men will mostly assemble of an evening, for the purposes of conversation, rest, and recreation. Here may they indulge in all in-door amusements, such as chess and draughts, with only this restriction, that no sort or degree of gambling be associated therewith. The eastern window of this room looks out upon a large enclosure, intended for a play-ground and gymnasium, wherein the boisterous young men may work off their surplus enthusiasm, without mischief, in robust manly exercises.

The reading and lecture-room, and the library, afford all the advantages of the first class mechanics institutions, including the quiet perusal of books, the attendance upon lectures, and the formation of classes. For the latter purpose, the present tenants contemplate making arrangements with the Rev. Charles Mackenzie, M.A., the director of the Evening Classes for Young Men, first set on foot in London last winter. The range of subjects taught at these classes is nearly the same as that adopted at King's College, but of a more elementary character, so as to suit the requirements of young men whose time is otherwise much engaged—the subjects of study being Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, English; history, general, scriptural, and ecclesiastical;

natural philosophy, chemistry, mathematics, drawing, writing, and singing. Besides the weekly class-lessons, a lecture, free to all the members, is given on two evenings of the week. It will be an additional advantage to the tenants of this house to attend these classes at home, instead of perhaps at a long distance from home.

Besides all these provisions of bodily and mental sustenance, in a state of health, careful arrangements will be made for the nursing and medical attendance of any tenant falling sick. With this object, a range of rooms, isolated, and completely separated from the rest by walls and passages, will be reserved for the reception of sick tenants. The various expenses incurred by sickness will be defrayed out of a fund accumulated by the subscriptions of the tenants, who have agreed to form themselves into a club for that purpose, or to connect themselves with the East London Provident Association, already established. The nature of the arrangement necessary must depend upon the resolution of the tenants.

In the course of a conversation with a party of tenants present during our visit, we ventured to ask them how they were pleased with the arrangements of the house. The ready answer was, "completely, only that they had such a large house too much to themselves;" for at that time the number of tenants did not exceed twenty. Upon further asking them what they supposed to be the reasons that kept their number so few, they answered, that the chief reason was that the situation and true character of the house were very little known, and also that the rent charged, 3s. per week, was higher than was paid by most single men in the immediate neighbourhood. The first objection a few weeks' time will serve to remove, and a little arithmetic the second. Included in the rent is the use of a warm bath once a week, with soap and towel. This absolute essential to the preservation of health cannot be procured at a less charge than 3d. The use of newspapers, if obtained at ordinary coffee-houses, cannot cost less than another 3d.; the quarterly subscription to mechanics institutions, 6s. This reduces the absolute rent-charge to 2s. per week. No young man can allege that this exceeds the amount paid by him, or urge a valid reason, in these times of earnest examination of all political and social questions, that he should be satisfied to remain ignorant of passing events, or to take no part in them, which he will be so well qualified to do by bearing this additional expense. We entreat the young men of that district to pay a visit to this establishment, convinced that only this is wanted to induce them to make it their permanent abode.

The good influence of the family houses built by this association is manifested by the agreeable fact, that all the new houses recently built in the neighbouring streets are provided with sinks, drains, and dust-bins, and, above all, an abundant supply of water laid on within doors.

A rupture in the friendship of sensitive and refined natures is generally serious in its consequences. Coarse stones, when fractured, may be cemented again, precious ones never.

It implies a want of feeling, amounting almost to baseness, to deride any one on account of bodily defects. Every generous man avoids even the slightest allusion to such misfortunes.

Domestic society is the prime charm of life. If our fire-side is comfortable, we may despise the malevolence or the ingratitude of the world, and bear with fortitude the injuries of fortune.

Illustrated Literature.

THE POOR PLAYER.

BY CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.

"THERE is nothing of the marvellous in what I am going to relate," said the dismal man; "there is nothing uncommon in it. Want and sickness are too common in many stations of life, to deserve more notice than is usually bestowed on the most ordinary vicissitudes of human nature. I have thrown these few notes together, because the subject of them was well known to me for many years. I traced his progress downwards, step by step, until at last he reached that excess of destitution from which he never rose again.

"The man of whom I speak was a low pantomime actor; and, like many people of his class, an habitual drunkard. In his better days, before he had become enfeebled by dissipation and emaciated by disease, he had been in the receipt of a good salary, which, if he had been careful and prudent, he might have continued to receive for some years—not many; because these men either die early, or, by unnaturally taxing their bodily energies, lose, prematurely, those physical powers on which alone they can depend for subsistence. His besetting sin gained so fast upon him, however, that it was found impossible to employ him in the situations in which he really was useful to the theatre. The public-house had a fascination for him which he could not resist. Neglected disease and hopeless poverty were as certain to be his portion as death itself, if he persevered in the same course; yet he *did* persevere, and the result may be guessed. He could obtain no engagement, and he wanted bread.

"Everybody who is at all acquainted with theatrical matters, knows what a host of shabby, poverty-stricken men, hang about the stage of a large establishment—not regularly engaged actors, but ballet people, procession men, tumblers, and so forth, who are taken on during the run of a pantomime, or an Easter piece, and are then discharged, until the production of some heavy spectacle occasions a new demand for their services. To this mode of life the man was compelled to resort; and taking the chair every night at some low theatrical house, at once put him in possession of a few more shillings weekly, and enabled him to gratify his old propensity. Even this resource shortly failed him; his irregularities were too great to admit of his earning the wretched pittance he might thus have procured, and he was actually reduced to a state bordering on starvation, only procuring a trifle occasionally by borrowing it of some old companion, or by obtaining an appearance at one or other of the comment of the minor theatres; and when he did earn anything, it was spent in the old way.

"About this time, and when he had been existing for upwards of a year no one knew how, I had a short engagement at one of the theatres on the Surrey side of the water, and here I saw this man, whom I had lost sight of for some time; for I had been travelling in the provinces, and he had been skulking in the lanes and alleys of London. I was dressed to leave the house, and was crossing the stage on my way out, when he tapped me on the shoulder. Never shall I forget the repulsive sight that met my eye when I turned round. He was dressed for the pantomime, in all the absurdity of a clown's costume. The spectral figures in the Dance of Death, the most frightful shapes that the ablest painter ever portrayed on canvas, never presented an appearance half so ghastly. His bloated body and shrunken legs—their deformity enhanced a hundredfold by the fantastic dress—the glassy eyes, contrasting fearfully with the thick white paint with which the face was besmeared; the grotesquely ornamented head, trembling with paralysis, and the long skinny hands, rubbed with white chalk—all gave him a hideous and unnatural appearance, of which no description could convey an adequate idea, and which, to this day, I shudder to think of. His voice was hollow and tremulous, as he took me aside, and in broken words recounted a long catalogue of sickness and privations, terminating, as usual, with an urgent request for the loan of a trifling sum of money. I put a few shillings in his hand, and, as I turned away, I heard the roar of laughter which followed his first tumble on to the stage.

"A few nights afterwards, a boy put a dirty scrap of paper in my hand, on which was scrawled a few words in pencil, intimating that the man was dangerously ill, and begging me, after the performance, to see him at his lodgings in some street—I forget the name of it now—at no great distance from the theatre. I promised to comply, as soon as I could get away; and, after the curtain fell, sallied forth on my melancholy errand.

"It was late, for I had been playing in the last piece; and, as it was a benefit night, the performances had been protracted to an unusual length. It was a dark cold night, with a chill damp wind, which blew the rain heavily against the windows and house-fronts. Pools of water had collected in the narrow and little-frequented streets, and as many of the thinly-scattered oil-lamps had been blown out by the violence of the wind, the walk was not only a comfortless, but most uncertain one. I had fortunately taken the right course, however, and succeeded, after a little difficulty, in finding the house to which I had been directed—a coal shed, with one story above it, in the back room of which lay the object of my search.

"A wretched-looking woman, the man's wife, met me on the stairs, and, telling me that he had just fallen into a kind of doze, led me softly in, and placed a chair for me at the bedside. The sick man was lying with his face turned towards the wall; and as he took no heed of my presence, I had leisure to observe the place in which I found myself. He was lying on an old bedstead, which turned up during the day. The tattered remains of a checked curtain were drawn round the bed's head, to exclude the wind, which, however, made its way into the comfortless room through the numerous chinks in the door, and blew it to and fro every instant. There was a low ciuder fire in a rusty unfixd grate; and an old three-corned stained table, with some medicine bottles, a broken glass, and a few other domestic articles, was drawn out before it. A little child was sleeping on a temporary bed which had been made for it on the floor, and the woman sat on a chair by its side. There were a couple of shelves, with a few plates and cups and saucers; and a pair of stage shoes and a couple of foils hung beneath them. With the exception of little heaps of rags and bundles which had been carelessly thrown into the corners of the room, these were the only things in the apartment.

"I had had time to note these little particulars, and to mark the heavy breathing and feverish startings of the sick man, before he was aware of my presence. In his restless attempts to procure some easy resting-place for his head, he tossed his hand out of the bed, and it fell on mine. He

started up, and stared eagerly in my face.

"*"Mr. Hutley, John,"* said his wife; *"Mr. Hutley, that you sent for to-night, you know."*

"*"Ah!"* said the invalid, passing his hand across his forehead; *"Hutley—Hutley—let me see."* He seemed endeavouring to collect his thoughts for a few seconds, and then grasping me tightly by the wrist, said, *"Don't leave me—don't leave me, old fellow. She'll murder me; I know she will."*

"*"Has he been long so?"* said I addressing his weeping wife.

"*"Since yesterday night,"* she replied. *"John, John, don't you know me?"*

"*"Don't let her come near me,"* said the man, with a shudder, as she stooped over him. *"Drive her away; I can't bear her near me!"* He stared wildly at her, with a look of deadly apprehension, and then whispered in my ear, *"I beat her, Jem; I beat her yesterday, and many times before. I have starved her, and the boy too; and now I am weak and helpless, Jem, she'll murder me for it; I know she will. If you'd seen her cry, as I have, you'd know it too. Keep her off!"* He relaxed his grasp, and sunk back exhausted on the pillow.

"*"I knew but too well what all this meant. If I could have entertained any doubt of it, for an instant, one glance at the woman's pale face and wasted form would have sufficiently explained the real state of the case. 'You had better stand aside,"* said I to the

poor creature. *"You can do him no good. Perhaps he will be calmer, if he does not see you."* She retired out of the man's sight. He opened his eyes, after a few seconds, and looked anxiously round.

"*"Is she gone?"* he eagerly inquired.

"*"Yes—yes,"* said I; *"she shall not hurt you."*

"*"I'll tell you what, Jem,"* said the man, in a low voice, *"she does hurt me. There's something in her eyes wakes such a dreadful fear in my heart, that it drives me mad. All last night, her large staring eyes and pale face were close to mine; wherever I turned, they turned; and whenever I started up from my sleep, she was at the bedside looking at me."* He drew me closer to him, as he said, in a deep, alarmed whisper—*"Jem, she must be an evil spirit—a devil! Hush! I know she is. If she had been a woman, she would have died long ago. No woman could have borne what she has."*

"*"I sickened at the thought of the long course of cruelty and neglect which must have occurred to produce such an impression on such a man. I could say nothing in reply; for who could offer hope or consolation to the abject being before me?"*

(To be continued.)



THE POOR PLAYER.



See p. 142.

THE ALPINE SORCERESS.

An Illustrated Romance.

(Continued from p. 159.)

Now, it should be understood that Alice, like most mountaineers, had been from earliest youth fond of such marvellous stories. Every word that Gertrude uttered was only adding fuel to the flame of her own heated imagination. All those wonders of which she had formerly dreamed seemed about to be realized; and though she dared not say at once that she would be glad to have ocular proofs, yet many little artifices by which she always led Gertrude back to the same subject whenever they were left alone, plainly betrayed how deep was the impression that had thus been made upon her mind. At length her deceitful friend ventured to advance one step further, giving her to understand, at first by slight hints, and afterwards in direct terms, that she had been occasionally more than an idle spectator at these ceremonies; moreover, that she herself was acquainted with many spells and precepts by which natural means might be used for supernatural effects; and though at this intimation Alice evidently drew back and shuddered, yet still she became tranquilized when she reflected that Gertrude's behaviour for a long time had been quite irreproachable; her husband's farming establishment was so successful, that it seemed as if a blessing rested on their house, and whatever had been her design on Rudolf twelve months ago, yet no one could deny that she was a regular attendant at church, and appeared there always as a devout Christian. After this conversation, therefore, she not only kept up her intercourse with Gertrude, but was always more and more deeply drawn into the snare.

Now the latter end of March and most of April had passed away: Rudolf was expected home within at farthest about ten or twelve days, and Alice's heart heaved with delight to think that she would soon behold her husband and the father of her darling child. Gertrude, too, was on the alert, full of confident

anticipations that her vile plans were at the point of being fulfilled, and reminding herself at the same time that not a moment was to be lost, and no method left untried to complete her purposes. So it happened on a mild, pleasant evening in the end of April, the two friends were sitting together at the door of the farm-house, and for some time Rudolf's return, and the preparations that Alice had made to welcome him, formed the only subject of their conversation. Now, however, the colours began to fade in the landscape, and distant objects were lost in confused masses, till at length the stars had one by one shone out, and were reflected in the Giesbach, which, after thundering like a cataract over the mill-wheels, passed before them in its quiet course to join the waters of the lake. In the dense thickets on the shore, and on the slope of the mountain, it was already dark night, and fire-beetles hovered round them with their silent green light. Gertrude all the while seemed to watch these winged lamps with great earnestness, so that now and then an exclamation of surprise or anxiety betrayed how much her attention was excited. Alice was much struck when she observed this, and her thoughts involuntarily returned to her old subjects of supernatural incantations, till suddenly a clear ball of fire rose from the elder-tree thickets on the hill side, came towards Gertrude, hovered for some time right before her, then moved rapidly away, and fell into the mill-race, where it was extinguished with a hissing noise in the water.

"Ay, indeed," said Gertrude, "I expected no less. I shall not fail to come."

At these words Alice started up affrighted, and stared at her companion.

"What means all this?" said she, crossing herself, and keeping at a distance.

"Foolish girl," said the other, "why should you be alarmed: it means only that I am invited to the grand festival of the first of May."

"On Walpurgis night," said Alice, with increasing fear; "and you would venture to go there?"

"I cannot well act otherwise," said Gertrude; "for to neglect such an invitation if it has been received would be very seriously resented. To accept it may be attended with much entertainment."

"Good heavens! you, Gertrude!" answered Alice; "you go to the Blocksberg mountain—where the devil holds his court, where all the demons——"

"Hush, hush," said Gertrude, shaking her head; "what foolish representations are these! It is easy to perceive that you repeat only what you have heard, and that your information has been derived from people who are absolutely ignorant of this matter. There is nothing so frightful or dangerous as you suppose,—of this I can positively assure you."

"Were you, then, already there?" said Alice.

"Once," replied Gertrude; "a year ago, my aunt took me with her."

"Your aunt!" said Alice; "was she here? Then I must have heard of her coming."

"You force me to laugh at you," answered Gertrude; "she certainly was here, but only for a moment; nor did she arrive in her calèche, with post-horses, as you, perhaps, expect. She took me away in the night in a very different carriage, that goes fast and sure enough; nor were we seen by any mortal."

"You rode on the fire-shovel, perhaps," said Alice, "or on the hearth-broom?"

"Alice," said Gertrude, "don't speak so foolishly, I beg of you,—just like the ignorant common people. Yet why should I vex myself, or wish to explain the matter to you. Such things, in short, are what they are, and to you cannot be of any consequence, for that you will not travel with me I am very certain."

"Of that, indeed, you may rest assured," replied Alice; "but, after all, I should like to see how you set out on your journey."

"Nothing can be more easy," rejoined the other; "but it is better to say no more on the subject; you are by nature far too timid, and, to confess the truth, such adventures are safe only for those who are stout-hearted and resolute."

With these words, she paused abruptly, seeming to wish that the conversation should end there. For some time Alice remained silent, but what she had seen and heard to-night was far too wonderful to be forgotten. She could not refrain from asking more questions, and at last gained so much confidence, that she wished to hear some description of what really happened at the grand meetings on the Blocksberg mountain; whereupon Gertrude gave such a magnificent account of a fairy banquet, at which all the guests appeared in glittering dresses, and were enlivened by the most ravishing music, that the picture thus drawn could not fail to remain impressed in the most glowing colours on Alice's recollection.

Some days had yet to pass away before Walpurgis night, and Gertrude's visits were not so frequent, being interrupted, as she said, by preparations for her journey. But, meanwhile, whatever she said at their short meetings was artfully contrived to heighten her friend's curiosity, especially as she insisted that the grand assembly might be seen by an unconcerned spectator, without the slightest danger—especially without any risk of becoming a less devout Christian than before, of which, indeed, Alice had her friend as a living proof before her. All this, however deeply and slyly planned by

Gertrude, failed to obtain the wished-for object, for Alice was far too pious to engage in any such enterprise, and, above all, would never have undertaken such a formidable voyage without the knowledge and consent of her husband. Only this much,—she thought that she might safely allow herself to behold her friend set out in her nondescript vehicle, or if neither traveller nor carriage were to be seen, it would be a strange thing to hold conversation with one who remained all the while invisible. So it was agreed upon, that Gertrude on her journey should knock at Alice's window, when her friend would look out for a moment, and convince herself that the account she had received was not a mere fable.

The night of the first of May had at length arrived, and the full moon was in the sky, illuminating all the silent country with her enchanting radiance. Alice had retired, as usual, but lay sleepless on her lonely bed, while alternate thoughts of her absent husband and of Gertrude's wonderful stories, conflicted in her mind. Then a small clock which stood in her room struck slowly eleven. Alice felt an ice-cold shuddering, as if some undefined danger pervaded every limb; and just as the clock ceased to strike, she heard a slight knocking at the window.

"That must be Gertrude," said she.

But now it seemed as if she heard an audible voice, the tones, perhaps, of some guardian spirit, that said to her, "Hush, hush! make no answer." But the knocking was repeated, and the clear moonlight threw into the room the shadow of some one that stood at the window.

"She is not invisible, at all events," said Alice, "and it would be rather unkind, after she has taken all this trouble, not to answer her signal."

She rose, therefore, put on hastily some of her usual attire, and opened the lattice, at which Gertrude stood, magnificently dressed, but in glaring, unusual colours.

"You see I have kept my promise," said she, with a strange, unnatural smile; "I am here, and my carriage, too, is in waiting."

"Nay, I see no carriage," answered Alice; "you are on foot."

"What nonsense," said the other; "of course I have alighted; but if you will come to the threshold of the front door, you will see our equipage standing yonder at the corner of your field."

"You promise me, then, there is no danger?" said Alice.

"What a needless question," answered Gertrude. "How can it make any difference to you whether you stand at the door or the window?"

Again Alice heard the same voice of admonishment—"Do not,—do not go." She went, however, but, determined not to cross the threshold, stretched out her neck at the half-opened door, and actually descried some dim objects stationed as her friend described, but to which she could not attribute any distinct form. She saw, however, that instead of horses there were two enormous monsters, shaped like bats, that waved their black leathern wings as if with impatience at the chill night-air. Gertrude meanwhile had put her arm round Alice's waist, as if to bring her into the proper position to see this detestable equipage, when all of a sudden the poor girl felt herself seized, as by the grasp of an irresistible giant or demon. In vain did she shriek aloud, and implore her friend to have compassion. She was forced out of her house towards the field.

The carriage advanced to meet them, and in an instant she found herself seated in it by Gertrude's side, when they directly mounted up into the air. Louder and louder she now screamed for mercy, but in vain. Her senses forsook her for a space, and when she revived, she could only descry the moonlight gleaming on the lakes of her native land, at an immeasurable distance beneath. Now she began to feel for the cross and rosary which she had unfortunately left on her bed, and would have implored every saint in the calendar for aid, but Gertrude, aware of what was passing in her mind, laid her hand anxiously on her lips.

"Remember,—remember your lessons," said she; "not a word, not a name must be pronounced here; that would bring us into danger. Be silent, for you are in my power, and any attempt of yours to escape will only end in your own destruction."

Alice obeyed, for she was too well convinced of the horrible truth which she had now heard. As she looked downwards on the awful realm of space, and beheld from afar towns, seas, and mountains as in a map, or lost them all in one indefinite surface, every nerve in her frame vibrated with terror, so that she could not have spoken with bitter self-reproach and repentance. She thought of her husband's repeated warnings against forming such a connexion, which might have saved her from falling in the power of this accursed sorceress. She reflected, too, what dreadful agitation he must encounter, what despair awaited him if he returned home and did not find her there,—above all, when she remembered her forsaken, helpless child, her inmost heart was agonized, so that she had not strength either to moan or weep. How long they had travelled, Alice knew not, but suddenly she was aware of a detestable noise in the atmosphere, a whizzing of wings, and screaming of many voices. It seemed at once as if the before empty space were filled with monstrous owls and bats with human faces, besides a thousand nameless forms, all so hideous, that she was glad to shut her eyes for protection,—in silence committed her spirit to heaven and the glorified sainted, for as to sublunary life, she believed that it was lost to her for ever.

"Now, then, we are at our journey's end," cried Gertrude; and at these words our heroine felt that the violent motion of the carriage decreased, and they sank gradually downwards. Alice opened her eyes, and by a red, glaring light, like that from the hot embers of a furnace, she beheld the summit of a woody mountain, which seemed to be in flames, and yet nothing was consumed. The tall fir trees stood unscathed amid the lurid radiance: not a leaf nor blade of grass seemed to be injured. Meanwhile, on a fiery platform, surrounded by a circle of moss-grown stones, were visible a multitude of hideous shapes, whirling vehemently in the dance; others were floating and chasing each other in waltzes through the air, accompanied, instead of music, by a noise of hissing, howling, and whistling so intolerable, that Alice lost both sight and hearing. Forgetting, too, all the directions that had been forced on her, she exclaimed, in a loud voice, "Jesu Maria!"

At that instant, with a tremendous clap of thunder, the whole spectacle vanished away. She was enveloped in thick darkness, and felt herself again sinking through the air. She thought that death was now inevitable, and, recommending herself to the mercy of Heaven, lost all self-possession.

(To be continued.)

Varieties.

COMBAT WITH A TIGER.—From the Residency, Rembang, Java, a communication has been received of a rare instance of the intrepidity of a native, which has been crowned with an extraordinarily fortunate result. This native, named Wirot Dipo, went at nine o'clock on the morning of the 1st of August, to the forest, situated near the Dessa Dagan, intending to search for Areen leaves to make mats of, and he had provided himself with a hatchet fit to cut grass and light wood. Shortly after his entrance into the forest, he discovered at a short distance behind him, a tiger of the largest kind, ready to spring upon him. Without awaiting the leap, Wirot Dipo himself attacked the monster, and gave it some wounds with his light weapon, which caused the tiger to fall down roaring, dragging with him his assailant; but the latter succeeded in raising himself, and in giving a number of blows to the tiger, who finally expired under them. Wirot Dipo came without a wound out of the battle, and it is believed that this nearly inexplicable circumstance may be ascribed to the rapidity and intrepidity with which Wirot Dipo anticipated the leap of the tiger, and to the fear which this must have caused to the tiger, the timorous as well as cruel nature of this kind of animal being sufficiently known. The skin of this tiger was afterwards measured, and it was then found that its length from the nose to the beginning of the tail was five feet two inches, and including the tail, eight feet five and a half inches.

READING AND THINKING.—Those who have read everything are thought to understand everything too; but it is not always so. Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge; it is thinking makes what we read ours. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections; unless we chew them over again, they will not give us strength and nourishment.—LOCKE.

HUMBOLDT'S OPINION RELATIVE TO SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.—A correspondent of an American paper, writing from Berlin, relates an interview with Humboldt, the *savant*; when the following opinion as to the fate of Sir John Franklin was incidentally elicited from him. He thought it quite probable that Franklin had not perished, but was still shut in by the ice; and gave several facts of voyagers whom he had seen, and who had been for long seasons so detained in the northern seas. The Esquimaux of the coast, he said, were not at all dangerous. Franklin was well supplied with provisions, and would, probably, yet return to give an account of his voyage. Indeed, the report that the Esquimaux Indians had said that some vessels had long been fast in the ice, away off to the north, seemed to be fully confirmed.

Judy Brallaghan having been requested to open some oysters, after knocking and banging them about for some time, exclaimed, "Upon my conscience, then, but they *pale* mighty hard."

In punching the eyeholes of needles by hand, children, who are the operators, acquire such dexterity as to be able to punch one human hair and thread it with another, for the amusement of visitors.

DRAWING FOR CHILDREN.—We hope the time is not far distant when drawing will be a part of elementary education in schools of all grades for the working classes, where writing is taught. We think every carpenter, mason, joiner, blacksmith, and every skilled artisan, would be all the better workman if he had been taught to see and observe forms correctly by means of drawing in early life. We have no more fears that every one is thus, by mere acquirement of power, to draw lines to be made an artist, than that every one is to become an author by learning to read and write. This question lies at the root of the improvement of schools of design, in fact; but neither councils nor boards of trade seem to have been aware of it.—*Journal of Design.*

AMERICAN SERVANT.—An English lady once told me that she had heard a "help" announce the arrival of a servant about to be hired into the house, in the following terms—the person she addressed being a fellow-servant: "Amelia, tell the woman in the parlour that there's a lady here waiting to speak to her!"

THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.



Wednesday.

THE name of Woden is more celebrated than any other of the Saxon Idols. Verstegan's description of the idol is as follows:—

"The next was the idol *Woden*, who, as by his picture here set forth, was made armed, and among our Saxon ancestors esteemed and honoured for their god of battle, according as the Romans reputed and honoured their god Mars. He was, while he lived among them, a most valiant and victorious prince and captain; and this idol was after his death honoured, prayed, and sacrificed unto, that by his aid they might obtain victory over their enemies, which when they had obtained, they sacrificed unto him such prisoners as in battle they had taken."

The name WODEN signifies *fierce* or *furious*, and in like sense we yet retain it, saying, when one is in a great rage that he is WOOD, or taketh on as if he were Wood. And after this idol we do yet call that day of the week, WEDNESDAY, instead of WODNESDAY, upon which he was chiefly honoured. In sundry places the Pagan Saxons erected idols, especially Woden, which places do yet in England retain their appellation, as at WOODNESBOROUGH, in Kent, WEDNESBURY and WEDNESFIELD, in Staffordshire.

In the first of the places thus pointed out (Woodnesborough, pronounced *Winsborough*, near Sandwich), an image of Woden is supposed to have stood. This village is remarkable for an ancient artificial mound of considerable height, under which some curious remains, seemingly Roman, were discovered.

As an appropriate accompaniment to our article referring to the artizan's home, we select the following, from the first volume of "More Prose and Verse," by Ebenezer Elliott:—

THE HOME OF TASTE.

Air—"Auld Lang Syne."

"The Home of Taste," say souls of dust,
Is not for men who toil;
For bread alone they till, and must,
Life's hopeless soil.

But here comes he whom no one knows,
The thrall of tasteless power;
Why plucks he, as he homeward goes,
The hawthorn flower?

Red rose, that lov'st the cottage door,
If hope within there be!
Why stops a wretch, so tir'd and poor,
To look on thee?

O! yet the greatest and the least
A home of taste will find!
And knowledge spread her bounteous feast
For all mankind!

The only high and heart-bas'd throne
Is unclass'd virtue's prize;
For who are great? The good alone—
They only wise.

And what, sweet rose, sweet hawthorn flower,
To hind or artizan,
Are taste's pure charm, and beauty's power,
But God in Man.

THE HAPPY GIRL.—Ay, she is a happy girl—we know her fresh looks and buoyant spirits. Day in and day out she has something to do, and she takes hold of work as if she did not fear to soil her hands or dirty her apron. Such girls we love and respect wherever we find them—in a palace or a hovel. Always pleasant and always kind, they never turn up their noses before your face, or slander you behind your back. They have more good sense and better employment. What are flirts and bustle-bound girls in comparison with these? Good for nothing but to look at; and that is rather disgusting. Give us the industrious and happy girl, and we care not who worships fashionable and idle simpletons.—*American papers.*

How to RUIN a SON.—1. Let him have his own way. 2. Allow him free use of money. 3. Suffer him to roam where he pleases on the Sabbath. 4. Give him full access to wicked companions. 5. Call him to no account of his evenings. 6. Furnish him with no stated employment. Pursue any of these ways, and you will experience a most marvellous deliverance, or will have to mourn over a debased and ruined child. Thousands have realized the sad result, and have gone sorrowing to the grave.

"Genius will work its way through," as the poet remarked, when he saw a hole in the elbow of his coat.

The young ladies "down east," complain that the gentlemen are so poor that they can't *pay* their addresses.

Nobody likes to be nobody, but everybody is pleased to think himself to be somebody; but the worst of the matter is, that when anybody thinks himself to be somebody, he is too much inclined to think everybody else to be nobody.

Self-respect is the key to, and generator of, a more elevated tone of sentiment; and where this is not quite lost, efforts will still be made to preserve it.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

. Those of our correspondents who may not perceive their communications noticed immediately after receipt, are respectfully informed, that the delay is unavoidable, and in consequence of the necessity of our work being printed in advance.

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L. Y.—See No. V. of "The Penny Illustrated News."
S. S.—Apply to the nearest bookseller.

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THE ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.

THE most tremendous and fearful eruption of Mount Vesuvius that has occurred for years, astounded the inhabitants of Naples very recently. From a private letter we glean the following description of this sublime scene:—

"I am writing by the light of Vesuvius, which, at this moment, presents the most splendid spectacle that can be offered to the admiration of man. Its terrible glare is thrown over the vast extent of sky and sea, and gives to the latter the appearance of

liquid fire. We can distinctly trace the progress of the lava as it moves slowly in burning undulation towards Ottajana. The eruption this year exhibits the phenomena of violent detonations, more awful and incessant than within the memory of living man. Persons who have returned from Vesuvius describe as most melancholy the scene of desolation which they have witnessed. The eruption has destroyed the magnificent residence of Prince d'Ottajana, a church, a convent, and many cottages. It has rolled its lava over a great extent of ground, not less than two leagues in length, half a league in



THE ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.

breadth, and two metres in thickness. Several persons have gratified their rash curiosity at the expense of their lives. It is painful to witness or to hear of the destitution of the inhabitants, which is evinced by alternate tears and prayers. On all sides are seen groups of unhappy peasants, carrying away the most valuable of their effects, and retiring before the lava as it slowly pushes forward its burning wave. God grant it may soon cease to advance."

This celebrated volcano is situated on the shores of the Bay of Naples, to whose singularity and beauty it contributes in a striking degree. A burning mountain might be considered a dangerous neighbour, but except during its state of violent eruption, it causes no disquietude to the city of Naples.

The mountain is little more than four miles from the city of Naples. It rises alone from the plain, declining on one side to the shore of the sea, and on the other towards a chain of the Apennines, which lofty mountains are seen several miles in its rear. Its base occupies an irregular space, which may be about twelve miles all round; it rises conically to the height of about three thousand feet, where it terminates in two mamillæ, or breasts, one of which is called Somma, the other of which is the crater of the volcano.

DR. JOHNSON.

THE following is an anecdote omitted by Mr. Boswell, in his narrative of the adventures among the Hebrides:—Having one day finished my business at Lincoln's Inn, I returned towards my house in the city, through Gough-square, intending to pay my respects to Dr. Johnson. My hand was upon the knocker when the door opened, and emitted my old school-fellow and crony, Jemmy Boswell. He cut short all introductory compliments by exclaiming, in the tone of Archimedes, "We have found it! we have found it! For the present postpone your visit to the Doctor, and I will tell you a curious adventure at Rasay, which will increase your admiration of the wonderful powers of our friend. Did you know that he was a great Arithmetician?" "Not I, truly," I simply replied: "I have always heard that he was a prodigy of knowledge, and, of course, believed it; but after going over and over again the catalogue of arts and sciences (as we find in the title-page of our dictionaries), beginning at *Anatomy* and ending at *Zoology*, I am so blind as not to perceive his knowledge in any of them, for I think neither religion nor morality is of the number." "I am amazed at your absurdity," said Jemmy, "but for the present, will only prove his profound knowledge of calculation. When we were on the water, near Rasay, one of the boatmen, to whom the good Doctor had condescended so far as to ask some questions relating to the fisheries, told him, (with what I thought too much assurance,) 'That no one was permitted to ask anything about herrings until they could answer one question.' 'Propose it,' replied the Sage. 'I will sir, begging your honour not to take my freedom amiss—a herring and a-half for three-half-pence, how many are there for elevenpence?' After some seconds of dead silence, and some mutual glances of confusion, (I not daring to speak,) the Doctor, addressing himself to me, said—'It is not one of the least curious properties of the human mind (and here he stopped)—I say, sir, that it is a wonderful consideration' 'My good sir, I returned, 'nothing is more common than such puzzling questions; their not being answered is no disgrace, for perhaps it is impossible.'—'It is highly probable,' continued the Doctor, 'that the answer may depend upon a series or combination of numbers, only known to those who have sought them: we have not as yet sought them, and, of course, have not found them.' Then turning to the boatman, he

assured him, 'that the homely terms of the proposition did not lessen the consequence of it, and he might be satisfied that it should receive due attention.' However, that attention it never did receive until now. Upon my being introduced to the Doctor this morning, I found him sitting with a pile of half-pence, twelve whole herrings (not of the newest) and a half one before him. 'You come in good time,' said he, 'to perform our Scottish promise. I am now so clear in that arithmetical question asked us by the boatman, that I can even demonstrate the solution of it. Attend, sir; a herring and a-half for three-half-pence—upon the whole herring place a penny, upon the half one a halfpenny, thus! 'I comprehend perfectly, my dear sir,' interrupted I. 'And now, upon each of the remaining eleven put one penny, count it correctly, and the sum will be elevenpence. Q, E, D.' 'Good heaven!' exclaimed I, 'what new occasions present themselves to my friend's astonishing powers! If I had studied to the day of judgment, I never should have found it out. Shall I insert this in our tour?' 'Why no, sir,' said Johnson, after a pause, 'Wisdom may sometimes cry aloud in the streets, but, now and then, 'tis better to hush it up.'"

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.—With the map of the Arctic regions lying spread before us, we ask ourselves in vain what single object worthy of the venture could by any contingency be gained by any further voyage of discovery in this direction? As to the fact of a North-Western passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, there is nothing further to be known which is worth knowing upon the subject. It is now as nearly as may be three centuries ago that the tide of maritime enterprise has set in this direction, and, as any one may convince himself by a glance at one of Mr. Wyld's maps of the Arctic region, discovery has been pushed far beyond the limits of practical utility. It is clear enough, then, that for all purposes of commerce or of traffic the Arctic region must remain a sealed book to the human race, until some vast change shall occur in the temperature and meteorological arrangements of the globe. Steam and railways are powerless here. Magnetic telegraphs and the printing press can do nothing. All the wonders of modern civilization are palsied in the presence of the eternal ice and snow. If we want to go eastward to India, we have now the short overland passage by the Isthmus of Suez, which must, in any case, take precedence of the North-Western passage, even if we could put a vast fire under the ice of the Arctic regions, and melt it down to-morrow into a summer sea. So with regard to the voyage to China;—a few years—perhaps a few months—and the Isthmus of Panama will be cut through. What have we to gain in this respect if we could establish a line of steamers to perform the distance by way of Lancaster Sound and Behring's Straits? Such a course would simply be to go out of our way without any adequate object. In a scientific point of view, does any fact remain unexplored which would be of sufficient importance to justify the risk of despatching further expeditions into these inhospitable regions? Sir James Ross has already reached the Magnetic Pole. Captain Parry, in July, 1827, reached, in boats and sledges, 82° 40' north latitude. Thus, human enterprise has penetrated within four or five hundred miles of the North Pole, and we are sufficiently aware that in this direction nothing is to be met with but impracticable fields of ice.

SELF-MADE MEN.—Columbus was a weaver. Franklin, a journeyman printer. Sixtus V. was employed in herding swine. Ferguson and Burns were ploughmen. Æsop was a slave. Hogarth an engraver on pewter pots. Ben Jonson was a bricklayer. Porson was the son of a parish clerk. Akenside was the son of a butcher—so was Wolsey. Cervantes was a common soldier. Halley was the son of a soap boiler. Arkwright was a baker. Belzoni the son of a barber. Blackstone and Southey were the sons of linen drapers. Crabbe a fisherman's son. Keats the son of a livery-stable keeper. Buchanan was a farmer. Dunavo the son of a mason. Captain Cook began his career as a cabin boy. Haydn was the son of a poor wheelwright. Hogg was a shepherd. Allan Cunningham was a stone mason; and Allan Ramsay a barber.

THE POOR PLAYER.

BY CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.

(Concluded from p. 164.)

"I SAT there for upwards of two hours, during which time he tossed about, murmuring exclamations of pain or impatience, restlessly throwing his arms here and there, and turning constantly from side to side. At length he fell into that state of partial unconsciousness, in which the mind wanders uneasily from scene to scene, and from place to place, without the control of reason, but still without being able to divest itself of an indescribable sense of present suffering. Finding from his incoherent wanderings that this was the case, and knowing that in all probability the fever would not grow immediately worse, I left him, promising his miserable wife that I would repeat my visit next evening, and, if necessary, sit up with the patient during the night.

"I kept my promise. The last four-and-twenty hours had produced a frightful alteration. The eyes, though deeply sunk and heavy, shone with a lustre, frightful to behold. The lips were parched, and cracked in many places: the dry, hard skin glowed with a burning heat, and there was an almost unearthly air of wild anxiety in the man's face, indicating even more strongly the ravages of the disease. The fever was at its height.

"I took the seat I had occupied the night before, and there I sat for hours, listening to sounds which must strike deep to the heart of the most callous among human beings,—the awful ravings of a dying man. From what I had heard of the medical attendant's opinion, I knew there was no hope for him: I was sitting by his death-bed. I saw the wasted limbs, which a few hours before had been distorted for the amusement of a boisterous gallery, writhing under the tortures of a burning fever—I heard the clown's shrill laugh, blending with the low murmurings of the dying man.

"It is a touching thing to hear the mind reverting to the ordinary occupations and pursuits of health, when the body lies before you weak and helpless; but when those occupations are of a character the most strongly opposed to anything we associate with grave or solemn ideas, the impression produced is infinitely more powerful. The theatre, and the public house, were the chief themes of the wretched man's wanderings. It was evening, he fancied; he had a part to play that night; it was late, and he must leave home instantly. Why did they hold him, and prevent his going—he should lose the money—he must go. No! they would not let him. He hid his face in his burning hands, and feebly bemoaned his own weakness, and the cruelty of his persecutors. A short pause, and he shouted out a few doggerel rhymes—the last he had ever learnt. He rose in bed, drew up his withered limbs, and rolled about in uncouth positions; he was acting—he was at the theatre. A minute's silence, and he murmured the burden of some roaring song. He had reached the old house at last; how hot the room was. He had been ill, very ill, but he was well now, and happy. Fill up his glass. Who was that, that dashed it from his lips? It was the same persecutor that had followed him before. He fell back upon his pillow, and moaned aloud. A short period of oblivion, and he was wandering through a tedious maze of low-arched rooms—so low, sometimes, that he must creep upon his hands and knees to make his way along; it was close and dark, and every way he turned, some obstacle impeded his progress. There were insects, too, hideous crawling things, with eyes that stared upon him, and filled the very air around: glistening horribly amidst the thick darkness of the place. The walls and ceiling were alive with reptiles—the vault expanded to an enormous size—frightful figures flitted to and fro—and the faces of men he knew, rendered hideous by gibing and mouthing, peered out from among them; they were searing him with heated irons, and binding his head with cords till the blood started; and he struggled madly for life.

"At the close of one of these paroxysms, when I had with great difficulty held him down in his bed, he sank into what appeared to be a slumber. Overpowered with watching and exertion, I had closed my eyes for a few minutes, when I felt a violent clutch on my shoulder. I awoke instantly.

He had raised himself up, so as to seat himself in bed—a dreadful change had come over his face, but consciousness had returned, for he evidently knew me. The child who had been long since disturbed by his ravings, rose from its little bed, and ran towards its father, screaming with fright—the mother hastily caught it in her arms, lest he should injure it in the violence of his insanity; but, terrified by the alteration of his features, stood transfixed by the bed-side. He grasped my shoulder convulsively, and, striking his breast with the other hand, made a desperate attempt to articulate. It was unavailing—he extended his arm towards them, and made another violent effort. There was a rattling noise in the throat—a glare of the eye—a short stifled groan—and he fell back—dead!"—*Pickwick Papers.*

THE SONG OF THE BOOK-FOLDER.

BY C. CHAMBERS NAMES.

FOLD and sew, fold and sew;
You shall fade while others grow!
Is not this a prosperous nation,
Full of riches and—starvation!
Ye are poor, but not degraded,—
Young eyes dim, fair cheeks faded!
A Holy Book you sew and fold,—
Reap the toil, but not the gold!
Pity weeps o'er every stitch,
Tears shall moisten every fold,
Men shall fatten and get rich:
You and labour have been sold.

Fold and sew, fold and sew;
You must still privation know;
Wear your fingers to the bone—
Ask for bread, and get a stone!
Toil and famine, want and woe,
You shall reap from what you sew;
Men shall lift the iron rod
O'er ye, who sew the Word of God.
Pity weeps o'er every stitch,
Tears shall moisten every fold,
Men shall fatten and get rich:
You and labour have been sold.

Fold and sew, fold and sew;
Oh, how cant and humbug grow!
They who teach the way to live,
The wish to die to hundreds give!
They who try the soul to save,
Thrust the body in the grave!
Education's empty purse
To the needy proves a curse!
Pity weeps o'er every stitch,
Tears shall moisten every fold,
Men shall fatten and grow rich:
You and labour have been sold.

Fold and sew, fold and sew;
Retribution comes—but slow;
Yet it comes with sureness, too,—
They shall feel, though not for you!
Let your hearts not faint or sink,
Though you stand on Famine's brink,—
You, the honest path who're trod,
Sew not in vain the Word of God!
Pity weeps o'er every stitch,
Tears shall moisten every fold,
Men shall fatten and grow rich:
You and labour have been sold.

If I had a voice which could reach to the end of the earth, that voice should be exerted, and heard crying to my brethren of mankind, "Beware of strong drink," which has been my ruin.—THOMAS ROGERS, of Coldstream, (executed for murder.)

* In allusion to the starving pittance to which the Bible Society reduced the wages of the Bookbinders and Sewers.



SHAKSPERE'S HOUSE.

MR. BUNN ON THE STAGE.

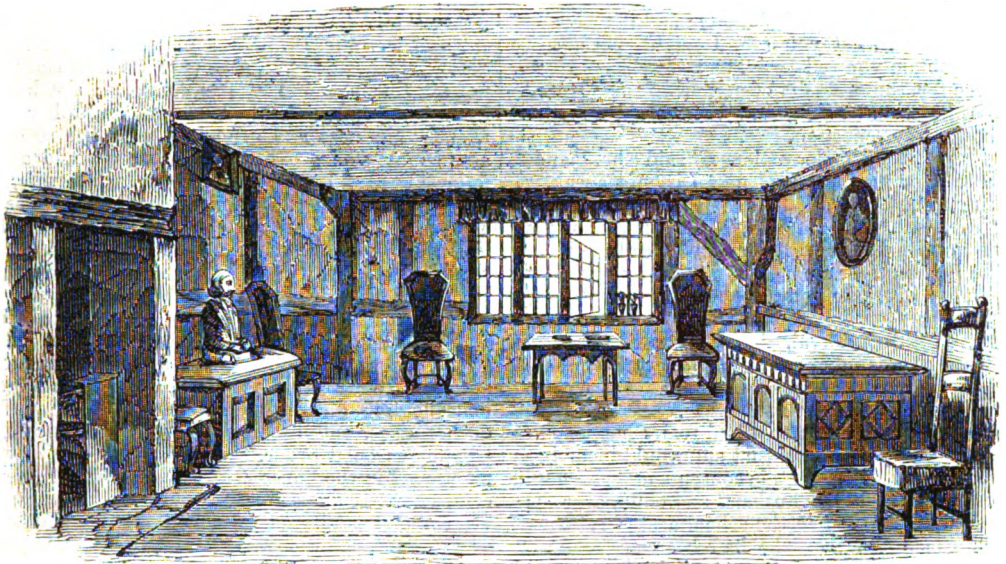
THE Dramatic Monologue now being delivered by Mr. Bunn at the St. James's Theatre is likely to prove one of the most popular of the entertainments prepared for the London public during the present season. Although there may be nothing absolutely new in his disquisition upon things theatrical, yet there is much that is in the highest degree entertaining, while every line of the discourse is greatly heightened in its effect by the easy familiarity that pervades his delivery. The "monologue" is divided into two parts,—the first briefly sketches the history of the drama from the days of Thespis to the rise of the British stage; the miracle plays are then slightly glanced at; then the introduction of secular plays, which may be termed the "drama proper," until he arrives at the immediate rising of that refulgent star, Shakspeare. The second part is more discursive, and does not so clearly develop its aim as the first part, but being of a more anecdotal character, and the lecturer seeming to feel himself more at home in dealing with the persons of his own day, than in retailing the somewhat erudite annals of the ancient stage, he managed to elicit considerably more applause than in the preceding portion of his lecture. The review of the history of old Drury, from the days of Garrick to the present time, was rapid, yet effective. He then dwelt at considerable length upon the managerial away of Sheridan, and attributed much of the subsequent neglect that befel the drama to the profligate career of the brilliant author of the "School for Scandal." Mr. Bunn then noticed a few peculiarities in the elocution of modern tragedians, pointing out what he considered their defects. It would be unjust to pass over this portion of the subject without especial notice of the very admirable manner in which he read the opening scene of "Macbeth," after the traditional style of Mrs. Siddons. The lofty elocution of that great actress, if accompanied with an impersonation of the witches that would realize the "dread figures" of Canova, must be, we apprehend, very near the lofty imagining of the poet. Mr. Bunn concluded with a glance at the present state of the drama, and unwisely, as we think, though, perhaps, perfectly natural for him, discovered nothing but mischief in the recent abolition of the monopoly of the "large houses." This is a question upon which there has already "been much throwing about of brains," and upon which the expression of any opinion is almost certain to provoke dissent. Our limited space prevents us from taking any part in the controversy, although we confess to entertaining some interest in it. Those of our readers who feel sufficient love for the British Drama, that wonderful structure that has come to be con-

sidered so entirely English, only through its overwhelming superiority to that of other countries, and as being the one branch of literature in which we have as far excelled ourselves as in any other branch we may have outstripped others; to such we say, who can listen to opinions put forward with some show of authority, and not look too closely for their logical demonstration, very often elegantly expressed, and always gracefully declaimed, we can recommend a visit to the St. James's Theatre.

The very beautiful views that accompany this monologue are painted by Mr. Muir, a gentleman who has latterly made great advances in his profession. Some of them were of very equivocal authenticity, especially New Place and the Blackfriars Theatre, but from any error in this respect the artist is of course absolved, as no memorial of sufficient authority has reached us of these two subjects.

The illustrations we have selected from Mr. Bunn's pictorial representations are the two above interesting Shaksperian relics. The house in which Shakspeare was born is situated in the town of Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire. It is a small, mean-looking edifice, of wood and plaster—a true nesting place of genius, which seems to delight in watching its offspring in bye corners. The walls of its chamber have been covered with names and inscriptions in every language, by pilgrims of all nations, ranks, and condition, from the prince to the peasant; and present a simple, but striking instance of the spontaneous and universal homage of mankind to the great poet of nature.

A GREAT HARMONIST.—Beethoven was continually quarrelling with his domestics, whom he abused constantly; nay, he would sometimes drive them in a body from his house. In dress and appearance he looked like a beggar—in manner sulky or spiteful, as it suited his humour. He would call people names as they passed him in the street, and tell them of their faults in public assemblies; being deaf, he was regardless of their expostulations or censures. His laugh was like a scream, and he gave utterance to it in defiance of place or circumstances. Yet he was much to be pitied. His manner towards his servants made them dislike him, and in revenge they thwarted and cheated him. He was mistrustful of every one; consequently had no friend to watch over his comforts and cheer his solitary state. He would frequently walk out alone in the fields, and several times, sitting down to compose and write, has fallen asleep, and remained there through frightful storms, which drenched him to the skin, and confined him to the house for days afterwards with severe colds and fevers.—*Musical World.*



CHAMBER IN SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE.

THE ALPINE SORCERESS.

(Continued from p. 167.)

THE morning had arisen in all its gentlest beauty and luxuriance, for it was on the second of May, the month of sweet songs, flowers, and blossoms. The sun mounted up over the fir-tree woods, with his beams chasing away the last vapours of the night that had lingered in the meadows, and all Nature seemed to rejoice. Then behold under the shelter of a green hedge there lay a hapless female wanderer, our poor, deluded Alice, who also was awoken by the mild, genial influence of spring, and lifted up her heavy eyes to look over a wide, level country, with houses, towns, and church spires, indeed, but where all was strange; and she could not distinguish a single object that she had ever seen till now. She wondered even at her own existence, could not carry on any connected train of thoughts, nor could have explained how or from whence she had come hither. It required a long time before she was sufficiently collected to make remarks on the new country in which she was thus placed, but at last she observed that there was a smooth high road, running through fertile meadows and fields, and leading to a town of considerable size, with more than one church tower. But this place was far distant, and even among the houses and hamlets there was not one that seemed nearer than half a German mile. Then she was so exhausted, that she scarcely knew how it would be possible to reach any of those dwellings, and still less what story she could tell to account for her present distress, or to protect herself from being seized, and, perhaps, imprisoned as a mischievous vagrant. Some resolution, however, must be taken. She rose up with great difficulty, and tottered for awhile along a narrow foot-path. Here it chanced that a good-humoured peasant lad came to meet her, driving a flock of geese across the fields; and Alice summoned up courage to address him, begging to know the name of the nearest hamlet, and of the large town at a distance. His answer, though he spoke in German, was in an accent to her so strange

and unusual, that she could hardly understand him. She next inquired to what sovereign the country belonged, and on his answering, remembered that she had heard it sometimes from her husband at the time of his campaign against the Swedes, and that she had always supposed the distance to this prince's domains to be very great. The lad, meanwhile, had passed by with his flock of geese, and Alice was left there quite confounded, and as irresolute as before; but she tried once more to rouse her spirits, and walked on towards the village. It was in vain, however, to hope that she could reach it, and once more, in her desolation and feebleness, she threw herself down on the grass, and began to weep bitterly.

Soon after, the sound of approaching footsteps excited her attention, and looking up, she saw a man advanced in years, dressed in black, with a dignified, calm countenance, who on coming opposite to her, stood still, as if from a benevolent wish to assist the distressed. She begged him to tell her how far she had yet to go in order to reach the hamlet of which the boy had told her the name, then ventured to ask how far it was from hence to her native town. But the man could give her no information.

"Or how far, then," said she, "to Linz, on the Danube?"

"Oh, my child," said he, "that must be two hundred long leagues."

Whereupon Alice became deadly pale, and a moan of despair broke from her inmost heart. The stranger seemed much interested.

"Whence camest thou, my dear child?" rejoined he, "and what brought thee into our country, where thou art an absolute stranger?"

But what account could the poor girl have given, that would not have seemed a mere groundless fable, and, therefore, have excited suspicion against her. The whole weight of her misfortune seemed as if for the first time to fall on her mind. Again she threw herself on the grass, and wept more bitterly than ever. The old man, however, would not leave her, and repeated his question.

"I am a schoolmaster of this parish," said he;

"I know most of the inhabitants; and if I were but sure who and what you are, I might, perhaps, be able to obtain you relief."

Alice felt the necessity of preparing some story to which he would listen, but was afraid to speak without more reflection.

"Have but a little patience," said she, "and I shall tell you all; but just now I cannot speak. I shall soon be better."

"Well, daughter," said he, "I am sorry that I may not stay with you now, for my duties call me hence, but in half-an-hour I shall pass this way again, and if I should overtake you on the road, we shall speak farther."

During this interval, Alice, with that love of truth which was inherent in her nature, felt that it was almost impossible for her to contrive any narrative that would be listened to. Most ardently did she wish to tell all that had really happened to her, but then the dread that she would incur both hatred and suspicion, that, in consequence, she would never more behold her husband and child, overcame her scruples, and when the schoolmaster returned, she informed him that she had been engaged as a servant by an English family at Linz, who intended to make a long but rapid journey through Vienna, Braunschweig, and other towns, then across the north of Germany towards the sea coast; that not being able to bear the fatigue of travelling, she had fallen sick, and they would not wait till she recovered, but had unkindly deserted her. She was now better in health, and wished to make her way homewards, but without money, and distrusted by every one, found this impossible.

It was more, perhaps, by means of her innocent looks, and even by the tones of her voice, than by this story, that won the confidence of the old schoolmaster.

"My dear child," said he, "I should indeed be glad if it were in my power to enable you to reach home, but the distance is too great. Even if I wished myself to go thither, I have not enough of money. But where are the people now that left you so cruelly?"

Alice had luckily remembered that the prince whose name she had heard from the boy driving the flock of geese possessed a large town named Braunschweig, and answered that all she knew of them was, that they intended to go thither, but she could not hope that they would remain there any length of time, or that it would benefit her to inquire after them. "But," added she, "if it were possible to find any one who would employ me as a servant, I might at least earn enough to support my life. I am but a poor farmer's daughter, well accustomed to labour, and not afraid of any task that could be imposed on me."

"In truth," said the old man, after having looked at her for awhile with still greater attention, "it seems as if Providence had sent you hither at this time with some especial purpose. I am schoolmaster in the village, as you have already heard; my house is that one with the lime trees before it, which you can see even from this distance. Now, the day before yesterday we lost a woman servant, who had attended us faithfully for seventeen years, and my wife has herself become so frail and old, that such an event made her quite inconsolable. This morning, just in the nick of time, we are provided with another, the best, as I think, that we could have found in the world; so, in God's name, let us make a trial together, and if there should be any faults on

either side, I trust, after all, we shall not quarrel."

To Alice, these words sounded, indeed, like a direct interposition of Providence, for now she could not say that she was utterly forsaken; she had at least found one individual who received her with friendly kindness and sympathy. So she rose up, and, as fast as her extreme weariness would allow, followed the old man to his house. His wife, indeed, on their arrival, made some objections as to the youth and extraordinary beauty of the girl; but the schoolmaster contrived to evade all those scruples, and in a very short time Alice proved by her conduct that their benevolence was not thrown away on one unworthy of protection. Never before had they known any servant so patient, so industrious, and so faithful. As far as it was possible, she took from the old woman all the cares of the household, read every wish even by the expression of her eyes, and by her punctual obedience and scrupulous good order, became almost like a guardian angel in the house that had so hospitably received her. In a few months, therefore, her situation was completely altered. Instead of being looked on as a servant, she was rather treated like a beloved daughter, and she on her part began to respect the good old couple as if they had been her own father and mother.

Fortunate as her situation proved with these worthy people, she was yet wholly unable to conquer her own deep sorrow, and that longing which she always felt after the objects of her affection, that were so far remote. In the silence and solitude of night she wept unobserved, and prayed unceasingly that God, in his infinite mercy, would compassionate her sufferings, and point out some way by which she might retrace her steps to Switzerland. Evermore the thoughts irresistibly recurred of Rudolf's terror and affliction, of the suspicions that he and all the inhabitants of the canton would entertain on account of her disappearance—of the black designs that Gertrude perhaps even now continued to cherish, and the cruel fate that might hang over her forsaken child. Those tormenting reflections were all sharpened by her own self-reproaches, and only the omnipotent arm of Providence upheld the poor trembling exile, enabling her still to place her confidence in that Power who chastises where he loves, and who will not suffer the already bruised reed to be crushed.

Thus passed over two long, melancholy years; and all the inquiries she had set on foot, or letters that she had despatched, remained unanswered and in vain. No way seemed left to her of obtaining news from Switzerland, and still less was there any possibility, without money or credit, of returning thither. But at the end of this time, after severe illness, Alice's old mistress died, and was followed soon by the disconsolate widower, who was not able to remain in the world without that faithful companion, to whose presence he had been so long accustomed. Alice had continued to serve them with the utmost attention to their last moments, and had closed their eyes in death; so she now found they had left her enough, besides her stipulated wages, to enable her to make the long-wished-for journey to her native land.

Hope, to which she had been so long a stranger, once more dawned in her mind; and the mere possibility of again beholding Rudolf was an impression so delightful, that she thought of nothing else, and did not lose a day in putting her plans into execution. She obtained proper information as to the

route that she must pursue; and, in short, after some laborious weeks' travelling, sometimes with the mail-wagon, sometimes on foot, in company with good people to whom she had been recommended, she at length beheld the snow-clad tops of the Alps once more rise at a far distance on her view, and the thought, "Yonder lives thy husband and child, and thou wilt soon behold them again," was so overpowering, that she burst into tears, and almost fainted, so that her travelling associate, an old citizen's wife, had much trouble in again restoring her to any degree of composure.

She had determined to make out the remainder of the way from this last station to her birth-place, quite alone and on foot; for, in truth, she knew not what changes might have taken place, or what people would now think of her, and she would gladly at first have remained unknown as a stranger. These doubts and fears increased as she drew near her journey's end, so that she could not move along with her wonted rapidity. Now, at last, she had passed through a rocky, narrow ravine, which alone lay between her and the sight of the wide gleaming lake and her former beloved habitation; with every step her agitation increased, till, behold, the beautiful expanse of waters—the well-known landscapes—the wooded cliffs, and smiling village, were unrolled, as if by magic, before her. As yet she could not, on account of the sheltering woods, discern her own house; but the smoke of the chimneys was rising over the trees, marking the place where Rudolf and her child now lived, if, indeed, they yet survived. Once more, quite overpowered, she threw herself, weeping, on the ground, and prayed long and fervently for support in the trials that perhaps awaited her.

Feeling her strength quite exhausted, she determined to make inquiries, and to beg some refreshment at the nearest house that had a promising appearance, and luckily observed one where there was seated, with her spinning-wheel at the door, a good-humoured old woman, surrounded by a little party of children, who looked kindly at the handsome stranger, remarking, no doubt, both her unusual dress and the traces of care and anxiety which were so visible on her countenance. A jar of milk and some brown bread were immediately brought out, and Alice was requested to sit down on the stone bench with her hostess, where the varied objects in the beautiful landscape soon afforded a commencement to their conversation.

On inquiring who lived at the farm whence the smoke was rising over the woods, and hearing Rudolf's name, Alice ventured to ask many questions regarding him, pretending that she had known the handsome young Swiss when he was a cavalry soldier in the Pappenheim cuirassiers. She herself was born in the neighbourhood of Prague, and now came in search of some friends of her late husband's, who lived at St. Gilgen.

The old woman kindly answered all her queries, and, especially as to Rudolf, said that he was living in his usual way with his wife and two children.

"His wife!" exclaimed Alice, turning deadly pale. "He has, then, married again?"

"Not that I know of," said the old woman, "unless he had a wife before, when he was abroad in the wars; soldiers, indeed, are not very scrupulous about such matters."

"And to whom, then, is he now married?" said Alice.

"She was a girl of this neighbourhood," answered

the woman; "and they have now been man and wife several years."

"Two years, perhaps?" faltered Alice.

"Oh, longer than that," replied the other; "their youngest child runs about and speaks by this time."

(To be concluded in our next.)

Varieties.

PRINCELY LIBERALITY.—It is with much pleasure that we give insertion to the following account of the origin and erection of the Ragged School in Doughty-street, Lambeth:—A short time back the friends of a ragged school, who had fitted up one of the arches of the South Western Railway, near Lambeth-walk, as a place of instruction for poor ragged children, applied to Mr. Beaufoy, an eminent distiller of South Lambeth, to subscribe towards a fund to erect a suitable edifice. Mr. Beaufoy so far complied with their request that, at his sole expense, he has erected, in Doughty-street, Lambeth, at a cost of upwards of 3000*l.*, a magnificent building, covering an area of 1280 square yards, calculated to afford ample room for the instruction of 1000 children.

THE LAND OF LIBERTY.—There is at present in New York a young man, who by dint of hard labour has purchased his own freedom at the cost of 53 dollars 300 cents, and that of his mother at 50 dollars. He now appeals to the liberality and humanity of the people of the North to assist him in securing "a young and beautiful sister" from the New Orleans market, and save her from what may yet be, if she is not rescued, a condition worse than death. Amos Wade, "her proprietor," writes that "she is a good girl, and I believe a virtuous girl. She is a member of a church, and is respected by the members of her church as a Christian. I have been offered 1000 dollars for her by traders, but if your object is to free her, I will reduce the price to 600 dollars."

ENGLISH TREES OF LIBERTY.—Our Parisian friends have lately displayed much indignation at the cutting down of a stunted withered tree, which, it appears, stood in the way, but which one of their orators declared to be "sanctified by the blood of the heroic men who fell in defence of the liberties of their country, and hallowed by the tears of those who had the misfortune to survive them." We commend to the attention of our Gallic neighbours the following account of the planting of some English "trees of liberty," which, we trust, will long continue green and flourishing, though unwatered by the tears or the blood of our patriots:—"Previously to the departure of the Court from Windsor Castle to Buckingham Palace, a new avenue of trees was planted in the Home Park, leading from the royal residences to the terminus of the London and Windsor Railway, in Datchet-lane, which is situated just beyond the walls of the park. The first, or "The Queen's tree," was planted by her Majesty, close to Datchet Lane; his Royal Highness Prince Albert planting the "Prince's Tree" opposite the Queen's; and in a line with the Prince Consort's, trees were also planted by the Princess Royal and Helena, and Prince Alfred. The trees planted by the Prince of Wales and the Princess Alice were in a line with her Majesty's. Each of the Queen's distinguished visitors at the period, and several of the royal suite, also planted one, until the required number had been completed."

A STUMP SPEECH.—America, to occupy the Russian possessions, as well as those British colonies which the old thirteen colonies won from the French on the plains of Abraham—all rightfully ours to re-occupy. Faneuil Hall was the cradle of the republic, but whar, whar will be found timber enough for its coffin? Scoop all the water from out the Atlantic Ocean, and its bed would not afford a grave sufficient for its corpse. And yet America is still in the gristle of boyhood. Europe—what is Europe? She is nowhar—nothing—a circumstance—a cypher—a land absolutely ideal. We have faster steam boats, swifter locomotives, larger creeks, bigger plantations, better mill privileges, broader lakes, higher mountains, deeper cataracts, louder thunder, forkeder lightning, braver men, hansemmer wee-men, more money than England dar have.—*Hesperos.*

Camera Sketches.



KENDAL CASTLE, WESTMORELAND.

KENDAL is a town of considerable importance in Westmoreland; it is delightfully situated on the banks of the river Ken. After the Conquest, this tract of country was named the Barony of Kendal, and was awarded to Ivo, or John, brother to the Earl of Anjou. From him the barony descended to William Steward, who became governor of Lancaster Castle, and then passed through the noble houses of Bruce and Ross, until it was inherited by Sir William Parr, of Kendal, who was created a Knight of the Garter by Edward the Fourth, for his meritorious services in the wars with France and Scotland. His grand-daughter, Catherine Parr, was born here, and became the last queen of Henry the Eighth. Sir William Parr, her brother, was in that reign created first Lord Parr of Kendal, and was raised to the dignity of Marquis of Northampton by Edward the Fourth.

Of Kendal Castle, the once noble baronial seat of the above distinguished families, four ruinous towers and a portion of the outer walls only remain, silent mementos of the glories of the past, and the power of Time over all earthly greatness.

A LION HUNT AT THE CAPE.—For this purpose it appears that a number of mounted Boers assembled at a given rendezvous, accompanied by their attendants, and with dogs for the purpose of tracking the game. The usual resort of the lion is amongst the long grass, or sedges, growing on the brink of a spring, or along some marshy hollow. This shallow covert he is soon made to quit on the approach of the "jagers," and he may next be seen lobbing up some open grassy ascent to the nearest clump of mimosas, or other bushes, into which the dogs are made to follow him. Meanwhile, the main body of mounted sportsmen, after having detached scouts to the right and left to observe the enemy's motions should he break covert in those directions, ride along the open ground on their well-trained little shooting gallows, halting about a hundred yards from the spot where the lion is now baited by the dogs. Here they dismount, and the horses being kept in a compact body, with their heads turned to the rear, are given in charge of the Hottentots. Maddened at length by the continued attacks of his yelping foes, the lion bounds forth with a roar from his bushy shelter into the open space, whilst lashing at the same time his tawny flanks, he rushes towards the assembled group of hunters and horses; then, halting for a second, he crouches to the ground, with ears drawn back and eyes glaring with revenge, and gathers himself up to bound amongst his foes. This is the critical moment generally chosen by the hunters to open their fire: a volley is poured

into the still crouching animal, which, in most cases, disables him from making the intended spring. If not, the Boers seek immediate refuge behind the living rampart of horse-flesh, which is instantly stormed by their mighty foe, who, fixing himself on one of the horses, generally sacrifices him to his rage; but, in so doing, is again exposed to the shots of such of the party as have kept their fire in reserve, and, as the Boers are all excellent marksmen, the lion seldom escapes.—*Napier's Excursions in Southern Africa.*

HONEST ROGUEERY.—A spice merchant of Constantinople, carrying a piece of fine cloth to a tailor, desired to have a cloak and tunic made of it, and inquired if there was enough. The artist having measured the stuff, declared it sufficient, and then requested to know the cost of it. "Five sequins," replied the customer, "was the price; and, considering the quality, it is not at all dear." The tailor paused a moment. "I am but a beginner in trade," said he to the spice dealer, at length, "and money is an object to me. Give me two sequins, and I will show you how you may save three in this affair." "I agree," said the other; and the money was produced and paid. "It is well," said the man of the needle:—"I am a person of my word. This cloth has cost five sequins, and I have promised to save you three. Take it to some other tailor, and Allah direct you to one of more experience; for I have never made such a dress as you want; and if I attempt it, it will be spoiled." This reminds us of an anecdote related of Sheridan, who went to a hair-dresser's to order a wig. On being measured, the barber, who was a liberal soul, invited the orator to take some refreshment in an inner room. Here he regaled him with a bottle of port, and showed so much genuine hospitality, that Sheridan's heart was touched. When they rose from the table, and were about separating, the latter, looking the barber full in the face, said, "On reflection, I don't intend that you shall make my wig!" Astonished, and with a blank visage, the other exclaimed, "Good heavens! Mr. Sheridan, how can I have displeased you?" "Why, look you," said Sheridan, "you are an honest fellow; and I repeat it, you shan't make the wig, for I never intended to pay for it. I'll go to another and less worthy son of the craft."

A SHARK STORY.—While the bark *Annabella*, Mr. John Paterson, commander, was on her passage home from Trinidad to Clyde, on her last voyage, she was one day going through the water at the rate of about three knots an hour, with a light wind, when a shark was observed following the vessel. The shark hook was immediately called for, baited with a piece of pork, and thrown over the side, when the shark at once seized hold of it, and was hooked. As is usual in such cases a bowling hitch was passed round the body of the shark by the mate to secure it. While in the act of doing so, the mate, Mr. Dow, now commander of the same vessel, lost his balance, fell overboard, and caught hold of the back of the shark—thus both shark and man hung suspended by the rope. The master, seeing the imminent danger to which his mate was exposed, sprang overboard, taking hold of a rope in one hand, and grasping the mate by the other. At the moment, in the struggle, the shark got clear off the hook; but before it had time to turn itself on its back, as it is under the necessity of doing before it can seize its prey, the master and mate were both drawn on deck by those on board. When the mate reached the deck he was pale as death, and almost speechless.

EDUCATION.—A science succinctly summed up in the profound exhortation of the American philosopher: "Rear up your lads like nails, and then they not only go through the world, but you may clench 'em on t'other side."—THOMAS HOOD.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANNE-EMMA will hear from us shortly.

R. G.—See No. 15 of THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

J. V.'s hint will receive attention.

J. M.—Under consideration.

ARTHUR M., Birmingham.—We cannot offer an opinion upon such a subject.

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LOVE'S LENTEN ENTERTAINMENTS.



Mr. LOVE has commenced his usual Lenten entertainments at the Music Hall, Store-street, and at Crosby Hall, having for a period of thirteen years past been the only professor of the polyphonic art, whose feats of illusion have amused the town, and become permanently established. Mr. Love commences his entertainment with an historical and philosophical lecture on the "Occult Powers of the Human Voice," and illustrates his theory, which is both original and ingenious, with a variety of vocal experiments, deducing the phenomena of ventriloquy from the earliest periods of the exhibition, and giving many curious anecdotes of their introduction and effects in modern times. In that portion of the entertainment which is purely for the purpose of popular amusement, Mr. Love introduces so great a variety of voices apparently in conference, and carries on a colloquy of many persons with such rapid diversity of tone and cadence, that it is diffi-

cult for the auditor to persuade himself that there are not several confederated speakers, and that one person could manage successfully so complete an illusion. In addition to the curiosity of the effects, the dialogues and colloquies are full of humorous character. On the evening we last visited the celebrated polyphonist, the pieces selected for the exhibition of his talents were, "A Voyage to Ham-burgh," and "A Christmas Party of the Olden Time." In the former piece, the characters selected from the miscellaneous group of deck and cabin passengers of the steamer, were of the most amusing description, and their colloquial peculiarities admirably hit off. In the latter piece, the transformations were most rapid and successful, and called forth, at each change, the cheers and hearty laughter of the audience. The performer changed from a military officer to a serving lad, from the serving lad to a West India gentleman, from that personage into a fashionable and loquacious young lady—the young lady was transformed into an old lady, who in turn resolved herself into a servant, the servant into an old gentleman, and finally, the old gentleman into the talented and amusing lecturer himself. The curious powers of ventriloquism were most excellently shown in a conversation between Mr. Love and an



MR. LOVE.

imaginary person, who was supposed to be on the roof of the building. The deception was most perfect, and the "oral perspective of distance" (as the lecturer styled it) most clearly defined.

INVENTIONS AND ORIGINS.

CANDLES—FEAST OF LIGHTS.

It is impossible to say when candles were first used, but we may readily believe they are a very ancient invention. The Romans made use of little strips of cotton dipped in pitch or wax, afterwards they made candles of the papyrus, with a thick covering of bitumen. Rushes were also in favour amongst them, and, just as we do, they stripped off the outer rind, and then dipped them in some inflammable matter.

Lights have been made use of by the Jews in their religious ceremonies, from the time that God gave to Moses the pattern of the seven-branched candlestick; but besides using them during their daily worship, the ancient Israelites observed what they termed the "Feast of Lights." This feast was instituted by Judas Maccabeus, to celebrate their victory over the Assyrians, and the purification of their temple. It commenced on the 25th day of the month Cisleu, and was continued for eight days. Ancient historians have thus described it.

"At the earliest dawn of the 25th day of the month Cisleu, the feast of lights was solemnly ushered in by the sound of trumpets and the voices of many singers. The daily sacrifice was then offered up, the lamps were lighted, incense was burned, and all other parts of the divine worship performed according to the law of Moses. Joy and gladness reigned throughout all Judea, during the eight days of the feast, and the houses as well as the temple and synagogues were magnificently ornamented and illuminated."

Some sects of the Jews still observe this ceremony, by lighting a certain number of candles in their synagogues and in their houses. On the first day they light one, two on the second, and so on until the last day of the feast, when they burn eight. They account for this by saying, that on the first morning of the festival, some hundred years since, when the priest came to the temple to light the lamps on the great candlestick, he could find no holy oil to feed them with, until by some unseen agency a small sealed vessel was put into his hand, containing as much oil as he believed would serve for one day, but which continued to burn during eight days and nights. The death of Holofernes is also celebrated at this festival.

But in no country in the world is the "feast of lights" celebrated with so much magnificence as in China. It is called there, the "feast of lanterns," and commences on the first night of the first full moon of the new year. The whole empire is illuminated from one extremity to the other, in all the various modes which imagination can suggest. The lanterns are usually made of horn, but so beautifully clear as to appear like glass, and have within them moving figures of men and horses performing various feats. The moving principle in these is a horizontal wheel turned by the draft of air created by the heat of the lamp. The circular motion is communicated in various directions, by fine threads attached to the figures.

The Chinese are doubtful as to what particular

circumstance they should ascribe the origin of this feast. Some say that it is commemorative of the death of the beloved child of a mandarin, who having been accidentally drowned, her father and friends sought her day and night along the banks of the river into which she had fallen, until at length they discovered her by the ornaments on her dress reflecting the light of their lanterns. While others say that it owes its origin to the emperor Jouy-Tchien, who being weary of having his pleasures broken in upon by the continued succession of day and night, built a magnificent palace impervious to the rays of the sun, which he caused to be illuminated by an infinite number of lamps, and thus had light and darkness as it suited his wishes.

After some years, the people revolted against this vicious and foolish emperor, and having forcibly entered his palace, set fire to it with the lanterns of which he had been so proud; and ever after observed the anniversary of that day as one of rejoicing and illumination.

THE DOG AND THE SHILLING.—The following anecdote of a dog, given in the *Sportsman's Annual*, is one of the most curious we have seen of the kind:—A gentleman of Suffolk being on an excursion with his friend, and having a Newfoundland dog of the party, he soon became the subject of conversation; when the master, after a warm eulogium upon his perfections, assured his companion that he would, upon receiving the order, return, and fetch any article he should leave behind, from any distance. To confirm this assertion, a marked shilling was put under a large stone on the side of the road—being first shown to the dog. The gentleman then rode for three miles, when the dog received his signal from the master to return for the shilling he had seen put under the stone. The dog turned back, the gentlemen rode on and reached home, but, to their surprise and disappointment, the hitherto faithful messenger did not return during the day. It afterwards appeared that he had gone to the place where the shilling was deposited, but the stone being too large for his strength to remove, he had stayed howling at the place, till two horsemen, riding by, and attracted by his seeming distress, stopped to look at him, when one of them alighting, removed the stone, and seeing the shilling, put it into his pocket, not at the time conceiving it to be the object of the dog's search. The dog followed their horses for twenty miles, remained undisturbed in the room where they supped, followed the chambermaid into the bed-chamber, and secreted himself under one of the beds. The possessor of the shilling hung his trousers upon a nail by the bedside; but when the travellers were both asleep, the dog took the trousers in his mouth, and leaping out of the window, which was left open on account of the sultry heat, reached the house of his master at four o'clock in the morning, with the prize he had made free with; in the pocket of which were found a watch and money, that were returned upon being advertised, when the whole mystery was mutually unravelled, to the admiration of all the parties.

ORIGIN OF THE PHRASE "BROTHER JONATHAN."—General Washington placed great confidence in the good sense and patriotism of Jonathan Trumbull, who at an early period of the American revolution, was governor of the state of Connecticut. In a certain emergency, when a measure of great importance was under discussion, Washington remarked, "We must consult brother Jonathan on the subject." The result of that consultation was favourable; and these words of the commander-in-chief passed into a common phrase, applied indiscriminately by officers and men in all cases of difficulty which afterwards occurred during the war. Thus, from the constant use of the expression, "We must consult brother Jonathan," which soon passed from the army to the people at large, the Americans received from the English that appellation which has stuck as closely as their "John Bull" to them.

Illustrated Literature.

THE OLD MAN'S TALE ABOUT THE QUEER CLIENT.

BY CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.

"In the Borough High Street, near Saint George's Church, and on the same side of the way, stands, as most people know, the smallest of our debtors' prisons—the Marshalsea. Although in later times it has been a very different place from the sink of filth and dirt it once was, even its improved condition holds out but little temptation to the extravagant or consolation to the improvident.

"Twenty years ago, that pavement was worn with the footsteps of a mother and child, who, day by day, so surely as the morning came, presented themselves at the prison gate; often after a night of restless misery and anxious thoughts, were they there, a full hour too soon, and then the young mother turning meekly away, would lead the child to the old bridge, and raising him in her arms to show him the glistening water, tinted with the light of the morning's sun, and stirring with all the bustling preparations for business and pleasure that the river presents at that early hour, endeavour to interest his thoughts in the objects before him. But she would quickly set him down, and hiding her face in her shawl, give vent to the tears that blinded her, for no expression of interest or amusement lighted up his thin and sickly face.

"The father and mother looked on upon this, and upon each other, with thoughts of agony they dared not breathe in words. The healthy, strong-made man, who could have borne almost any fatigue of active exertion, was wasting beneath the close confinement and unhealthy atmosphere of a crowded prison. The slight and delicate woman was sinking beneath the combined effects of bodily and mental illness; the child's young heart was breaking.

"Winter came, and with it weeks of cold and heavy rain. The poor girl had removed to a wretched apartment close to the spot of her husband's imprisonment; and though the change had been rendered necessary by their increasing poverty, she was happier now, for she was nearer him. For two months, she and her little companion watched the opening of the gate as usual. One day she failed to come, for the first time. Another morning arrived, and she came alone. The child was dead.

"It was plain to those who looked upon the mother's altered face, that death must soon close the scene of her adversity and trial. Her husband's fellow-prisoners shrunk from obtruding on his grief and misery, and left to himself alone the small room he had previously occupied in common with two companions. She shared it with him; and lingering on without pain, but without hope, her life ebbed slowly away.

"She had fainted one evening in her husband's arms, and he had borne her to the open window, to revive her with the air, when the light of the moon falling full upon her face, showed him a change upon her features, which made him stagger beneath her weight, like a helpless infant.

"Set me down, George," she said, faintly. He did so, and seating himself beside her, covered his face with his hands, and burst into tears.

"It is very hard to leave you, George," she said; 'but it's God's will, and you must bear it for my sake. Oh! how I thank him for having taken our boy. He is happy and in heaven now. What would he have done here without his mother!'

"You shall not die, Mary—you shall not die," said the husband, starting up. He paced hurriedly to and fro, striking his head with his clenched fists; then reseating himself beside her, and supporting her in his arms, added, more calmly, 'Rouse yourself, my dear girl—pray, pray do. You will revive yet.'

"Never again, George—never again," said the dying woman. 'Let them lay me by my poor boy now; but promise me, that if ever you leave this dreadful place, and should grow rich, you will have us removed to some quiet country churchyard, a long, long way off—very far from here, where we can rest in peace. Dear George, promise me you will.'

"I do, I do," said the man, throwing himself passionately

on his knees before her. 'Speak to me, Mary, another word; one look—but one—'

"He ceased to speak; for the arm that clasped his neck grew stiff and heavy. A deep sigh escaped from the wasted form before him; the lips moved, and a smile played upon the face, but the lips were pallid, and the smile faded into a rigid and ghastly stare. He was alone in the world.

"That night, in the silence and desolation of his miserable room, the wretched man knelt down by the dead body of his wife, and called on God to witness a dreadful oath—that from that hour, he devoted himself to revenge her death and that of his child;—that from thenceforth to the last moment of his life, his whole energies should be directed to this one object; that his revenge should be protracted and terrible; that his hatred should be undying and unextinguishable; and should hunt its object through the world.

"It was necessary that his wife's body should be removed from the prison without delay. He received the communication with perfect calmness, and acquiesced in its propriety. Nearly all the inmates of the prison had assembled to witness its removal; they fell back on either side when the widower appeared; he walked hurriedly forward, and stationed himself, alone, in a little railed area, close to the lodge gate, from whence the crowd, with an instinctive feeling of delicacy, had retired. The rude coffin was borne slowly forward on men's shoulders. A dead silence pervaded the throng, broken only by the audible lamentations of the women, and the shuffling steps of the bearers on the stone pavement. They reached the spot where the bereaved husband stood; and stopped. He laid his hand upon the coffin, and mechanically adjusting the pall with which it was covered, motioned them onwards. The turnkeys in the prison lobby took off their hats as it passed through, and in another moment the heavy gate closed behind it. He looked vacantly upon the crowd, and fell heavily to the ground.

"Although for many weeks after this, he was watched night and day, in the wildest ravings of fever, neither the consciousness of his loss, nor the recollection of the vow he had made, ever left him for a moment. Scenes changed before his eyes, place succeeded place, and event followed event, in all the hurry of delirium; but they were all connected in some way with the great object of his mind.

"When the fever left him, and consciousness returned, he awoke to find himself rich and free; to hear that the parent who would have let him die in gaol—would! who had let those who were far dearer to him than his own existence, die of want and the sickness of heart that medicine cannot cure—had been found, dead in his bed of down. He had all the heart to leave his son a beggar, but proud even of his health and strength, he had put off the act till it was too late, and now might gnash his teeth in the other world at the thought of the wealth his remissness had left him. He woke to this, and he woke to more. To recollect the purpose for which he lived, and to remember that his enemy was his wife's own father—the man who had cast him into prison, and who, when his daughter and her child sued at his feet for mercy, had spurned them from his door. Oh, how he cursed the weakness that prevented him from being up, and active, in his scheme of vengeance!

"He caused himself to be carried from the scene of his loss and misery, and conveyed to a quiet residence on the sea coast—not in the hope of recovering his peace of mind or happiness, for both were fled for ever; but to restore his prostrate energies, and meditate on his darling object. And here, some evil spirit cast in his way the opportunity for his first, most horrible revenge.

"It was summer time; and wrapped in his gloomy thoughts, he would issue from his solitary lodgings early in the evening, and wandering along a narrow path beneath the cliffs to a wild and lonely spot that had struck his fancy in his ramblings, seat himself on some fallen fragments of the rock, and burying his face in his hands, remain there for hours. * * * *

"He was seated here, one calm evening in his old position, now and then raising his head, to watch the flight of a seagull, or carry his eye along the glorious crimson path, which commencing in the middle of the ocean, seemed to lead to its very verge, where the sun was setting, when the profound stillness of the spot was broken by a loud cry for

help; he listened, doubtful of his having heard aright, when the cry was repeated with even greater vehemence than before, and, starting to his feet, he hastened in the direction from whence it proceeded.

"The tale told itself at once: some scattered garments lay on the beach; a human head was just visible above the waves at a little distance from the shore; and an old man, wringing his hands in agony, was running to and fro, shrieking for assistance. The invalid, whose strength was now sufficiently restored, threw off his coat, and rushed towards the sea, with the intention of plunging in and dragging the drowning man ashore.

"Hasten here, Sir, in God's name; help, help, Sir, for the love of Heaven. He is my son, Sir, my only son," said the old man, frantically, as he advanced to meet him. 'My only son, Sir, and he is dying before his father's eyes.'

"At the first word the old man uttered, the stranger checked himself in his career, and, folding his arms, stood perfectly motionless."

"Great God!" exclaimed the old man, recoiling—"Heyling!"

The stranger smiled, and was silent.

"Heyling!" said the old man, wildly—"My boy, Heyling, my dear boy, look, look; and, gasping for breath, the miserable father pointed to the spot where the young man was struggling for life.



"Hark!" said the old man—"He cries once more. He is alive yet. Heyling, save him, save him."

The stranger smiled again, and remained immovable as a statue.

"I have wronged you," shrieked the old man, falling on his knees, and clasping his hands together—"Be revenged; take my all, my life; cast me into the water at your feet, and, if human nature can repress a struggle, I will die, without stirring hand or foot. Do it, Heyling, do it, but save my boy, he is so young, Heyling, so young to die."

"Listen," said the stranger, grasping the old man fiercely by the wrist—"I will have life for life, and here is one. My child died before his father's eyes, a far more agonising and painful death than that young slanderer of his sister's worth is meeting while I speak. You laughed—laughed in your daughter's face, where death had already set his hand—at our sufferings, then. What think you of them now? See there, see there."

"As the stranger spoke, he pointed to the sea. A faint cry died away upon its surface: the last powerful struggle of the dying man agitated the rippling waves for a few seconds: and the spot where he had gone down into his early grave was undistinguishable from the surrounding water."

(To be continued.)

AMERICAN LADIES.—In a new work, just published, by Mrs. Houston, entitled, "Hesperos," there are some stinging pieces on American Life—many of them are equal to Mrs. Trollope's sketches. The writer's own sex comes in for a large share of attention. The following is a good specimen:—

"At Cincinnati the reigning belle of the place came out in great force; and, 'by way of enlivening an invalid, with whom, notwithstanding his age and infirmities, she was coquetting in a most unmerciful manner, she described with great gusto a ball which, on the previous evening, had been given by the elite of Cincinnati society. At this ball she had, by her own account, demonstrated great powers of endurance. 'You won't realize it, I dare say, Mr. B——,' said this delicate young lady; 'but I tell you, I danced the polka till I hadn't a dry thread about me.' 'Possible!' was the only remark made to this singular boast by the devoted listener, who, notwithstanding his evident adoration, was apparently beginning to sink under her amazing volubility. At last, and after many hopes expressed of meeting again soon, the visitress pulled a splendid and very bridal-looking veil over her face, and a pair of white gloves on her hands, and with a broad stare round the room, bounced out of it as noisily as she had entered.' In a similar strain, we hear, 'Exhibitions of conjugal attentions are not generally agreeable to lookers-on, and however much the principal actors in the 'comedy of the Honeymoon' may, in the first burst of matrimonial zeal, glory in the possession of a devoted heart, and in the bliss of reciprocal affection, the saloon of a crowded steamer is not (at least in my opinion) the proper theatre for its display.

A bride in America is quite a public spectacle, for immediately after the performance of the marriage ceremony (which, by the way, is very little of a ceremony after all), she comes forth into society in all her splendour; the richest ornaments which the *cerbeille de mariage* can boast, are heaped upon her person, and instead of retiring from observation for a season, she remains 'in town,' and the day after she has become a wife, enters her 'parlour' in all her *braverie*, to receive a perfect *levée* of friends and acquaintances, who, according to the rules of strict *etiquette*, pour in to offer their congratulations on the interesting occasion. With us, who, as a people, (I mean the female half of it,) are generally fated through life to see so much more of our husbands than falls to the lot of most American wives, I dare say that the suppression of honeymoon retirement would, on the whole, be a measure fraught with excellent policy. I am convinced that married loves in England make most dangerous discoveries by dint of boring each other during their month of enforced seclusion; whereas they might, under more propitious and less trying circumstances continue in their mutual and very desirable delusions for years to come. Still, with all its manifold disadvantages, I prefer our English plan to that adopted by the Americans. Talleyrand's famous advice of '*n'ayez pas de zèle*' would be very properly addressed to American brides and Benedicts, for who can deny that it is (to speak mildly) in very bad taste to display, for the edification of a crowd of indifferent spectators, feelings which ought to be sacred to one alone, and this, as it appears to me, merely for the sake of showing to the world how very fond married people can be of one another—for a fortnight!"

POPE PIUS IX.

POPE PIUS IX. is named Giovanni Maria Mastai Ferretti; he was the younger son of the Count Mastai Ferretti, and was born at Sinigaglia, a small city in the marshes of Ancona, in the Papal dominions, on the 3rd of May, 1792.

In his childhood he was remarkable for the sweetness and gentleness of his disposition; during his boyhood, he was steady, sedate, good-tempered, and generous—the willing sharer of all he possessed with his fellow pupils. It was intended by his family that he should enter the army; and when about eighteen years of age he was sent to Rome, where Pius VII., the friend of his family, took him into favour and probation for his service. About this time he was seized with epilepsy, which compelled him to abandon his intention of entering the military service; he, however, bore his disappointment and his malady with resignation. Pius VII. afforded him his consolation, and promised to unite his prayers for nine days with those of Giovanni for the recovery of his health. From the expiration of that time his health improved, and he never afterwards, it is said, experienced a return of the dreadful malady with which he had been afflicted. He now resolved to enter the church, and, having received ordination, he soon distinguished himself in the pulpit, the assemblies of the clergy, and at scientific associations. When still young, he accompanied M. Muzi, the Apostolic Vicar, to Chili, in South America, as auditor, but some serious differences, which after some time broke out between the Vicar Apostolical and the Chilian government, obliged the whole mission to leave that country. Mastai did not return to Rome until after the death of Pius VII.

The new Pontiff, Leo XII., received him very graciously, and named him a Prelate and President of the Grand Hospital of St. Michael.

In 1827 he was appointed to the new Archbishopric of Spoleto, over which he presided with great ability until the 17th of December, 1832, when Gregory XVI., who had just succeeded Leo XII., transferred him to the more important see of Mola, where, by his wisdom and benevolence, he succeeded in gaining the love of all, and in establishing public tranquillity.

On the 14th of December, 1840, the Archbishop of Mola was created Cardinal, and on the 16th day of June, 1846, he was elevated to the Papal chair.

It is a singular fact that, so little did he expect his own elevation to the papal chair, that he was one of the three Cardinals appointed, after the third scrutiny, to open the voting papers. Thirty-three votes are the number required for the election, and on opening the thirty-fourth, which gave him the majority, his emotion was so great that he fainted and fell. His two colleagues raised him and bore him to his seat. For a long time he strenuously refused to accept the election.

It will be remembered that his Holiness, after making a number of really useful changes, stopped short when the Romans demanded the separation of the political from the



POPE PIUS IX.

religious functions of the Papacy. He then gradually passed over to the party of retrogression, of which Rossi was the acknowledged head. The murder of that statesman—a crime universally reprobated by the popular party—was taken by the Pope and his reactionary friends as evidence that his Holiness's life was unsafe; a notion which nothing has occurred to justify. The ill-advised Pontiff consequently fled on the 13th Nov. from Rome, disguised as the footman of the Bavarian ambassador, to Gaeta, in the kingdom of Naples.

In politics, his Holiness has shown himself to be a man of good intentions; but a reformer in name more than in reality. His liberalism was quite consistent with a maintenance of all power in the hands of priests trained in Absolutism; his mildness and gentleness did not prevent him from keeping up the Inquisition; and his humanity and love for his subjects were not less curiously illustrated by his calling in foreigners to butcher them.

THE ALPINE SORCERESS.

(Concluded from p. 175.)

ALICE was petrified with astonishment; she knew not what to conclude from such assertions; and her hostess, thinking that perhaps Rudolf had formed some connexion with this handsome young girl when he was in foreign states, looked with increasing interest on the poor sufferer; she therefore, in her turn, proposed many questions, of which Alice, in her confusion, scarcely observed the proper drift; but when she had in some degree recovered, begged to know whether Rudolf now lived happily with his wife?

"On the contrary," answered the old woman, "people talk of them all over the country; she is said to be so ill-natured and whimsical, that the good young man's life will end in absolute martyrdom."

A strange feeling of blended triumph and compassion gave Alice new strength; but through the rest of the conversation, all that she heard only served to perplex her the more, though she had, alas! learned enough to crush every lingering hope that might have remained of future happiness.

Before taking leave, it occurred to her that she ought to ask some questions about Gertrude, the wife, as she said, of the rich hammermeister.

"How is this?" said the old woman; "you seem to be well acquainted in our country."

"My husband was often in Switzerland with his relations," answered Alice; "and from him I used to hear of the inhabitants in your neighbourhood. Tell me, then, how is the rich, flaunting wife of the wealthy ironsmith?"

"Lack-a-day!" replied the other, "it must have been a great while since you heard of her, for she has long since been dead."

"Dead!" exclaimed Alice, with horror. "How or where did she die?"

"As to this Gertrude, of whom you speak," answered her hostess, "she was always a very strange young woman; and people said that she was devoted to those terrible arts for which we faithful Christians know not even a name. But you understand me: one would not speak willingly of such matters, and besides, nothing was ever proved against her; so that it would be very wrong to decide absolutely against one's neighbour. It is enough to tell you, that for several years she was in the habit of going into the lake to bathe. It was said that she did this to preserve her beauty, and that the water was beforehand enchanted by the many spells and exorcisms that she pronounced over it. So, it happened, about two years ago, as people said, that she went out before sunrise, as was her wont, and the servant maid was to wait for her at some distance in the woods. But then we are told that she never appeared again; the servant became alarmed, and ran to look for her mistress, but she was absolutely gone. Her clothes were lying on the shore, but she herself could nowhere be discovered. Whether she was naturally drowned in the lake, or the Evil One (God protect us!) had overpowered her in the midst of these incantations, it is impossible to prove. The hammermeister made every possible search for her body, but in vain. It is not unlikely—for the lake has deep unexpected places—that the unhappy woman had fallen into one of these and been drawn down by a whirlpool; other conjectures have also their foundation; but, in short, she has never since that day been seen among us."

Alice shuddered in silence; she thought that in this dreadful fate of Gertrude she could read the just interposition of avenging Providence; and when she had recovered some appearance of composure, and thanked the old woman for her courtesy, she proceeded on her last painful stage to that home at which she had hoped to find perfect happiness, but where she must now appear in disguise, and perhaps could remain but a few moments before leaving it for ever; still, however, she must once more behold her husband and her child, though it were for the last time in this world. The way was yet long, her strength was exhausted, and she walked slowly and laboriously. At length, she saw her own beloved dwelling-place: she had turned the corner of the thicket—the rivulet, on whose banks she had so often sat with Rudolf, saluted her with its accustomed murmur—the farm-yard, the garden, and trees, were all as she had left them; and on drawing near to the door, she heard from within the plaintive accents of a child's voice—perhaps her own child. On entering the court, she observed there a female figure, employed on some household work at the fountain, but was bending down over her labour, and Alice could not see her features; so she glided onward to the half opened door, looked in, and, good heaven! there sat Rudolf, her own dear husband, but leaning his head thoughtfully on his hand, looking very pale and disconsolate. All reflection and caution forsook her at this sight, and with a loud exclamation of blending sorrow and delight, she flew into his arms. But Rudolf angrily forced himself from her embrace.

"What means all this?" said he; "why these foolish pretences, and why have you dressed yourself out so absurdly?"

Alice felt as if she had been struck by a thunderbolt. This reception, at once so cold, and yet so natural, as if he perfectly well knew to whom he was addressing himself, confounded her more than aught that she had yet encountered, so that she could do nothing but wring her hands, and look up to him imploringly.

Her husband, however, took no other notice of her than by exclaiming, "Pshaw! let us have no more of this mummery;" and turned away in wrath towards the window.

"Alas! Rudolf," said she; "have you no better words for me than these, after two years of such unhappy separation?"

"Two years of separation, forsooth," answered he; "half-an-hour ago you went out to the fountain in the court, and now you come back in a strange dress. To say the truth, Alice, your conduct all this morning has been by no means in keeping with this fine scene; and, in short—but I shall not vex myself more about the matter. Away with you to your task, for here you have no business at this hour."

"Oh, Rudolf! Rudolf!" answered Alice; "what monstrous deception must have been practised against you. It is now two long years and three months since I had the happiness of seeing you; never since the fatal Walpurgis night."

"Darest thou yet speak of that time," replied he; "from that night, as thou well knowest, thou hast been changed, and I have been a miserable, injured husband."

"It was not I, it was not I," cried Alice, with increasing animation and courage. "No, Rudolf, I have never done aught to vex you; and moreover, I was far, far from hence. Alas! have you then quite forgotten your once dear Alice?" With

these words she stretched out her arms towards him.

The tears that now flowed from her eyes, her tone of voice, and whole expression of countenance, moved him to the very heart. "Good God!" cried he; "it seems at this moment as if old times were indeed revived. Alice, is it possible; and do you indeed still love me?"

At that moment the door opened, and behold her second self—another Alice, in person the same, only different in dress, stepped into the room.

"The Saints defend us!" cried Rudolf. "Have I then two wives?"

But Alice, who had cherished her own suspicions, shrieked aloud, ran to a large tub of water, that stood in the doorway, and having made the sign of the cross, sprinkled some drops on the mysterious apparition; whereupon the latter, who had seemed mutually terrified, started aside, rushed with a horrid scream out at the door, and in her flight, both Rudolf and Alice thought they recognised the form and features of Gertrude.

She had vanished. The husband and wife looked at each other trembling and astonished; yet in Alice's heart, that had been so long wounded and depressed, tranquillity was soon renewed. And Rudolf, too, began to understand the vile illusions by which his life had been rendered so wretched. With rapture he flew to embrace his beloved wife. "Can it then be true," said he; "am I so blest once more to fold in my arms my own good, faithful, and beautiful Alice?"

She was now weeping for joy, so that she could not answer. And Rudolf, too, was quite overpowered by his conflicting emotions.

At length was revealed, to his astonishment and horror, the whole story of Alice's unfortunate intercourse with Gertrude—her violent abduction at midnight—the witches' dance on the Blocksberg—and her abode in the schoolmaster's house. Every word that she uttered served more and more to convince him that there never had been in his wife's character even the least shade of change; and that the passionate wayward being, who had embittered his life for the last two years, had only been some malicious and disguised evil spirit. Then, too, he began his narrative—how, two years ago, he had come home after that frightful Walpurgis night, found his wife engaged in her household occupations, and his house in the best order; so that no suspicion could possibly have arisen in his mind. Soon after, however, the supposed Alice's character seemed completely changed; in place of her wonted mildness and humility, there was evident a haughty impatience, which could not bear with the least contradiction, nor allow to any one in the house the slightest indulgence. From daybreak to nightfall, the scolding and quarrelling were incessant; even her affection for him, though more vehement than ever, had yet assumed a new character, by which he was exceedingly disconcerted. Nor would it ever have been in his power to clear up these mysteries had not the talkative propensities of an old woman servant led her to disclose that her mistress had gone out secretly on Walpurgis night with the wife of the rich hammermeister, and that she did not return till next morning, then gliding in at the back door of the garden, and stealing quietly into her chamber. From that hour, added the old woman, her temper has been so much changed that I have never been able for one day to satisfy her by my services.

Rudolf was horrorstruck by the suspicions which now crowded on his mind; and when he sat gazing on those features, that reminded him of happy days now for ever passed, his conflicts were almost insupportable. At length he came to the resolution of calling her to account regarding her excursion on Walpurgis night; and the manner in which she answered his inquiries proved but too plainly that his suspicions had been well founded. After that conversation all appearances of love and attachment between this most unhappy couple had quite vanished. Alice seemed to live for no other purpose but to torment her husband; and if there were any sign of returning affection, it was expressed by the most furious jealousy. Her conduct towards the children was equally unaccountable and capricious. The elder, though amiable and engaging, she always hated, and persecuted; the younger, who—

"You have another child, then?" cried Alice, when Rudolf came to that part of his narrative. "Yes, I know it." A feeling of strange perplexity came over her, and she looked wildly through the room.

"Yonder it lies, in the cradle," said her husband.

Alice ran to it, but the cradle was empty, for the child had vanished unnoticed by them at the same moment with its mother. More than ever astonished, they gazed silently on each other; but now the elder boy, holding by his nurse's hand, came into the room. Alice rushed forward, and clasped her own dear child in her arms with rapture, and with gratitude to Heaven for that infinite mercy, which had thus restored to her all she held dear in this world.

For the future, Rudolf's worldly fortune became more prosperous than it had ever been. The sufferings of their past years afforded them an inexhaustible subject for conversation and pious reflections. It should be told, also, that, a few days after Alice returned, some fishermen found the long-sought-for remains of the hammermeister's wife in the lake, and brought them to her husband. Report said that they were much astonished to perceive that the body, after an interval of more than two years, seemed as fresh and unchanged as if the accident of her death had happened only yesterday. The widower, according to use and wont, made a magnificent funeral; and it was said that he was rather rejoiced to find by this unquestionable proof that she was really dead, and could never return to his house again.

PUTTING IT ANOTHER WAY.—"Ah! Mr. Simpkins, we have not chairs for our company," said a gay wife to her frugal husband. "Plenty of chairs, ducky, but a little too much company," replied Mr. Simpkins, with a knowing wink.

JUMPING AT A CONCLUSION.—"Shall we take a 'bus at Charing Cross?" said a young Cockney, who was showing the wonders of the Metropolis to his country cousin. "O dear, no!" said the alarmed maiden, "I could not allow such a thing in a public thoroughfare!"

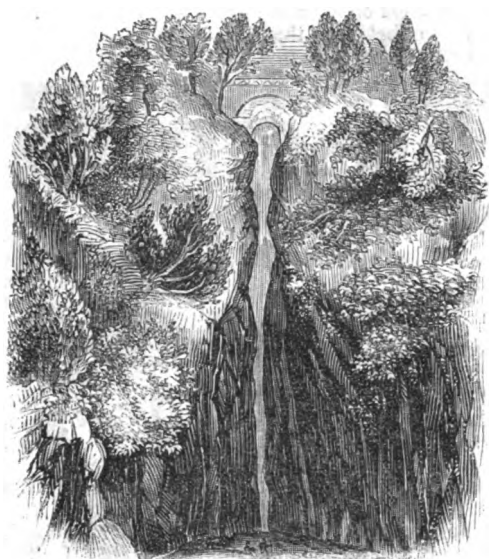
Naomi, the daughter of Enosh, was (they say) 580 years old when she married. Why, then, should spinsters of fifty despair?

There is a thread in our thoughts, as there is a pulse in our hearts. He who can hold the one, knows how to think; and he who can move the other, knows how to feel.

Annual flowering plants resemble whales, as they come up to blow.

Why is a weather-cock like ambition?—Because it is a vain and glittering thing to aspire—(a spire.)

Camera Sketches.



THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

PONT Y MONACH (the Monk's Bridge), or, as it is vulgarly called, the Devil's Bridge, is situated in Cardiganshire, South Wales. It consists of a single arch, between twenty and thirty feet span, thrown over a smaller arch, which crosses an immense chasm.

It is affirmed that the lower arch was constructed by the monks of Strata Florida Abbey, about the year 1086. In those days of superstition, the people deeming it a work of supernatural ability, gave it the strange name by which it is now generally known.

The upper arch was built in the year 1753, and the iron balustrades were added by Mr. W. Johnes in 1813. The whole scene being entirely enveloped in wood, the extraordinary depth is not often noticed, many a traveller having passed over the Devil's Bridge without distinguishing its character from an ordinary road.

In order to view the romantic scenery with effect, the visitor should first cross the bridge, should then descend to the bottom of the aperture, through which the waters of the Monach drive a continual furious passage. The effect from this point is picturesque, and the narrowness of the cleft, darkened by its artificial roof, adds to the solemn gloom of the abyss. The total height from the bridge to the level of the stream is nearly 500 feet. The height of the various falls of water is as follows:—First fall, eighteen feet; second fall, sixty; third fall, twenty; and fourth fall, or grand cataract, 110; from the bridge to the water, 104; making altogether 322 feet.

NEGRO ELOQUENCE.—A "dandy black" stepped into a provision shop in Boston recently, to buy some potatoes; before purchasing, he gave the following truly eloquent description of its nature:—"De tater is inevitably bad or inerably good. Dere is no mediocrity in de combination of de tater. De exterior, may, indeed, appear remarkably exemplary and butesome, while de interior is totally negative; but, sir, if you wends the articles 'pon your own recommendations, knowing you to be a man of probability in all your translations, why, sir, widout further circumlacutions I take a bushell."

A RURAL PATRON OF PAINT.—A farmer being told that the price of an Italian landscape he admired was fifty guineas, was astonished, and asked the artist if that sort of paint was "particularly dear; for (said he) I've painted all my front palings for fifty shillings."

Borrowed thoughts, like borrowed money, only reveal the poverty that compelled the loan.

DOMESTIC AND USEFUL.

COLD CREAM.—This is a strange mixture of water with unctuous matter, invented nearly 2000 years ago, by Galer, one of the most distinguished physicians of ancient times. It has been in general use since that remote period as a cosmetic for the skin, in order to render it smooth, and heal any little abrasion, or chapping, from east winds, &c. The following is a good form to prepare it, and we trust within the skill of most of our readers. Take half an ounce of white wax, half an ounce of spermaceti, and three ounces of almond oil; put these into a basin, which place into hot water till melted; then gradually add three ounces of either rose water, elder water, or orange flower water, stirring all the while with a fork or small whisk. Any perfume may be also put in; but, medicinally, it is better without. When cold, it is fit for use.

BREAD AND BUTTER PUDDING.—Butter a tart-dish well, and sprinkle some currants all round it; then lay in a few slices of bread and butter; boil one pint of milk; pour it on two eggs well whipped, and then on the bread and butter; bake it in a hot oven for half an hour.—M. SOYER.

CURE FOR WARTS.—Take a stem of the elderberry, and press the juice out of it on to the wart, gently rubbing it after. Repeat this about three times a day. About the second day it will begin to itch; and in about a week it will have disappeared, without any apparent knowledge when or how.

TO DRIVE AWAY RATS.—Get a paper bag full of human hair from a barber's shop, and stuff the rat holes with it: they will never appear there again.

SMOKY CHIMNEYS.—A correspondent of the *Builder* says,—"I have built many chimneys in all possible situations, and have found one simple plan everywhere succeed, the secret being only to construct the *throat* of the chimney, or that part of it just above the fire-place, so small that a man or boy can scarcely pass through. Immediately above this, the chimney shaft should be enlarged to double its width, like a purse, to the extent of about two feet in height, and then diminish again to its usual proportions. No chimney that I ever constructed thus, smoked."

TAPIOCA PUDDING.—Boil one pint of milk, with a piece of lemon peel and a little cinnamon; then add two ounces of tapioca; reduce to half; add two eggs, and one ounce of butter; pour these into a buttered mould, and steam half an hour.—M. SOYER.

A COMMON CASE STILL.—"I never knew any man," says an old author, "who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a Christian;" which reminds us of the old lady who thought every calamity that happened to her friends a *judgment*.

The silk line, as spun by the worm, is about the 500th part of an inch thick; but a spider's line is perhaps, six times finer, or only the 3000th part of an inch in diameter; insomuch that a single pound of this attenuated substance might be sufficient to encompass our globe.

In the year 1848, eight millions, one thousand, four hundred and forty-nine pounds, one shilling, and fourpence were spent by the people of this kingdom in tobacco. If the tobacco had been worked into pigtail half an inch thick it would have formed a line 99,470 miles long—long enough to go nearly four times round the world.

The regard we show economy is like that we show an old relative, who is to leave us something at last.

Philosophy becomes poetry, and science imagination, in the enthusiasm of genius.

Do what you have to do just now, and leave it not for to-morrow.

God hath often a great share in a little house, and but a little share in a great one.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A SUBSCRIBER, Glasgow.—Declined, with thanks.
M. M. W., Bath.—Write to the Publisher of the *Morning Chronicle*.
A. Z.—Purchase Bell's "Anatomy of Expression."

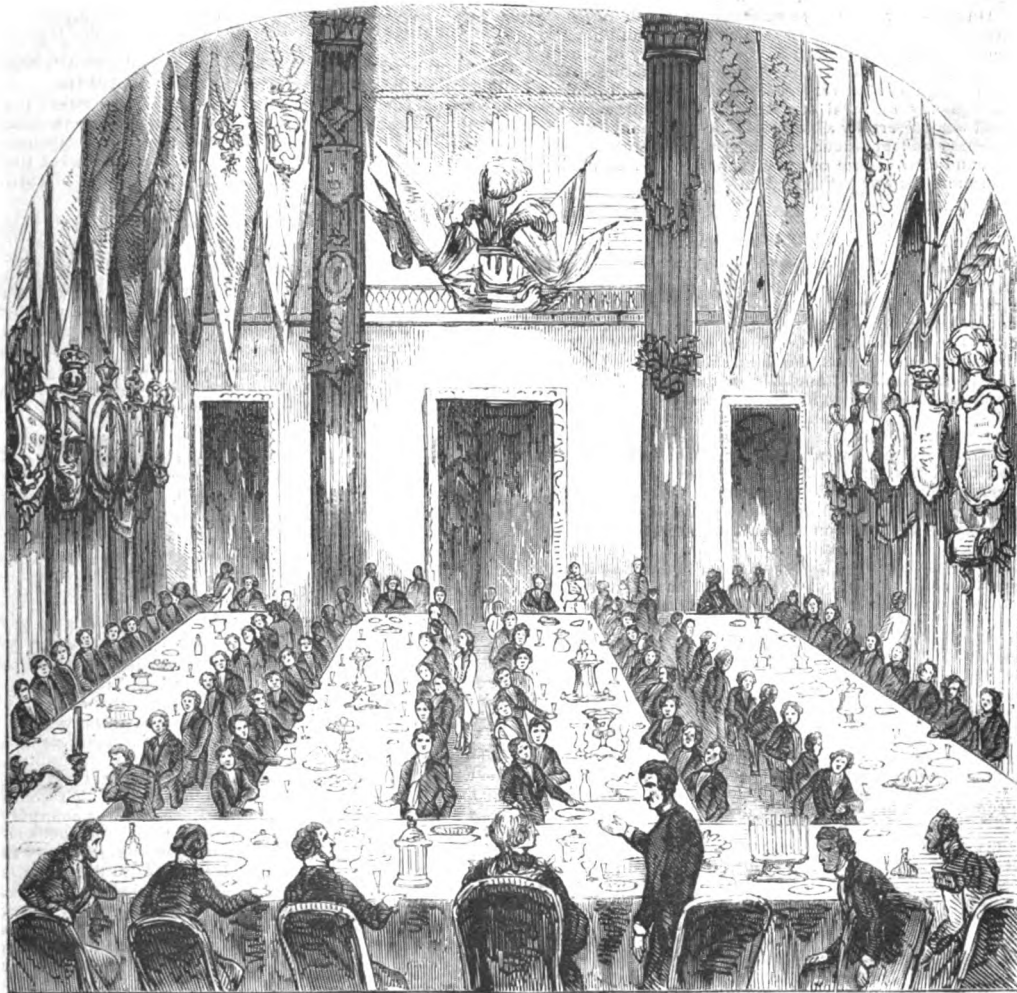
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THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET AT THE EGYPTIAN HALL, MANSION HOUSE.

THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET TO THE MAGISTRATES OF THE CORPORATE TOWNS OF THE KINGDOM.

THIS Banquet took place in the Egyptian Hall. It was, perhaps, not only the noblest, but, from the ability shown in ornamenting it for the display of civic hospitality to the promoters of the Exhibition of 1851, it seemed the most appropriate apartment in the world for the purpose.

On the series of Corinthian columns ranging along each side of the Hall, were suspended shields of the arms of the several counties, cities, and towns of the kingdom, intermingled with trophies formed of the chief articles of produce for which the several localities are celebrated, and the implements used in the districts. In the spaces between the columns were suspended banners and streamers of various colours, with the arms of the Aldermen of London. Other

portions of the Hall were also richly decorated with armorial devices.

In the great window at either end of the Hall were introduced some pictorial designs and scenic representations in allusion to the forthcoming Exhibition. At the eastern end, where the principal table was placed, the upper portion of the window was filled in with two colossal figures, representing Peace and Plenty, encircling an immense globe of the world with a wreath of laurel; and beneath this group was a large picture representing the port of London, with ships arrived from every quarter of the earth, disembarking the produce of the various countries. The western window, facing the Lord Mayor's table, was decorated in corresponding style, in the upper part, with a colossal allegorical figure of Britannia, holding in her hand a ground plan of a building for the approaching grand Exhibition. Four angels surrounded Britannia, and trumpeted forth to the various parts of the world that she was willing to receive the works of art and manufactures of all nations, and to reward the most meritorious. Beneath those figures was a large picture of an elevation of a portion of the building, with one of its eight grand porticoes. On the outer walls were subjects painted in fresco or encaustic, and, surmounting the whole, was seen an immense dome or sphere (emblematical of the universality of the intended Exhibition), surrounded by groups of statues. The plan and design excited very general attention and remark, and, though only an ideal one, became a very attractive object, and was universally admitted to possess many features of nobleness and grandeur, combined with appropriateness of detail and convenience of arrangement, which entitled it to much more than a passing glance.

THE SHORT ROUTE TO AUSTRALIA.

THE greatest difficulty in the way of extensive emigration to Australia—the long distance from England and the length of time required to traverse it—has been greatly diminished by the adoption of a new course for sailing ships bound for that colony. The emigrant ship *Constance*, commanded by Capt. Godfrey, having made her departure from England on the 20th of August, arrived at Adelaide on the 5th of November, accomplishing the passage in the unprecedentedly short time of seventy-seven days, one month less than the voyage occupies by the route previously taken. This advantage is the result of a scientific discovery, which has now been tested, and is open to all navigators. The mariner, ever accustomed to traverse the ocean by the aid of plane charts for all practical purposes, disregards the globular form of the earth; if such a route appears the shorter on his chart he cannot conceive any other to possess that advantage.

Now, the earth being a globe, in order to describe its surface on a plane requires a distortion of surface. The regions towards the poles are distended in order to accomplish this object, and, in consequence of this distortion, the most direct lines on the earth's surface are represented as curves, and curves are represented as straight lines. The change of appearance of these two lines is surprising; on the chart the old track appears the shorter, on the globe the new route is shown to have this advantage.

This voyage has been conducted on the principles which Mr. Towson, of Devonport, in a work entitled "Tables to Facilitate the Practice of Great Circle Sailing," published by order of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty about eighteen months since, has denominated Composite Great Circle Sailing, and is applicable to voyages, in conducting which Great Circle Sailing is not available. It will be at once perceived, by referring to the globe, that the direct track passes across the south pole, and the Great Circle track leads to latitudes too high for navigation. Under such circumstances the best the mariner can do is to trace the shortest track which is compatible with a favourable latitude. Capt. Godfrey, on his former voyage, determined by experience that the most favourable parallel, as a maximum latitude, is 50°, since, in higher latitudes, the wind is not so strong as the mariner requires.

This route to Australia does not differ from the usual route until the vessel reaches the latitude 21° south. Having cleared the trade winds the course is shaped on the arc of a great circle, varying by compass according as the latitude of the ship varies, until she has sailed 88° of longitude nearer her destination, making this part of the voyage about 3,480 miles. She then runs due east, on the parallel 50, about 72° 40' of longitude, being about 4,360 miles, and then leaves that parallel, by the route of a great circle, for her destination. This last part of her voyage is 1,865 miles and about 48°

longitude, making, altogether, from the commencement of the composite track, 8,145 miles, whereas the same voyage by the Cape, and thence to Adelaide, by Mercator's sailing, is 9,080 miles, making a saving of distance of 935 miles, besides an equal saving of time from the uniform favourable winds that blow in these latitudes.

Besides the great benefit to be afforded to the colonists and to labouring emigrants by this diminution of the period occupied by the voyage, Her Majesty's Government have determined to establish a system of steam communication with Australia. To effect this the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty have issued advertisements inviting public tenders from persons willing to carry out such communication, prescribing no particular mode for effecting it, but leaving it optional to parties tendering to submit any particular plan or route they might think proper. The latitude thus allowed has opened a discussion of remarkable interest and extent. One half the globe has to be circumnavigated, and the question is, what direction this course should take, whether ships leaving England should sail east or sail west. Involved in this inquiry are, first, the actual distance between the several dependencies of the British empire; secondly, the character of the countries to be traversed or connected by the various routes; and, thirdly, the general capabilities of steam ships, as hitherto ascertained. The eastern route to Australia may either follow the old track, round the Cape of Good Hope, or the new passage by the Mediterranean and Red Seas; the western strikes across the Atlantic and South Pacific Oceans, through the Isthmus of Panama. Thus the competing routes may be respectively described as *via Panama*, *via the Cape*, or *via Suez and Singapore*. The advantages of each we will proceed to consider.

The distance from London to Sydney by the first of these routes is 12,802 miles; by the second, 12,370 miles; and by the third, either 11,710 or 13,288 miles, according as the Eastern or Western passage is taken from Port Essington round the coast of Australia. The shortest of these lines would, of course, be the most eligible, other things being equal; but, in point of fact, there are so many considerations which take precedence of simple mileage, that the distances may be almost reckoned as equal. The chief of these considerations is the capacities of a steamer for carrying fuel—capacities, of course, very limited; for in proportion to the tonnage and stowage of the vessel must be the power of her engines and the daily consumption of coal. Speaking in round numbers, we may say, perhaps, that 3,000 miles is as long a stage as a paddle-wheel steamer can be expected to accomplish with certainty and regularity. In a line of steam communication, therefore, it is necessary to have coaling harbours at intervals of not less than, say, 8,000 miles. Our ships make the run of the Atlantic readily enough (2,600 miles); but this may be taken as the maximum performance on which it is quite safe to calculate. This limitation of the powers of steam ships shuts out the route *via the Cape of Good Hope* from the competition, and confines it to the routes in connection with the East and West Indies. The Panama route is divided into two distinct parts—that across the Atlantic, from London to Chagres, which is already accomplished by our West Indian steamers, and that across the Pacific, from Panama to Sydney, which has never yet been tried, and when we come to examine its practicability we find serious obstacles, of the character we have been describing. The whole distance from Panama to Sydney is not less than 7,800 miles long—a distance, to say the least, which would throw great uncertainty on the voyage. Again, the countries to be connected by the line, as with the Cape route, offer no conspicuous advantages, for there neither is, nor is likely to be, any commercial intercourse between Australia and the Western coast of America, so that Sydney would, by this line, be simply connected with London, and nothing more. Now, the natural relations of the Australian Colonies are with India and the Archipelago, and it is this consideration which gives the chief superiority to the route by Suez and Singapore, for this will connect Sydney not only with London, but with Batavia, Colombo, Bombay, and Aden. It was with a view to this natural intercourse between India and Australia that the survey of the Torres Straits has been prosecuted with so much zeal. In point of fact, our steam communication by this route has actually advanced within about 2,000 miles of Australia, Port Essington being only 1,600 miles run from Batavia, and Batavia being only 480 from Singapore. For postal communication this line has the additional advantage of the passage through France, which will be considerably increased upon the completion of the railroad between Marseilles and Paris. The same difference will be still further augmented by a distance equivalent to the entire period now

occupied in the transmission of the mails from London to Marseilles, when the projected line of electric communication between these two points is effected. For the most difficult part of this great undertaking, the passage of the Channel, the wires are now in process of manufacture, and the highest engineering authorities assert that the success of the operation is beyond doubt, thus making the actual commencement of the route the point at which instantaneous communication with London extends—viz., Marseilles. We may confidently rely upon the determination of the Government, in their selection of the route, being influenced entirely by considerations of the general welfare of the colonies and the mother country.

THE ARTIST'S RETURN.

On a fine day in October, in the year 1498, crowds of the idlers of Nuremberg congregated before the Hotel de Ville, and busily occupied themselves in deciphering a huge bill, which ran thus:—

"Joseph Durer, goldsmith, acquaints his fellow-citizens that a general sale of all his goods, comprising many curious works of art, will take place in the evening. The sale to commence at four o'clock."

"What!" exclaimed a gentleman who was passing, "The rich goldsmith, Durer, selling off his wondrous productions! By what fatality is he reduced to that hard extremity?"

"Perhaps you are not aware, sir," said one of the bystanders, "that Joseph Durer has made very great sacrifices to uphold the house of his son-in-law, a merchant of Lubeck. He has just fled, leaving debts to a very large amount; and it is to repair this disaster—to preserve the honour of his children—to keep their name untarnished—that this good old man parts with his envied works, which have been the pride and joy of his old years; *chef-d'œuvres*, the long possession of which are in some way identified with his life. His noble conduct, notwithstanding a slight shade in his life, has excited the sympathy and praise of the inhabitants of Nuremberg. But why should a grievous recollection mix itself with the general encomiums, and trouble the marks of unanimous sympathy?"

"May I," said the gentleman, who appeared deeply moved, "may I, sir, request an explanation of your last words?"

"Willingly, sir. You must know that Joseph Durer had three sons and a daughter. On the marriage of his daughter to the merchant for whom he is now making this sacrifice, he presented her with a very large dowry. His two eldest sons—thanks to the influence of gold—were placed, one in a situation under the government of Bavaria, the other with the Grand Duke of Weimar. They were highly successful, but in their advance in life they changed their name for the pompous titles of Count and Baron, and very soon afterwards forgot the home of their youth and their poor old father."

"What became of the third son?"

"Albert—poor fellow. Well, Albert had a great desire to be an artist. His father objected; told him he had made his mind up on his being a goldsmith, and that if he refused he must leave his house, as he would no longer provide for him."

"And what took place?" demanded the stranger.

"It happened that one fine day when poor Albert was asked for, he was nowhere to be found. Since then nothing has been heard of him. Whether he is dead or living, or what has become of him, I cannot tell."

Four o'clock struck. The sale commenced. Silver spoons, plates, and urns were first sold, during which time the goldsmith stood calm and collected; but when several large silver dishes which represented, in relief, subjects of the Old Testament were put up, he became agitated. The voice of the auctioneer, when extolling his *chef-d'œuvre*, that which had gained him so much reputation, caused him to start: he pressed forward, and like a mother watching the pallid countenance of her sick child, a tear forced its way down his furrowed cheeks.

The auctioneer vociferated, "Six statues, silver, with gold mountings, after the antique."

"Three hundred pounds," said one.

"Five hundred," said another.

"One thousand," said the first bidder.

Astonishment was expressed in each countenance. The old goldsmith could scarcely draw his breath; his cheeks became white, and a convulsive emotion ran through his frame. Notwithstanding, he still kept his place near the auctioneer.

When all was sold, the old man looked about him in an air mingled with amazement and terror. The terrible moment

was approaching. It was, as is, the custom in Germany, when the auctioneer called the purchaser to make arrangements for taking away that which he had bought, to take away the household goods of the poor old man, which constituted, so to speak, his second existence.

"Let the purchasers come forward," said the auctioneer.

A young man about the age of twenty-six appeared. His countenance was remarkable for its mild expression, while a shade of melancholy softened his bright blue eyes. He was well dressed, and in the Spanish fashion; a cape, embroidered with gold and silver, was gracefully thrown over his shoulders. Round his neck was a massive gold chain, attached to which was a portrait of the Emperor Maximilian.

"There is the amount for all, as I am the only purchaser," said the young man with emotion. "See that it is correct."

After the auctioneer had counted the money, and found it right, he asked the gentlemen his name, that he might place it on his books.

During this time, the old man, seated in a corner, waited silent and hopeless, for the purchaser to give the word for the removal of his precious relics.

"Write," said the young man with a faltering voice—"write—Albert Durer."

At that name the old man, as if in the prime of life, bounded from his seat, and in a second was locked in the arms of his son.

"Albert!" said he, "my good Albert, is it possible that I see you again—that I press you to my heart; and can it be true that you have not forgotten your poor old father, and that you wish to be with and comfort him?"

"Wish to be with you, and comfort you, my father!" replied the young man with emotion, throwing himself on his knees. "It is for me to ask pardon for having disobeyed you."

"Can I," said the old man, "not forgive a fault—to you Albert, who has in truth saved my life. Albert I forgive you."

"Young people, father, are often deceived in the choice of their calling or trade; your rigour was the fruit of prudence, founded upon the old adage 'It is better to be a good tradesman, than an indifferent artist.' You were right, but as it has turned out I have nothing to complain of."

"Some regard ought to be paid to youths in the choice of their avocations," said a voice, which was that of the celebrated Hapsee Martin. "How many a noble mind has been crushed, because its bent has been stunted—its workings thrust into an opposed channel. Thank Heaven, old man, for having such a son. Albert possesses the secret of his art, and surpasses the most eminent painters of Germany. He is not only distinguished for his paintings, but as an engraver and architect he stands unrivalled. He has become the favourite of the Emperor Maximilian, and is highly cherished by Louis the Twelfth, King of France. What do you say to that, Mr. Joseph?"

"I say," replied the old man, looking affectionately at his son—"I say, that a great mind is always the index of a noble character, and Albert this day has proved that true generosity is identified with the man of genius."

WOMAN'S PATIENCE.—How strange that the patience of Job should be considered so remarkable, when there are so many mothers in the world whose patience equals, if it does not exceed, his! What would Job have done had he been compelled to sit in the house and sew, and knit, and nurse the children, and see that hundreds of different things were attended to during the day, and hear children cry, and fret, and complain? Or how would he have stood it if, like some poor women, he had been obliged to rear a family of ten or twelve children, without help, spending months, years—all the prime of life—in washing, scouring, scrubbing, mending, cooking, nursing children, fastened to the house and his offspring from morning till night, and from night till morning, sick or well, in storm or sunshine, his nights often rendered miserable by watching over his children? How could he have stood all this, and, in addition to all other troubles, the curses, and even violence, of a drunken companion? How could he have felt, after wearing out his very existence for his tender offspring, and a worthless companion, to be abused and blamed? Job endured his boils and losses very well for a short time, but they did not endure long enough to test the length of his patience. Woman tests her patience by a whole life of trials, and she does not grumble at her burthens. We are honestly of the opinion, that woman has more patience than Job; and, instead of saying "The patience of Job," we should say, "The patience of woman."



SHEFFIELD BOTANIC GARDEN.

SHEFFIELD BOTANIC GARDEN.

SHEFFIELD, as we learn from that elegant and eminently useful work, "England and Wales Delineated," was distinguished by its superior skill in manufacturing iron heads for arrows while the strength of England in war lay in archery; and the same writer adds, "The poet Chaucer mentions it as being famous for the blades of knives, for, in speaking of a of his poems, he says:—

"A Sheffield thwytel bare he in his hose."

A thwytel, or whittle, was a knife such as was carried about the person so late as the time of Charles I."

Though this ancient town has ceased to make iron heads for arrows, it still produces many *band heads* of another description; and some of these, wisely judging that the industry and prosperity of Sheffield must be promoted by whatever advanced scientific knowledge and rendered more clear the laws of nature, resolved eleven or twelve years ago to establish a botanic garden, and the useful and important establishment, the subject of our cut, was the consequence of that resolution. It consists of an area of eighteen acres, presenting a varied surface, with a south-eastern aspect; it is to the west of the town, distant some two miles from its centre.

No visitor should leave Sheffield without viewing the interesting and beautiful scene which has here been formed by the combination of skill and judiciously employed capital. We cannot do better than copy the description furnished of the details by an able and popular contemporary:

"The garden is surrounded by a substantial stone wall, and the whole of the ground was laid out at once. Besides the necessary trees and shrubs required for shelter, a collection of hardy trees and shrubs was procured from the Messrs. Loddiges, of Hackney; these were disposed in natural groups throughout the garden, partly with the view to general effect, but chiefly with respect to scientific arrangement: they were also so arranged that, when fully grown, the entire space which it would be desirable to devote to the growth of trees should be fully occupied without the aid of duplicates of any kind. An expensive and handsome entrance lodge, a dwelling-house for the curator, a secondary lodge, with an extensive range of glass, were all commenced and completed at the first formation of the garden. The purchase of the ground, the laying out of the garden, the erection of stoves, entrance lodges, and curator's house, were all completed at a cost of £18,000 or £19,000. The accompanying engraving presents a perspective elevation of the range of glass, which is very extensive, the entire length being three hundred feet, and the width at the narrowest part twenty feet: the centre, which is a lofty stove for tropical plants, is about thirty feet in width, and thirty-five or forty feet in height; the other portions are less lofty, and are appropriated to the use of stove and greenhouse plants. This is a complete, and, for the time it was erected,

a comparatively capacious range. Economy, however, in the first erection, led to the introduction of a greater number of opaque walls than is consistent with successful and superior cultivation; but now that the reduction of the duty on glass has effected a favourable change in the price of this article, we hope the society will soon be enabled to throw down these opaque divisions, and substitute glass in their place. Whenever this can be done, and the range of glass extended backwards, but without opaque walls of any kind higher than the ordinary tables or shelves upon which the plants are placed, this will then form one of the most imposing botanical ranges of glass in the country. This society has recently undergone an entire renovation, and its constitution is completely altered. Owing to the depression of trade and other causes, it became involved in debt; a new company was formed, consisting in part of the original proprietors, and others, who were anxious for the preservation of the garden. A valuation of the latter was agreed upon by the old proprietors, and a transfer of the property was thereby mutually arranged for the sum of £8,000 (?). In the present constitution of the society the original shares are valued at £5 each, bearing an annual payment of 10s. upon every share; by this plan it is calculated that a revenue of £1,000 will be raised annually for the support of the garden."

SENSES OF DUMB ANIMALS.—We do not understand much of the physical senses of the great living crowd of dumb ones around us. Has the vulture, and all that class of birds which bolt everything, any organ of taste? When the owl swallows a mouse whole, does he taste him in his stomach? It is the same with the pigeon and his peas. What sort of hearing has the shark, if any? The organs of smell in the shark, who discovers, through the great volume of water, and through the dense timbers, that somebody is dead—yes, dying, in the cabin, must be wonderful. But we know nothing about this beyond the fact. The same creature, whether shark or cat, that has a wonderful sense of smell for some things, seems to have no nose at all for many others. No one ever saw a monkey smell a flower. If he did so, it would only be to inquire if it were eatable, or poisonous. Then, as to the sense of touch, what a fine work goes on in the language of the antennæ of insects; and yet it is impossible that the majority of them can possess sensations like ours. A wasp flies in at the window, alights on the breakfast table, runs swiftly up the side of the sugar basin, and displays his grim face, in a brazen mask with iron spectacles, just above the rim. The next moment he darts upon the sugar. But an alarmed hand advances a pair of scissors, and suddenly snips off his head. The body staggers, and perhaps flies off, while the jaws of the brazen mask with iron spectacles continue for some seconds to work away at the sugar, as though no such event had occurred.

SCENES IN ITALY.

No. I.

In introducing this feature to our readers, a few words explanatory of our motives may lend an interest, and thereby engage the attention of those who prefer the beautiful in truth, garbed in historic facts, more than they do the wild workings of the imagination.

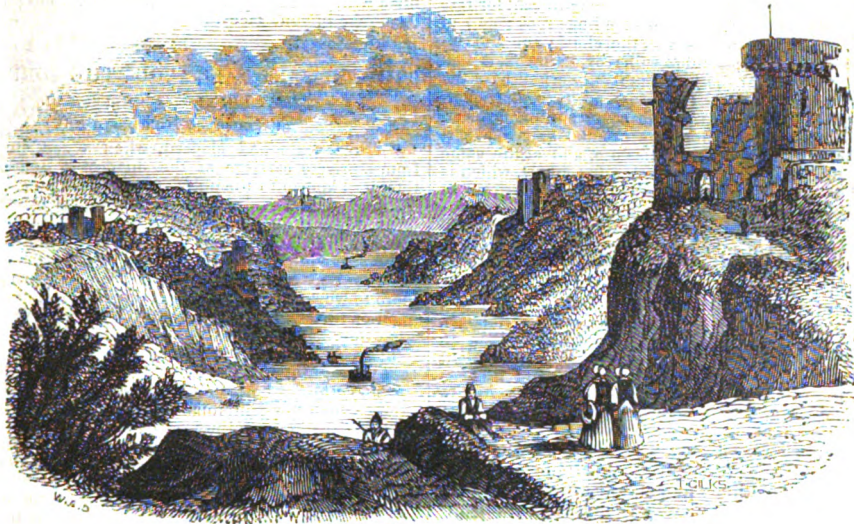
Every country possesses beauties peculiar to itself—like the scenes of childhood, which retain their charms when years have changed the giddy laugh into the placid smile of ripened youth, the land of our birth sways the heart, which swells at the recapitulation of any heroic deed or peculiar

beauty connected therewith. Scenes that we have read of or seen in youth have also their pleasing influences. The mind revels in the past, and associations, though painful in circumstance, time, the all-softening power of which, subdues the emotion, and sheds a halo over the heart at its conjurings.

With these convictions, we introduce a new feature—Scenes familiar in Europe:—

Italy first attracts our attention. Its scenery affords ample scope for our artist; while its legendary lore, and the classic recollections of the far South, open up a wide field for historic facts, vivid descriptions, and marvellous conceptions.

We begin with



THE RHINE.

On visiting the Rhine, the idea that impressed our Gallic poet is sure to strike the reader, if ever such an opportunity occurs. In language like this he says, in a letter to a friend:—

The Rhine is calm, at least towards evening, and appears as if sleeping—a phenomenon more apparent than real, and which is visible upon all great rivers. The part of the Rhine the most celebrated and admired, the most curious for the historian, and the loveliest for the poet, is that which traverses, from Bingen to Königswinter, that dark chaos of volcanic mounds which the Romans termed the *Alpes des Cattes*.

From Mayence to Bingen, as from Königswinter to Cologne, there are seven leagues of rich smiling plains, with handsome villages on the river's brink; but the great *encaissement* of the Rhine begins at Bingen by the Rupertsberg and Niederwald, and terminates at Königswinter at the base of the Seven Mountains.

At each turning of the river, a group of houses—a town or borough—develops itself, with a huge tower in ruins peering over it. These hamlets present an imposing aspect: young women are seen busily washing and singing, with children playing round them; the basket maker at work on the doorstep of his hut; the fisherman mending his net in his boat; and above their heads the sun ripening the vine upon the hill;—all perform what God has ordered—man as well as the orb of day.

At the time of the Romans and of the Barbarians the Rhine was termed the "street" of soldiers; in the middle ages, when the river was bordered with ecclesiastical states, and, from its source to its mouth, was under the control of the Abbot of St. Gall, the Bishops of Constance, Bale, Spire, Worms, the Archbishop-Electors of Mayence, Treves, and Cologne, the Rhine was called "the street of the priests;" at present it is that of the merchants.

The traveller who ascends the river sees it, so to speak, coming to him, and then the sight is full of charms. At each instant he meets something which passes him; at one time a vessel crowded with peasants, especially if it be Sunday; at another, a steam-boat; then a long, two-masted vessel, laden with merchandise, its pilot attentive and serious, its sailors

busy, with women seated near the door of the cabin; here, a heavy-looking boat, dragging two or three after it; there, a little horse drawing a huge bark, as an ant drags a dead beetle. Suddenly there is a winding in the river; and formerly, on turning, an immense raft, a floating house, presented itself, the oars splashing on both sides. On the ponderous machine were cattle of all kinds, some bleating, and others bellowing when they perceived the heifers peaceably grazing on the banks. The master came and went, looked at this, then at that, while the sailors busily performed their respective duties. A whole village seemed to live on this float—on this prodigious construction of fir.

It is, perhaps, difficult to imagine such an island of wood coming and going from Narny to Dordrecht, along the windings and turnings, the falls and serpentine meanderings of the Rhine. Wrecks, it is true, frequently take place, which gave rise to the saying "that a float merchant ought to have three capitals—the first upon the Rhine, the second on land, and the third in his pocket." The conducting of each of these enormous constructions was left entirely to the charge of one man. At the end of the last century, the great *maître flotteur* of Rudesheim was called "Old Jung." He died: since that time these great floats have disappeared.

From Cologne to Mayence there are forty-nine islands, covered with thick verdure, which hides the smoking roofs, and shade the barks in their charming havens, each bearing some secret *souvenir*: Graupenwerth, where the Hollanders constructed a fort, and called it "The Priest's Bonnet;" Pfaffenmuth, a fort which the Spaniards took, and gave it the name of "Isabella;" Graswerth, the island of grass, where Jean Philippe de Richenberg wrote his "*Antiquitates Saynensis*;" Niederwerth, formerly so rich with the gifts of the Margrave Archbishop, Jean II.; Urmitzer Insel, which was well known to Caesar; and Nonnenswerth, the frequented spot of Roland.

The *souvenirs* of the banks of the Rhine seem to have responded to those of the islands, and whatever took place on one side was sure to have given rise to something else on the opposite one. Permit me to run over a few of them. The

coffin of Saint Nizza, grand-daughter of Louis-le-Debonnaire, is at Cologne: the tomb of Saint Ida, cousin of Charles Martel, is at Cologne. St. Geneviève lived in the woods at Frankirch, near a mineral fountain, which is still seen, adjoining a chapel that was built to her memory. It was Schinderhannes who, with a pistol in his hand, forced a band of Jews to take off their shoes; then, after mixing them, ordered each person to take the first pair he could find and be off, for he would put the last to instant death. The terrified Jews did so, and fled precipitately, some stumbling, others limping and hobbling, making a strange clattering noise, which excited the laughter of Jean l'Ecorcheur.

When the traveller has passed Coblenz, and left behind him the graceful island of Oberwerth, the mouth of the Lahn strikes his attention. The sight here is admirable. The two crumbling towers of Johanniskirch, which vaguely resemble Jumeiges, rise, as it were, from the water's brink. To the right, above the borough of Capellan, the magnificent fortress of Stolzenfels stands upon the brow of a huge rock; and to the left, at the bottom of the horizon, the clouds and the setting sun mingle with the sombre ruins of Lahneck, which abound with enigmas for the historian, and darkness for the antiquary. On each side of the Lahn is a pretty town, Niederlahnstein and Oberlahnstein, which seem smiling at each other. A few stone-throwers from the oriental gate of Oberlahnstein, the trees of an orchard disclose, and at the same time hide, a small chapel of the fourteenth century, which is surmounted by a mean-looking steeple. The deposition of Wenceslas took place here.

In front of this chapel, upon the opposite bank, is ancient Königsstuhl, which, not more than half a century ago, was the seat of royalty, and where the emperors were elected by the seven electors of Germany. At present four stones mark the place where it formerly stood. After leaving this place, the traveller proceeds towards Braubach, passes Boppard, Weimich, Saint Goar, Oberwesel, and suddenly comes to an immense rock surmounted by an enormous tower on the right bank of the river. At the base of the rock is a pretty little town with a Roman church in the centre; and opposite, in the middle of the Rhine, is a strange, oblong edifice, whose back and front resemble the prow and poop of a vessel, and whose large and low windows are like hatches and port-holes.

This tower is the Gutenfels: this town is Caub; this stone ship—eternally on the Rhine, and always at anchor—is the Palace or Pfalz. To enter this symbolic residence, which is built upon a bank of marble, called "the Rock of the Palatine Counts," we must ascend a ladder that rests upon a draw-bridge, a portion of which is still to be seen.

From Taunus to the Seven Mountains there are fourteen castles on the right bank of the river and fifteen on the left, making in all twenty-nine, which bear the *souvenirs* of volcanoes, the traces of war, and the devastations of time. Four of these castles were built in the eleventh century—Ehrenfels, by the Archbishop of Siegfried; Stahleck, by the Counts Palatine; Sayn, by Frederick, first Count of Sayn, and vanquisher of the Moors of Spain; and the others at a later period.

This long and double row of venerable edifices, at once poetic and military, which bear upon their front all the epochs of the Rhine, every one having its sieges and its legends, begins at Bingen, by the Ehrenfels on the right, and by the Rat Tower on the left, and finishes at Königswinter, by the Rolandseck, on the left, and the Drachenfels on the right.

The number only includes those castles that are on the banks of the Rhine, and which every traveller will see in passing; but should he explore the valleys and ascend the mountains, he will meet a ruin at every step; and if he ascend the Seven Mountains, he will find an abbey, Schöenberg, and six castles—the Drachenfels, Wolkenburg, Lowenburg, Nonnestromberg, and the Pfalzberg, the last of which was built by Valentinian, in the year 368.

In the plain near Mayence is Frauenstein, which was built in the twelfth century, Scharfenstein and Greifenklau; and on the Cologne side is the admirable castle of Godesberg.

These ancient castles which border the Rhine, these colossal bounds built by *Feodalité*, fill the country with reveries and pleasant associations. They have been mute witnesses of bygone ages—prominent features in great actions; and their walls have echoed the cries of war and the murmurings of peace. They stand there like eternal monuments of the dark dramas which, since the tenth century, have been played on the Rhine. They have witnessed, so to speak, monks of all orders, men of all ranks; and there is not an historical fact in the lives of those men who took a prominent part on the Rhine that is not designed on their venerable walls. They have listened to the voice of Petrarch: they saw, in 1415, the

eastern bishops, proud and haughty, going to the assembly of divines at Constance, to try Jean Huss; in 1441, going to the council of Bale, to depose Eugene IV.; and, in 1519, to the diet of Worms, to interrogate Luther; they witnessed, floating on the Rhine, the body of Saint Werner, who fell a martyr to the Jews in 1287. In fact, all the great events, from the ninth to the nineteenth century, that transpired on the banks of the flood, have, as it were, come under their notice. They are mute recorders of the things that were—of Pepin, of Charlemagne, of Charles the Fifth, and of Napoleon. All the great events which, time after time, shook and frightened Europe, have, like the lightning's flash, lightened up these old walls. At present it is the moon and the sun which shed their light upon these ancient edifices, famed in story and gnawed by time, whose walls are falling stone by stone into the Rhine, and whose dates are fast dwindling into oblivion.

O noble towers! O poor paralysed giants! A steam-boat filled with merchants and with peasants, when passing, hurls its smoke in your faces.

THE OLD MAN'S TALE ABOUT THE QUEER CLIENT.

BY CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.

(Continued from page 180.)

"Three years had elapsed, when a gentleman alighted from a private carriage at the door of a London attorney, then well known to the public as a man of no great nicety in his professional dealings, and requested a private interview on business of importance. Although evidently not past the prime of life, his face was pale, haggard, and dejected; and it did not require the acute perception of the man of business, to discern at a glance, that disease or suffering had done more to work a change in his appearance, than the mere hand of time could have accomplished in twice the period of his whole life.

"I wish you to undertake some legal business for me," said the stranger.

"The attorney bowed obsequiously, and glanced at a large packet which the gentleman carried in his hand. His visitor observed the look, and proceeded—

"It is no common business," said he; "nor have these papers reached my hands without long trouble and great expense."

"The attorney cast a still more anxious look at the packet; and his visitor, untying the string that bound it, disclosed a quantity of promissory notes, with some copies of deeds, and other documents.

"Upon these papers," said the client, "the man whose name they bear, has raised, as you will see, large sums of money, for some years past. There was a tacit understanding between him and the men into whose hands they originally went—and from whom I have by degrees purchased the whole, for treble and quadruple their nominal value—that these loans should be from time to time renewed, until a given period had elapsed. Such an understanding is nowhere expressed. He has sustained many losses of late; and these obligations accumulating upon him at once, would crush him to the earth."

"The whole amount is some thousands of pounds," said the attorney, looking over the papers.

"It is," said the client.

"What are we to do?" inquired the man of business.

"Do!" replied the client, with sudden vehemence—"Put every engine of the law in force, every trick that ingenuity can devise and rascality execute; fair means and foul; the open oppression of the law, aided by all the craft of its most ingenious practitioners. I would have him die a harassing and lingering death. Ruin him, seize and sell his lands and goods, drive him from house and home, and drag him forth a beggar in his old age, to die in a common gaol."

"But the costs, my dear sir, the costs of all this," reasoned the attorney, when he had recovered from his momentary surprise—"If the defendant be a man of straw, who is to pay the costs, sir?"

"Name any sum," said the stranger, his hand trembling so violently with excitement, that he could scarcely hold the pen he seized as he spoke—"Any sum, and it is yours. Don't be afraid to name it, man. I shall not think it dear, if you gain my object."

"The attorney named a large sum, at hazard, as the advance he should require to secure himself against the possibility of loss; but more with the view of ascertaining how far his client was really disposed to go, than with any idea that he would comply with the demand. The stranger wrote a cheque upon his banker, for the whole amount, and left him.

"The draft was duly honoured, and the attorney, finding that

his strange client might be safely relied upon, commenced his work in earnest. For more than two years afterwards, Mr. Heyling would sit whole days together in the office, poring over the papers as they accumulated, and reading again and again, his eyes gleaming with joy, the letters of remonstrance, the prayers for a little delay, the representations of the certain ruin in which the opposite party must be involved, which poured in, as suit after suit, and process after process, were commenced. To all applications for a brief indulgence, there was but one reply—the money must be paid. Land, house, furniture, each in its turn, was taken under some one of the numerous executions which were issued; and the old man himself would have been immured in prison had he not escaped the vigilance of the officers, and fled.

"The implacable animosity of Heyling, so far from being satiated by the success of his persecution, increased a hundred-fold with the ruin he inflicted. On being informed of the old man's flight, his fury was unbounded. He gnashed his teeth with rage, tore the hair from his head, and assailed with horrid imprecations the men who had been entrusted with the writ. He was only restored to comparative calmness by repeated assurances of the certainty of discovering the fugitive. Agents were sent in quest of him in all directions; every stratagem that could be invented was resorted to, for the purpose of discovering his place of retreat; but it was all in vain. Half a year had passed over, and he was still undiscovered.

"At length, late one night, Heyling, of whom nothing had been seen for many weeks before, appeared at his attorney's private residence, and sent up word that a gentleman wished to see him instantly. Before the attorney, who had recognised his voice from above stairs, could order the servant to admit him, he had rushed up the staircase, and entered the drawing-room pale and breathless. Having closed the door, to prevent being overheard, he sunk into a chair, and said, in a low voice—

"Hush! I have found him at last."

"No!" said the attorney—"Well done, my dear sir; well done."

"He lies concealed in a wretched lodging in Camden Town," said Heyling—"Perhaps it is as well we did lose sight of him, for he has been living alone there, in the most abject misery, all the time, and he is poor—very poor."

"Very good," said the attorney—"You will have the caption made to-morrow, of course?"

"Yes," replied Heyling. "Stay! No! The next day. You are surprised at my wishing to postpone it," he added, with a ghastly smile; "but I had forgotten. The next day is an anniversary in his life: let it be done then."

"Very good," said the attorney—"Will you write down instructions for the officer?"

"No; let him meet me here, at eight in the evening, and I will accompany him myself."

"They met on the appointed night, and, hiring a hackney-coach, directed the driver to stop at that corner of the old Pancras road, at which stands the parish workhouse. By the time they alighted there, it was quite dark; and, proceeding by the dead wall in front of the Veterinary Hospital, they entered a small bye street, which is, or was at that time, called Little College Street, and which, whatever it may be now, was in those days a desolate place enough, surrounded by little else than fields and ditches.

"Having drawn the travelling-cap he had on half over his face, and muffled himself in his cloak, Heyling stopped before the meanest-looking house in the street, and knocked gently at the door. It was at once opened by a woman, who dropped a courtesy of recognition, and Heyling whispering the officer to remain below, crept gently up stairs, and, opening the door of the front room, entered at once.

"The object of his search and his unrelenting animosity, now a decrepid old man, was seated at a bare deal table, on which stood a miserable candle. He started on the entrance of the stranger, and rose feebly to his feet.

"What now, what now?" said the old man—"What fresh misery is this? What do you want here?"

"A word with you," replied Heyling. As he spoke, he seated himself at the other end of the table, and, throwing off his cloak and cap, disclosed his features.

"The old man seemed instantly deprived of the power of speech. He fell backward in his chair, and, clasping his hands together, gazed on the apparition with a mingled look of abhorrence and fear.

"This day six years," said Heyling, "I claimed the life you owed me for my child's. Beside the lifeless form of your daughter, old man, I swore to live a life of revenge. I have never swerved from my purpose for a moment's space; but if I had, one thought of her uncomplaining, suffering

look, as she drooped away, or of the starving face of our innocent child, would have nerved me to my task. My first act of requital you well remember: this is my last."

"The old man shivered, and his hands dropped powerless by his side.

"I leave England to-morrow," said Heyling, after a moment's pause.—"To-night I consign you, to the living death to which you devoted her—a hopeless prison—"

"He raised his eyes to the old man's countenance, and paused. He lifted the light to his face, set it gently down, and left the apartment.

"You had better see to the old man," he said to the woman, as he opened the door, and motioned the officer to follow him into the street.—"I think he is ill." The woman closed the door, ran hastily up stairs, and found him lifeless. He had died in a fit.

"Beneath a plain grave-stone, in one of the most peaceful and secluded church-yards in Kent, where wild flowers mingle with the grass, and the soft landscape around, forms the fairest spot in the garden of England, lie the bones of the young mother and her gentle child. But the ashes of the father do not mingle with theirs; nor from that night forward, did the attorney ever gain the remotest clue, to the subsequent history of his queer client."—*Pickwick Papers*.

YOU ASK ME HOW I LIVE.

Living friendly, feeling friendly,

Acting fairly to all men,

Seeking to do that to others

They may do to me again,

Hating no man, scorning no man,

Wrangling none by word or deed;

But forbearing, soothing, serving,

Thus I live—and this my creed.

Harsh condemning, fierce contending,

Is of little Christian use,

One soft word of kindly peace

Is worth a torrent of abuse;

Calling things bad, calling men bad,

Adds but darkness to their night;

If thou would'st improve thy brother

Let thy goodness be his light.

I hate felt and known how bitter

Human coldness makes the world,

Every bosom round me frozen,

Not an eye with pity peared;

Still my heart, with kindness teeming,

Glads when other hearts are glad,

And my eyes a tear-drop findeth

At the sight of others sad.

Ah! be kind—life hath no secret

For our happiness like this;

Kindly hearts are seldom sad ones—

Blessing ever bringeth bliss.

Lend a helping hand to others,

Smile though all the world should frown.

Man is man—we all are brothers—

Black or white, or red or brown.

Man is man, through all gradations—

Little reck it where he stands;

How divided into nations,

Scattered over many lands;

Man is man by form and feature,

Man by vice and virtue too,

Man in all one common nature

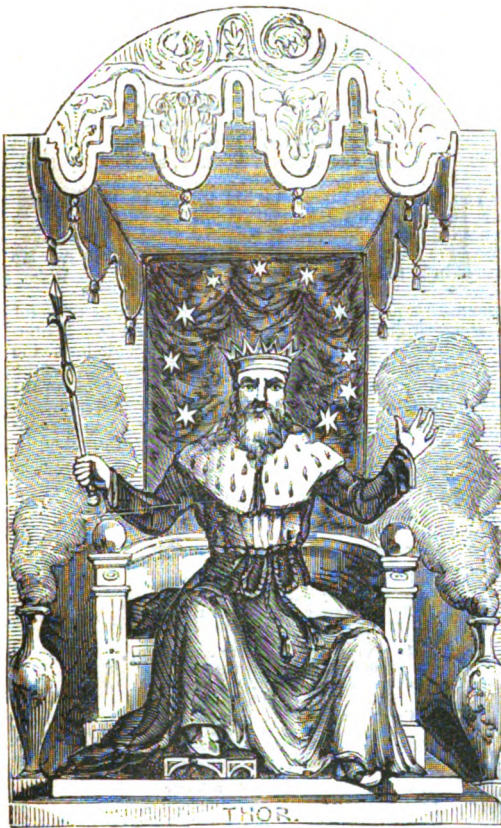
Speaks and binds us brothers true.

JOSEPH HOBBS.

A FABLE NOT IN ÆSOP.—A mouse ranging a brewery, happening to fall into a vat of beer, was in imminent danger of being drowned, and appealed to a cat to help him out. The cat replied, "It is a foolish request, for as soon as I get you out I shall eat you." The mouse replied, "That fate would be better than to be drowned in beer." The cat lifted him out, but the fume of the beer caused puss to sneeze, and the mouse took refuge in his hole. The cat called on the mouse to come out. "You, sir, did you not promise that I should eat you?" "Ah!" replied the mouse, "but you know I was in liquor at the time."

HOW TO MAKE LEECHES BITE.—The leech which it is intended to apply is to be thrown into a saucer containing fresh beer, and is to be left there till it begins to get quite lively. When it has moved about in the vessel for a few minutes, it is to be quickly taken out and applied. This method will rarely disappoint expectation; and even dull leeches, and those which have been used not long before, will do their duty. It will be seen with astonishment how quickly they bite.

THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.



THURSDAY.

IN illustration of the above engraving, we subjoin the quaint description of the Idol Thor, by the historian Verstegan.

"This great reputed god being of more estimation than many of the rest of like sort, though of as little worth as any of the meanest of that rabble, was majestically placed in a very large and spacious hall, and there sat as if he had reposed himself upon a covered bed. On his head he wore a crown of gold, and round about and above the same were set twelve bright burnished golden stars, and in his right hand he held a kingly sceptre. He was of the seduced pagans believed to be of most marvellous power; yea, and that there were no people throughout the whole world that were not subjected unto him, and did not owe him divine honour and service; that there was no puissance comparable to his; that in the air he governed the winds and the clouds, and being displeased did cause lightning, thunder, and tempests, with excessive rain, hail, and all ill weather; but being well pleased by the adoration, sacrifice, and service of his supplicants, he then bestowed upon them most fair and seasonable weather, and caused corn abundantly to grow, as also all sorts of fruits, &c., and kept away from them the plague, and all other evil and infectious diseases. Of the weekly day which was dedicated unto his peculiar service we yet retain the name of *Thursday*, the which the Danes and Swedians do yet call *Thor's day*. In the *Netherlands* it is called *DONNERS-DAGH*, that is, *Thunder's day*; whereby it may appear that they anciently intended the day of the God of Thunder; and in some of our old Saxon books I find it to have been written *THUNRES-DEAG*. So it seemeth that the name of *Thor* or *Thur* was abbreviated of *Thunre*, which we now write *Thunder*."

THE SEASONS.—The spring season is, in general, the most healthful. Spring, and the beginning of summer, are most salutary to children and young persons; while the summer and the beginning of autumn agree best with the aged. The latter end of autumn and the beginning of winter are commonly the most wholesome seasons to persons of a middle age.

TO OUR READERS.

WHEN Themistocles was asked to perform on a musical instrument, he said, "I cannot fiddle; but I can make a small town a large city." We would follow the policy of that eminent Athenian in the management of this our weekly Journal; Our desire is to convert our sale of thousands into one of tens of thousands, and we know the way, but it is to be trod by you and us together. Let us know what you wish—we shall supply it; your numbers will increase, and the sale will become tenfold.

Perhaps the clearest indication of the mind of our readers has been the necessity of an *Historical Tale*. It shall be supplied by a first-rate writer, without delay. Our next number will partly fulfil the wishes of some, and future numbers, we trust, the wishes of all.

In one word, we shall use every means to secure the services of the various talents and acquirements which are requisite to make the PENNY ILLUSTRATED NEWS not only a tasteful, but an instructive and useful miscellany.

It is said that Fortune is blind; still we may keep our eyes open, and pursue her successfully. We have no desire to extend our sale without increasing our rights to its advantage by an improvement in every respect in the form and features of the work. We think, with a sage of Queen Elizabeth's time, that it is wise "to divide between self-love and society." "It is," says that philosopher, "a poor centre of a man's actions, himself. It is *earth*, for that only stands upon its own centre; whereas all things (that are wise) that have an affinity with the heavens move upon the centre of another, which they benefit."

You, the readers of our News, are the centre which we, in our generous utility, must benefit, if we dare place any reliance on the hopes of success.

Why were there no postage labels in Henry the Eighth's time?—Because a Queen's head wasn't worth a penny.

A man with knowledge but without energy, is a house furnished but not inhabited; a man with energy but no knowledge, a house dwelt in but unfurnished.

Sadi, the Persian poet, used to remark, "I never complained of my condition but once, when my feet were bare, and I had not money to buy shoes; but I met a man without feet, and became contented with my lot."

"COLONEL W. is a fine looking man, isn't he?" "Yes," replied another, "I was taken for him once." "You! why you're as ugly as sin!" "I don't care for that—I endorsed his note, and I was taken for him by the sheriff."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * Letters for the Editor must in future be addressed to 170, Fleet-street.

W. P. L.—I.—The word of six letters is scarcely so well handled as we could wish.

A Subscriber.—We have in preparation a piece of the historical class which shall be published by-and-by.

T. S. A.—The translation has been received. Want of leisure has prevented our perusing it this week.

Jago F.—See next number.

W. C. D.—You have not made half enough of so long a word as one of ten letters. Try again.

W. R.—The drawing and description are both inadmissible. In matters of fact, the authenticity of the communication must be warranted by the name and address of the writer. In matters of fiction or fancy, we trust to our own taste for selecting the best performances.

A Student.—"Aird's Self-Instructing French Grammar" is an excellent elementary work; it is cheap, free from useless rules, and admirably suited for the young student.

W. B.—Your extract from Cobbett don't suit us.

K.—We do not know anything of the naval institution to which you refer.

A. W., M. O., A. S., and P. N.—See our reply to A Subscriber.

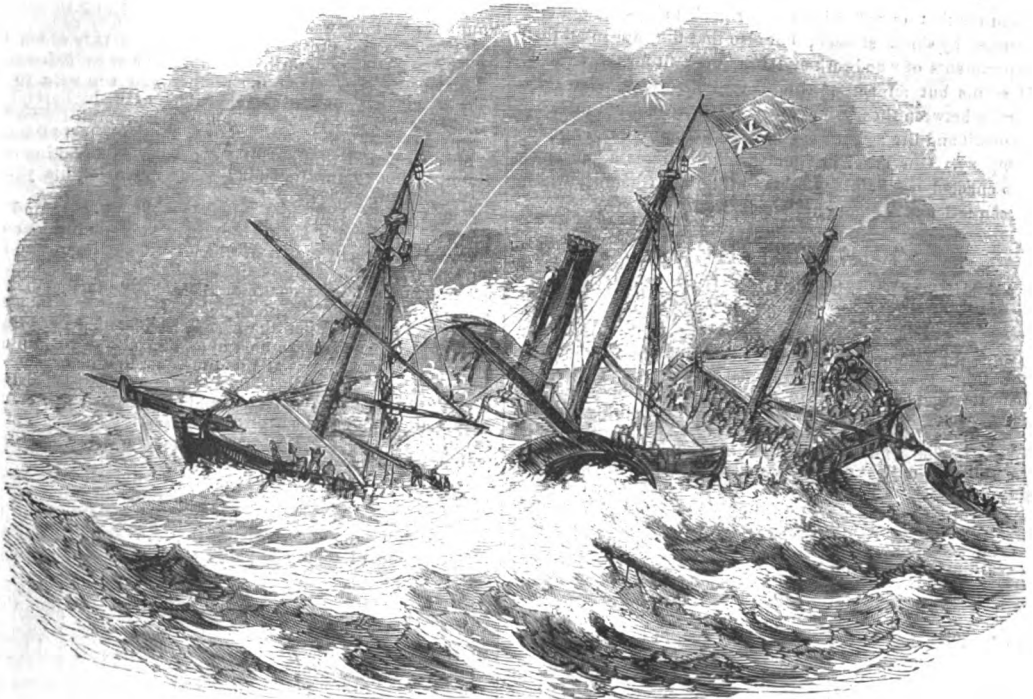
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ONE PENNY.
POST FREE, 2d.



THE WRECK OF THE "ROYAL ADELAIDE," ON THE TONGUE SAND, OFF MARGATE, MARCH 30, 1850.

THE LOSS OF THE "ROYAL ADELAIDE."—COULD IT HAVE BEEN PREVENTED?



LEGISLATIVE interference with the management of commercial affairs is denounced by political economists. Their doctrine is sound, and the arguments by which it is supported are unanswerable, in so far as all restrictions

on freedom of operation tend to reduce profits. But a paternal government may consider it best, for the general welfare of the state, that a small portion of its wealth be foregone, rather than that the lives of its people be sacrificed. In our day, when the new application of the powers of steam to locomotion by sea and land has given a great impetus to trade and travelling—when, instead of a few adventurous individuals leaving home for a short distance by slow travelling vessels and vehicles, the whole species seems abroad in countless millions on the ocean, and on the shore, traversing the world by the flight of the steam engine—it

seems almost a natural function of the Legislature to make sure that the instruments of conveyance are *sea and road-worthy*.

The recent destruction of the *Royal Adelaide*, on her voyage from Cork, with probably 200 persons on board, on the Tongue Sand, near Margate, suggests these remarks. We learn that the Coast Guard men, the crew of the Tongue Light-vessel, and of a barque in the neighbourhood of the ill-fated steamer, saw one or two rockets thrown up as a sign of distress, but the signals ceased so soon that the observers concluded the steamer had, after touching the sands, got off safely. They therefore gave no alarm, and made no effort to relieve. On Sunday morning, however, the fearful calamity was demonstrated by a large part of the wreck being found on the sand. The steamer must have almost instantaneously been shattered to pieces. The report says, "That the vessel soon went to pieces appears evident, from the fact that the larboard quarter, from the bulwarks down to the keel, broke right adrift. . . . The poop was also dis-

covered floating on the 'Black Deep,' on the other side of the Girdler Sand, about four miles from the wreck." We also learn, from authenticated accounts, that the two bodies picked up had been both carefully provided with buoyant life preservers—namely, large corks tied round the upper part of their persons. They had not been drowned, but rather dashed to death, as their wounds clearly proved. It is evident, from the report which we have quoted, that the *Adelaide* had been rent in twain immediately on touching the sand bank! If such was the case—but unfortunately the death of every one on board prevents its being proved—then the conclusion is inevitable, *the vessel was not sea-worthy*. The lives of two hundred of our fellow-countrymen have been sacrificed mercilessly to, it may be, the cupidity, but certainly the carelessness, of the shipowners.

The question naturally arises in the mind of every one who hears of this sad and serious calamity, Should not Government see that our stated passenger packet ships are not only manned by skilful seamen, but also that they are in all their departments of woodwork and iron work fit for the voyage? It seems but an act of common humanity, to raise some barrier between those who entrust their lives to that means of transmit and the severe economy of a parsimonious shipping company. Our artist has portrayed the tragic scene which was enacted on Saturday evening in the Channel, within fifteen miles of Margate harbour.

THE BROTHERS:

AN HISTORICAL TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER I.

ABOUT the commencement of the reign of Charles the First, Sir John Falkland, who was then in the prime of life, had become weary of a state of celibacy, and espoused a noble lady, whose fortune he found to be of great utility for discharging debts contracted, partly by war and partly by a life of dissipation, and repairing his mansion, which was falling to ruins, a delightful seat situated in one of the most picturesque parts of Warwickshire. By this marriage the brave Sir John was blessed with a son, which circumstance almost overwhelmed him with joy, for he was apprehensive that his name would become extinct with his own end, and, according to tradition, it was the only satisfaction Sir John experienced by this union. Be that as it may, the lady did not long survive the birth of Alfred.

Nearly twenty-years elapsed, during which he continued to lead the life of a country gentleman in his silent castle, leaving the education of his son to an old abbot. We would fain have said that the heir of Falkland had profited by the lessons of his zealous preceptor; but, unfortunately, it was precisely the reverse. Alfred had no greater taste than his father for study, and, unlike him, was not possessed of that frankness and loyalty which characterised the worthy Sir John. He inherited from his mother an ungovernable and irascible temper, with which were combined strange instincts of duplicity and selfishness.

At eighteen, however, a sudden change in appearance took place, which delighted the father, and he regarded his son as a model of young country gentlemen. The day, however, came when that admiration evaporated. Scarcely had Alfred attained his majority when he demanded a rigorous account of property, which, as heir to the Falkland estates, he was entitled to, and left the manor, to reside in London with some relatives of his mother's, whose influence promised a rapid advance at Court.

Thus, the father once more found himself in his gloomy castle, and he could reflect at ease on the ingratitude of his son, who had so wantonly betrayed and crushed his hopes. He was about sixty-five at this time, an age when isolation is so cruelly felt, and partly to have a companion, partly from the fact of seldom hearing from his imperious son, committed the folly of marrying again. It is true she whom he espoused was a charming young girl, virtuous and good, but poor and of lowly birth, being the daughter of an attorney.

The proud Alfred exclaimed aloud on hearing of the alliance, and refused to acknowledge his mother-in-law. After

the lapse of two years, Edward Falkland was born, and Sir John found himself surrounded by a new family. Despite, however, all his efforts, he could only regard his lady in the light of a comparative stranger, to whom he had been united in a moment of caprice: with regard to his son, he only saw in him a kind of intruder who could not uphold the *clat* of the family, and his thoughts naturally turned towards his eldest son. Thus he became sad, and his melancholy, perchance regret, conducted him to the tomb.

On his death-bed he so vehemently insisted on the presence of Alfred, that powerful recommendations were employed and the young man left London, for awhile, where he was pursuing the course of his ambitious intrigues and projects, to receive the paternal blessing.

After the death of the father, Lady Falkland and Edward, then fourteen years of age, found themselves at the mercy of an imperious person, who deemed their existence a stain on the honour of his house. What was their astonishment, then, when he kindly announced to them that he wished not for any change at the manor, and his mother-in-law should continue to remain as before; that, for his part, he should return to London, and leave the management of affairs to them, of which they should render him an account annually; and he was convinced, he gallantly added, that his estates would prosper in the hands of a lady whom his father had considered worthy of being his companion.

That generosity, which the mother and son were so far from anticipating, excited their gratitude to the highest pitch; but, to speak truly, Alfred's conduct was prompted by other sentiments than those of generosity. On his arrival he found to his satisfaction that his estates were in a flourishing condition, owing to the judicious management of his young mother-in-law.

Consequently, Lady and Edward Falkland remained in Warwickshire, and Sir Alfred returned to London to recommence intrigues, by means of which he hoped to acquire fortune and renown. The ancient castle of Falkland, agitated for a moment by the death of Sir John, soon resumed its wonted tranquillity.

About two years after the event just recorded Lady Falkland died, when Edward took upon himself the superintendence of affairs. It was at this time, too, that he became acquainted with the proprietors of a castle, not far distant, who consisted of an old lady and her grand-daughter, the former of whom had seen happy days at the Court of James the First. The young lady was the only scion of the Elliotts, both of whom bore the same name.

We shall not pretend to assert which captivated the young agriculturist most, whether the amiability of mind of the grandmother, or the grace, beauty, and sweetness of the young Countess; but certain! it is that Edward experienced a real pleasure in their company, and his visits to the castle were very frequent.

The reader will easily divine what the result of this intimacy was. Edward loved the lady Elliott, which passion was reciprocated by the sweet girl. It was a holy and innocent love, which increased under the eyes of the excellent grandmother. In their youthful imagination they both beheld the most smiling future; but a thunder-bolt suddenly came and destroyed those sweet aspirations.

In her profound retreats Mrs. Elliott had kept up a correspondence with some influential ladies of the Court, who had formerly been her friends, and, solicitous respecting Emma's future prospects, she had several times solicited her ancient friends to interest themselves in behalf of the young Countess. She at length received intelligence from the Duchess of Cleveland, to whom she had more particularly recommended the orphan. The letter she had received stated that the Duchess had obtained for Emma the appointment of Maid of Honour to the Princess Elizabeth. The young girl consequently departed for London with her grandmother; and we will leave the reader to divine what promises and assurances of eternal love were exchanged between the young couple prior to separating, for this catastrophe had at last compelled the timid Edward to open his heart to the young girl.

For some time after the arrival of the ladies in London, young Falkland frequently heard from them; but, suddenly, letters became rare, and, at the death of the grandmother, they ceased altogether.

Twelve months passed thus, and Edward, wounded in his most cherished affections, had found some relief in solitude. Despite the civil war, which had burst forth, he desired nothing more than to live and die, obscure and unknown, in the spot where he first saw the light, since she for whom he could have desired wealth and influence, no longer thought

of him; and he was still plunged in this gloomy sathy when Sir Alfred suddenly arrived at the castle.

This unexpected apparition, at a time when Edward knew that the State was shaken by intrigues, in which his brother took an active part, singularly surprised him; but his astonishment was redoubled when he observed the change which had taken place in the manners of the imperious Alfred. He had hitherto been cold and haughty, even in his generosity; now he was affable, kind, and affectionate, and on the evening of his arrival they had a long conversation together.

"Brother," observed Sir Alfred, giving Edward that denomination for the first time, "we live at a period when a brave young gentleman, like yourself, is not permitted to remain on his estate shooting hares and planting cabbages. You must abandon this mode of life for one more worthy of you. I have come for the purpose of taking you to London with me, where, if you follow my advice, you will soon find favour at the Court."

Edward did not receive these overtures as his brother could have desired.

"I thank you kindly, sir," responded the young man, "but I was not created for that brilliant world of which you speak."

Finding that his young brother was proof against all his eloquence, Alfred began to fear that he had come from London in vain, when a sudden thought struck him, and, seeking in his portfolio, he observed, smiling—

"I perceive, Edward, that I have not so much influence with you as I had presumed, and it now remains for me to ascertain whether another person, with whom you are well acquainted, will be more eloquent."

At the same time he presented a letter to Edward, who, on recognising the hand-writing of Emma, could not suppress a piercing cry.

"Read," said Sir Alfred.

Edward opened the letter with a trembling hand; it only contained these words:—

"Believe your brother, and come to London. EMMA."

"She still loves me! she still thinks of me!" cried the poor young man, falling into a seat, half suffocated with sobs and grief: "I will obey, sir; I will obey my own Emma!"

The following day they commenced their journey, and soon approached London. During the journey, Alfred informed his brother that he had an important mission to confide to him.

"An important mission?" demanded the astounded Edward. "Can you tell me, pray, in what manner I can serve you? I, a simple and ignorant countryman?"

"It is not yet time, Edward, to reveal to you the nature of the enterprise in which you are destined to take part; let it, however, suffice for you to know that, if, despite the dangers it may present, you worthily perform your part, you will promptly realise a brilliant fortune."

At this moment the travellers beheld London [at the extremity of the horizon. Although that capital did not occupy so vast an extent as it does at the present time, Edward could not suppress an exclamation of surprise, mingled with admiration, on beholding, for the first time, that confused pile of towers, steeples, and palaces which rose in a fantastical manner through a transparent fog. Alfred enjoyed for a while his artless surprise, then, approaching him, he observed in a penetrating voice, extending his arm towards London—

"Do you perceive that immense city, brother? Well, in a few days you will, probably, entirely occupy it, and by your means it may return to the legitimate power which it now disowns."

Edward regarded him in mute surprise; but Alfred, as though apprehensive he had gone too far, turned away his head and spurred his horse. Edward imitated him, and both disappeared in the cloud of dust which the feet of their steeds cast around them.

CHAPTER II.

At this time London was divided by factions, which rendered the last portion of the life of Charles the Second so unfortunate. The royal authority was no longer respected, and those who acted publicly in virtue of a royal command were grossly maltreated, and sometimes even put to death.

Such was the state of London at the moment the two young Falklands arrived at the northern gate of the city, which was closed, being somewhat late in the evening. They soon gained admittance, and, after the lapse of a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, during which Edward had beheld nothing but narrow, tortuous, and sometimes deserted streets, he could scarcely suppress a cry of astonishment at the spectacle which

suddenly presented itself to his bewildered eyes on arriving opposite Westminster-bridge, near which his brother's residence was situated.

An immense crowd, noisy and animated, encumbered the bridge from one end to the other. Some were swearing, some shouting, some laughing, and others weeping. All this uproar was caused by a carriage, drawn by four splendidly caparisoned horses, which, having stopped in the middle of the bridge, was so much pressed by the throng that it could neither advance nor retreat. Some of the people had seized the reins of the horses, which seemed to greatly embarrass a stout jolly looking coachman in showy livery, who occupied the seat, and who dared not employ force to disengage himself and equipage from that rabble. Two or three young pages, who were escorting the carriage on horseback, fled in different directions, pursued by sundry hootings, and left three ladies, whose faces were concealed by black velvet masks, and a stout gentleman, who was vehemently cursing at the bottom of the carriage, to the fury of the populace. Nevertheless, despite these violent vociferations and gesticulations, the mob did not appear disposed to proceed to extremes towards their prisoners; they insolently regarded them through the carriage windows and loaded them with invectives and insults, but none seemed sufficiently bold to place hands on them; one would almost have supposed that some invisible and mysterious power protected them against the vigorous arms which were raised towards them in every direction.

The clamours were so numerous and confused that the travellers could not understand a word calculated to enlighten them on what was taking place. Edward looked on in amazement, but Sir Alfred, accustomed from the commencement of the troubles to such scenes of disorder, perceived nothing extraordinary in that event, and resolved to retrace his steps a little, to gain his residence by another route. But at the moment he was about to change his course another glance at the carriage caused him to pause. He had observed that the stout coachman wore the livery of the Princess Elizabeth, who, with the Duke of Gloucester, then quite a child, was all that remained of the king's family in England, and that observation appeared to make a profound impression on him. He seemed a prey to the most singular perplexity. Whilst remaining thus, immovable and mute, amid that tumultuous and noisy crowd, his brother, who had kept his horse near his, remarked to him, in an under tone:—

"I cannot divine the cause of this tumult, sir, nor in whose behalf it is made; but there are ladies in the carriage who are evidently in danger, and I consider it our duty to flee to their aid."

"And what would be the utility of interfering in this matter?" responded Sir Alfred in an hesitating tone; "besides, what could two men do against so many furious wretches?"

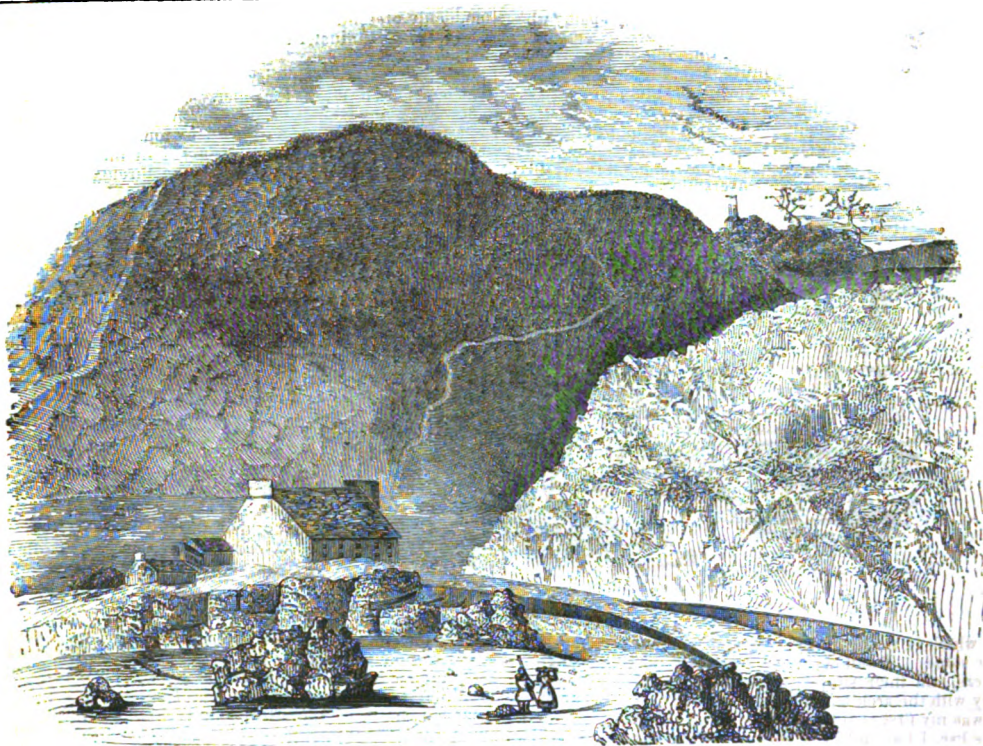
"Those rascals are by no means formidable adversaries," replied Edward disdainfully; "besides," he continued, "I perceive some gentlemen in the throng, who, from their appearance are friends of Cromwell, and we could call to them."

At this time the people were principally divided between two factions, distinguished by the appellations of Cavaliers and Roundheads.

"By no means," interrupted Albert, with an alarmed air, as though that proposition had awoken in him ideas for awhile lost in oblivion, "I do not wish Edward, to take part in these proceedings, and I certainly have no desire that the friends of Cromwell, whoever they be, should see us together. You are not aware of what vital importance it is for me to avoid attracting regards at the present moment! Let us retrace our steps, and endeavour to prevent the curious from examining our features. The devil take the carriage and all it contains! Follow me, Edward; for we have probably remained here too long already!"

PRINTERS' TOASTS.—"The Press—it expresses truth—represses error—impresses knowledge, and op-presses none." "Woman, the fairest work of creation—the edition being extensive, let no man be without a copy." "Babies, miniature editions of humanity, issued periodically, and displayed in small caps."

An attorney, named Else, rather diminutive in his stature, and not particularly respectable in his character, once met Mr. Jekyl. "Sir (said he), I hear that you have called me a pettifogging scoundrel. Have you done so, sir?" "Sir," replied Jekyl, with a look of contempt, I have not said that you were a pettifogger or a scoundrel, but I said you were little else."



BOULAY BAY, JERSEY.

This is one of the most important bays in this picturesque island, the depth of water offering capabilities for the formation of a harbour superior to any of the others, being sufficient for vessels of large draught to enter at any tide. The views from the surrounding heights are very grand. Towards the north the islands of Guernsey, Alderney, and Sark, appear in the distance, while on part of the coast of Normandy, towards the north-eastern horizon, the cathedral of Coutance is dimly seen in the distance.

An intelligent traveller has well described the scene. He says:—"What a scene of desolation and barrenness here strikes the eye—sterile and unproductive black masses of rock, induce us to believe we have arrived at the verge of the habitable world—the ancient geographers, in their ignorance, supposing that towards the confines of the earth it became a dreary waste, going suddenly down a sheer depth, as a vast wall." The attention of Government has long been drawn to this bay, with a view of establishing a naval station, which in time of war would not only be a safeguard to the island, but an efficient protection to the trade of the channel, as well as a convenient point of observation from which the movements of the French coast, from Cherbourg to Brest, might be watched. A pier on a very limited scale has been some time ago constructed, by direction of the states of Jersey, at a considerable cost; and this would naturally form the commencement of the Government work, should such a work be resolved upon.

This bay offers many opportunities to the angler, from the depth of water at the pier-head and islet. The fish taken are mullet, whiting, rick-fish, bass, and congers; the latter off the rocks, at some distance to the right, many weighing from twenty to thirty pounds. A few years ago an oyster bed was discovered, about six miles from the shore, which promises a rich harvest to the dredger, besides being some distance from the limits of the French coast.

SCENES IN ITALY.

BY VICTOR HUGO.—NO. II.

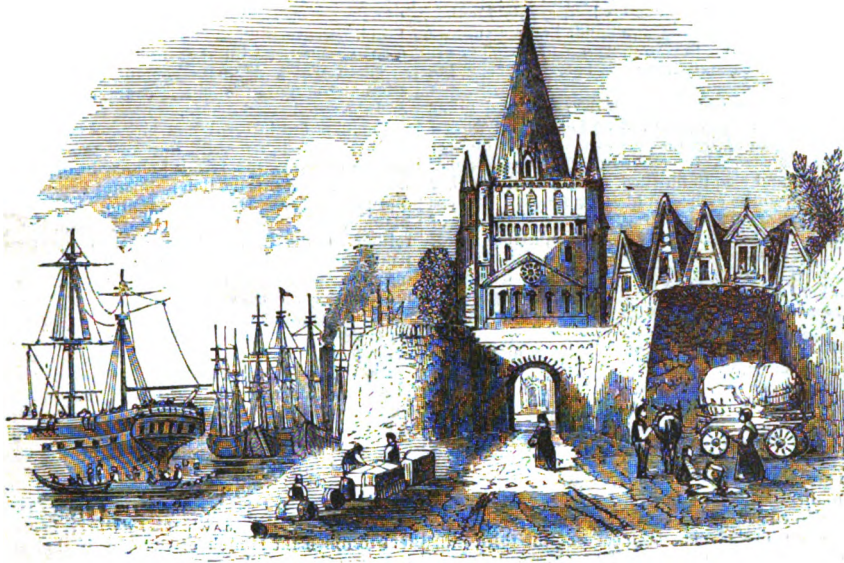
On reaching Cologne, the traveller will be struck with the singular form, which is that of a crescent. The stupendous walls have a number of towers, and make a circuit of nearly seven English miles. The streets are in general gloomy, and the only public edifices deserving attention are the

churches. The sun had set when we reached Cologne. I gave my luggage to a porter, with orders to carry it to an hotel at Duez, which is a little town on the opposite side of the Rhine, joined to Cologne by a bridge of boats; and then directed my steps towards the cathedral. Rather than ask my way, I wandered up and down the narrow streets, which night had all but obscured. At last I entered a gateway leading to a court, and came out on an open square, dark and deserted. A magnificent spectacle now presented itself. Before me, in the fantastic light of a *crepusculaire* sky, rose, in the midst of a group of low houses, an enormous black mass, studded with pinnacles and belfries. A little farther was another, not quite so broad as the first, but higher; a kind of square fortress, flanked at its angles with four long detached towers, and having on its summit something resembling a huge feather. On approaching, I discovered that it was the cathedral of Cologne.

What appeared like a large feather was a crane, to which sheets of lead were appended, and which, from its workable appearance, indicated to passers-by that this unfinished temple may one day be completed; that the trunk of a belfry and church, so widely apart at present, may ere long be united; that the dream of Engelbert de Berg, which was realized into an edifice under Conrad de Hochsteden, may, in an age or two, be the greatest cathedral in the world. This incomplete Iliad sees Homer, in futurity.

The church was shut. I surveyed the steeples, and was startled at their dimensions. What I had taken for towers are the projections of the buttresses. Though only the first story is completed, the building is already nearly as high as the towers of Notre Dame at Paris. Should the spire, according to the plan, be placed upon this monstrous trunk, Strasburg would be, comparatively speaking, small by its side. It has always struck me that nothing resembles ruins more than an unfinished edifice. Briers, saxifrages, and pellitories,—indeed, all weeds that root themselves in the crevices and at the base of old buildings,—have besieged these venerable walls. Man only constructs what Nature in time destroys.

All was quiet; there was no one near to break the prevailing silence. I approached the façade, as near as the gate would permit me, and heard the countless shrubs gently rustling in the night breeze. A light which appeared at a neighbouring window cast its rays upon a group of exquisite statues,—angels and saints, reading or preaching, with a large open book before them. Admirable prologue for a



COLOGNE.

church, which is nothing else than the *Word* made marble, brass, or stone! Swallows have fearlessly taken up their abode here, and their simple yet curious masonry contrasts strangely with the architecture of the building.

This was my first visit to the cathedral of Cologne.

By the bye, I have told you nothing of the road betwixt it and Aix-la-Chapelle. In fact, very little can be said;—a green plain, with an occasional oak and a few poplar-trees, alone meet the eye. In the villages, the old female peasants, enveloped in long mantles, walk about like spectres; while the young, clothed in short *jupons*, if not walking, are seen in a position equally interesting—on their knees, washing the door-steps. As for the men, they are decorated with blue smock-frocks and high crowned hats, as if they were the peasants of a constitutional country.

Scarcely a single person was seen on the road; the inclemency of the weather was, perhaps, the cause. A poor strolling musician passed, a stick in one hand, and his cornet-a-piston in the other,—clothed in a blue coat, a fancy waistcoat, and white trowsers, the bottoms turned up as high as the legs of his boots. The *pauvre diable*, from the knees upwards, was fitted out for a ball; his lower extremities, however, were better suited for the road. In a little square village, in front of an *auberge*, I admired four jolly-looking travellers seated before a table loaded with flesh, fish, and wines. One was drinking, another cutting, a third eating, a fourth devouring,—like four personifications of Voraciousness and Gourmandism. It seemed to me as if I beheld the gods Goulou, Glouton, Gouifre, and Gouliat, seated round a mountain of eatables.

The following morning I again visited the dome of the cathedral of Cologne. I examined the windows of this magnificent edifice, which are of the time of Maximilian, and painted with all the extravagance of the German Renaissance. On one of them is a representation of the genealogy of the Holy Virgin. At the bottom of the painting, Adam, in the costume of an emperor, is lying upon his back. A large tree, which fills the whole pane, is growing out of his stomach, and on the branches appear all the crowned ancestors of Mary—David playing the harp, Solomon in pensiveness; and at the top of the tree a flower opens, and discloses the Virgin carrying the infant Jesus.

A few steps farther on I read this epitaph, which breathes sorrow and resignation:—

"INCLIVS ANTE FVI COMES EMVNDVS,
VOCITATVS, HIC NECK PROSTRATVS, SUB
TIGOR VT VOLVI. FRISHEM, SANCTE,
MEVM FERRO, PETRE, TIBI COMITATVM
ET MIHI REDDE STATVM, TE PRECOR,
ETHEREVM HAC LAPIDVM MASSA
COMITIS COMPLECTITVR OSSA."

I entered the church, and was struck with the choir. There are pictures of all epochs, and of all forms; innumerable marble statues of bishops; chevaliers of the time of the crusades, their dogs lying lovingly at their feet; apostles clothed in golden robes; and tapestries painted from the designs of Rubens. Everything, it must be said, is shamefully demolished. If some one constructed the exterior of the cathedral of Cologne, I do not know who has demolished the interior. There is not a tomb entire, the figures being either broken off or mutilated. The flies revel on the venerable face of the Archbishop Philip of Heinsburg, and the man called Conrad of Hochsteden, the founder of this church, like Gulliver, in the Lilliputian tale, cannot at present crush the spiders that knit him to the ground. Alas! the bronze arm is nothing to the arm of flesh. I observed, in an obscure corner, the dismantled statue of an old man with a long beard; I believe it is that of Michael Angelo.

I will now mention the most venerable construction which this church contains—that of the famed tomb of the Three Wise Men of the East.

The room is of marble, is rather large, and represents the styles of architecture of Louis the Thirteenth and Louis the Fourteenth. On raising our eyes, we perceive a *bas relief* representing the adoration of the three kings, and, underneath, the inscription—

"Corpora rancorum recubant hic verna magorum,
Ex his sublatum nihil est alibi locatum."

This, then, is the resting-place of the three poetic kings of the east. I assure you there is no legend that pleases me so much as this of the *Mille et Une Nuits*. I approached the tomb, and perceived, in the shade, a massive *reliquaire*, sparkling with pearls and diamonds, and other precious stones, which seemed to relate the history of these three kings, *ab oriente venerunt*. In front of the tomb are three lamps, one bearing the name of Gaspar, the other Melchior, and the third Balthazar. It is an ingenious idea to have—somehow illuminated—the names of the three wise men in front of the sepulchre.

On leaving, something pierced the sole of my boot. I looked downwards, and found that it was a large nail projecting from a square of black marble, upon which I was walking. After examining the stone, I remembered that Mary of Medicis had desired that her heart should be placed under the pavement of the cathedral of Cologne, and before the tomb of the three kings. Formerly a bronze or brass plate, with an inscription, covered it; but when the French took Cologne, some revolutionist, or perhaps a rapacious brazier, seized it, as had been done by many others; for a host of brass nails, projecting from the marble, bespeak depredations of a similar nature. Alas, poor queen! She first saw herself effaced from the heart of Louis the Thir-

teenth, her son; then from the remembrance of Richelieu, her creature; and now she is effaced from the earth.

How strange are the freaks of destiny! Mary de Medicis, widow of Henry IV., exiled and abandoned, had a daughter, Henriette, widow of Charles the First, who died at Cologne in 1642, in the house where, sixty-five years before, Rubens, her painter, was born.

The dome of Cologne, when seen by day, appeared to me to have lost a little of its sublimity; it no longer had what I call *la grandeur crepusculaire*, that the evening lends to huge objects; and I must say that the cathedral of Beauvais, which is scarcely known, and also unfinished, is not inferior, either in size or in detail, to the cathedral of Cologne.

The Hotel-de-Ville, situated near the cathedral, is one of those singular edifices which have been built at different times, and which consist of all the styles of architecture seen in ancient buildings. The mode in which those edifices have been built forms rather an interesting study. Nothing is regular,—no fixed plan has been drawn out,—all has been built as necessity required.

Thus the Hotel-de-Ville, which has probably some Roman cave near its foundation, was in 1250, only a structure similar to those of our edifices built with pillars. For the convenience of the night watchman, and in order to sound the alarm, a steeple was required, and, in the fourteenth century, a tower was built. Under Maximilian a taste for elegant structures was everywhere spread, and the bishops of Cologne, deeming it essential to dress their city house in new raiments, engaged an Italian architect, a pupil, most probably, of old Michael Angelo, and a French sculptor, a friend of young Jean Goujon, who adjusted upon the blackened façade of the thirteenth century a triumphant and magnificent porch. A few years expired and they stood sadly in want of a *promenoir* by the side of the Registry. A back court was built, and galleries erected, which were sumptuously enlivened by heraldry and bas-reliefs. These I had the pleasure of seeing; but, in a few years, no person will have the same gratification, for, without anything being done to prevent it, they are fast falling into ruin. At last, under Charles the Fifth, a large room for sales and for the assemblies of the citizens was required, and a tasteful building of stone and brick was added. Thus a *corps* of the thirteenth century, a belfry of the fourteenth, a porch and backcourt of the time of Maximilian, and a hall of that of Charles the Fifth, linked together in an original and pleasing manner, form the Hotel-de-Ville of Cologne.

I went up to the belfry; and under a gloomy sky, which harmonised with the edifice; and with my thoughts, I saw at my feet the whole of this admirable town.

Cologne upon the Rhine, like Rouen upon the Seine, Anvers upon the Escant,—in fact, like all towns through which a large current of water flows,—has the appearance of an arch, the river forming the line.

From Thurmchen to Bayenthurme, the town, which extends upwards of a league on the banks of the river, displays a whole host of windows and façades. In the midst of roofs, turrets, and gables, the summits of twenty-four churches strike the eye, all of different styles, and each church, from its grandeur, worthy of the name of cathedral. If we examine the town *en detail*, all is stir, all is life. The bridge is crowded with passengers and carriages; the river is covered, with sails. Here and there clumps of trees caress, as it were the houses blackened by time; and the old stone hotels of the fifteenth century, with their long frieze of sculptured flowers, fruit, and leaves, upon which the dove, when tired, rests itself, relieve the monotony of the slate roofs and brick fronts which surround them.

Round this great town—mercantile from its industry, military from its position, marine from its river—is a vast plain that borders Germany, which the Rhine crosses at different places, and is crowned on the north-east by historic *croupes*—that wonderful nest of legends and traditions, called the "Seven Mountains." Thus Holland and its commence, Germany and its poetry—like the two great aspects of the human mind, the positive and the ideal—shed their beams upon the horizon of Cologne; a city of business and of meditation.

After descending from the belfry, I stopped in the yard before a handsome porch of the Renaissance, the second story of which is formed of a series of small triumphal arches, with inscriptions. The first is dedicated to Cæsar; the second to Augustus; the third to Agrippa, the founder of Cologne; the fourth to Constantine, the Christian emperor; the fifth to Justine, the great legislator; and the sixth to Maximilian. Upon the façade the poetic sculptor, has chased three *bas-reliefs*, representing the three lion-combatants, Milo of Cro-

tona, Pepin-le-Bref, and Daniel. At the two extremities he has placed Milou de Crotona, attacking the lion by strength of body; and Daniel, subduing the lions by the power of mind. Between these is Pepin-le-Bref, conquering his ferocious antagonist with that mixture of moral and physical strength which distinguishes the soldier. Between pure strength and pure thought is courage; between the athletic and the prophet—the hero.

Pepin, sword in hand, has plunged his left arm, which is enveloped in his mantle, into the mouth of the lion: the animal stands, with extended claws, in that attitude which in heraldry represents the lion rampant; Pepin attacks it bravely, and vanquishes. Daniel is standing motionless, his arms by his side, and his eyes lifted up to heaven, the lions lovingly rolling at his feet. As for Milo de Crotona, he defends himself against the lion, which is in the act of devouring him. His blind presumption has put too much faith in muscle, in corporeal strength. These three *bas-reliefs* contain a world of meaning; the last produces a powerful effect. It is Nature avenging herself on the man whose only faith is in brute force.

As I was about to leave the town house,—this spacious building—this dwelling, rich in legendary lore as well as in historical facts,—a man, in appearance older than he actually was, crooked from disposition more than from the influence of age, crossed the yard. The person who conducted me to the belfry, in pointing him out, said—

"That man is a poet: he has composed several epics against Napoleon, against the Revolution of 1830, and against the French. The last, his *chef d'œuvre*, beseeches an architect to finish the church of Cologne in the same style as the Pantheon in Paris."

Epics! granted! Nevertheless, this man, or poet, is the most unwashed-looking animal that ever I put eyes upon. I do not think we have anything in France that will bear a comparison with the epic poet of Cologne.

To make up for the opinion which this strange-looking animal had formed of us, a little old man, with a quick eye, came out of a barber's shop, in one—I do not know which—of the dark and obscure streets, and guessing my country, from my appearance, came to me shouting out—

"*Monsieur, Monsieur, fous, Français! oh, les Français! ran! plan! plan! plan! ran, tan, plan! la guerre à toute le monde! Prases! Prases! Napoleon, n'est-ce pas? La guerre à toute l'Europe! Oh, les Français, pien Prases, Monsieur. La paionette au qui à tous ces Priciens, eine ponnea quilpile gomme à lënd. Prajo les Français; ran plan! plan!*"

I must admit that this harangue pleased me. France is great in the recollection and in the hopes of these people. All on the banks of the Rhine love us—I had almost said, wait for us.

In the evening, as the stars were shining, I took a walk upon the side of the river opposite to Cologne. Before me was the whole town, with its innumerable steeples figuring in detail upon the pale western sky. To my left rose, like the giant of Cologne, the high spire of St. Martin's, with its two towers; and, almost in front the sombre abside-cathedral, with its many sharp-pointed spires, resembling a monstrous hedgehog; the crane previously mentioned forming the tail, and near the base two lights, which appeared like eyes sparkling with fire. Nothing disturbed the stillness of the night but the rustling of the waters at my feet, the heavy tramp of a horse's hoofs upon the bridge, and the sound of a blacksmith's hammer. A long stream of fire that issued from the forge caused the adjoining windows to sparkle; then, as if hastening to its opposite element, disappeared in the water.

From this grand and sombre *ensemble*, my thoughts took a melancholy turn, and, in a kind of reverie, I said to myself, "The *germaine* city has disappeared,—the city of Agrippa is no longer,—but the town of St. Engelbert still stands. How long will it be so? Decay, more than a thousand years since, seized upon the temple built by St. Helena; the church constructed by Archbishop Anno will fall. This town is demolished by its river. Scarcely a day passes but some old stone, some ancient relic, is detached by the commotion of the steam-boats. A town is not situated with impunity upon the great artery of Europe. Cologne, though not so old as Treves or Solesne, has already been thrice deformed and transformed, by the rapid and violent change of fæds to which it has been subjected. All is changing. The spirit of *positivism* and *utilitarianism*—for which the grovellers of the present day are such strong advocates—penetrates and destroys. Architecture, old and reverential, gives way to modern 'good taste.' Alas! old cities are fast disappearing."

THE SCRIBBLER'S CAPTIVE.

I WAS one morning about to write a letter, when I observed a very small insect (hardly visible to the naked eye), such as is frequently found about paper, moving on the sheet I had prepared to use. A single line drawn by my pen seemed to obstruct his march. He turned back, as I should have done if a foul ditch too broad to be leaped had suddenly presented itself in the way I proposed to journey. A second line compelled him again to change his course, and a third and fourth secured him within the limits of a square.

The tiny creature ran about evidently frightened; whether he trembled for his life, or was only afraid that his appearance would be impaired by the sable stream, which threatened to sully his delicate feet, if he ventured to advance, I could not determine. My opinion inclined to the latter supposition, for the line was hardly coarse enough to justify the former. He might be a beau of his species, and on his road to pay his addresses to some fair insect of great family and high pretensions, and in that case, to present himself in such awful plight, as wading through a stream of ink would cause, it was easy to conceive, might have proved fatal to his dearest hopes. It would be no joke for a dandy, intending to wait upon his adored Miss F. in the Regent's Park, with views like those for which I give his brother insect credit, to get a dip in the common sewer, without any possibility, as was the case with my unfortunate prisoner, of changing his shoes, stockings, and inexpressibles, before he entered the drawing-room.

That something like this was the case, I felt almost convinced, when, having procured a powerful magnifying glass, I was enabled to make out the form of the creature, whose motion was all my unassisted vision could distinctly trace before. He was really a pretty fellow: two horns, like those of a butterfly, graced his head; he had a fine large prominent eye; his form was longer, perhaps it would be better to say his figure was more genteel, than that of our fragrant friend of the bedstead, and his speed, his small size considered, quite as great.

But whatever the case might be in the first instance, I am sure he subsequently discovered that he was in a situation of tremendous peril. My pen, though it has sometimes been said not to be an ill-natured one, was very cruel on this occasion, for it swelled the lines previously traced, from slender common-place marks, to broad, well supplied rivulets, which it would have been death for the captive to attempt. Of this he seemed perfectly sensible, and possibly blamed his own want of presence of mind for not rushing through what had checked his progress at once instead of waiting till it had swelled into what he deemed an ocean.

He ran now one way, and then another, but "all," as we romance writers say, "was dark around." Then he squatted down. "Is this despair?" thought I, "or is it experience? Does the creature conclude that escape is impossible? or, often in such difficulties, does he expect the ink will presently dry, and allow him to proceed?"

His case was singular, but my situation was not less so. I was for the moment an earthly Almighty. There was but one being possessed of life, whom my omnipotence could immediately control, it is true, and that one not of my own creation: but to him, I was somebody. My little finger was perhaps a hundred million of times the size of his whole body; a touch of my awful hand could annihilate him in a moment. It had made him prisoner, had overthrown all his established notions of geography, as taught, perhaps by the ablest insect preceptors, even from the creation of his world (that is the issuing of my sheet from the paper mill), by making what he might regard as vast seas, to roll, where all was dry land before; by making that black which before was white.

Another copious dip or two, would have completely filled up the hollow of the square, and destruction to him and his friends, if he had any such, too small to be visible near him, would have been as certain, hopeless, and complete, as if London had met the fate of Herculeum or "the great globe itself" been "dissolved."

The creature, however, remained motionless so long, that I began to think he was dead, and my ideas were in motion to hold a coroner's inquest on the remains. Perhaps it was fright that had killed him; or it might be that the noxious fumes of the ink had been too powerful for his finer organs. But there are creatures, it occurred to me, mentioned by Dr. Franklin and others, whose lives are so brief, that several generations of them are called into existence, and die by natural decay in the course of a day. In that case thought I, what a monstrous deed may I have perpetrated! A weak, unoffending pilgrim has probably been arrested by me in the

flower of his youth, and detained a forlorn captive, and in mere wantonness, to die from grief in old age; or if this were too much to suppose, it was not very unlikely that an hour being to his life more than a week is to mine, the wants of nature demand to be attended to after shorter intervals, and though that spot to which he was confined, appeared to my eye as fertile, and in all respects as eligible a portion of his country (my paper), as any other, the fact might not be so, and he, for aught I could say to the contrary, had perished by famine.

The fear was vain; he soon revived, and apparently in good health. I had established reservoirs of ink at the corners of my square, which from time to time were replenished, and these as they stood above the surface of the paper, glistening brightly in the sun, and in motion when my table got a shake, must have presented to him an appalling spectacle. Yet he did not fear to approach them. If I put the pen near him, he drew suddenly back close upon the margin of the flowing ink, but I could not discover that he ever touched it.

While I was thus engaged, I perceived another creature of the same species approach my prison. It halted, and then advanced—then halted again, and then receded. I should think it could not see the captive, but possibly its cry of distress might be heard from the enclosure, though it was not audible to me. This new acquaintance might be the Hero of my Leander, or for aught I knew, the Leander of my Hero, for I had no means of ascertaining, that I had not been ungalant enough to doom a lady to an unexpected confinement. If such were the case, Leander had no fancy to attempt the sable Hellespont, which I had interposed between him and his love. The burning forest was not so dreadful to Tancréd. But it might be a parent, a disconsolate mother, a venerable father, who wildly sought a child long since expected to return, but mysteriously withheld from their love, by an overruling power which they could neither resist nor propitiate. I thought of bringing the two together—to witness their warm emotions at thus encountering each other; but while studying how to manage a scene so eminently dramatic, the second performer had reached the edge of the paper, and could not be stayed without risking the instant annihilation of my black fortress.

I now grew weary of tyranny, and proposed to release the object of my late persecution. But this was rather a difficult task. It is easier to do wrong than to repair it. Four slight movements of my pen, had in a moment doomed a poor traveller, whose business might have been of the utmost importance, to a long captivity. I could not so soon dry the ink. If for that purpose I had held the paper to the fire, he would have been burned; the nib of my pen to his transparent side would have been a spear; and to have used my knife, in order to lift him, would have been literally putting him to the sword. All I could do, was to scrape a way through the ink, and endeavour to direct him to the path thus opened for his accommodation.

This I at length effected, and went on, like "*Christian and Hopeful*" in "*The Pilgrim's Progress*," "rejoicing." Whether, when he got home, he was regarded as a Sinbad, a Gulliver, or a Captain Ross, I am unable to report. Perhaps he was nearer my own level than I am willing to believe, and had only to apologise to friends with whom he was to dine, for coming too late. He would give, I suspect, no favourable account of me. The astonishing glare of my glass, which he would naturally call the "eye of the monster," my immense size (as compared with his), the colour of my coat, which was that of my ink, as well as the sport I seemed to make of sufferings not to be described, might justify him in characterizing me—not as I know myself, a poor dabbler in the black art, but as the *Black Gentleman* himself.

CHEERFULNESS.—Persons who are always cheerful and good-humoured are very useful in the world; they maintain peace and happiness, and spread a thankful temper amongst all who live around them.

Soon after the Copernican system of astronomy began to be generally understood, an old farmer went to his parson with the following inquiry:—"Dr. T., do you believe in the new story they tell about the earth moving round the sun?"—"Yes, certainly." "Do you think it is according to the Scriptures? If it's true, how could Joshua command the sun to stand still?" "Umph!" quoth the parson, "Joshua commanded the sun to stand still, did he?"—"Yes." "Well, it stood still, did it not?"—"Yes." "Very well. Did you ever hear that he set it a-going again?"

THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.



FRIDAY.

THE Venus of the Saxon mythology was the goddess Freya or Friga, "who was made," in the words of Verstegan, "according to this picture here doth demonstrate."

"In her right hand she held a drawn sword, and in her left a bow, signifying thereby that women as well as men should in time of need be ready to fight. Some honoured her for a god and some for a goddess, but she was ordinarily taken rather for a goddess than a god, and was reputed the giver of peace and plenty, and maker of love and amity; and of the day of her especial adoration we yet retain the name of Friday; and, as in the order of the days of the week, Thursday comes between Wednesday and Friday; so in the northern regions, where they made the Idol Thor sitting or lying in a great hall upon a covered bed, they also placed on the one side of him the Idol Woden, and on the other side the Idol Friga. Some do call her Freya, and say she was the wife of Woden; but she was called Friga, and her day our Saxon ancestors called *Frigedæg*, from whence our name now of Friday indeed cometh."

THE PLEASURES AND ADVANTAGES OF LABOUR.—There is a very false notion in the world respecting employment. Thousands imagine that if they could live in idleness they would be perfectly happy. This is a great mistake. Every industrious man and woman knows that nothing is so tiresome as being unemployed. During some seasons of the year we have holidays, and it is pleasing on those occasions to see the operative enjoy himself; but we have generally found that, after two or three days of recreation, the diligent mechanic or labourer becomes quite unhappy. Often he sighs over the wretchedness of being idle. The fact is, we were made to labour, and our health, comfort, and happiness depend upon exertion. Whether we look at our bodies or examine our minds, every thing tells us that our Creator intended that we should be active. Hands, feet, eyes, and mental powers, show that we were born to be busy. If we had been made to be idle, a very large portion of our bodily and mental faculties would be redundant. Sir Charles Bell has exhibited the wonderful structure of the human hand;

other physiologists have entered into a minute description of our bodies generally, and have displayed their wonderful adaptation for the business of life. Metaphysicians, also, have dilated on the mind and its operations, and have brought forth to view its marvellous powers, demonstrating that man was intended to be the lord of this lower creation. But, then, all depends upon labour. There are the same mind and body in the savage that haunts the wilderness; the gourmand that merely eats, and drinks, and sleeps; the lady that lounges on a sofa, and boasts that she never does any thing, nor ever wets her fingers; and the myriads of active hands and hearts that change the desert into a paradise, and furnish it with all the comforts, enjoyments, and luxuries of life. Industry and toil make all the difference between the useless and the useful. Did the world consist of ladies, we should be starved, famished, and poisoned; or did it contain none but gentlemen unfit for manual labour, we must all perish for want of the common necessities of life. A world of kings, lords, Alexanders, Casars, Caligulas, or Jezebels, would soon leave the globe without an inhabitant. Exertion, activity, study, and toil, all properly directed to some useful end, are the great requisites of every age and country. Give us these, and we can soon have a happy, a prosperous, an enlightened, and a refined era.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

THIS Number contains the first chapter and a portion of the second of an Historical Tale. In announcing it on the cover of the last monthly part, the name of a city tale (now in preparation), "The Lily of Highgate," was by inadvertency inserted instead of that of "THE BROTHERS."

On the 4th of May, a double number will be given, without any additional charge, in order to meet the wishes of many of our subscribers who have not secured copies of No. 10, which contained the first engraving of the four alto-relievos of the Nelson column. It will be so printed that subscribers possessing the engraving will, in having the volume bound, only require to cut the leaf out. The remainder will be interesting original matter. The interest attached to that national monument has induced us to continue the series. Next week the second tableau will appear.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B. C., and several others, will find in this number a response to their requests.

. Letters for the Editor must in future be addressed to 170, Fleet-street.

T. Y. (Bath).—The Royal Adelaide was fully insured at Lloyd's. The owners will lose nothing by the wreck. If our passenger packets were not insured the owners would take good care to have them as seaworthy as the shipwright could make them. As it is, life is perilled without risk of property to any one but the underwriters. This steamer was the property of the City of Dublin Steam Packet Company. She was lost on Saturday night the 30th ult., between ten and eleven o'clock at night. We have elsewhere made reference to some peculiar features in this distressing tragedy.

A Subscriber.—We intend noticing the peculiar feature of our times to which you refer. The sentence at Exeter is by some assailed and by some defended. Justice Talfourd suffers all the blame, which we think should rest on the Jury. It was their award, not his. They declared both Mr. Bird and his wife not guilty, and he merely had to pass the sentence of the law. It is true that our juries have to listen to the summing up of the judge; but their proper function was to declare the *fact*:—were the master and mistress, or either of them, guilty of the death of Mary-Ann Parsons? To this they return a reply, "Not Guilty." The judge therefore, had merely to dismiss them from the bar. We think with you, that the judge should not overrule evidence by legal quibbles, or even the statement of his own opinion, until the jury have brought in their verdict.

M. C.—We shall have an engraving of the alto-relievo to be placed on the Nelson column in an early number. There are, altogether, four. One, by Mr. Carew, we had in our tenth number, the remaining three will follow as fast as they are made public.

A Subscriber.—Major Edwards is a Shropshireman. He is, however, descended from an old Welsh family. We believe he is now about 30 years of age.

XI.—Your kindness merits and receives our best thanks. Were others as active in their friendship as you are, our expressed desire to have this journal in every respect an elegant and a useful publication would soon be gratified. You say "I take six copies every week, and send one or two to a distance of 60 miles to persons who probably would never have seen it." To our well-wishers we say, "Go and do likewise."

D. X.—Our limited space prevents our doing many things we otherwise would do. There is a good time coming, we trust, when your wishes will be met. You must, however, remember, in comparing our journal with others at the same price, that we incur a large expense for engravings, which they avoid.

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ONE PENNY.
POST FREE, 2d.



**THE NELSON COLUMN.—MR. WOODINGTON'S
ALTO RELIEVO.**

THE first of the four bronze relieves, designed to adorn the base of the Column in Trafalgar-square, made its appearance in our 10th number. We now are enabled to present an engraving of the second. It is placed on that side of the pedestal which faces the National Gallery.

The subject selected by Mr. Woodington, the accomplished artist, is the battle of the Nile. Perhaps there is no period in the eventful life of the bold Nelson, which exhibits in a light so striking the ardent intrepid spirit of the man, as that in which we find him searching the world in quest of the enemy. As is well known, he found the French fleet at anchor in Egypt. The Gallic Admiral knew the character of

his dauntless pursuer too well to be unprepared for his advent, even in the retirement of an African bay. When Nelson pounced upon his devoted prey he found the French ships anchored in the most artistic array of naval tactics. The very danger of an assault redoubled the athletic energies of his mind. The battle of the Nile was fought, and the British Admiral was brilliantly victorious.

The victor was, however, wounded in the head. He was carried down into the cockpit. From the great effusion of blood, the wound was at first considered mortal. The surgeon at once offered to attend to his Commander; but Nelson, in his magnanimity, refused until his turn came with those of the crew who had also been wounded. This peculiarly interesting incident, illustrative of the generosity and true nobility of the Admiral, has been seized on by Mr. Woodington as the subject of the *alto relievo*.

Near the centre, Nelson, seated on a chest, supported by Captain Berry and a seaman, forbids, by the motion of his arm, the approach of the surgeon, who, leaving a sailor's wound half dressed, is hastening towards him. "No," said Nelson, as reported by Southey, "I will take my turn with my brave fellows." In the back ground are two sailors descending into the cock-pit with a wounded comrade. Though severely maimed, a brave tar is seen raising his arm to cheer the glorious hero. A boy, holding a battle-lantern to the surgeon, with face directed towards Nelson, is in the foreground. There are altogether thirteen figures in this *alto relievo*, of full size.

The design is clear, and not beset with those elaborations of detail which mystify and confuse the spectator. The whole incident is at once seen and easily understood. This magnificent work is not only finely conceived, but it is executed with the boldness and expressiveness of a consummate artist. The idea of pain is suggested to the mind by an uneasy repose, rather than depicted in harrowing bodily writhings and contortions. The whole was cast by Messrs. Moore, Ferrance, and Co., of Gray's Inn-lane, in five pieces, weighing about three tons, of a material one-tenth part tin and nine-tenths copper.

THE BROTHERS:

AN HISTORICAL TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER II.—continued.

At the same time he thrust his hat over his eyes, and turned his horse's head to take another direction. Young Edward reluctantly followed his brother's example; but it was too late. During their short pause an increased number of vehicles of every description had accumulated, and barred the approaches to the bridge. The travellers were, consequently, compelled to proceed.

"Envelop yourself in your cloak, and conceal your face," said Alfred.

It was with the utmost reluctance Edward yielded to these injunctions, the necessity of which he could not conceive.

They thus advanced, horses and riders almost carried along by the immense crowd which surrounded them on every side. They quickly arrived opposite the carriage, when Edward could not help casting a glance of curiosity and compassion on its occupants, whose position had now become critical in the extreme, for the rabble were no longer content with insulting but absolutely menaced them with their fists, and several stones had already been directed against the carriage box. The poor ladies thus assailed began to weep, and seemed to implore their persecutors to take compassion on them; the gentleman by whom they were accompanied was pale with rage and indignation, and appeared disposed to rush on the people sword in hand. Now, at the moment, the excitement was so great that the first attempt at resistance would perhaps have been the means of both carriage and contents being torn to pieces.

Edward felt disgusted at the impossibility imposed on him

on perceiving the despair of those unfortunate ladies; nevertheless, such was the influence his elder brother seemed to exercise over him, that he was about to withdraw his regards when a cry was heard; at the same moment one of the ladies looked out at the carriage window, tore her mask from her face, and revealed the features of a lovely young girl, who, however, appeared dreadfully pale and agitated. She stretched her hand towards Edward and cried out, in a piercing voice:—

"Edward!—Mr. Falkland!—in the name of heaven come to my aid!"

This lady was the Countess Elliott, the young companion of Edward.

He, doubtless, did not hear that prayer amidst the hootings of the throng; but that voice—the suppliant gesture—those well-known features of his beloved Emma, electrified the young man. He thought not of danger; he forgot Alfred's recommendations, and, thrusting his spurs into the flanks of his steed, he rushed on the crowd, crying out in a stentorian voice:—

"Follow me, Sir Alfred!"

"Stop, Edward, stop!" exclaimed Alfred, in the most intense alarm, "leave that affair to me, I command you."

But young Falkland listened not, and his brother's orders were drowned in the frightful tumult which this sudden attack had caused. Edward, whose eyes were sparkling with rage, directed his horse forward, overthrowing everything that obstructed his passage, and making use of his riding-whip in a manner truly astounding. One may easily form an idea of the effect this unexpected attack produced on the rioters and idlers, by whom the bridge was literally crammed; cries of rage and vengeance were heard in every direction, but people fled in dismay from the reach of that formidable whip, which inflicted such terrible marks on several faces; and that crowd which, a moment previously, was so compact, suddenly gave way and left a free passage, even to the carriage. Profiting by the first moment of surprise, Edward, by a few vigorous strokes with his whip, soon put to flight the insolent wretches who had seized the reins, and beckoned to the coachman, who, understanding the movement, whipped his horses, and the carriage dashed off with the velocity of lightning, for the rabble now only thought of making way to avoid being crushed beneath the wheels of the ponderous machine. A few seconds had sufficed for the accomplishment of that deliverance.

Edward would fain have followed those whom he had so miraculously preserved, for, at the moment the carriage departed, he saw Emma lean out at the window and wave her hand. Was it to thank him, or an invitation to accompany her? he could not imagine; but, on reflection, he felt that, after such an action, he had everything to apprehend from that populace whom he had so imprudently braved. He wished, therefore, to flee, but it was impossible; in vain he thrust his spurs into the sides of his horse, to force him into a gallop; his poor steed was exhausted by the efforts he had just made, and, instead of proceeding, he neighed sorrowfully and would not proceed a step.

Edward was not wounded; he, nevertheless, considered himself lost, for the crowd, whom, for a moment, his daring had astounded, rushed upon him with the fury of madmen, and he immediately found himself in the clutches of a dozen brutal and ferocious-looking fellows, who handled him so terribly that he felt like a person who had become inebriated.

"He is a Royalist!" cried a formidable looking butcher, whose face was bleeding profusely from the effects of Edward's whip. "Ah, he shall pay for this! To the river; throw him over the bridge!"

"Yes, yes, to the river!" reiterated a thousand voices, "he is a Royalist! death to the Royalist!"

Edward was, consequently, carried to the parapet of the bridge. He made no resistance, for he felt it would be futile; nevertheless, he cast a rapid glance around him to seek his brother; but Alfred had disappeared.

Edward's situation was desperate; a prey to the rage of the multitude, nothing remained for him but to offer up a prayer and die like a Christian. At that awful moment, however, succour was at hand.

"Hold!" exclaimed a sonorous voice. "What! you, citizens of London, about to perpetrate a horrid murder?"

"It is Bishop Juxon!" exclaimed a student, rushing towards Edward as though to rescue him; "make way for Bishop Juxon!"

That name produced a magic effect; young Falkland was precipitately placed on his feet, and each endeavoured to assume a tranquil air, to appear as though he had taken no part in that scene of disorder. At the same time the throng respectfully made way for the important personage who had thus calmed the popular tempest.

Although Bishop Juxon was a Royalist, he was a kind-hearted, liberal, and hospitable person; one of the few who desired a monarchy based on liberal principles, which was well known; hence the wonderful effect produced on the crowd, and the deference paid him.

The Bishop slowly and smilingly advanced between the human walls which the people formed on either side. Occasionally bowing, and addressing an amicable word to the crowd, he thus reached Edward, followed by his servant. The young man was reeling against the parapet of the bridge, pale as death, although his countenance exhibited no signs of timidity or humility.

The Bishop cast a rapid glance on the mob, gazed for a moment on him whom he had rescued from certain death, and observed, frowning: "Well, my friends, it seems I have arrived just in time to prevent you from committing a horrid crime. Are you aware that it is one of the most awful crimes of which you could be guilty? Besides, you merely suspect this gentleman of being opposed to your party, which renders your conduct the more reprehensible."

"My lord," replied the butcher who had been one of young Falkland's most ardent persecutors, "that gentleman fell on us with his whip, because the poor people made known their grievances to the Princess Elizabeth, as she was passing."

"In the first place," observed the Bishop in a sufficiently high and severe tone to be heard by the attentive crowd; "the princess Elizabeth was not in the carriage, they were poor maids of honour, and had the Princess been there you ought to have respected them the more."

An imperceptible murmur ran through the crowd.

"Come, my friends, disperse," continued the Bishop, "and leave this poor young man, whom you have half killed, with me. I trust you deem me sufficiently your friend to withhold him to my care. If he be guilty of any crime, rest assured that justice shall be done. Adieu, my children, adieu."

"Long live the Bishop!" repeated the crowd, who began to disperse.

Nevertheless, a few more obstinate than others remained at a short distance to see how this scene would terminate; a petulant glance, however, from the Bishop sufficed to send them away.

No sooner had this riot tranquilly terminated, than the Bishop approached Edward, who, recovered from the very natural emotion which that event had caused, soon assumed his wonted presence of mind. He warmly expressed his thanks to his preserver for the signal service he had rendered him; but the Bishop interrupted him, placing his finger on his mouth.

"Imprudent young man," he murmured, "what other result could you expect from so rash an action? Young man, those who have reckoned on your courage are not mistaken; I trust, however, that they will not find you all they could wish."

In his perplexity, Edward did not perceive in these words the mysterious signification they probably contained.

"Sir," he replied, "you have rendered me an immense service; I should not fear an honourable death on a field of battle, neither should I hesitate to brave it in the service of a friend, but I must admit that the idea of meeting with such a miserable end filled me with horror, and by heaven!"

"Hush!" murmured the Bishop, "it is madness. Should you again incur their displeasure, you would not so easily escape. Come, let us not remain here longer. Where do you reside, my friend? I would fain accompany you, for I do not suppose that you wish to confront alone any of these rascals."

"I am a stranger, sir," observed young Falkland in an embarrassed manner, "and I have arrived in London to-day for the first time."

"Oh! indeed," responded the Bishop, casting on him a scrutinising look, "and you are here alone, without residence, recommendation, or a companion? That is singular."

"I was not alone when the furious crowd threw themselves on me; but——"

"But the person by whom you were accompanied basely abandoned you, did he not?"

"I dare not reply to your question, sir," rejoined Edward blushing as a suspicion flashed across his mind.

"And that conduct," resumed his interlocutor, "is the more dastardly, from the circumstance of its being that of a brother; it is not, Mr. Edward Falkland?"

The young gentleman trembled violently, and could not suppress an exclamation of alarm, mingled with surprise, on finding his position so well known to that eminent personage whom he saw for the first time. The Bishop smiled at his embarrassment, and resumed, with a singular volubility, approaching him:—

"Listen, my young friend, and do not trouble yourself to divine enigmas with which, I presume, you are at present unacquainted. All I can tell you is, that your brother has sufficient reason for not showing himself in public with you at the present moment, and for taking no part in the danger to which you exposed yourself with so much temerity. Do not, therefore, be uneasy on his account; he is not far from hence, and so soon as I have departed he will doubtless quickly rejoin you. I advise you, for your own interest, not to speak of the conversation we have had together; but, if you consider you are at all indebted to me for the service I have rendered you, remember the secret advice which has this day been given you."

"Secret advice!" cried Edward in astonishment. The Bishop again placed his finger mysteriously on his mouth.

"Adieu, my child," he resumed in a loud voice, "and do not forget to thank the Almighty for your deliverance. We shall probably see each other again shortly."

On concluding these words the Bishop waved his hand in token of adieu, and proceeded on his way to Lambeth Palace, which was his town residence.

Scarcely had the Bishop disappeared, when Sir Alfred made his appearance at the extremity of the bridge. On approaching his brother, he silently dismounted, assisted Edward, who felt very weak from the effects of the recent struggle, to mount, and departed without pronouncing a word.

CHAPTER III.

After this adventure, which had well nigh proved fatal to young Falkland, the two brothers slowly followed in the track of the Bishop, and were soon traversing the gloomy and almost deserted streets in the neighbourhood of Lambeth.

As they entered one of the most tortuous and narrow, Sir Alfred approached his horse near to that of his brother.

"Sir," he observed, in a severe tone, "you cannot for some time inhabit my town residence, you must, consequently, take up your abode at some obscure hotel. Were you to be recognised by the author of the tumult which has just taken place, you would doubtless have to render an account of your proceedings, or, at least, become the talk of the town: it is absolutely necessary to conceal yourself securely. You have infringed my orders with an inconceivable folly, and must bear the consequences."

"I at least exposed myself alone to the danger of that folly," returned the young man somewhat bitterly; "how was it possible that I could leave a noble young lady, whom I love more than my life, to be insulted, and, perchance, even basely murdered, by an infuriated populace?"

"I am sorry," replied Sir Alfred indulgently, "that you cannot yet perceive your error, as also the motives which prevented me from aiding you in an act of generosity, laudable perhaps in itself. You know me sufficiently well, Edward, to be convinced that pusillanimity was not the cause of my avoiding the mob; but I must tell you that your temerity has periled the important project for which I require your assistance, and which may be a means of realising both your fortune and mine."

At the same time he heaved a profound sigh. That mildness of tone sensibly affected young Falkland, who had expected severer reproaches from Alfred.

"Sir," he observed timidly, "I am quite disposed to do anything calculated to repair my faults, if I am really culpable in your eyes."

"Very good," returned Alfred, in a pensive tone, "and, to commence, this is what I have determined upon—You must take apartments at an inn, where you will pass for a country gentleman who has come to London to consult a celebrated physician relative to his health. I will take upon myself the business of concocting a fabrication. You must not, however, leave your abode for some few days, and if you be prudent, if you take the precautions I require of you, all is not, perhaps, lost."

"I consent to all, sir," said Edward with humility, "and I trust that my submission will prove to you how grieved I am at having incurred your displeasure."

"That is well," observed Sir Alfred, with a smile of satisfaction, "I see, with pleasure, that you are as prompt to acknowledge a fault as to commit one; but," he continued, with an air of indifference, "now that we can converse freely, I have a question to ask you. Did the Bishop, the gentleman who rescued you, ask any questions; does he know your name?"

"I did not tell him," replied the young man blushing, who recollected the pressing recommendations of his liberator; "he learnt nothing from me either respecting you or myself."

To be continued.



SOUTHAMPTON.

VARIOUS circumstances have of late years given Southampton increased importance; but it has been a town of great celebrity from an ancient date. The Clausentum of the Romans was the Hamton of the Saxons, and that site appears to have been abandoned for the more eligible position of the present town.

In Domesday Book the old name is written Hantun and Hantune, and the county Hantunscyre, which eventually resolved itself into Hampshire. The prefix South was given to Hamton, in consequence of its relative situation to Norham.

In the year 878, and again in 980, Hamton was ravaged by the Danes. When Canute ascended the throne, he appears to have established his abode at Southampton; and here, according to Henry of Huntingdon, it was, that he gave that memorable lesson to the sycophants about him, which, often as it has been told, may still be read with advantage. Hailed by flattery as one whose awful mandates all nature must obey, he caused a chair to be placed for him on the beach, and then authoritatively addressed the flowing tide to the following effect:—"Oh, ye waves, know ye are under my dominion; the ground on which I sit is mine, nor did ever refractory pride disobey my commands with impunity; and I therefore now command thee not to wet the feet of thy lord and master." The historian continues:—"Despite of this royal order, the rude waters presently advanced, and threw themselves over the royal person; when rising from his seat, he addressed his courtiers, and said: "Let all the world know that the power of earthly monarchs is a vain and empty thing, and that no one deserves the name of king but He whose will, by an eternal decree, the heavens, the earth, and the sea, must obey." It is added, from that time forward he would never suffer the crown to be placed on his head, but caused it to be put on the great crucifix at Winchester. The coins of Canute have a mitre, a cap, or a triangular covering on his head, similar to that of St. Edward, and thus seem to confirm the tradition.

Southampton gained considerable importance before the

Norman conquest. Its growing prosperity was interrupted in the time of Edward III. That monarch having laid claim to the crown of France, differences arose between the two countries, and the French, with their Spanish and Genoese allies, made a successful landing from a fleet of fifty galleys. They defeated those who opposed them in arms, but with considerable loss, and many of the principal inhabitants of Southampton were cruelly put to the sword. In the following year, 1339, an act was passed for rebuilding and fortifying the town, and the king, in a new charter, confirmed all the grants made by his predecessors, and invested the inhabitants with additional immunities.

It was in July, 1345, that the army destined to avenge the affront England had received, on the plains of Cressy, sailed from the port of Southampton. From the same place, in 1415, those warriors took their departure who were soon to become the conquerors of Agincourt. Here, before the armament had moved, was discovered the conspiracy against the life of Henry V., in which Robert Earl of Cambridge (whose grandson afterwards became King Edward IV.) and Sir Thomas Grey of Northumberland, were conspicuous, with Lord Scrope, the especial favourite of the King. They were brought to trial, and executed in Southampton. Scrope was hanged, drawn, and quartered; the others were beheaded. Their bodies were interred in the Domus Dei, as is recorded on a stone erected by a predecessor of the present Earl of Delawarr.

In 1522, Charles V. embarked from Southampton in the fleet which conveyed him to Spain. Edward VI. was a visitor thirty years afterwards. Philip II. landed here when he came to marry Mary I., and Queen Elizabeth kept her Court in Southampton in 1569. In 1575, she granted to the corporation the arms which are now used in the crown seal.

The remainder of the history of Southampton is highly gratifying. Its prosperity has from age to age continued rapidly to increase. Southampton is well-known to those whose lives are devoted to commerce and pleasure; and enor-

mously as it hath increased of late years, its dimensions and importance are likely at no distant day to be far more considerable.

SCENES IN ITALY.

BY VICTOR HUGO.—NO. III.

BACHARACH is one, of the oldest and prettiest towns on the Rhine, and it is perhaps the least known.

I remained three days at Bacharach, which is, without exception, the most antique group of human habitations that I have ever seen. One might imagine that some giant, a vendor of *bric-a-bac*, purposing to open a shop upon the Rhine, had taken a mountain for his counter, and placed, from the bottom to the top, with a giant taste, heaps of enormous curiosities.

This old fairy town, in which romance and legend abound is peopled by inhabitants who—old and young, from the urchin to the grandfather, from the young girl to the old dame—have in their cast of features and in their walk, something of the thirteenth century. From the summit of the Schloss we have an immense view, and discover, in the embrasures of the mountain, five other castles in ruins; upon the left bank of the river, Furstemberg, Sonneck, and Heimbarg; to the west, on the other side of the Rhine, Goutenfels, full of recollections of Gustave Adolphe; and, towards the east, above the fabulous valley of Wisperthal, the manor, where the inhospitable Sibo de Lorch refused to open the door to the gnomes on stormy nights.

At Bacharach a stranger is looked upon as a phenomenon. The traveller is followed with eyes expressive of bewilderment. In fact, no one, except it be a poor painter, plodding



BACHARACH.

his way on foot, with a bag upon his back, ever deigns to visit this antique capital—this town of melancholy.

I must not, however, forget to mention that in the room adjoining mine hangs a picture purporting to represent Europe. Two lovely girls, their shoulders bare, and a handsome young fellow are singing. The following stanza is underneath:

"Enchanting Europe! where all smiling France
Gives laws to fashion, graces to the dance!
Pleasure, fine arts, each sweet and lovely face
Form the chief worship of thy happy race."

Under my window was an entire little world, happy and charming—a kind of court, adjoining a Roman Church, which we could approach by a dilapidated stair. Three little boys and two little girls were playing among the grass, which reached their chins; the girls every now and then fighting voluntary with the boys. The ages of all five could not amount to more than fifty years. Beyond the long grass were trees loaded with fruit. In the midst of the leaves were two scarecrows, dressed like Lubins, of the Comic Opera; and although, perhaps they had the effect of frightening the birds, they failed to do that to the *bergeronnettes*. In all corners of the garden were flowers glittering in the rays of the sun, and round these flowers were swarms of bees and butterflies. The bees hummed, the children chattered, the birds sang, and at a distance were two doves happily billing.

After having admired till nightfall this charming little garden, I took a fancy to visit the ruin of the old church, which is dedicated to St. Werner, who suffered martyrdom at Oberwesel. I reached the first flight of steps, which were covered with grass, looked round, admired the heavens, from which sufficient light came to enable me to see the old palatine castle in ruins; then my eyes fell upon my charming garden of children, birds, doves, bees, butterflies and music—my garden of life, of love, and of joy,—and I discovered that it was a cemetery.

THE SEA SIDE IN FORMER TIMES.

"WELL! ideas of distance and space are now undergoing a wonderful change, and bid fair, by and bye, to be reduced to fractions. A Saturday afternoon's trip will be Constantinople, and the Cape of Good Hope will do for summer quarters. Steamers are continually receiving additions to their powers and capabilities, and those mighty pathways, the railroads, in their very infancy, defy competition, and outstrip the boldest flights of imagination. In cheapness, in speed, and in comfort in travelling, a wondrous improvement has taken place, and is going on with accelerated pace. Here I am, snug at home, noways fatigued, after in about two hours accomplishing what was once a long day's weary labour. I seem just to have bid farewell to my friends, and by magic to have been transported over the many miles now interposed between us. And yet, how much fine scenery, richly cultivated land, and, dear to a west countryman, how great a length of Clyde, the loveliest, hardest toiled, and most money-making of rivers, have I not glided along since morning, rejoicing in its beauty, admiring its glassy bosom, and vowing soon to revisit one of those pleasant, health-affording, luxurious, little towns, that stud its well-wooded banks and shores, with their numerous and fantastic villas straggling around, which, with their mimic parks and policies, render the scene one display of wealth, comfort, and beauty. Though no disciple of science, and feeling no relish for her laboratories and workshops, still I feel no objection to share in the benefits of her labours, and afford my meed of praise to her successful exertions." Such were some of my sentiments after returning from a day or so on the sea coast, on which occasion I had travelled by the Greenock Railway and a first-rate river boat; and really when the present opportunities for procuring relaxation, by visiting the sea coast are contrasted with what we are told they were, and that not very long ago, we may well be astonished, and think that, as the Yankees say, the world is indeed "going a-head."

Formerly, a visit to the sea-side was no joke, but a solemn and serious undertaking, not to be lightly entered upon, but forming the subject of discussions and consultations innumerable, and requiring fully more preparation and arrangement than is now usually allowed for a voyage to India.

I intend to offer a short sketch of what usually formed a family sea-side visit in former times, ere the wondrous energies of steam were put in force to facilitate such enterprises, gathered from the lips of those who then, in the spring or even the bloom of life, enjoyed with a keen relish, the few and much-prized excursions they had the means of obtaining.

The usual originator was the goodwife, who was induced by various reasons to advocate warmly such a scheme as spending the boys' vacation at some watering place. Thus, she supposed, she would be freed from the unwelcome, mischief-working, incessant lounging in the house, as they would have sufficient out-door amusement. She would please them, and so on through all the array of arguments which every managing female knows so well how to muster in support of any favourite idea; and not forgetting the pleasing thought that such a trip would nicely vex Mrs. Smith, who wished so much to go but could not get. The lady of the house, though the first formally to announce, and the most zealous in advocating the plan, was sure to be warmly plied with entreaties in favour of it from the boys, whose sailor passions seem to grow in intensity with the summer heat, till at length happiness and the sea-side seemed to them inseparable. Ere the scheme was finally agreed to, there was often the labour of weeks, for occasionally the Goodman was very obdurate, and seemed as deaf to the charms of the good lady's logic as a millstone, and even required an interesting case of family illness, ending in a doctor's recommendation of the sea air for supplying a fresh stock of health and vigour; but against so close a life few fathers, however averse to the trouble and expense, could long bear up. Supposing the assent duly given, then came the dread toil of preparation, and dire indeed was the bustle and confusion that ensued. The idea of going to inhabit some uncivilised spot seemed to be present in the lady's mind. She was in a strait between the fear of being destitute of the most necessary articles, and the equally alarming one of not procuring suitable accommodation for her goods and chattels. The boys of the family were equally busied in rigging and repairing their mimic barks, carrying off materials for their equipment, and considering their school duties terrible bores, most improperly interfering with their better employments. As the time of departure approaches, the din and bustle increases, and in more rapid increase grow the glee and excitement of the junior members. The only idle person is the Goodman; but, though in the active sense he may not be engaged, he is abundantly involved in the passive. His slippers are mislaid, his newspaper is torn to wrap up parcels, while his very razor had become sorely blunted in the worthy task of cutting masts. Matters being in such uncomfortable confusion, we may easily suppose the day of departure will be longed for by all.

At last the appointed day dawns, and at the early break of day the impatient youngsters, springing from sleepless couches, rouse the household, and soon all is bustle and confusion; cloaks, &c., &c., are piled on a pyramid of trunks, boxes, &c., that blocks up the lobby, and proclaim an immediate departure. A poor breakfast, hastily swallowed in the now uncomfortable parlour, opens the labours of the day, and serves to quicken their departure, as there is hardly a more melancholy sight than one's own snug parlour denuded of many of its familiar accompaniments, while what remains is piled into corners and huddled over with carpets, &c.; the vehicle is at the door, a good cart drawn by a bony horse, more calculated for endurance than speed, with a homely-looking lad in bonnet and jacket as driver. The lady now gives many directions for the safe stowage of the luggage, which the patient husband and obedient driver seek to obey, so far as practicable; the young folks, despite of advices and rebukes, keep scrambling in, just for the pleasure of being as quickly turned out, till all the goods and chattels are arranged to stand the perils of the journey, and likewise to serve as seats for the travellers. All being now stowed away, the young folks having been put in peaceable possession of their appointed seats, a chair is placed, and by its aid, the Mr. and Mrs. manage to reach their places in the vehicle. The lad leaps up in front, and, after one or two further shiftings to bring the more refractory members more immediately within the scope of parental authority, and a fifth last injunction to the friend superintending the departure, the word is given, and the well-laden equipage goes off at the sober pace of some five miles an hour.

There is something very exhilarating in setting out on a

journey, in the grey of a fine summer morning—to feel its bracing air, and see the verdure all refreshed by the pearly dewdrops that stud each leaf, and load every blade of grass—to trace one by one the signs of daybreak, and passing the silent cottages, find busy man resting from his toils in balmy sleep. All this is pleasant and enlivening, and when aided by the anticipation of the sea-side varied pleasures, is sure to put the travellers in very good humour, which, in the case of the boys, is heightened into very ecstasy, by the honour and gratification of riding, alloyed only by the tantalising refusal of being allowed to drive. Their happiness is reflected on their parents, who at first enter into their boyish glee, and in the cart is to be found a very happy group. But pleasure quickly fades, and soon discontent and murmuring break out in this small band; the cart is as inferior in ease as in speed to our modern railroad conveyances, and the road, besides running over every hill it can encounter, is terribly rough, and, instead of an easy steady progress, they jolt from stone to stone, till they fancy they must be perfectly black and blue, and straightway complain of the interminable length of the road, and their tardy progress. Small quarrels take place between the manly-minded hopefuls as to which will sit next the horse. The sun has risen fairly, and is most unmercifully beating down his hot rays upon them, and last, and worst of all, hunger is proclaimed; a halt is soon made at one of those snug clean old-fashioned inns that may even yet be detected in remote villages, and in the nice parlour, with its sandy floor, and bunch of dried herbs in the fire-place, and staring coloured prints, is a hearty meal eaten; the table-cover is so very clean and white, and the landlady so attentive, and the butter and milk so rich-looking, that good humour is restored, and for a mile or two the hard jolts only produce a smile from the old folks, and a laugh from the young.

Their journey does at last come to an end, and gladly do they flock into the two little old-fashioned rooms destined for their abode, and all busy themselves in arranging their stores, and planning how they may all get suitable accommodation for sleeping; for anything else they care but little, as the open air is to be their residence by day.

My limits will not permit of my entering on a narrative of life at the sea-side formerly, but perhaps the difference between it then and now is not so marked, as the amusements remain pretty much the same, save that much of the city's luxury and gaiety has been added to them. A few words on our modern means of making a sea-side trip, may suitably close this brief sketch.

At present, five minutes' discussion at breakfast generally serves to settle the preliminaries of the visit, after which, the lady sets about the few requisite preparations, and the gentleman visits his place of business, for a couple of hours, attends quite coolly to his usual duties, and then leaves, telling he will be back to-morrow, walks to the railway office, and, without any trouble, takes his seat, and sees that his charges are duly boxed in, and then freed by the noise from the exertion of talking, and by the speed from studying the scenery, is whirled along at a tremendous rate, and seemingly in a few minutes is shown out and hurried down to the quay, and on board an elegant steamer, which soon skims smoothly over the glassy Clyde, by its steady silent progress compensating for the noisy rattling railway. He is quickly landed on shore, and, fresh and free from fatigue, or any marks of travel, may lethink himself of dinner, and then how to spend a long and lovely afternoon in a delightful and gay watering-place.

LOVE, DEATH, AND THE LOTTERY.—Early in the reign of George II. the footman of a lady of quality, under the absurd insatiation of a dream, disposed of the savings of the last twenty years of his life in two lottery tickets, which, proving blanks, after a few melancholy days he put an end to his life. In his box was found the following plan of the manner in which he should spend the five thousand pound prize, which his mistress preserved as a curiosity:—"As soon as I have received the money I will marry Grace Towers; but as she has been cross and coy, I will use her as a servant. Every morning she shall get me a mug of strong beer, with a toast, nutmeg, and sugar in it; then I will sleep till ten, after which I will have a large sack posset. My dinner shall be on the table by one, and never without a good pudding. I will have a stock of wine and brandy laid in. About five in the afternoon I will have tarts and jellies, and a gallon bowl of punch; at ten a hot supper of two dishes. If I am in good humour, and Grace behaves herself, she shall sit down with me. To bed about twelve." Speculators in "Derby sweeps" may take a lesson from this.

SAXON ROMANCES.

MR. WRIGHT, in his *Biographia Britannica Literaria*, gives the following striking remarks on Saxon romances:—

"We not only trace the preservation of these romances down to a comparatively late period, but we can discover marks of their continued influence in various ways. From time to time we detect them interweaving themselves with the graver recitals of the historian. As the Saxons became in course of time more and more firmly settled in, and identified with, Britain, their recollections of their old country became continually less vivid, the traditions connected with it less definite, and they began to forget the meaning of many of the old legends, although they were still punctually handed down from father to son. A particular tribe, who had brought with them some ancient legend, the real scene of which lay upon the shores of the Baltic, after they had been settled for a time in England, began to look upon it as a story connected only with the spot where they now dwell, and to perpetuate the error by giving the name of its hero to some object in their vicinity. Thus came such names as Grimesby, in Lincolnshire, Wade's Castle in the North, which took their names, one from Havelock's supposed foster-father, the other from a Saxon or northern hero, who legend appears at present to be lost, although it was still preserved little more than two centuries ago. Thus, too, the legend of Weland was located in Berkshire. It was in this way that the Ongles, or Angles, settled at an earlier period near Sleswic, became by degrees confounded with the East Angles in England; and thus the romance of Offa, one of the ancient Angle princes, or 'heroes', was, under the hand of the historian Matthew Paris, transformed into a life of Offa, king of the Angles in our island. Some such process seems to have produced the more modern romance of Havelock, that of King Atla, still preserved in Anglo-Norman and Latin, though in either form inedited, and perhaps all the other Anglo-Norman romances which form the cycle commonly attributed to the period of the Danish invasions, such as Guy of Warwick, Bevis of Hampton, and King Horn. In more than one instance we find the events of some older family romance mixed up with the life of an historical personage. Such, no doubt, was the origin of the history of Hereward's younger days, which his biographer acknowledges to be taken from what appears to have been a poem, written by Leofric of Bourne; and there are several incidents in it which are most remarkably similar to some parts of the romance of Horn, just mentioned. These were not the most humiliating transformations to which, in the course of ages, the Anglo-Saxon romances were condemned: as they had been originally formed in the childhood of nations, so at a later period they reappeared in the form of chap-books and ballads for the amusement of children; and it is more than probable that the great god Thor, the never-ceasing enemy of the Giants of the old Teutonic mythology, has degenerated into that popular but no less remarkable hero of the nursery, the famous Jack-the-Giant-Killer, the all-powerful hammer and the girdle of strength of the god having been replaced by the equally efficient sword of sharpness and the cap of invisibility."

HUMAN LIFE ESTIMATED BY PULSATION.—An ingenious author asserts that the length of a man's life may be estimated by the number of pulsations he has strength to perform. Thus, allowing seventy years for the common age of man, and sixty pulses in a minute for the common measure of pulses in a temperate person, the number of pulsations in his whole life would amount to 2,207,520,000; but if by intemperance he forces his blood into a more rapid motion, so as to give seventy-five pulses in a minute, the same number of pulses would be completed in fifty-six years, consequently his life would be reduced fourteen years.

A SUBSTITUTE.—An Irish officer in the 40th rang his bell so often that no servant the landlady could hire would stop in the house, or could stand the running up stairs. The officer consequently received notice to quit, which being unwilling to do, and finding the cause of warning, he promised never to ring his bell again. Upon this understanding he retired to his apartment. In about half an hour the whole house was alarmed by the report of a brace of pistols in the Captain's room. Up rushed the landlady, and the servants, and burst open the door, in the full expectation of some dreadful catastrophe. "Coffee!" coolly said the Captain. On their expressing surprise, the lodger cried, "Why, as you do not like me to ring the bell, of course I must find some substitute."

THE PHRENOLOGIST AND THE RIVAL SUITORS.—Mr. Combe tells us, that in the course of his brother's residence in Paris, M. S.— introduced to his daughter a lover whom he regarded as worthy to receive her hand, and to inherit his fortune; but, unfortunately for the old gentleman's choice, the young lady had already found a lover for herself, and as she had taken her mother into her confidence, she now appealed to her for support. The mother, after seeing both suitors, greatly preferred Eugenie's choice; but the father's friend held a superior social position to that of his rival, and was therefore strongly supported by the father. During Dr. Combe's visit to the family, they had frequently been struck by the acute and correct descriptions which, with the aid of phrenology, he gave them of the talents and dispositions of individuals whom they knew intimately; and as both parents loved Eugenie dearly, and aimed only at her happiness, they took him into their counsels, and asked him to examine the heads of the two lovers, and to advise them honestly which was the superior man. He did so, and reported that the father's friend was by nature selfish, cunning, and ambitious; while Eugenie's choice, evidently was the higher natural character of the two. The father, having subsequently discovered the true character of his candidate, yielded; and Eugenie and her lover were married.

THE GENIUS OF WOMAN.—Women certainly are fortunate in a turn for the microscopic or minute, and for those occupations which can be performed whilst sitting still, or which require movement in a limited circle only. Their Clarissa-like genius for weaving page after page of letter writing; or, in other words, for that interminable piece of chequer work, dark and formidable, the crossed letter, ever extending its unsparingly in whatever corner the white surface of the paper still shows itself, down to the last crossed line of the last page, is quite an immediate blessing from Heaven; while their talent for forming friendships with birds and gold fish, their oraze for administering slop and flattery to the young of animals, as if they were young children: their incredible patience under any infliction of plants or flowers, which they will sometimes meditate and regard as if they were endeavouring to pass the bounds of human knowledge, and to enter the mystery of vegetable life; and their great instinct for making themselves endlessly happy with the vast subject of dress, are endowments which must be referred to the same category. These resources are their salvation in many strange situations, in which it would go hard, we suspect, with male faculties.

337,500,000 letters passed through the post-offices of the United Kingdom during last year, and to every one hundred of them about fifty had stamps; 46 were prepaid with pennies; and only 4 were committed to the box unpaid.

THE BEACON.

In the dull grey of morning,
When but a single star
Threw o'er the heaving waters
Its radiance from afar:
The winds had sunk to stillness—
The waves played low and soft,
When "Beacon dead to windward,"
Was sung out from aloft.

Like Hope's inspiring banner
To sorrow's eye unfurled!
Like the lightning flash of Freedom
To a long enslaved world!
Like a single gem that brightly
In Beauty's bosom glows!
In the dull grey of morning
That ocean star arose.

Its fellow star of heaven
Was speeding to the west;
Another clime to hallow,
And smile upon its rest:
Dimmer it grew and dimmer,
As purpled tinged the grey;
Till in the flashing sunlight
Its glory passed away.

We near'd the lonely Beacon—
Its lamp was turning pale;
Its lamp of hope and mercy
To the seamen in the gale.
And I prayed on it a blessing
Of Him who rules the land,
And holds the mighty ocean
In the hollow of his hand.

J. P. D.

THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.



SATURDAY.

WE now come to the seventh and last of this strange company, but not the least in fame among the Anglo-Saxons, "When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones."

The historian Verstegan gives the following fanciful description of the above figure:—

"First, on a pillar, was placed a perch, on the sharp prick back of which stood this Idol. He was lean of visage, having long hair and a long beard, and was bare headed and bare footed. In his left hand he held up a wheel, and in his right he carried a pail of water, wherein were flowers and fruits. His long coat was girded unto him with a towel of white linen. His standing on the sharp fins of this fish was to signify that the Saxons, for their serving him, should pass stedfastly and without harm in dangerous and difficult places. By the wheel was betokened the knit unity and conjoined concord of the Saxons, and their concurring together in the running one course by the girdle, which, with the wind, streamed from him, was signified the Saxon freedom. By the pail with flowers and fruits was declared that with kindly rain he would nourish the earth to bring forth such fruit and flowers; and the day unto which we yet give the name of Saturday did first receive by being unto him celebrated the same appellation.

SELF-MADE MEN.—Columbus was a weaver. Franklin a journeyman printer. Sextus V. was employed in herding swine. Ferguson and Burns were ploughmen. Æsop was a slave. Hogarth an engraver on pewter-pots. Ben Johnson was a bricklayer. Porson was the son of a parish clerk. Akenside was the son of a butcher—so was Wolsey. Cervantes was a common soldier. Halley was the son of a soap-boiler. Arkwright was a baker. Belzoni the son of a barber. Blackstone and Southey were the sons of linen-drappers. Crabbe a fisherman's son. Keats the son of a livery stable keeper. Buchanan was a farmer. Canova the son of a mason. Captain Cook began his career as a cabin-boy. Haydn was the son of a wheelwright. Hogg was a shepherd.

GIPSY GLEE.

When the homeward crow flies low,
And phantom lights dance o'er the fen;
When hinds, belated, trembling go
By haunted wood and robbers' glen;
Then sing we our gipsy glee,
By the firelight merrily!

When the windy clouds float wild,
Threat'ning tempest from the west;
When the young moon, like a child,
Rocks upon the cloud's soft breast;
Then sing we our gipsy glee,
By the faint light merrily!

When the raven shrieks on high
O'er her cold and rifled nest;
When her swart wing specks the sky,
Just above the moon's dim crest;
Then sing we our gipsy glee,
By the grim light cheerily!

When all evil things awake,
And all good are wrapp'd in dream,
Then prowl we 'till morning break—
Wayside hedge and willow stream;
Then lurk we by bank and tree,
Through the long night drearily!

CHARLES SWAIN.

FECUNDITY OF HERRINGS.—It is stated that a single herring, if suffered to multiply, unmolested and undiminished, for twenty years, would show a progeny greater in bulk than ten such globes as that we live upon.

A RANDOM HIT.—"I hope you will be able to support me," said a young lady, whilst walking out one evening with her intended, during a somewhat slippery state of the side-walks. "Why, yes," said the somewhat hesitating swain, "with some little assistance from your father." There was some little confusion, and a profound silence.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

. Letters for the Editor must in future be addressed to 170, Fleet-street.

A. M.—The witty Thomas Moore is now, alas! in the most wretched condition of health, both of body and mind. For the last three months he has been bed-ridden, and no hope is entertained of him by his physicians.

S. B.—Bird and his wife have been apprehended and lodged in gaol on the charge of having maltreated Mary-Ann Parsons, the unfortunate girl who recently died under their hands. They were acquitted of the murder by Justice Talfourd, but they are amenable to the law for bad treatment. It will be proved, and probably they will have to undergo a lengthened imprisonment. These wretches were, it is said, panic-struck on finding that they were again brought to justice, having flattered themselves with the false hope that having been once tried they were for ever free.

The Inventor.—You, in coffee, will find less harm than in tobacco. How you substitute the berry for the leaf is matter for conjecture; but if it is in chewing, then you cannot be in any danger.

H. P. L.—We intended closing the first volume at Christmas. The volume would contain about five hundred pages. Should circumstances admit of an increase in the size of the weekly numbers, then, as the volume might be rather bulky, an earlier period will be fixed upon.

Un Petit Homme.—We wish our space would admit of your clever puzzle, but while our Journal is of eight pages we must give the preference to the useful and instructing.

Iola.—You will find, from a notice in our last week's paper, that a double number will be published, without any additional charge, on the 4th of May. We concur in all you say regarding the propriety of avoiding the trifling and trashy manners of too many of our cheap literature neighbours. We aim at making *The Penny Illustrated News* "not only a tasteful, but an instructive and useful Miscellany." Any accession to its income, by an increase in its sale, will, without a moment's loss of time, be devoted to secure that aim.

A. H.—We shall endeavour, as near as possible, to meet your wishes in this paper, but so many correspondents object to having its present limited number of pages occupied with any thing not of a more permanent utility than mere fun, that we postpone Mr. Green's adventures for the present.

A Subscriber (Cambridge Terrace).—Our author, for the present, refuses his name. Mr. Dickens has given his to cheap literature; and it is to be hoped that others of like respectability will cast prejudice aside, and follow in a course that promises to enable such journals as this to outbid, in popularity, the worthless, profane, and impure publications, which to some extent now pollute the press.

J. A.—We now use a much smaller type in order to press more matter into our pages. If, as you say, "each subscriber would get one friend to buy a copy, and thus double the sale," then we would also double the size of the Journal, and otherwise add to its attractions.

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GIBRALTAR.

THE ROUTE OF THE OVERLAND MAIL— GIBRALTAR.

If the stars (says some one) should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore and preserve, for many generations, the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown; but every night come out those preachers of beauty and they rise and set unheeded, except by a philosophical few. Men assume, as mere matters of course, undeserving of admiration, the most astounding in-

ventions of the day. Railways, electric telegraphs, and this famous route to our Indian possessions are in an instant set aside, as simply the acquired facilities of commerce.

Many attempts had been made for the space of twenty years to establish a regular line of communication but without success, until the Peninsular and Oriental Company, at great expense, overcame every obstacle, and have placed, at the service of the public, the present commodious, safe, and rapid means of transit between Europe and Asia. The ad-

vantage to the public, to individuals, and the empire, is incalculable.

Unfortunately, to this moment, a great portion of our Asiatic dominions are held as much by the power of the sword as by the dominancy of Saxon superiority. When so long a period was required, as was the case ten years ago, to communicate the want of troops or the other munitions of war, the danger to the permanence of our sovereignty was increased.

In order to prevent rebellion, a large force, at an immense expense, was found indispensable. Now, however, in an incredibly short space of time, all the assistance required for the thorough subjugation of an outbreak by the native rebels may be confidently relied on.

Our artist has given a sketch of Gibraltar as it is portrayed in the panoramic exhibition in Regent-street. The town, as will be observed, stands at the foot of the rock. It is fortified; but its chief defence is from the batteries on the rock. The houses have flat roofs and large bow-windows. One long street traverses the whole town. This is the healthiest part of it, for in the other districts the inhabitants are overcrowded together. The place is a general *entrepot* for English manufactures, from whence they are largely smuggled into Spain.

The rock of Gibraltar stands from south to north. It is nearly three miles long, something less than one mile broad, and is fourteen hundred feet high. The north side is almost perpendicular, the east has fearful precipices, the south is narrow and upright, and the west is equally inaccessible as the others; but there is a level patch of ground on which the town is built, which can be approached by ships from the bay. The bay, nine miles long and five miles broad, forms a convenient naval station, being sheltered from the more dangerous gales.

We intend continuing, from time to time, our pictorial illustration of the "Route of the Overland Mail."

PLAGUES IN EGYPT.

THE following dreadful account of the plagues of Egypt is extracted from Edward Daniel Clark's Travels in Europe, Asia, and Africa.

The mercury in Fahrenheit's thermometer seemed at this time fixed. It remained at 90 degs. for several days, without the smallest perceptible change. Almost every European suffered an inflammation of the eyes. Many were troubled with cutaneous disorders. The prickly heat was very common. This was attributed to drinking the muddy water of the Nile, the inhabitants having no other. Their mode of purifying it, in a certain degree, is by rubbing the inside of the water-vessels with bruised almonds: this precipitates a portion of the mud, but it is never quite clear. Many persons were afflicted with sores upon the skin, which were called "Boils of the Nile;" and dysenterical complaints were universal. A singular species of lizard made its appearance in every chamber, having circular membranes at the extremity of its feet, which gave it such tenacity that it crawled upon panes of glass, or upon the surface of pendent mirrors. This revolting sight was common to every apartment, whether in the houses of the rich or the poor; at the same time such a plague of flies covered all things over with their swarms, that it was impossible to eat without hiring persons to stand by every table with feathers or flappers, to drive them away. Liquor could not be poured into a glass; the mode of drinking was by keeping the mouth of every bottle covered until the moment it was applied to the lips; and instantly covering it with the palm of the hand when removing it to offer to any one else. The utmost attention to cleanliness, by a frequent change of every article of wearing apparel, could not repel the attacks of the swarms of vermin which seemed to infest even the air of the place. A gentleman made his appearance before a party he had invited to dinner completely covered with lice. The only explanation he could give as to the cause was, that he had sat for a short time in one of the boats upon the canal.

THE BROTHERS:

AN HISTORICAL TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER III.—continued.

"Good, matters will progress better than I had begun to expect," murmured Alfred good-humouredly; "continue to have confidence in your brother, Edward, and you will not have cause to repent."

They had now arrived opposite a dismal looking dwelling, in a narrow street, not far from Lambeth Palace. Over the door was an enormous sign board, on which was written in glaring characters, *The Nag's Head*, beneath which was perceptible, *good accommodation for man and horse*: nothing could have been more primitive.

The arrival of the little cavalcade produced a great sensation in that plebeian quarter; but the travellers hastened to dismount, and enter the inn. At the expiration of a quarter of an hour, Sir Alfred left, leaving his brother to the care of the innkeeper, with whom he had been conversing in an under tone, and proceeded to his own residence.

On the following morning, when the greatest portion of the inhabitants of London were soundly sleeping, Edward Falkland, faithful to his country habits, and no longer feeling the fatigues of the previous days, was seated in an apartment of the inn, occupied in writing a letter for the young Countess Elliott. Suddenly, rapid and precipitate steps were heard on the stairs. Edward rushed to the door, and found himself in the presence of his brother.

Sir Alfred was attired with unusual simplicity; nevertheless, his meagre sanguine face seemed radiant with joy. He did not observe the pre-occupied air of his brother, and observed to the host, who bowed almost to the floor—

"Have my orders been executed? Has any one been here?"

"No, sir," replied the innkeeper, with embarrassment, "but"

"Very good," interrupted Sir Alfred, without deigning to listen.

So soon as they were alone, Alfred threw himself into a chair, and said with vivacity, without even inquiring about Edward's health, after so much fatigue—

"Affairs proceed admirably, my dear Edward; your adventure of last evening is making great noise in London, but no one knows the name of the person who was the hero of it, and my friends and I are of opinion that we can act promptly."

Young Falkland waited in silence for his brother to explain to him the meaning of these words, which appeared to him an enigma.

"You do not yet understand me," resumed Alfred, in a tone of solemnity, "but the moment has arrived, Edward, when I must no longer conceal this secret from you. You shall soon know all."

At the same time he went and closed the door with the utmost precaution, then reseated himself, and spoke so low, that had an indiscreet person been placed at the other extremity of the room he could not have heard a single word.

CHAPTER IV.

On the morning of the same day, the courtiers had assembled in the audience chamber of St. James's Palace, and were awaiting the presence of the Princess Elizabeth. At that period of troubles and factions, the court did not assume that brilliant aspect which was afterwards its wont, under the gay and licentious Charles the Second.

The presence, however, of several ladies somewhat enlivened the melancholy air of that court wherein different factions had made such terrible ravages. Amongst those who came to render their duties to the Princess Elizabeth (the King was at the time commanding the Royalists) was the Duchess of Cleveland, a fine, haughty, and intriguing woman, whose exterior indicated an arrant coquette, and her daughter, a lovely girl, who, it was said, exercised some influence on Bishop Juxon. Near to a large and exquisitely carved oak door, which conducted to the apartments of the Princess, were assembled the maids of honour, in case their services should be required by the Princess. There were also present several officers in brilliant uniforms, and pages in showy livery.

The chief topic was the riot caused the previous night by one of the royal carriages on Westminster Bridge, and the event was related in a thousand different and contradictory ways.

Amidst the elegant group of maids of honour, there was

one who could doubtless have given more information than either relating to the riot on Westminster Bridge: that was the young Countess Elliott. She was attired with all that splendour which the nature of her functions near the Princess required; her hair and neck were adorned with diamonds. Emma was ravishingly beautiful; her lovely cheeks were slightly coloured, her movements naturally graceful, and there was something in her look so sweet and captivating, that it was perfectly irresistible: the arch of her eyebrows extended, by an almost imperceptible curve, towards a nose a little aquiline; her face, of an oval form, completed an ensemble of rare loveliness and dignity, wherein goodness was combined with an artless chastity.

The Countess's eyes were red with tears, shed during the night, the traces of which she had not been able entirely to efface. Several interrogations had been put to her respecting the adventure of the bridge to the whole of which she had replied in an evasive manner.

The Duchess of Cleveland, her patroness, thinking no doubt that she should be more fortunate, advanced towards her with a slow and majestic step, and addressed to her a few words in an under tone; but the young girl, on perceiving her, could not withhold a gesture of alarm, and replied, in a tremulous voice:

"Do not interrogate me, madam, I have already replied to too many of your questions. It is you who have lost me!"

The proud Duchess shrugged her shoulders, and cast on the Countess a look of disdain.

"Ungrateful little puss!" she murmured, "be as discreet as you will, I shall know the whole truth sooner or later."

She then turned her back on Elizabeth, and resumed her place with the same slow and majestic step.

Presently the door of the royal apartments opened, and a pretty little page about twelve or thirteen years of age entered the audience chamber. Each flew to his side, expecting that he was the bearer of some message the secret of which they were all anxious to penetrate; but the Page advanced towards Emma and profoundly saluted her, affecting the grave and ceremonious attitudes of the most consummate courtier.

The young Countess recovered from her reverie, and, forcing a smile, said to the little Page, who was regarding her with languishing eyes:

"Well, sir, have you any commands for me from the Princess?"

"Yes," returned the Page, who seemed to recollect his message, "but your fine eyes have dazzled me, beautiful Elliott; I have come to announce to you that the Princess desires to see you immediately."

"Giddy youth," said Elizabeth, rising with emotion.

And she rapidly proceeded towards the door of the royal apartments.

The Princess was alone in a vast chamber, whose wainscoting was covered with carved work and gilding, according to the taste of the period. She was occupied in perusing some despatches which had just been delivered to her, whose contents were evidently far from being agreeable, to judge by the frown which was visible on her countenance. She several times crumpled the papers between her delicate fingers, and exhibited signs of the greatest anger. These alarming symptoms were not of a nature calculated to reassure the timid young girl who trembled still more; and the alarm she experienced was superseded by the utmost terror, when the Princess, yielding to the irritation which agitated her, violently cast the papers aside, exclaiming as she did so:

"And the insolent wretches dare to insult royalty thus! Yes, it must be so, he shall perish!"

On pronouncing these mysterious words, the Princess raised her head and perceived Emma, who was standing before her, and who had distinctly heard that outburst of anger. Her first impulse was a violent passion:—

"Who is that," she demanded imperiously, "who dares to watch my actions?"

"Madam," returned the Countess, in a voice of emotion, "I have come in accordance with your Highness's injunctions."

But the Princess had already recognised the young girl, and, interrupting her, in a caressing tone:—

"Ah! it is you, my dear Elliott! yes, I have a few interrogations to put to you. Come hither."

The young girl approached, bending profoundly.

"Come, take a seat," continued the Princess familiarly, pointing to a seat near her, which certain influential ladies only had the privilege of occupying in her presence, "be seated, my dear, and let us converse like real friends."

The young Countess did as she was requested, when the Princess thus resumed:—

"Listen, Elliott, I have every confidence in you, because I am aware that you are at once wise, discreet, and faithful. My other maids of honour only think of observing my actions for the purpose of communicating anything they may learn to their lovers, who, in their turn, divulge it to my enemies. Had any one beside yourself heard the words I ere now pronounced I should have been greatly alarmed, but, aware you have no lover, I am reassured."

The young girl blushed deeply, and the Princess continued, smiling:—

"When I say that you have no lover, Elliott, I am mistaken, for there is that young provincial who has been selected to render us certain services, the necessity of which we feel more than ever, as their insolence is becoming insupportable. Come, my dear, you need not tremble so much whilst listening to what I am relating to you; if that young gentleman be all I have been given to understand, and if he succeed in the enterprise which will be confided to him, neither you nor he will have cause to accuse me of ingratitude. But," she continued, in a different tone, "I more particularly demanded your presence to learn, in all its details, your adventure of yesterday. Colonel Astley was so exasperated on perceiving those low born wretches insult persons of quality, and outrage the royal authority, that he does not distinctly recollect anything. My maids of honour were completely confounded with the exception of yourself; you only, therefore, can relate to me all that occurred; I shall then be able to judge whether my suspicions be well founded. Come, my love, be frank, and fear nothing."

The young Countess then related all that took place on Westminster Bridge the preceding evening, during which the Princess seemed a prey to the most intense grief, mingled with indignation; presently she exclaimed, interrupting Emma:—

"Base villain! he, then, was evidently the author of that unmanly conduct; for, although in the country, he is in daily communication with his accomplices, but he shall yet rue it! yes, it is from him that emanate all those outrages with which we are loaded by the nobility, the parliament, and the people; it is he who will lose the state, if he be permitted, and an end must be put to his insolence. But, my God! my God! the intelligence from the king, my father, is becoming still more alarming, and we must be prompt, for to be insulted thus by a mere adventurer is worse than death!"

Then gradually becoming more calm, she thus addressed the trembling Countess:—

"Are you acquainted with the gentleman by whom you were so providentially rescued from the fury of the rabble?"

"Yes, madam," replied the young girl, "and it is doubtless owing to that circumstance the young man braved the populace with such temerity. It is said that he was assassinated by the mob after our deliverance, and his body thrown into the Thames."

Here the lovely girl gave full vent to her grief, and concealed her face in her handkerchief, in order to prevent the Princess from seeing her tears.

"Assassinated!" said the Princess. "Console yourself on that point: I have had certain information that no blood was shed. He of whom you speak was saved by Bishop Juxon, but no one knows what has become of him."

"Is it possible!" cried Emma, clasping her hands with an unspeakable expression of grief and joy.

"Who, then, is this adventurer?" observed the Princess, "it appears very singular that he should appear thus at a given time to save you, and suddenly evaporate like a vision."

"Madam," rejoined Emma, "unless I am greatly mistaken, your Highness will soon hear of this young man."

"I hear of him? I do not understand you, Elliott?"

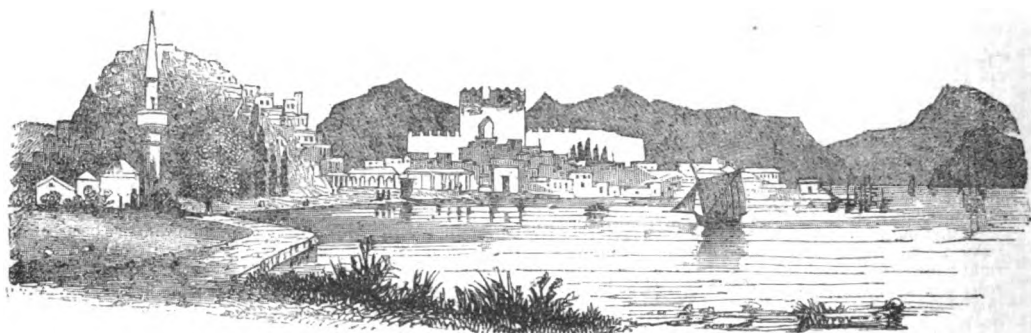
"Has your Highness forgotten the young gentleman of whom Sir Alfred Falkland was speaking, and who was dispatched into the country for the purpose of conducting him to London?"

"Can it be possible?" replied the astonished Princess. "What! is that the young provincial of whom Falkland was speaking? He, then, is your preserver?"

"Yes, your Highness," murmured the Countess in a tremulous voice, whilst tears were streaming down her lovely cheeks.

"Wherefore this weeping, Countess?" demanded the Princess harshly; "but I recollect," she continued smiling, "you do not approve of this project which may save the throne, because it exposes this young cavalier, with whom you are in love, to a trifling danger! It is not my fault if you have been informed of the circumstances; but Sir Alfred

To be continued.



THE DARDANELLES.

A SKETCH of the Dardanelles cannot be other than interesting to the classical reader. The Hellespont, rendered celebrated by the lovers and poets of bygone ages, has been made familiar to us by the muse of Byron. He, *en passant*, touchingly reminded us of

"That night of stormy water,
When love, who sent, forgot to save
The young, the beautiful, the brave;
The lonely hope of Sesto's daughter."

Many had doubted whether it was possible for Leander to perform the task for which he had received credit. To solve the question, Lord Byron, with a companion, swam across the broad stream. They experienced no serious difficulty in performing this feat, but were carried by the strength of the tide or current some thirty-seven miles from the starting point. His lordship was so fond of referring to this performance, that it subjected him to contemptuous sneers.

The Dardanelles is situated to the west of Constantinople, between the Archipelago and the little sea of Marmora, and extends from the coast of Troy to Gallipoli, over against Lampascus. Three leagues from the mouth of the strait in the narrowest part, Mahomet IV. built, in 1658, the two castles which are called the Dardanelles, from each of which the cannon could command the opposite shore. These were for a long time the only defences of the Turkish capital. Even with the additions made towards the close of the last century, they were deemed by military men a very feeble protector for Constantinople. That they were really so, was not very clearly proved to Europe in 1807, when a British Admiral, Sir John Duckworth, was ordered to proceed with seven sail of the line, a frigate, and two sloops, to enter the Dardanelles, and bombard the capital of the Sultan. He attempted to obey his instructions, but the result was a calamitous failure. On the 19th of February he proceeded to force the passage. The fire of the castles did his squadron little injury; but when near Sestos and Abydos, he had to sustain a heavy cannonade from them, which was spiritedly returned on the part of the British. A small Turkish force, consisting of a 64-gun ship, four frigates, and several corvettes, were attacked and driven on shore, and a formidable battery at Point Pesquies was spiked by a detachment of marines. The weather, however, proved unfavourable, and Duckworth was compelled to retire. His menaces had been answered by formidable preparations on the part of the Turks, and the whole line of the coast now presented a chain of batteries. Such weapons were used by them as would have suited the fabled Titans. Marble shot of enormous magnitude were poured on the retreating squadron, and one of them weighing eight hundred pounds, struck the Windsor Castle, and severe injury was inflicted on the other ships and their crews.

In times of peace, and in favourable weather, the tourist finds great delight in visiting this scene. Sutherland, under date of January 1, 1780, thus gaily describes his advance:—

"Nothing could be more delightful than our voyage through these straits. The country on each side is beautifully picturesque, and the situation in itself highly interesting. The Dardanelles, you recollect, are the ancient Hellespont, and the spot on which the forts stand are famous for the loves of Hero and Leander. Behind us were the tomb of Achilles, the Semois, and Scamander, the celebrated rivers of Troy, and every point brought an interesting character to our view. The day was most heavenly; and our ship, elegantly painted, and all her appointments in the highest

order, formed in herself a most beautiful object. Every sail was set, and the breeze had just strength enough to enable her to overcome the force of the current. This occasional slowness of her motion added to the majesty of her appearance, and one might almost have fancied that she herself was conscious of the compliments she was receiving from the mouths of the cannon of Europe and Asia. The Turks at the Dardanelles always salute with ball, and the nearer they go to the vessel, the greater the compliment. Each fort fired seventeen guns; and the shot flying *en ricochet* along the smooth surface of the water across our bows, from Europe and Asia alternately, and throwing up the sand on the opposite shores, while shouts of applause from the admiring multitude hailed us on our returning their salute, crowned this charming morning."

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

(From the French of M. De Lamartine.)

How sweet to watch the lovely evening star,
Ere night is seated in her silent car,
As, slowly rising in the heavens, it burns,
And day and darkness strive for earth by turns.
How sweet, with pious footsteps to repair
To yonder valley—to the house of prayer,
Whose humble portal, old and ivy-grown,
Invites the lowly—such as Heaven will own!
Hail, holy cross! Hail, many a grassy heap,
Where the forefathers of the village sleep.
In meditation deep I muse alone,
And stoop to read a verse from many a stone.
A hallowed spot of earth—a sacred trust;
Woe be to him who desecrates their dust!
The church I enter—gloomy as the night—
Save where is scarcely seen yon glimmering light,
Fed by the emblem of the oil of grace,
Which, well supplied, illuminates the place;
A lonely lamp for those who vigils keep,
And still it burns, when all the world's asleep.
I onward move—how silent! not a sound,
Save my own footsteps, o'er the hallowed ground.
To Him, on whom each pious suppliant calls,
I breathe a prayer—no witness but these walls!
To thee I dare to bring what thou'lt approve,
Great God, a heart that burns with grief and love!
Within thy sacred house I've no dismay;
Thou wilt not send a seeking soul away.
No more, with impious fire, I blush for shame,
For love is pure when virtue lights the flame.
Pure as the lovely object I admire,
Mine burns my heart, but 'tis a sacred fire—
A love by long unchanging firmness tried,
And eke by dire misfortune purified.
To earth, to nature all, I this have said,
And e'en before thy altars w' thout dread;
Yes, though thy house, O God, with awe inspires,
I've named Elvira, whom my soul admires.
From tomb to tomb this name was heard to fly,
As though some sprite had uttered forth a sigh,
Or as some plaintive and unearthly sound
Disturb'd the silence of the sacred ground.
Farewell, ye holy shrines! ye marbles cold!
Since here I've been the church-clock twice has toll'd
The fleeting hours;—from tears I've found relief,
And Heaven has been a witness of my grief.
Perhaps, e'en now, upon another shore,
Alone, Elvira watches too, and o'er
My picture casts a sad and tearful eye,
Within some dreary church, and heaves a sigh,
While she to desert altars comes t' impart
The weighty sorrows of her beating heart.

T. S. A.

SCENES IN ITALY.

BY VICTOR HUGO.—NO. IV.

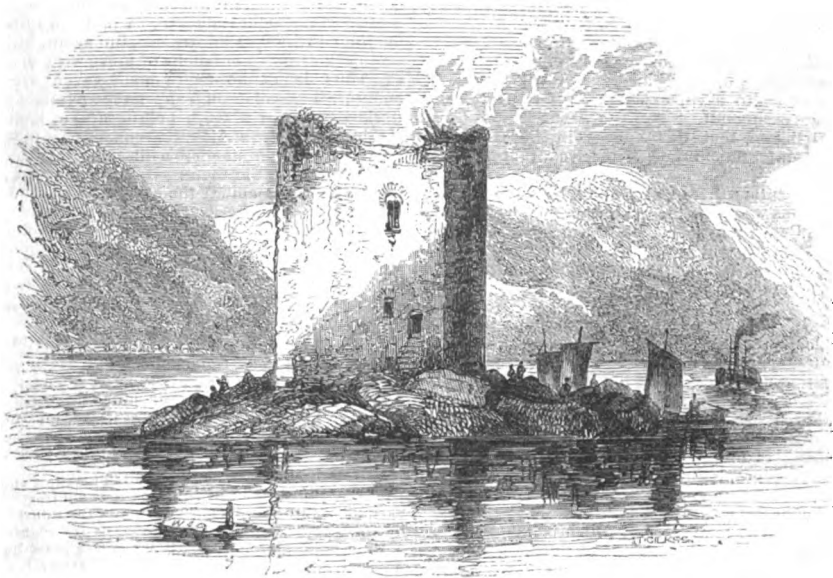
It rained the whole of the morning. I had taken my passage to Andernach by the Stadt Manheim; but had not proceeded far up the Rhine, when suddenly—I do not know by what caprice, for ordinarily upon the lake of Constance the south-west winds, the Favonius of Virgil and of Horace, bring storms—the immense opaque cloud which pended over our heads, burst, and began to disperse itself in all directions. Shortly after, a blue vault appeared; and a warm ray of noon caused the travellers to leave the cabin and hurry to the deck.

At that moment we passed—with vines on the one side, and oaks on the other—an old and picturesque village on the right bank of the river. It was that of Velmich, above which rose, almost vertically, one of those enormous banks of lava, that resemble the cupola in its immeasurable proportions, or the fissure of the trunk of a tree when half chopped by the hatchet of the woodman. Upon this volcanic mound stands the ruin of a superb feudal fortress. On the borders of the river a group of young women were busily chatting and beating their linen in the rays of the sun.

This sight was too tempting. I could not pass without

paying the ruin a visit; for I knew that it was that of Velmich—the least esteemed and least frequented upon the Rhine.

For the traveller, it is difficult to approach, and some say, dangerous; for the peasant, it abounds with spectres, and is the object of frightful tales. It is infested with living flames, which hide themselves by day in subterranean vaults, and at night become visible on the summit of the round tower. This enormous turret is an immense pit, which descends far beneath the level of the Rhine. A Seigneur of Velmich, called Falkenstein,—a name fatal in the legends,—threw into this aperture, unshriven, whomsoever he pleased: it is now the troubled souls of those that were thus murdered who inhabit the castle. There was, at that epoch, in the steeple of Velmich, a silver bell, which was given by Winifred, Bishop of Mayenne, in the year 740,—memorable time, when Constantine the Sixth was Emperor of Rome, at Constantinople. This bell was once rung for the prayers of forty hours when a lord of Velmich was seriously ill and his life despaired of. Falkenstein, who did not believe in God, and who even doubted the existence of a devil, being in want of money, cast an envious look upon the handsome bell. He caused it to be taken from the church and brought to him. The prior



MOUSE TOWER.

of Velmich was much affected at the sacrilege, and went, in sacerdotal habiliments, preceded by two children of the choir bearing the cross, to demand the bell. Falkenstein burst into a fit of laughter, crying—

“Ah, ah! you wish to have your bell, do you? Well, you shall have it; and I warrant it will never leave you more.”

Thereupon, the bell was tied round the priest's neck; and both were thrown into the pit of the tower. Then, upon the order of Falkenstein, large stones were thrown into the pit, filling up about sixty yards of it. A few days afterwards Falkenstein fell ill; and when night came, the doctor and the astrologer, who were watching, heard with terror the knell of the silver bell coming from the depths of the earth. Next morning Falkenstein died. Since that time, as regularly as the years roll over, the silver bell is heard ringing under the mountains, warning the inhabitants of the anniversary of the death of Falkenstein. So runs the legend.

On the neighbouring mountain—that on the other side of the torrent of Velmich—is the tomb of an ancient giant; for the imagination of man—he who has seen volcanoes, the great forges of nature—has put Cyclops wherever the mountains smoked, giving to every Etna its Polyphemus.

I began to ascend the ruins between the *souvenir* of Falkenstein and that of the giant. I must tell you that the best way was pointed out to me by the children of the village, for which service I allowed them to take some of the silver and copper coins of those people from my purse; things

the most fantastic, yet still the most intelligible in the world.

The road is steep, but not at all dangerous, except to people subject to giddiness; or, perhaps, after excessive rains, when the ground and rocks are slippery. One thing sure is, that this ruin has one advantage over others upon the Rhine—that of being less frequented.

No officious person follows you in your ascent; no exhibitor of spectres asks you to “remember him;” no rusty door stops you on your way: you climb, stride over the old ladder, hold on by tufts of grass; no one helps, nor no one annoys you. At the expiration of twenty minutes I reached the summit of the hill, and stopped at the threshold of the ruin. Behind me was a steep ladder formed of green turf; before me, a lovely landscape; at my feet, the village; beyond the village, the Rhine, crowned by sombre mountains and old castles; and round and above the mountains, a bright blue sky.

Having taken breath, I began to ascend the steep staircase. At that instant the dismantled fortress appeared to me with such a tattered aspect—an aspect so wild and formidable—that I should not have been the least surprised to have seen some supernatural form carrying flowers;—for instance, Gela, the betrothed of Barberousse; or Hildegard, the wife of Charlemagne, that amiable empress, who was well acquainted with the occult virtues of herbs and minerals, and whose foot often trod the mountains when she was in search of medicinal plants. I looked for a moment towards the north wall, with a sort of vague desire to see start from the stones a

host of hobgoblins,—which are “all over the north,” as the gnome said to Cunon of Sayn,—or the three little old women singing the legendary song,—

“Sur la tombe du géant
J’ai cueilli trois brins d’orties :
En fil les ai converties ;
Prenez, ma sœur, ce présent.”

But I was forced to content myself without seeing or even hearing anything, except the notes of a blackbird perched upon some adjoining rock.

I entered the ruins. The round tower, although the summit is partly dismantled, is of a prodigious elevation. On all sides are immense walls with shattered windows, rooms without doors or roofs, floors without stairs, and stairs without chambers. I have often admired the carefulness with which Solitude keeps, encloses, and defends that which man has once abandoned. She barricades and thickets the threshold with the strongest briars, the most stinging plants, nettles, brambles, thorns—showing more nails and talons than are in a menagerie of tigers.

But Nature is beautiful even in her strangest freaks ; and the wild flowers—some in bud, others in blossom, and some garbed in autumnal foliage—present an entanglement at once startling and beautiful. On this side are blue bells and scarlet berries ; on that are the hawthorn, gentian, strawberry, thyme, and sloe-tree. To my right is a subterraneous passage, the roof falling in ; and to my left is a tower without any visible aperture. Secluded as this spot may seem, the cheerful voices of washerwomen of the Rhine are distinctly heard. I clambered from bush to bush, explored each aperture, and tried to penetrate each vault.

I forgot to tell you that this huge ruin is called the Mouse. I will inform you how it received that appellation :—

In the twelfth century there was nothing here but a small borough, which was watched, and often molested, by a strong castle called the Cat. Kuno de Falkenstein, who inherited this paltry borough, razed it to the ground, and built a castle much larger than the neighbouring one ; declaring that, “henceforth, it should be the Mouse that would devour the Cat.”

He was right. The Mouse, in fact, although now in ruins, is a redoubtable godmother, with its haunches of lava and of basalt, and entrails of extinguished volcano, which, with seeming haughtiness, support it. I do not think that any person has had occasion to laugh at that mountain which brought forth the Mouse.

I wandered about the ruins ; first in one room, then in another : admiring at one time a beautiful turret ; now descending into a cave, groping my way through some subterraneous passage ; then finding myself looking through an aperture which commanded a view of the Rhine.

The sun at last began to disappear, which is the time for spectres and phantoms. I was still in the ruins. Indeed, it seemed to me as if I had become a wild school-boy. I wandered everywhere ; I climbed up every acclivity ; I turned over the large stones ; I ate wild mulberries ; I tried by my noise to bring the supernatural inhabitants from their hiding places ; and as I trod among the thick grass and herbs, I inhaled that acerb odour of the plants of old ruins which I so much loved in my boyhood.

As the sun descended behind the mountains, I was about to follow his example, when I was startled by something strange moving by my side. I leant forward. It was a lizard of an extraordinary size—about nine inches long—with an immense belly, a short tail, a head like that of a viper, and black as jet—which was gliding slowly towards an opening in an old wall. That was the mysterious and solitary inhabitant of the ruin—an animal at the same time real and fabulous—a salamander, which looked at me with mildness as it entered its hole.

THE PAST.

THE PAST!—It finds an echo in every breast—a sympathiser in every individual ; each has his own link to the past, and whether it be for sorrow or for pleasure, it is so strong that death alone can snap it asunder. The past may be hidden by the things of the present, and in the turmoil of active life, it may be comparatively unfelt ; but in the silent hours of the night, when the present does not press so much on the attention, then the mind almost insensibly wanders back to other days, and while sleep ought to have sealed our eyelids, we are busied in living a part of our lives over again. But in

spite of the tendency of the mind, when unconstrained by pressing demands, to seize hold of other days, and seek to revive them through memory’s willing aid, still, I fear, that we do too seldom and briefly revert to our own lives, and engage in the profitable exercise of inspecting and reviewing their actions, motives, and influences.

I know the answer will at once be returned, that such a task would be very nearly impracticable ; that, living amid the varied and incessant toils and anxieties of business, necessitated to be constantly versant in a certain class of statistics, the principal portion of the day devoted to commerce, and toiled nature having just and large claims on the balance of the time for the necessary objects of rest and refreshment, it would be the height of injustice to call on those immersed in pursuit of commerce, to emulate the philosophers of old, and disregarding the altered times, manners, and systems, to spend a large portion of time in that most difficult meditations, the study of our own character, as shown and illustrated in past life.

To this I would answer, first, that as the memory improves in its powers just in proportion as it is fully and fairly exercised, the process of self-examination would become easier as it advanced, and as many a “lion in the way” that daunts and deters the timid, is found, on approach, to be firmly secured, so the apparent difficulties would be found to diminish greatly on a resolute advance, as they are sure to be greatly magnified by fear or ignorance. But again, without venturing on the abstruse speculations of those wise men whose whole existence seemed devoted to one incessant dream of tortuous and unreal speculation, it is perfectly possible to carry on this work so as to derive from it all useful or likely benefits, and yet find that, after all, it serves equally as a mental relaxation, and thus, so far from encroaching on the periods for rest, can prove subservient to them. It is not merely a task that practice will vastly facilitate the execution of, and one not at all burdensome or laborious in itself ; it is also the source of much enjoyment. However much, when influenced by some gleam of prosperity or happiness from the present, we may be inclined to regard the past as a gloomy and sad affair, too dull to be touched or revisited in search of enjoyment, still, when we fairly enter its silent courts, and study the scenes portrayed by memory, we feel the spirit of these times reviving, and we warm and rejoice even in the shadow of our former pleasures, and often quit the review in a happier frame of mind than when we began ; and well may it be so, as distance softens down the rugged surfaces, and hides the various crosses and anxieties that ever accompany each action, and makes us to behold only the prominent feature of the period, relieved, it may be, by the contrast afforded with the cares of the present.

But while pleasure is thus derived from such an exercise, it is more important to know that it affords us profit in the various useful lessons sure to be drawn from such a study, as our own career affords.

Prominent among the many lessons read by the past, no unimportant one is, that *anticipation* is a false and flattering friend, and often yields more pleasure from its dreams than the real fulfilment of the hope is found to give. All the human race are busied with anticipations, and even he who seems most engrossed with the present, has all the while some pleasant future dancing in his imagination. Were we to enter the thronged exchange of some great city, and having had the richest and most successful among its merchant-princes pointed out to us, where we, seizing a fitting moment, when his heart was opened by the success of some mighty adventure, to whisper, amid the varied congratulations, that now with ample wealth and all earthly comforts he would be content, the honest answer would be, that some fresh shower of gold, or an array at empty honours, or obtaining some other aim of his ambition, would add so immeasurably to his happiness, that till he grasps it, he must consider his happiness incomplete. But, were he to review his life, he would find that the same feelings possessed him during every step he took in approaching the pinnacle of fortune’s favour he now occupies.

And thus it is in every class, and period of life. The rude, boisterous schoolboy, impatient under restraint, and averse to labour, wishes for those glorious days when he will be a man, and his own master. The anxious man, with fevered brow and tortured mind, taught by sad experience that manhood has its carking cares, looks fondly back and sighs o’er the memory of happy, thoughtless school life, free from care, anxious only for sport, and grieves to think that it never can return to him, and bitterly smiles at the deluding representation of manhood drawn by fond anticipation.

The past warns us against a want of due economy of our

time. Few or none can look back on their past lives, and congratulate themselves that they have not lost much of their time; and the great majority of mankind would find on inspection that the greater portion of their lives has been literally lost. Time is too often deemed a useless burden, and the question is very frequent, "How shall this weary hour be most pleasantly passed away? Yet 'three score and ten years' form the brief allotted span of existence for thoughtless man, and even in this short space not a moment can we anticipate and with truth venture to call our own. It is indeed the surest way to check future extravagance in that most precious article, when we seek to reckon up our bygone losses of it. Let us venture to open the record of memory, and the past rises up a clamorous creditor, rebuking and arraigning our extravagance, and, astonished by the magnitude of the charge, we seek with trembling earnestness to avoid meriting it in the future.

The value of time is unspeakably great, and yet we find boyhood grudging every well-disposed minute, and murmuring that, like the spendthrift, he cannot fast enough mispend his treasure. The young man retains the spirit of boyhood, and suffers much to pass idly and unheeded away. Manhood justifies this neglect of time to a certain degree, as necessary to preserve physical strength and health for his necessary duties; and the feeble old man is unable and disinclined to resist those indolent habits, ever pleasing, but now strong as iron fetters. It is only when we look to the loss already thus incurred that we possess energy sufficient to strive against habits of inattention to the improvement of time.

But farther, we are thus taught the danger and evil of procrastination. It is at the bar of the past that procrastination is convicted of being the thief of time. Man learns from a review of the past the wisdom of the saying, that "what he has to do ought to be done promptly." He is taught that habitual reliance on to-morrow is sure to baffle every endeavour and ruin every enterprise; and that as he cannot call ought beyond the present moment his own, he has no right to draw for present demands on a future period, which, for him, may never come, and, should it come, will be sure to bring with it its own duties and employments. In a review of memory's record, when we, as it were, live the various scenes in our existence over again, how baneful do the effects of procrastination then appear! The neglecting and deferring what may seem to be a very trifling matter is often productive of the most terrible consequences.

The past, among its varied and valuable lessons, reads us one of great importance, and that is, that this scene of existence is a chequered display of lights and shadows, and that we err alike when, in the moment of despondency, we consider life to be one unvarying display of wretchedness and sorrow, as when intoxicated with prosperity, we view everything through a brilliant medium. By keeping this lesson ever before us, we are enabled, under adversity, to look for brighter and better days, and in the exciting time of prosperity, sobriety and caution are thus inculcated, and the golden mean of disposition is in this way most surely taught and preserved. Looking to the present for happiness, we find ourselves dazzled by the bright anticipations of the future, and we must revert to the past in order that we may learn to find our allotted portion of happiness in every dispensation, whether it be seemingly for good or for evil.

The past is indeed a meet and profitable subject for study and when we proceed to review it, with a sincere and honest desire to derive instruction and benefit from it, we can hardly be more beneficially engaged, as the best and noblest of all wisdom is self-knowledge, and this we can best procure from a proper study of the past time of our existence. We will learn that each period has its trials and its pleasures—that youth, with its hot passions and rough training, has its joys; and manhood, with all its toil and cares, finds pleasure to be no unwonted guest; and even the old man confesses that old age, with its chill, its feebleness, and weariness, has its own enjoyments, and not the least of them are the vivid and glorious reminiscences of what seems to have been a bright and blessed boyhood; and, in fine, that the heathen poet spoke truly when he declared, that the precept—"know thyself," did indeed descend from heaven. By trying thus to learn to curb our passions and regulate our appetites, by letting the thoughts of a wasted past time in our lives quicken us to renewed zeal and activity, let the regret and remorse raised by the recollection of our follies and imprudences, be the scourges to keep us to the path of duty, and the beacons to warn us from temptation's snares—let the disappointments and frequent sorrows we find have attended our every step in the journey of life, warn us from setting our affections

on the passing vanities around, and cause us to recollect that we are but the puny actors of an hour on a petty stage, toiling pilgrims not arrived at home, but merely passing a brief time in an inn, jostling others out, only to be ourselves jostled out by fresh comers. And thus taught to measure the future by the standard of the past, we will be disposed to echo in heart, as well as with our lips, the beautifully expressed command of the poet,—

"This mortal life of few and feverish days
Time hurries on—though weak, oppressed, obscure,
Its iron yoke and fetters still endure;
In spirit mourning, but with lips of praise;
For thou art taught through dark and dangerous ways
A Saviour's hand shall lead thy footsteps sure."

CHILD SELLING.

"MALABAR children," says Mr. Forbes, in his *Oriental Memoirs*, "are generally a cheap commodity at Anjengo; at the end of the rainy season, when there was no particular scarcity in the interior of the country, I purchased a boy and girl about eight or nine years of age, as a present to a lady at Bombay, for less money than a couple of pigs in England. I bought the young couple, laid in two months provision of rice and salt-fish for their voyage, and gave each of them four changes of cotton garments, all for the sum of twenty rupees, or fifty shillings. English humanity must not pass a censure on this transaction: it was a happy purchase for the children; they were relieved from hunger and nakedness, and sent to an amiable mistress, who brought them up tenderly; and, on leaving India, provided for their future comfort; whereas, had I refused to buy them, they would assuredly have been sold to another, and probably have experienced a miserable bondage with some native Portuguese Christian, whom we do not reckon among the most merciful task-masters.

"A circumstance of this kind happened to myself: sitting one morning in my veranda, a young fish-woman brought a basket of mullets for sale; while the servant was disposing of them, she asked me to purchase a fine boy, two years of age, then in her arms; on my upbraiding her want of maternal affection, she replied with a smile, that she expected another in a few weeks, and as she could not manage two, she made the first offer of her boy, whom she would part with for a rupee. She came in a few days afterwards, with a basket of fish, but had just sold her child to Signor Manoel Rodriguez, the Portuguese linguist; who, though a man of property, had thought it necessary to lower the price to half a rupee. Thus did this young woman, without remorse, dispose of an only child for fifteen pence."

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

I'll tell you a plan for gaining wealth,—

Better than banking, trade, or leases;

Take a bank-note and fold it up.

And then you will find your money in creases;

This wonderful plan, without danger or loss,

Keeps your cash in your own hands where nothing can trouble it,

And every time that you fold it across,

It's as plain as the light of the day that you double it.

PHYSIOLOGY OF THE NOSE.—The blunt flat nose indicates a bold, daring, and adventurous spirit, somewhat light and fickle-minded, but intellectual. The turned-up nose is not exactly wicked, but oppose it not; or, like Roxelane, it may compass the death of a Bajazet. The long, sharp-pointed nose is a reflecting nose—it goes to the bottom of a thought; it is a melancholy nose, one that turns back from the errors of the world; it makes a good father, a good husband, but wretched bad company. The aquiline, or eagle nose, proud, courageous, noble, like the bird from which it borrows its name; this is the real antique Greek nose, the Napoleon nose. Then there is the curved or crooked nose, vehement, ardent, light, inflammable, always ready to throw up the reins to temper: Benvenuto Cellini's was nose of this kind.

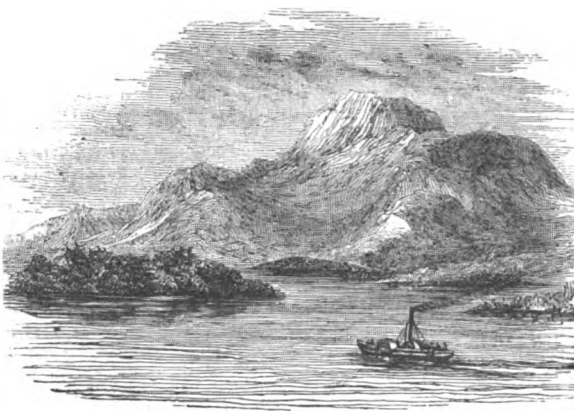
A JUDGE'S BON MOT.—In the Crown Court, at Wolverhampton, a jurymen, on the oath being administered, addressing the clerk, said—"Speak up, I cannot hear what you say." Baron Alderson—"Stop; are you deaf?" Juror—"Yes, of one ear." The Learned Judge—"Then you had better leave that box, for it is necessary that jurymen should hear both sides.

ANGER.—To be angry about trifles is mean and childish; to rage and be furious is brutish; and to maintain perpetual wrath is akin to the practice and temper of devils; but to prevent and suppress rising resentment is wise and glorious, is manly and divine.

Malice drinketh up the greatest part of its own poison.

Camera Sketches.

THE famous mountain Ben Lomond, near Dumbarton, in Scotland, which is such a prominent object from every point in the neighbourhood, is about 3,210 feet above the level of the lake, and the lake is upwards of 80 feet above the level of the sea. The usual starting point for ascent is from the ferry of Inveruglas to Rowardennan Inn; and from the Inn to the summit there is a continuous ascent of six miles. The view from the summit on a clear day is indescribably beautiful and extensive, commanding the counties of Lanark, Renfrew, and Ayr, with the islands of Arran and Bute, to the South; while Stirling and the Lothians, with the castles of Stirling and Edin-



BEN LOMOND.

burgh stand forward prominently in the West. Whether we look at the scenery from the summit of this majestic mountain, or enjoy the gradual view as we descend, the scene is grand indeed, and well calculated to raise the mind above the monotony of every-day life. It must be seen. It cannot be adequately pictured. In proceeding we passed Rob Roy's Rock, the pretty and picturesque Inversnaid Mill, and Rob Roy's Cave.

For fuller details of this lovely Loch and neighbourhood, we must refer our readers to "Sylvan's Hand-Book to Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine, and the Trossachs," which is entirely

devoted to that district. The loch is about twenty-three miles in length and its greatest breadth is five miles.

GENIUS INDEPENDENT OF PATRONAGE.

THE healthy independent mind of the late Ebenezer Elliott singularly and forcibly depicts the position of his fellow-poet Burns, and scorns in his stead the pension of the patron, in the following extract from his posthumous volume recently published:—"Burns," he says familiarly, "was one of the few poets fit to be seen. It has been asserted that genius is a disease—the malady of physical inferiority. It is certain, that we have heard of Pope, the hunchback: of Scott and Byron, the cripples: of the epileptic Julius Cæsar, who, it is said, never planned a great battle without going into fits: and of Napoleon, whom a few years of trouble killed: where Cobbett (a man of talent, not of genius) would have melted St. Helena, rather than have given up the ghost with a full belly. If Pope could have leaped over five barred gates, he probably would not have written his inimitable sofa-and-lap-dog poetry; but it does not follow that he would not have written the 'Essay on Man!' and they who assert that genius is a physical disease, should remember that, as true critics are more rare than true poets, we having only one in our language,—William Hazlitt,—so, very tall and complete men are as rare as genius itself, a fact well known to persons who have the appointment of constables. And if it is undeniable that God wastes nothing, and that we, therefore, perhaps seldom find a gigantic body combined with a soul of Æolian tones; it is equally undeniable, that Burns was an exception to the rule—a man of genius, tall, strong, and handsome as any man that could be picked out of a thousand at a country fair. But he was unfortunate, we are told. Unfortunate! He cleared six hundred pounds by the sale of his poems, of which sum he left two hundred pounds behind him, in the hands of his brother Gilbert: two facts which prove that he could neither be so unfortunate nor so imprudent as we are told he was. But he was imprudent, it is said. Now, he is a wise man who has done one act that influences beneficially his whole life. Burns did three such acts—he wrote poetry; he published it; and, despairing of his farm, he became an excise-man. It is true he did one imprudent act: he took a farm without thoroughly understanding the business of farming. It does not appear that he wasted or lost any capital, except what he threw away in his farm. But he was neglected, we are told. Neglected! No strong man, in good health, can be neglected, if he is true to himself. For the benefit of the young, I wish we had a correct account of the numbers of persons who fail of success in a thousand that resolutely strive to do well. I do not think it exceeds one per cent. By whom was Burns neglected? Certainly not by the people of Scotland: for they paid him the highest compliment that can be paid to an author: they bought his book! Oh, but he ought to have been pensioned. Pensioned! Cannot we think of poets without thinking of pensions! Are they such poor creatures that they cannot earn an honest living?

An author has just published a book on the Art of Swimming, by which a person, he says, "may learn to swim before he ventures into the water."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

. Letters for the Editor must in future be addressed to 170, Fleet-street.

Edmund.—We have replied to the same question in our last number. *Xit*.—Want of room prevents our using your extracts.

A Subscriber.—We are glad you are pleased, but to give much more space to the historical tale would stand in the way of variety in a paper so small as this. When increased sale enables us to extend the size of it, more justice will be done our writers; for, as is well known, cribbing and confining impairs the proper effect of writing.

The Inventor.—Our correspondent finds smoking ground coffee a much pleasanter occupation than inhaling the fumes of tobacco. We do not imagine he will suffer detrimentally from the practice—but why smoke at all? If he can do without the cut leaf, try also to escape from the pulverized berry.

A Subscriber.—You use the very words in many other letters, "Enlarge your paper." We have already said—and, in good faith, repeat it, when our subscribers increase, so as to enable us to do so, the size of this Journal shall be instantly enlarged.

J. C. (Ross).—Hair dyes are in use only by those who are more assiduous in decorating the outside than the inside of their heads. We shall endeavour, in our next, to give some information respecting the South African Settlement.

R. T.—The Great Exhibition of 1851 has somewhat decreased in popularity. Not Lord Brougham's witty sallies, but the pressing on the middle classes for subscriptions to support it, is the origin of the present coldness, or, at all events, lukewarmness.

J. Y.—You wish CAMERA SKETCHES, instead of such comicallities as the pictured "Adventures of Mr. Green;" a few passages of which appeared in this Journal some time ago. We recommence with a view of Lomond Hill. We join you in opinion that as much can be learned from comic writing as from comic drawing, and we wish to devote the expense incurred by engraving to subjects of a permanent character.

Thomas J.—We are grateful for your kindness, but we are unqualified to answer your queries.

G. T.—It is proposed to convene the great world's industry meeting, next year, in Hyde Park. This park contains 278 acres.

F. B. (Bath).—We have heard the story related in a somewhat different way. We understand the Quaker asked the pretty shopkeeper the price of some of her wares. She replied, "Fifteen shillings, sir." "Thou art a little dear," said the Quaker. "All the young men tell me so," said she, blushing. The Quaker instantly left the shop.

F. R. S.—The library of the British Museum contains 450,000 volumes. The catalogue is bound up into sixty-seven folio volumes, partly in print, partly in manuscript. Besides this almost inexhaustible mass, there are several special catalogues in addition, so that to determine whether a certain book is within the walls, an immense loss of time is often incurred by the luckless student.

J. T. R.—Diluted oxalic acid takes the colour out of ink, and obliterates characters, but leaves a brownish stain on the paper.

G. S. B.—We have, within the last fortnight, in reply to other correspondents, answered your first and second queries. There are a variety of works on phrenology, almost all of which are carefully written.

Amicus.—We have not time to look into the matter, but such repetitions are of course sedulously to be avoided. Little accidents will occur.

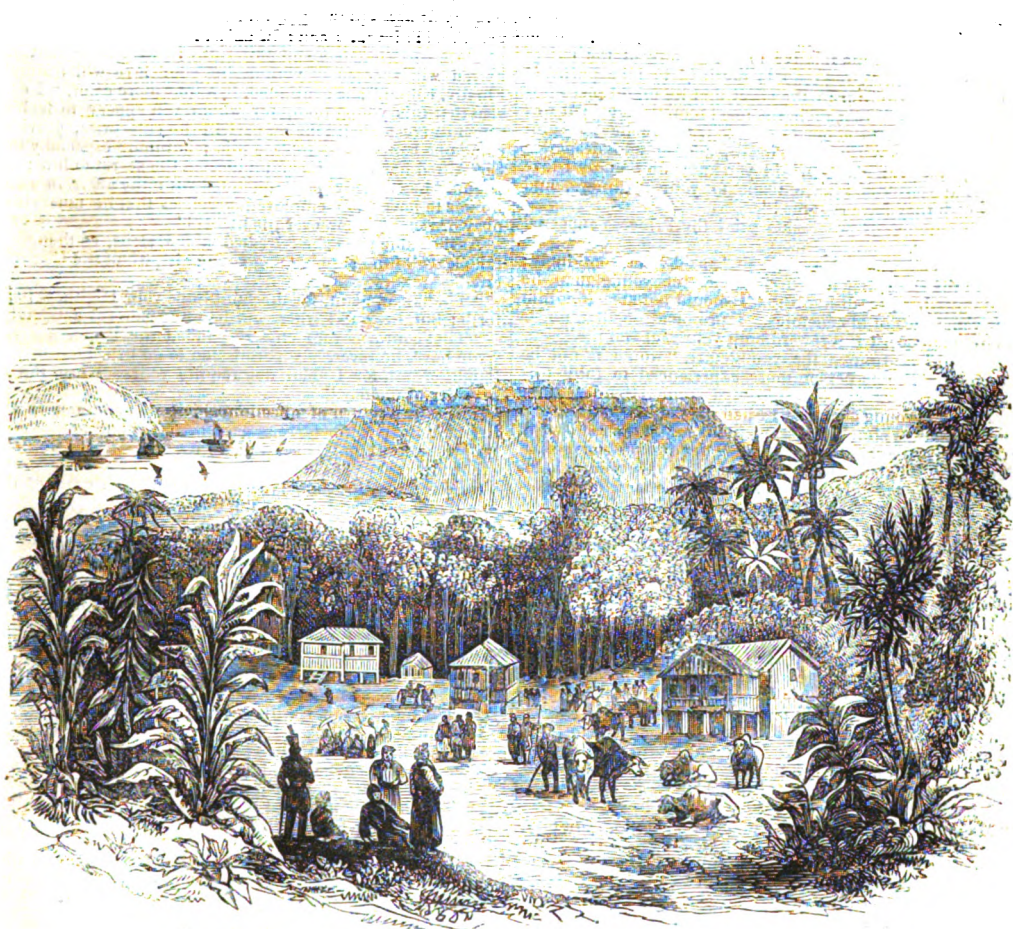
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CEYLON—POINT DE GALLE.

CEYLON is now one of the most important dependencies of the British Crown. It is an island three hundred miles long and one hundred and forty miles broad. There is a great diversity in its climate; in some parts it is oppressively hot, and in others much more temperate and salubrious. It is a mountainous country, and well watered with rivers and lakes. Great varieties of metals are found in the soil: gold, lead, tin, quicksilver, and iron, in large quantities, have been dug from the mines. The most valuable pearl fishery in the universe is carried on in the channel called the Straits of Manaar, which separates Ceylon from the coast of Coromandel. Fif-

teen years ago, for the right of fishing thirty days with one hundred and fifty boats, no less a sum than £120,000 was paid.

Ceylon was captured by the British in 1796 from the Dutch, who were the only Europeans settled on the island. By the treaty of Amiens, six years afterwards, it was ceded to our Government, and has since continued under its sceptre. Ceylon has of late grown into great importance from the rapidly increasing productiveness of the soil in the article of coffee. As no pains are spared to raise the intellectual and moral character of the people, it may be relied on that their industrial energies will also expand, and many com-

modities, now held as expensive luxuries, will be so abundantly produced as to bring them within the reach of many now denied the use of them.

Our illustration exhibits Point de Galle, a seaport on the south-west point of the island. It is the station of our ships of war, and is the rendezvous of the fleets from our Indian Presidencies. The fortress stands very high, but it is not like Gibraltar, in a first-rate state of military strength. The town is enclosed with a wall, but confides to Her Majesty's fleet rather than its own defences for safety from the enemy.

THE BROTHERS:

AN HISTORICAL TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER IV.—continued.

pretended that he required your aid in this affair. Elliott, Elliott, take care; you are mistress of a terrible secret, and if you betray me—"

"Madam," observed Emma timidly, "you are aware that I did not hesitate to comply with Sir Alfred's request; but he has basely deceived me relative to the nature of the enterprise in which this young man is destined to take part. It was I who wrote to him to the effect that he might place implicit confidence in that man, his most mortal enemy; it was I who caused him to come to London, where he will probably expiate, by a shameful death, a base and desperate attempt; and yet, madam, did you know how fondly I love him—what sacrifices I have made to your Highness, and the anguish they have cost me!"

At this outburst of passionate grief the Princess appeared greatly affected.

"Come, come, console yourself," said she soothingly; "should the enterprise not succeed, and the young man be compromised, you well know that I should not abandon him to the vengeance of his enemies. I promise you that, under any circumstance, I will reward both your zeal and his."

"Madam," murmured the young girl, "would it not be better to select some person more experienced to fulfil this mission? I have already informed your Highness that Edward—this young gentleman—had passed his youth in the country, and was simple and frank in his manners and ideas."

"Precisely the kind of person we require," observed the Princess. "Falkland thus described him. We want a bold, resolute young person; and at the same time one who is obedient, and not particular on what mission he be dispatched."

"And I trust that this young man is not all his unworthy brother has represented him as being!" exclaimed the Countess vehemently.

"His brother?" demanded the Princess astounded. "Is this cavalier the brother of Falkland?"

"He is, indeed, your Highness, as Abel was the brother of Cain!"

The Princess became pensive.

"In that case," at length said she, "there is no doubt that Falkland will serve us faithfully. The treason of which he was guilty towards Cromwell had rendered me apprehensive of something of the kind, but I think that henceforth I can rest assured on that point. Your adventure of yesterday proves at least that he has not deceived me respecting his brother's courage; and I assure you, Elliott, he shall be well rewarded."

"Madam," returned poor Emma, "I implore you to reflect again on the horrible fate to which you will probably condemn an artless and loyal young man, who must choose between the displeasure of your Highness and the consummation of a terrible crime!"

"Miss Elliott!" exclaimed the Princess.

"Of a diabolical crime, madam," repeated the Countess, without appearing at all dismayed by the irritated regards of her mistress, "yes, your Highness, I am acquainted with the whole truth; for Sir Alfred has divulged all in my presence, and should Edward Falkland now refuse to take part in an action which may not appear honourable to him, he will despise me—I who have been the chief cause of his leaving the country—and his contempt would be worse to me than death in its most hideous shape! Should he accept, I shall then despise him, and were he to succeed, I should refuse his hand with disgust and horror!"

"Enough, Elliott," observed the Princess in a commanding tone, rising; "you forget that you have consented to support, to the utmost of your power, a project which has been conceived by our most faithful counsellors."

"Oh! my God! my God! pardon me, madam, I implore you!" cried Emma, falling on her knees before the haughty Elizabeth; "I did not then fully understand what was required of this unhappy young man, for it is only very recently I have learnt into what an abyss he is about to plunge; and God alone knows the anguish I experience at the idea of having conducted him into an enterprise in which he will lose both life and honour. Oh! madam, were your Highness to confide in this brave young man any mission wherein he could serve you honourably, I feel confident he would do so, even at the risk of his life: mercy for him then, madam, mercy for us both!"

The Princess Elizabeth was imperious and exacting in her will; but the despair and grief of the young countess, who was still on her knees before her, with eyes bathed in tears, acted powerfully on her nervous and delicate organisation. She consequently became greatly affected, and, taking in her white plump hands those of Emma, she gently raised her from her kneeling position, observing in an affectionate tone:—

"Yes, Elliott, you love him fondly, I perceive! and do you suppose, then, that I have never loved, and that I have not been compelled to sacrifice my affections to the merciless tyranny of necessity? You love him; happy are you who are permitted to love. I can now only abhor; I hate as much as you love—passionately and powerfully; and I hope that my hatred will succeed as you desire your love will triumph. Finally, Elliott," she continued, in a tone more calm, "I consent that this young man, for whom you appear to feel so much interest, shall take no part in the enterprise, provided some one be found to replace him; but more especially that Sir Alfred has not yet communicated the secret to him; for should he already be acquainted with the affair in which he was to have been employed, recollect that he must either obey or renounce for ever his liberty!"

At the same time she retreated a few steps, as though to take leave of the supplicating young girl, when the Countess cried—

"Thanks, madam, for the faint hope your Highness holds forth; but, heavens! where am I to find Edward Falkland?"

"That concerns yourself," responded the Princess dryly; "you have, however, my permission to go in search of your knight-errant, for I shall not require your services the remainder of the day."

Then, by a return of affection which was compatible with her capricious character, she extended her hand to the young girl, who respectfully kissed it, murmuring a few words of gratitude.

"Remember," resumed the Princess, "not a word of this to a living soul, and inform the Countess of Salisbury that I wish to see her before the reception."

Emma departed with all the rapidity permitted her by etiquette. On passing through the audience chamber, she transmitted the Princess's commands to the Countess of Salisbury, when she felt something pulling her by the dress; she turned round, and perceived the little page who had brought her orders from the Princess.

"Well, Mr. Harley," said she impatiently, "my time is precious, and I cannot stay to talk with you."

"Listen, beautiful Elliott," observed the youth, in a mischievous tone, "if you will give me a kiss, I will deliver up something that will please you."

"I repeat, that my time is precious."

"Very well, then," said the page, "be it so; I am of opinion, however, that it is from your lover."

That supposition caused the sweet girl to blush deeply.

"A letter! Where is it? Who was the bearer?" cried she hastily.

"It is here, in my pocket," replied the youth, "and when you have paid for it I will deliver it up to you. It was brought by a singular-looking lackey, who is exceedingly plain, and attired in black."

"But where is this letter, then?" demanded Emma with vivacity.

"Here it is," returned the page, presenting it to the Countess.

She cast a rapid glance on the address, and uttered a cry of joy. Emma had recognised the hand-writing of young Falkland.

"And this man—the bearer of the letter, where is he?"

"Below, at the entrance to the kitchens, with one of the scullions."

The young girl made a sign, by way of thanks, and darted to a side door which conducted to the kitchens.

"And my kiss, sweet Elliott," demanded the page, rushing after her.

But the young Countess had already disappeared, and, in

traversing the complicated labyrinth of the royal apartments, she murmured to herself—"I am about to see him, then: Thank God! all is not yet lost!"

CHAPTER V.

Let us now return to the two Falklands, whom we left in an apartment of the *Nag's Head*, at the moment when Sir Alfred had at length determined upon revealing to his young brother for what purpose he had conducted him to London with so much promptitude and precaution.

They were seated so near each other that the dress of Alfred came in contact with Edward's. After having satisfied himself that the partitions of the apartment were too solid for any one to overhear them from an adjoining room, Sir Alfred leant towards his brother, and observed to him, in a caressing tone:—

"I presume, Edward, that I have always fulfilled towards you the duty of a brother, and have not belied the promise I made to our father on his death-bed, to watch over you as I would my own offspring. I do not here wish to remind you of the proofs of confidence and affection I have always given both yourself and your mother; but you are aware how I acted at the moment when the death of Sir John rendered me sole master of the estates, and the only patrimony bequeathed to you was the gown of a monk, or the appointment of page to some country nobleman; that of your mother's convent. I left you the enjoyment of my castle and estates; I scarcely demanded an account of your expenditure, and, if I have hitherto given you no position independent of myself, it was because I sought the opportunity, which now presents itself, for the realisation of a brilliant fortune. I trust, therefore, that, whatever may be the proposition which I have to make to you, you will accept it as emanating from a brother to whom you are indebted for affection, respect, and support."

Notwithstanding the experience of Edward, he fancied that those insinuating words, and that enumeration of pretended favours with which he had been overwhelmed, had for object the suppression of his penetration with regard to the overtures which were about to be made to him; and he immediately resolved upon keeping on his guard, and dissimulating in case of need. He, consequently, replied in a somewhat reserved manner, that he had not forgotten the kindness he had experienced at the hands of his brother, and was ready to prove his gratitude in any way, however perilous, provided it were compatible with honour.

The latter portion of his response did not appear precisely as Alfred could have wished, for he frowned perceptibly.

"Honour! honour!" he repeated impatiently; "what do you pretend constitutes honour, pray, sir? People sometimes attach singular ideas to that fine word, when young and inexperienced in life. But I hope, Edward, you will allow me, I, who have age and experience, to be the best judge in such matters."

"Sir," exclaimed Edward, haughtily, "I have never recognised any judge, save my conscience, in matters of this kind; but," he continued, in a milder tone, "there is not a person living from whom I should more willingly receive advice than from my brother."

"You are perfectly right, Edward," resumed Alfred, in a half satisfied tone, taking care not to persist in that delicate point; "but let us come to the veritable object of our conversation."

Here Sir Alfred paused as though to reflect on the means of commencing a difficult avowal.

"Edward," at length said he, in that insinuating tone which he so well knew how to assume when necessary for his vile purposes, "for a while I belonged to the factious, or Cromwell's party, when I considered them just and moderate; but I have abandoned them since witnessing their excesses. At the present time I am devotedly attached to the Royalists, and it is in the service of the King and Princess I wish to engage you along with myself."

"Can it be possible, sir," demanded the astonished Edward, "that you were of Cromwell's party, and are now a staunch Royalist? It is true your conduct of yesterday was inexplicable, but I do not understand—"

"Probably not, probably not," interrupted Sir Alfred; "but you have seen, Edward, that in order to be of a certain faction, one is compelled to be at variance with the friends we may have in the opposite party, when all are united in the same city. Yes, Edward, it would astound you to see the daily proceedings in the Parliament. The Royalists, at the head of whom is Bishop Juxon, and the Republicans may every moment be under the necessity of cutting each other's throats; and yet that does not prevent them

shaking each other by the hand occasionally, and taking their wine together. That, brother," he continued, in a sententious tone, "is the comic side of those civil disorders. As for me, I have not openly revolted from Cromwell's party, but every one knows that I incline towards the Court, and that I am almost become what they denominate a Royalist."

Edward could scarcely conceal the indignation he felt at the treacherous and two-faced conduct of his brother; he, however, did so, and observed—

"I am desirous of knowing, sir, in what way I can serve the royal mistress of my beloved Emma?"

"And you may add, the Countess Elliott herself," responded Sir Alfred, hastily; "for I have already told you, Edward, that you were destined for great things, and I may also mention no one could obtain greater recompense if you worthily perform your duty: the friends of the King, amongst whom I am reckoned, have conceived the idea of a tremendous and dangerous enterprise which will doubtless bring our civil disorders to a happy conclusion; but, in order that it might be creditably accomplished, we required a young gentleman, robust and brave, a stranger to London, unknown to every one, and willing, in the event of non-success, to suffer incarceration, torture, and even death, without betraying or compromising any one; whose devotedness would be complete, and who, if necessary, would perish for the salvation of all!"

"And you thought of me?" said Edward, more and more astonished.

"Exactly so, brother."

"I feel proud, sir, that so many illustrious persons have deigned to rely on me in an affair which appears so grave, and I thank you for having offered me the means of exchanging my present position for one so brilliant, at the risk of an honourable death; but you have not yet informed me what kind of mission I am required to fulfil."

"I will quickly do so," observed Alfred. "You must know, Edward, that there is a certain person whose disappearance the royal authority would purchase with the most magnificent presents. The influence of this individual is increasing, so much so, in fact, that the State is daily in peril; and affairs have assumed so serious an aspect that it is absolutely necessary this person should cease to be dangerous."

Edward did not fully understand what was required of him.

"Excuse my simplicity, sir," said he, "but are there no persons in London more competent to execute such an enterprise than a young provincial like myself, whose inexperience in this kind of affairs may be the means of rendering it abortive?"

"You will perceive, Edward, that were we to entrust the accomplishment of this immense undertaking to an ambitious and faithless person, it would be exceedingly dangerous, for he would probably sell the secret to the very party against whom the blow must be directed. It is, therefore, necessary we should engage a brave and honest man, who will give to those by whom he is employed perfect security with regard to his discretion."

"Very good, brother," returned Edward, "but is the danger, then, so very great?"

Alfred regarded him steadfastly before replying.

"It may happen," said he coldly, "that this enemy of the State will make some resistance; and, in order to silence him, the party employed will be under the necessity of giving him a few sword thrusts."

Edward suddenly became deadly pale, and a cold shiver ran through his veins.

"And do you really suppose," he demanded, in a tremulous voice, "that this personage will be likely to resist?"

"That is certain," responded Sir Alfred, "for he is not of a mild race.—It is Cromwell!"

That name was sufficient to cause the rising indignation of Edward to burst forth in all its fury.

"And it is the illustrious Cromwell, the friend of liberty, that great man who is at the present moment combating for those divine rights of which despotic rulers have deprived the people for ages—whom you would prevail on me to assassinate!" exclaimed he passionately.

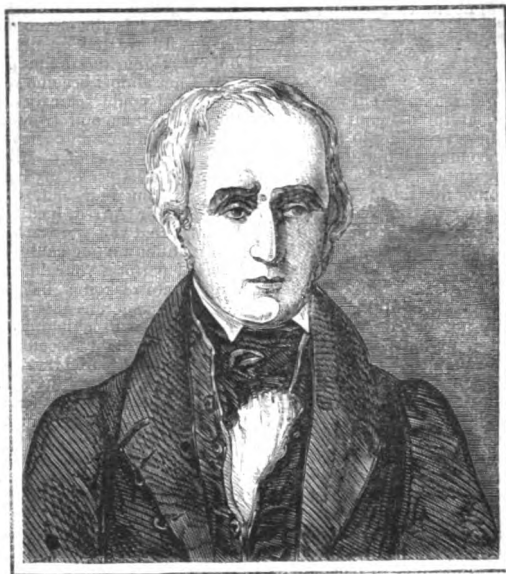
"Peace! in the name of heaven!" cried Alfred, rising; "you will be heard by the inmates of the house."

"And it is you, brother, who would have me steep my hands in the blood of that generous man: for, if what little I have heard be true, he is as generous as brave."

"Silence, Edward, or, by heavens!—"

"And you think to make me believe—I, a poor inexperienced countryman—that the Princess Elizabeth has given such a diabolical mandate?"

To be continued.



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

DEATH OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, THE POET.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH was born in 1770, at Cockermouth, in Cumberland. In 1787 he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, where he graduated. Shortly after he made a pedestrian tour in France, Switzerland, and Italy, of which the result was a volume of poems, entitled "Descriptive Sketches in Verse." This production was accompanied by another poetical work, entitled "The Evening Walk," an "Epistle to a young lady from the lakes in the north of England." These formed together the young poet's first appeal to the public. They were issued in 1793, and at once arrested the attention of discerning men. He then made a pedestrian tour in his own country, the result of which was that he settled down for a time in a cottage in Allorton, in Somersetshire. It was here that he began that intimacy with Coleridge which so much influenced the subsequent intellectual life of both. One result of this sojourn in Somersetshire was the publication, in 1798, of a volume of poems, which he entitled "Lyrical Ballads." Soon afterwards he went, accompanied by his sister, on a tour in Germany, where he was joined by Coleridge. The two poets were then comparatively unknown to the world, although their originality and the beauty of the little they had done had already rivetted the attention of a few admirers.

In the year 1803 Wordsworth married Miss Mary Hutchinson, of Penrith. They resided at Grassmere, in Westmoreland. In 1807 Mr. Wordsworth published a second volume of the "Lyrical Ballads," and his other poetical works appeared at intervals. In 1814 he published his large work, the "Excursion," a poem ill-conceived in plan, and wanting the interest of a work of art, but full of isolated passages of grandeur and beauty. In the year 1815 appeared the poem called the "White Doe of Rylstone," which contains some exquisite passages. His next publications were "Peter Bell" and "The Waggoner." His "River Duddon," a collection of descriptive sonnets, some of which are masterpieces, appeared in 1830, followed at long intervals by other works, in which the nobler characteristics of his genius were developed, and his attempts to invest with a poetical interest subjects utterly incapable of imaginative treatment were abandoned. Mr. Wordsworth had early received the appointment of Distributor of Stamps for the counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland. This, with the profits of his works, enabled him to live in independence. On the death of Southey, he was nominated to the post of Poet Laureate. In this capacity he wrote an Ode on her Majesty's visit to Cambridge. Of the late years of the life of this honoured poet, whose name is already enshrined with those of the most illustrious, we have nothing further to record. Wordsworth enjoyed the happiness, so rarely given to men of the highest order of intellect, of contemplating the certainty of his own fame, and of seeing reversed by his contemporaries those hasty judg-

ments which are usually left to the retribution or the contempt of posterity, and died on the 23rd of April, eighty years of age.

A DAY AT MONTMIRAIL.—BY VICTOR HUGO.

I HIRED the first carriage I met at Ferté-sous-Jouarre, at the same time asking one question—
"Are the wheels in good order?"

On being answered in the affirmative, I set out for Montmirail. There is nothing of interest in this little town, except a pleasing landscape at the end of an avenue, and two beautiful walks bordered with trees; all the buildings, the *Chateau* excepted, have a paltry and mean appearance.

On Monday, about five o'clock in the evening, I left Montmirail, and, directing my way towards Epervan, was an hour afterwards at Vaux-Champs. A few moments before crossing the far-famed field of battle, I met a cart rather strangely laden; it was drawn by a horse and an ass, and contained pans, kettles, old trunks, straw-bottomed chairs, with a heap of old furniture. In front, in a sort of basket, were three children, almost in a state of nudity; behind, in another, were several hens. The driver wore a *blouse*, was walking, and carried a child on his back; a few steps from him was a woman, also bearing a child, but it was not yet born. They were all hastening towards Montmirail, as if the great battle of 1814 were on the eve of being fought.

"Yes," I said to myself, "twenty-five years ago, how many poor families were seen flying from place to place!"

I was informed, however, that this was not a removal—it was an expatriation. It was not to Montmirail they were going—it was to America; they were not flying at the sound of the trumpet of war—they were hurrying from misery and starvation. In a word, my dear friend, it was a family of poor Alscian peasants who were emigrating. They could not obtain a living in their native land, but had been promised one in Ohio. They were leaving their country, ignorant of the sublime and beautiful verses that Virgil had written upon them two thousand years ago.

These poor people were travelling in seeming cheerfulness:—the husband was making a thong for his whip, the wife singing, and the children playing; the furniture had something about it of wretchedness and of disorder which caused pain; the hens even appeared to me to feel their sad condition.

The indifference of the heads of the family astonished me; I really thought that, in leaving the country in which we first see light, which links our hearts to so many sweet associations, we should, on taking a last look shed, a tear to the memory of the scenes of our childhood—to the land which contained the mouldering ashes of our forefathers: but these people seemed regardless of all this; their minds were set

upon the country in which they hoped to obtain a livelihood.

I looked after them for some time. Where was that jolting and stumbling group going?—ay, and where am I going? They came to a turn in the road, and disappeared; for some time I heard the cracking of the whip and the song of the woman—then all was quiet. A few minutes afterwards I was in the glorious plains where the Emperor had once been. The sun was setting, the trees were reflecting their long shadows, the furrows which could be traced here and there had a lightish appearance, a blueish mist was at the bottom of the ravine, the fields seemed deserted; nothing could be seen but two or three ploughs in the distance, which appeared to the eye like huge grasshoppers. To my left was a stone-quarry, where there were large millstones, some white and new, others old and blackened; here, were some lying pell-mell on the ground—there, a few standing erect, like the men of an enormous draught-board when upset.

I determined upon seeing the castle of Montmort, which was about four leagues from Montmirail; I took the Epernay road. There are sixteen tall elms, perhaps the most beautiful in the world, whose foliage hangs over the road and rustles above the head of the passenger. In travelling there is no tree pleases me so much as the elm; it alone appears fantastical, and laughs at its neighbour, overturning all as it bends its head, and making all kinds of grimaces to the passers by in the evening. The foliage of the young elm may

around is pleasant, and the castle commands a most extensive view. It has a winding staircase for men, and a *rampe* for horses. Below, there is also an old iron door which leads to the embrasures of the tower, where I saw four small engines of the fifteenth century. The garrison of the fortress at present consists of an old servant, Mademoiselle Jeannette, who received me with the greatest civility. Of the apartments of the interior, there are only remaining a kitchen, a very fine vaulted room with a large mantelpiece, the great hall, (which is now made a billiard room), and a charming little *cabinet*, with gilt wainscoting. The great hall is a magnificent chamber: the ceiling, with its beams painted, gilded, and sculptured, is still entire: the mantelpiece, surrounded by two noble-looking statues, is of the finest style of Henry the Third. The walls were in former times covered with vast squares of tapestry, on which were the portraits of the family. At the revolution a few daring individuals of the neighbouring village tore down the tapestries and burnt them, which was a fatal blow to feudalism; the proprietor replaced them with old engravings representing views of Rome and of the battles of the great Condé. On leaving, I gave thirty sous to Mademoiselle Jeannette, who was bewildered with my bounty.

Night was coming on when I left Montmort. The road is one of the most detestable in the world. It leads into a wood which I entered, and consequently I saw nothing of Epernay but colliers' huts, the smoke of which was forcing its way



MONTMIRAIL.

be said to spring forth when your eyes are fixed upon it. From Ferté to the place where the sixteen elms are seen, the road is bordered only with poplars, aspens, and walnut-trees, which circumstance did not at all please me.

The country is flat, the plain extending far beyond the range of the eye. Suddenly, on leaving a group of trees, we see on the right, half hidden in a declivity, a number of turrets, weathercocks, and housetops—it is the castle of Montmort.

My cabriolet stopped, and I alighted before the door of the castle. It is an exquisite fortress of the sixteenth century, built of brick, with slate-work; it has a double *enciente*, a moat, a three-arched bridge, and a village at its foot: all

among the branches of the trees; the red mouth of a distant furnace appeared for a few moments, and the whistling wind agitated the leaves around. Above my head, in the heavens, the splendid chariot was making its voyage in the midst of stars, whilst my poor *palache* was jogging along among pebbles.

Epernay—yes, it is the town for champagne; nothing more, nothing less.

Three churches have succeeded each other; the first, a Roman church, was built in 1037, by Thibaut the First Count of Champagne, and son of Eudes; the second, a church of the *Renaissance*, was built in 1540, by Pierre Strozzi, Marshal of France, Seigneur d'Epernay, who was

killed at the siege of Thionville, in 1558; the third, the present one, appeared to me to be built from the design of Monsieur Poterlet-Galichet, a worthy merchant, whose shop and name are close to the church. All three are admirably described and summoned up by these names: Thibaut the First, Count of Champagne; Pierre Strozzi, Marshal of France; and Poterlet-Galichet, grocer.

To tell you the truth, the last-mentioned church is a hideous building, plastered white, and has a heavy appearance, with triglyphs supporting the architrave. There is nothing left of the first church; and of the second, but a few fine large stained windows, and an exquisite façade. One of the windows gives the history of Noah with great *naïveté*. The window-frames and façade are daubed with the hideous plaster of the new church. It seemed to me as if I saw Odry, with his short white trowsers, his blue stockings, and his large shirt-collar, carrying the *casque* and cuirass of Francis the First.

They wished to show me the curiosity of the country—a great cellar, which contains 100,000 bottles. On my way, I came in sight of a field of turnips, where poppies were in flower and butterflies sporting in the rays of the sun. I went no further—the great cave could well spare my visit.

I forgot to mention that Thibaut the First was interred in his church, and Strozzi in his: however, I should decidedly disapprove of M. Poterlet-Galichet having a place in the present one.

Strozzi was rather what may be termed a *brave man*. Brisquet, the fool of Henry the Second, amusing himself one day, greased, before the whole court, a very handsome cloak that the marshal had put on for the first time. This excited much laughter, and Strozzi resorted to a most cruel revenge. For me, I would not have laughed, nor would I have avenged myself. To beaund a velvet coat with grease!—I have never been over-delighted with this pleasantry of the sixteenth century.

EMIGRATION—PORT NATAL.

WITHOUT underrating the many advantages reaped by those who have emigrated to the United States of North America, still we do not hesitate to give a decided preference to our own foreign dominions, where so many districts with vast mineral and agricultural wealth await the industrious hand of the artisan and the husbandman to become the happy home of our ill-remunerated labourers. In our own colonies there are the same laws, similar institutions and manners to which they have been accustomed, and the strong arm of Britain shields their persons and property from the enemy. The emigrant perceives no social difference than in changing his residence from Yorkshire to Lancashire, with the very happy exception of a superabundance of all the necessaries, many of the comforts, and some of the luxuries of life, instead of the penury, misery, and wretchedness of being half employed, half starved, and ill-clothed. If colonies are the world beyond the grave of disappointed hopes, we are glad to hear of new climates and new scenes being opened up, so that the various qualifications and trades of our countrymen may find fitting appropriation.

Port Natal offers another field for adventurous industry. We may, however, remark that, though geographically much nearer than many of our settlements, the voyage from Britain is not particularly short. It is necessary, in order to catch the trade winds, to go straight from this island to the eastern coast of South America; by this means much time is necessarily lost. From the testimony of Mr. Galloway, we learn some interesting facts regarding the soil, climate, productions, and capabilities of this district of South Africa.

It appears that cotton seed sown in October and November, 1848, came to maturity in the following March, and the picking extended over April, May, and June. When Mr. Galloway left Natal, in January last, the plants were again bearing more fully, and with much better promise, than during the previous season. A specimen of the cotton brought to Manchester shows that from this quarter the best qualities may be depended on. Mr. Galloway declares that the fine Virginian tobacco, the fig, the pomegranate, the orange, the lemon, bananas, potatoes, wheat, and almost every plant and vegetable succeed remarkably well. Near the coast the wheat was attacked with rust, but at Mr. Galloway's location, two miles inland, the crop, though not heavy, was entirely free of speck.

The prices of provisions may be gathered from the following sample:—Best flour, 3s. 3d. per lb; sugar, 3s. 4d. to 4d.; coffee, 8d.; tea, 3s.; beef, 5d.; butter, 1s.; milk cows are not higher than £2 10s. but horses sell from £12 to £25 each.

Land is rapidly rising in value, more particularly near the

port. A considerable quantity which had been bought by Mr. Galloway at 5s. 6d. he sold at 13s. 6d., and some favoured lots as high as 20s. the acre. Near the port £5 an acre has been paid.

It seems the emigration agents here, in their agreement for the passage and conveyance of emigrants and their goods, insert a clause that they shall be landed "at Natal, or as near as is practicable." As by this means a very unlooked-for charge sometimes comes upon the poor emigrant, we think it proper to mention the matter before he embarks. We learn that there is a great embankment of sand about half a mile from the port which prevents most of these large ships from entering. It becomes necessary to employ a small vessel with a draught of not more than ten feet of water, into which the passengers and their goods have to be trans-shipped and brought to land. This causes a very heavy expense; indeed it frequently costs more than the whole freight of the wares from the British port to Natal. The Emigration Company should have a small vessel of their own, and save our confiding emigrants from the rapacity of the owners of these African boats. A very small percentage on the freights would meet all their additional expenses. As it is, those who propose going to Natal should insist on leaving out the insidious clause.

There is a Natal Emigration and Colonization Company established in London, who contract with parties desirous of emigrating. They say, in their address to the public:—

"Each adult will be provided with an intermediate passage, including provisions on a liberal dietary scale, for the sum of 10*l.*, or a steerage passage for 10*l.*; and on arrival in Natal have secured to him twenty acres of freehold land. Children above one year, and under the age of fourteen, will be charged 9*l.* 10*s.* for an intermediate, and 5*l.* for a steerage passage, and in either case be entitled to five acres of land; second class intermediate (small sized cabin) and fifty acres of land, 22*l.* 10*s.* Each distinct holder of a land order under 100 acres will have a further grant of a quarter of an acre of village or town allotment; if a holder of 100 hundred acres or more, half an acre. Intending settlers can purchase any additional quantity of land, with a large extent of choice, at very moderate prices."

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

A FRENCH philosopher says that "intimacy and admiration are incompatible," and another, somewhat more cynical, enunciates the same opinion, by declaring, "no man is a hero to his valet de chambre." Familiarity with the ways of the House of Commons by no means disproves the dogma, or turns aside the jest. Its history has on its pages of the brightest lustre. We go to the Palace at Westminster in expectation of hearing something in the strains of Chatham—*clarum et venerabile nomen*—Burke, Fox, Pitt, Sheridan, Wyndham, and their eloquent compatriots; but instead of the glowing invective, the withering denunciation, the exquisite artifices of rhetoric, which distinguished St. Stephen's Chapel, we find little else than the second-rate oratory, ascribed to common sense and mere men of business. In this our age of utilitarianism, we have lost all the graces of manner and the delicacies, *severities*, and sublimities of language which distinguished these intellectual gladiators. We readily admit that Shiel, when stirred by the sight of oppression, which those of his creed may endure, is inspired with a muse of no ordinary brilliance, and that D'Israeli is epigrammatic; but who else lays the slightest claim to the most ordinary characteristics of oratory? There is a grievous deficiency in the command of a forcible and persuasive eloquence, although it is without question the chief instrument of a statesman's operations.

One's first visit to the House produces a very uneasy effect on the mind. In the utter absence of anything in the form of earnest impassioned eloquence, one hesitates to decide against the merits of this great political establishment and the abilities of the men that compose it, lest the topics of the night were not of an interest sufficiently important to arouse the feelings of the debaters. Still one cannot but acknowledge that there was not only the absence of eloquence, but a great want of masculine spirit, in the manners of the men. Once the phrase "men and measures" had a distinct meaning—the men and the measures were of one piece. They were indissolubly united in feature and in nature. The party felt that they fought for their faith, and all the vigour, vigilance, and resolute purpose of the ardent crusaders was demonstrated on the political arena. In these degenerate days, where our lot is cast, there is little besides an acquiescing inferiority, a bidding for popularity, a dull assumption of such

moderated and mixed opinions as will catch listless voters. There is now a lack of self-devoting patriotism in our politicians, which makes all their moves and all their speeches nerveless and aimless. We have no longer the chivalrous antagonism of men, who, in denouncing a measure, assailed its promoters, as if they, like Cataline, were dark conspirators against the social order. Instead of the brilliant invective of a Tully, we have only a dull phlegmatic malignity, scowling in the shade of opposition on the luckier adventurers who bask on the sunny side of the chair. When men fought for what in their inmost soul seemed the truth, bright thoughts, moulded in the finest forms, came fresh from the laboratory of the mind; but in our day we are presented with cold hashed-up reservations and mincing obliquities, which freeze on the lips of the fettered time-servers who utter them. The intellectual giants of the bygone age were like meteors in their manners, and their terrific denunciations fell like a thunderbolt on their enemies; but now we have nothing but the still small voice of cheer-catching obsequiousness.

On Wednesdays the House meets at twelve o'clock. On all other business days of the week the hour of assembling is four. A few, very few, members are present at prayers; but as soon as that formality is concluded the House begins to fill rapidly. In the earlier part of the afternoon the time is occupied by members presenting petitions. This boasted privilege of the people—the right to petition the legislative assemblies—is in general a mere mockery. The member who has it in charge mentions the name of the place from which it came, and, perhaps, in two words tells the burden of its prayer. The petition is laid on the table and sinks away among the things that were, unnoticed and unproductive. When this dearly-prized popular privilege has been shelved, some of the leaders of the treasury benches take their seats, seemingly prepared to begin the business of the evening, in so far as questions may be put regarding measures already introduced (or merely contemplated, our foreign relations, and any other matter for which the ministry are individually responsible. These questions are answered, and official returns granted or refused, in the manner related by the morning papers. At this period the House presents a very busy appearance, but soon afterwards, more especially if a true patriot rises to move for some amendment in a law oppressive to the poor, or for the emancipation of educational institutions from the gripe of an ecclesiastical faction, the busy members, one by one, disappear, until scarcely the number necessary to constitute a *house* remains. Later on in the evening, when the "ministerial measure" is to be discussed, then the absentees begin to drop in, one after another, with all the airs of men who are to regulate their decisions by deliberative wisdom. But as they take their places so they vote. The one party influenced by the voice of power, another bidding for popularity and place.

Such is the House when it suits the ministry to make a night of it. But if the subject on the programme is the motion of an opponent, or even of a friend in *ordinary*, who wishes to bring the people's representatives to pass a general resolution in favour of mere abstract right and title, then the whippers-in become whippers-out, and use every means to seduce members away from their seats. In the former case, when Her Majesty's opposition have resolutely determined to overthrow the cabinet, then these active missionaries are sure of defeat; but in the latter, the isolated member who claims a simple benefit for the public at large, the *whippers-out* are equally sure of success. In a very few minutes a member is seen rising to move that the House be counted. It is counted by the Speaker, cocked-hat in hand, and while he is deciding that there are less than forty, the benches are emptied of the emancipated patriots.

THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER.—The soldiers' *messes* are served in an immense bowl, round which they sit or kneel, and, dipping in their wooden spoons, continue the operation till the porridge, or *borsch*, is eaten. The clothing—that is, the uniform and accoutrements, are excellent; the cloth, though not quite so good as English, is close; the belts, of a white patent leather, are much more easily cleaned than the common buff, and the sling of the firelock is of red leather; were it not, therefore, for the bright barrel of his musket, the Russian soldier would have scarcely anything to occupy him in barracks. His knapsack, however, is all but empty; socks, even amongst officers, are not always worn; by the soldiers never; a few of them tie or swathe a dirty piece of calico round the leg and foot.

"SPEAK GENTLY TO THE ERRING!"

BY FREDERICK GEORGE LEE.

Speak gently to the erring—
Ye know not all the pow'r
With which the dark temptation came
In some unguarded hour:
Ye may not know how earnestly
They struggled, or how well,
Until the hour of weakness came,
And sadly thus they fell!

Speak gently of the erring—
Oh! do not thou forget,
However darkly stained by sin.
He is thy brother yet.
Heir of the self-same heritage,
Child of the self-same God,
He hath but stumbled in the path
Thou hast in weakness trod.

Speak kindly to the erring—
For is it not enough
That innocence and peace are gone,
Without thy censure rough?
It surely is a weary lot
That sin-crushed heart to bear
And they who share a happier fate
Their childings well may spare.

Speak kindly to the erring—
Thou yet may'st lead him back,
With holy words and tones of love,
From Mis'ry's thorny track:
Forget not thou hast often sinn'd,
And sinful yet must be;
Deal kindly with the erring one,
As God hath dealt with thee.

"THE GOOD OLD TIMES."—The Rev. Sydney Smith, after exclaiming—

"The good old times let others state,
I think it lucky I was born so late."

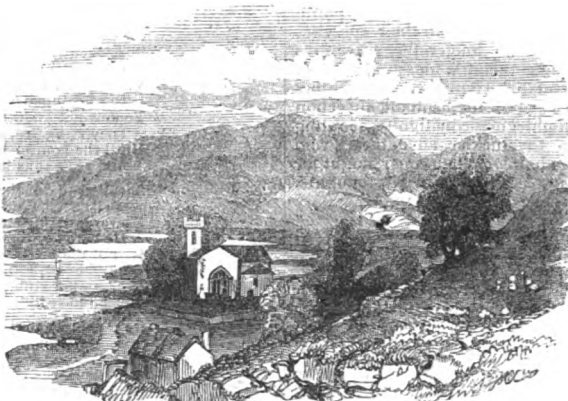
goes on to remark—"It is of some importance at what period a man is born. A young man alive at this period hardly knows to what improvements of human life he has been introduced; and I would bring before his notice the following eighteen changes, which have taken place in England since I began to breathe the breath of life—a period amounting now to nearly seventy years. Gas was unknown; I groped about the streets of London in all but the utter darkness of a twinkling oil lamp, under the protection of watchmen in their grand climacteric, and exposed to every species of degradation and insult. I have been nine hours in sailing from Dover to Calais, before the invention of steam. It took me nine hours to go from Taunton to Bath before the invention of railroads; and now I go in six hours from Taunton to London! In going from Taunton to Bath I suffered between 10,000 and 12,000 severe contusions, before stone-breaking Macadam was born. I paid fifteen pounds in a single year for repairs of carriage springs, on the pavement of London; and I now glide without noise or fracture, on wooden pavements. I can walk, by the assistance of police, from one end of London to the other without molestation; or, if tired, get into a cheap and active cab, instead of those cottages on wheels, which the hackney coaches were at the beginning of my life. I had no umbrella; they were little used and very dear. There was no waterproof hats, and my hat has often been reduced by rains to its original pulp. I could not keep my smallclothes in their proper place, for braces were unknown. If I had the gout, there was no colchicum; if I was bilious there was no calomel; if I was attacked by ague, there was no quinine. There were filthy coffee-houses, instead of elegant clubs. Game could not be bought. Quarrels about uncommuted tithes were endless. The corruption of Parliament before Reform was infamous. There were no banks to receive the savings of the poor. The Poor Laws were gradually sapping the vitals of the country; and whatever miseries I suffered, I had no post to whisk my complaints, for a single penny, to the remotest corner of the empire; and yet, in spite of all these privations, I lived on quietly, and am now ashamed that I was not more discontented, and utterly surprised that all these changes and inventions did not occur centuries ago. I forgot to add that as the basket of stage-coaches in which luggage was then carried had no springs, your clothes were rubbed to pieces; and that even in the best society, one-third of the gentlemen, at least, were always drunk."

FORCE OF IMAGINATION.—Sir John Milley Doyle desired Admiral Sartorius, when many leagues distant, to consider himself *horsewhipped*. When Donna Maria was in England, her friends desired her to consider herself on the *throne of Portugal*.

Camera Sketches.

THE Collegiate Church of Kilmun was founded by the first peer of the Argyle family, Sir Duncan Campbell, 1442. Only the lower part of the gallery and wall now remains; but to it the modern church is attached, and much detracts from the pictorial effect of the ruin. At the east end of the church is the burial vault of the Argyle family, which is a plain square stone building.

There is an interesting legend referring the origin of the name of Kilmun to a certain holy man, named Saint Mund. He is described as being a native of Ireland, and, when a boy, keeping his father's flocks, showed such tokens of piety, that his parents consented to his embracing a religious



KILMUN CHURCH, DUNOON.

The great charm of Kilmun is its delightfully quiet situation.

life. He enrolled himself first among the disciples of St. Congall, the abbot, whom he left for the more celebrated Abbot Silenns, under whose rule he lived eighteen years; he then went to the island of Iona, and took the habit of a monk at the hands of the great St. Columba. On his return to Ireland, he is said to have wrought many miracles; and, finally, returning to Scotland, to have taken up his abode on the banks of the Holy Loch in Cowal, where he founded a monastery and a church, in which he himself was buried, and which was called after his name.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

THE great services which this remarkable invention has conferred on general commerce are readily acknowledged by every one. All those changes in the supply and the value of the various commodities which enter into consumption are instantly intimated throughout the whole country, and a simultaneous level is found in every market in the United Kingdom, and thus, to some extent, the inequalities and fluctuations of our internal trade and operations one with another are moderated. We learn, however, from Mr. Walker's work on Telegraph Manipulation, that railways themselves find the greatest assistance from it. This use of the electric wire has not obtained the notice which it deserves, as it conduces not only to the better working of the traffic on the line, but also to a considerable saving in expense, and an increase of safety to passengers. We quote the following illustration from Mr. Walker's book:—

"Special trains are nowhere really special unless on a telegraph railway. My idea of such a train is, that it can be had for the asking, and can have a clear course before it. On a railway like the South-Eastern, couriers may arrive from abroad at all hours, and without any previous notice, and require immediate means of reaching London. Should the "Ondine" arrive at Folkestone bearing despatches for the morning papers, the courier need not care at having just missed the train, nor fear of being too late in London to save the press for the first edition. If he finds no engine at Folkestone, the telegraph will soon obtain him one from where there is one to spare; and not only so, but when he starts will clear the road before him, and give timely notice to the train in advance to move aside, and let him pass. The guards in charge of preceding trains are well advised by telegraph of what is following in their wake, and they know the time and place to move aside and let the coast be clear. Four hundred and odd signals in three months will show how greatly the course of special trains, and the comfort of their passengers, must be regulated by the telegraph."

Similar advantages are derived from the telegraph in the management of the goods' traffic. Stations requiring a great number of carriages and trucks instantly secure the requisite supply from the other stations that can spare them; and thus the surplus stock is much less than it must necessarily be when there is no telegraphic communication. Upwards of six hundred messages in three months between the heads of departments and their subordinates of one single line is a good illustration of its uses, and the comparative ubiquity the telegraph confers on the direction of a railway.

Great as the uses of this invention are confessed to be, and surpassing all that has gone before it, we learn, from well-authenticated anecdotes, that some ignorant persons really expect more service from it than its nature can yield. We are told that, at Dover, an individual presented himself at the Telegraph-office one afternoon with a sum of money, and desired the clerk to send the money itself, in *propria forma*, up to London by telegraph, to be forwarded to a certain banker's. The money was to take up a bill due that day, and there was no time to send it by train. He seemed perfectly surprised

that it could not be sent.—At London, a servant in livery came to the office, heated and out of breath, with a small parcel to be sent by telegraph to a distant part of the county. It appears he had instructions to send it by train, but he arrived just too late for the train, and as it was of consequence, he thought he should get out of his dilemma and expedite matters by adopting this course.

PREDESTINATION.—"Do you believe in predestination?" said the captain of a Mississippi steamer to a clergyman who happened to be travelling with him. "Of course I do." "Well, I'm glad to hear it." "Why?" "Because I intend to pass that boat ahead in fifteen consecutive minutes, if there be any virtue in pine knots and loaded safely valves. So don't be alarmed, for if the boilers ain't to burst they won't." Here the divine began putting on his hat, and looking very much like backing out, which the captain observing, said, "I thought you said you believed in predestination, and what is to be will be." "So I do; but I prefer being a little nearer the stern when it takes place."

BOY MOR.—A gentleman asked his friend why he, being so proper a man himself, had married so small a wife? "Why, friend," said he, "I thought you had known, that of all evils we should choose the least."

To Correspondents.

. It is with deep regret that we have to announce to our subscribers that an accident has prevented us from giving the double number this week. We crave our well-wishers' indulgence; and, if exertion is used, we hope soon to give nothing but double numbers.

J. (Doncaster).—You know that the sun rises in the morning, hence his "kissing the frowning night" is beyond *licentia poetarum*. The sun is also masculine, not "she bids," &c. More care is needed for the scrutiny of a criticising public. If more care will make your verses presentable, pray use it, and let us have them authenticated by the name of the writer. We have, in previous notices, referred to the closing of our first volume. Circumstances, we said, may fix it for an earlier period than Christmas. Your friendly assistance receives our very best thanks.

J. W. D.—We are obliged to you. The *Seven Springs* may, at some future time, appear in our *camera sketches*.

W. S. B. (Camden Town).—We have heard of the forthcoming periodical with the curt ambitious title "My Pen." Had Addison or Swift, Johnson or Burke, Byron or Scott thus named their writings, little beyond a smile at a pardonable vanity would have been created; but the present flagrant assumption of this individual is vainly neither to be smiled at nor pardoned. Those who have leisure will start the inquiry whether the material of *his Pen* is from mine or the congenial bird. We have not patience with such matters.

D. E. M.—See our reply to J.

E. J. F.—The price will remain the same.

G. H.—Watch the tastes exhibited by the *brown* ones in select abstractions from the cupboard, and feed the *white* ones accordingly. A low diet tends to keep them tame—a high diet would lead them to prefer a niche in the ceiling to the warm comforts of a downy cage.

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CENTRAL AMERICA.—THE HIGH ROAD TO CALIFORNIA.

Our artist has depicted one of the wilds of North America. All our European sights—Italy, the Mediterranean, Switzerland, the Rhine—have become stale to the wonderseeker. Scotland and its hills, its ravines, its lakes, calls forth no sentiment stronger than a peaceful pleased approbation. What was once so grand in our Alps and our Trossachs—Mont Blanc and Ben Mac Dhuì has, by familiarity, been reduced to the ordinariness of a household idea. Central North America—hitherto unexplored—displays to the traveller unnumbered elements of wonder. Its vast rivers, ocean lakes, and thundering waterfalls, its snow clad mountains, immeasurable prairies, and antediluvian forests, its wonder-

ful vegetating powers, its unnumbered varieties of beasts, and fish, and fowl, proclaim Central America to be fraught with every element that can interest, instruct, and astonish.

California has of late years added much to the interest and somewhat to the intelligence of Europeans respecting the great western continent. The all-prevailing love of pelf invested that peculiar portion of the United States with an especial importance. When it was at first learned that the soil was teeming with gold washed down in the course of ages from its mountains, unheeded and uncared for by the wild Indians that made it their shooting ground; that it lay on the banks of its streams requiring merely to be gathered by the hand or scooped up with a pail; that it was so pure as to be already fit for the mint, and that when its surface gold had been gathered by the thousands that would rush to the El Dorado

the vast mountains around would yield treasures of immeasurable wealth, the world stood aghast at the astounding intelligence.

"When I made this gold I made
A greater god than Jove,
And gave my own omnipotence away."

This California is an old world. The researches many years ago of American antiquarians made it plain that the vast western wilds had been in remote ages peopled by a civilised race. Many remarkable ruins, indicating the highest advancement in mechanical, architectural, and scientific acquirements, have been discovered buried in the wildernesses of Ohio and the Cordilleras, under a forest growth of countless centuries. The native marauding Indian, who wanders over the cities and the tombs of his ancestors, remaining unchanged in his simple pastoral habits since the first hour that Europeans beheld him, is equally amazed as the civilised explorer who makes the discovery. He can supply no tradition, nor in his songs is there any ray of light to intimate when these better days existed—when they were overcast, or by what convulsion of nature they were engulfed. California has also, as was recently discovered, its embedded cities and its still evidences of a perished civilisation. Without underrating the importance and commercial value of its mines, we may be allowed to anticipate the greatest entertainment, pleasure, and increase of information, from the labours of the archaeologist in prosecuting his inquiries regarding the early history of our planet from the fossils of ancient cities.

Our artist has sketched, from a copy of the originals by the United States Topographical Engineers, a scene actually observed by that eminent traveller, Colonel Fremont, on his mission from Washington across the Rocky Mountains to California. The exuberant vegetation of a prairie is on fire, a herd of deer is escaping from the flames, and the emigrants *en route* are being led out of danger by the trapper. Such scenes occur often in these vast solitudes, and the very loneliness adds tenfold to the fearful sublimity of the sight.

THE BROTHERS:

AN HISTORICAL TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER V.—continued.

"Will you be silent, fool!" cried Alfred, in a hoarse tone, seizing his brother by the arm.

At the same moment Edward perceived a dagger glittering over his head. Quick as the lightning flash the robust young man wrested the menacing weapon from his brother, and, in his turn, pointed it to his breast, then, thrusting him backwards across the room, he fell into a seat, covering his eyes with horror.

A silence of a few moments followed that terrible scene.

"My God! my God! Alfred!" murmured Edward, "what would our poor father have said had he beheld us in this position?"

"He would have said," replied Sir Alfred, firmly, "that you are an obstinate fool, who, instead of discussing calmly the propositions made to you, exclaim aloud in immoderate language, which may precipitate us both into a State prison."

"Rather would I be deprived of liberty the remainder of my life than be guilty of perpetrating so base, so cruel, so horrible a crime; but tell me, Alfred," he continued in a milder tone, "what the consequence of my refusal to take part in this diabolical affair will be?"

"You may suppose, Edward," responded Sir Alfred in a sullen tone, "that every precaution has been taken, and this will be a means of rendering you powerless and discreet." At the same time taking from his pocket several *lettres de cachet*, which he placed on the table:—

"I have only to affix your name to one of these papers," he continued, "and within an hour the doors of the Tower would close on you for ever."

"What! sir," said Edward in an accent of reproach, "you, Alfred Falkland, would allow me to be dragged to a State prison, because I refuse to accomplish a mission which my conscience repulses with horror? Alfred, my brother, you could not be so cruel!"

"I would conduct you thither myself," murmured Alfred, ferociously; "you are not aware, young man, of what little consideration you are before such awful secrets!"

"But I am something before you, sir," said Edward, stretching himself to his full height; "we are alone; I am more agile and robust than you, and I can evade your unjust tyranny."

Sir Alfred shook his head with an air of supreme con-

tempt; then, rising gravely, he took Edward by the arm, conducted him to the window, and pointed out to him three sinister-looking personages, who were pacing to and fro the gloomy street in front of the *Nag's Head*.

"I have already informed you," he observed, "that all my precautions were taken. Behold those men in black masks: they would assassinate you on a sign from me, or conduct you at once to the Tower. A vehicle is stationed a few paces from hence; other individuals are within the house, and would rush up stairs at the slightest noise. At the moment I am speaking to you any one may enter the inn, but no one is permitted to leave without my express permission."

"Well!" returned Edward, "be it so; I will divulge your secret, and appeal to the people."

"If you cry out, you will be gagged; should you disclose the secret to one of your guards, you will lead him into captivity with yourself, and I presume you are too honest a person to envelop in your misfortune a poor devil who is compelled to do his duty; besides, I have arranged matters in such a manner that, whatever you may say, people will not believe you. Do not, therefore, be guilty of a folly which you will dearly repent!"

A profound silence followed these words, and Edward again threw himself into a seat with an air of despair, fully convinced that resistance would be vain. Sir Alfred remained standing before him—calm, stern, and inexorable.

"Sir," remarked Edward slowly, "you have spoken to me of the crime, wherefore do you not mention the recompense?"

"The recompense!" returned Alfred, "you know that it is already immense; and anything you demand will be added thereto. You love the young Countess Elliott; you will be permitted to espouse her; titles and riches will be lavishly showered upon her."

"But," interrupted Edward, warmly, "is it strictly true that Emma is cognisant of this arrangement, and that she is ready to ratify it? She has been deceived, I am certain, otherwise I have been misled myself."

"On my honour as a gentleman, Edward, she is in the secret, and has engaged to compensate with her hand and fortune your devotion to her royal mistress."

"She too, then," cried the half-distracted young man, "is in league with my brother to prevail on me to perpetrate a cold-blooded murder! Would to God," he continued, "I had never left the country!"

At the same time his head fell on the table, and the tears streamed rapidly down his burning cheeks. Sir Alfred profited by this momentary emotion, and employed all the perfidious art which he had acquired in the intrigues of the court to wrest from Edward his consent; he entreated, menaced, enumerated the evils beneath which England was groaning, and attributed all to the pride and ambition of Cromwell. He endeavoured to prove to his brother that, in obeying a legitimate authority, as he was pleased to designate it, he was not opposing justice, either human or divine. But Edward did not listen, and remained absorbed in his grief; at length, raising himself on his elbow, he demanded in a tremulous tone—

"Can you show me a written order from the King or Princess charging me to strike their enemy?"

"Such an order, Edward, would be too dangerous; but if you will be content with a verbal command, I promise that you shall see the Princess, and she will give you the command from her own mouth."

"And Emma, the Countess Elliott, can you also conduct me into her presence, so that I may hear from her lips this terrible order?"

"I can," responded Alfred.

"Well," said Edward, "I accept on those conditions."

These words were pronounced in a vague kind of tone, but Alfred only saw in them a compliance.

"Will you really, Edward?" he cried, bounding with joy.

"You cannot be deceiving me? it would be too perilous."

"When shall I see the Princess?" demanded the young man, in a hollow tone.

"This evening," was the reply.

"And my beloved Emma?"

At this moment a soft rap was heard at the door, and a voice, tremulous with emotion, called out: "Edward! Edward!"

Edward immediately recognised that well-known voice.

"Here she is herself!" he exclaimed, in terror; "and we shall learn, sir, whether you have deceived me."

Whereupon he opened the door, and the Countess rushed into the room, enveloped in an ample cloak, with her face concealed in a black mask.

This unexpected apparition struck the knight with stupor. Nevertheless, he saluted the young Countess with an ironical air as she unmasked herself. The latter, pale as death, tremblingly advanced towards Edward, whose cold reception chilled her very heart. The sweet girl had divined the truth.

"My God! my God! Edward," she shrieked, "what is the matter with you? Have I arrived too late? Has he told you —?"

"All," interrupted her lover, averting his eyes.

"And you accuse me! You reproach me for being the cause of your ruin? But heavens, Edward, do not judge without hearing me."

"Great God, no! but—yes, Emma, my life belongs to you, and have you not done right in disposing of it?"

The Countess cast a furtive glance in the direction of Sir Alfred.

"Be calm," she replied in an under tone, "and do not feel more alarmed than you can possibly avoid at what I may mention in the presence of your brother."

At that moment Alfred hastily approached her; his attenuated and flushed face wore an expression of infernal joy mingled with a little astonishment.

"Zounds! Countess," he observed, in that levity of tone which was in vogue at Court, "is it customary for the maids of honour of our august Princess to seek young cavaliers in broad day? Truly, it would be a pleasant joke to divert the idlers of St. James's Palace; and you will admit, my sweet rose, that you are quite at my discretion."

"I believe you are too prudent, Sir Alfred, and particularly too gallant a gentleman," rejoined Emma somewhat haughtily, "to fear you would strive to injure me by disclosing to any one this meeting, especially when you have learnt that I come hither with the consent and desire of my royal mistress."

"By an order from the Princess?" demanded Alfred, in alarm; "what means this? Doubtless, some new caprice? Oh! what fools are men who place their devotion and courage at the service of a woman; the wisest and most resolute ever fail in energy at the moment of action."

"Hold, sir," interrupted the young girl authoritatively; "here, as elsewhere, the commands of the Princess ought to be sacred with you. Unfortunately," she continued in a different tone, "I am aware that it is too late for you to execute these of which I am the bearer."

"What do you mean, pray?" demanded Alfred hastily.

"The Princess, on the representations I made to her that Edward might have a great antipathy to the enterprise in question, had ordered me to request that you would not reveal anything to him, and to seek some other person for the execution of this project."

Edward made a movement of surprise.

"Is that all?" said the Knight tranquilly; "well, my charmer, you may re-assure her Royal Highness and yourself likewise, with regard to Edward. He is not so greatly opposed to the affair, I'll assure you; and, save a few scruples which we shall easily surmount, he accepts the proposition."

"He accepts!" reiterated Emma, trembling.

"He can tell you so himself."

"Oh, my God! you cannot have told him the truth," cried the young girl, despairingly; "you have misled his reason by some clever delusion. Oh, heavens! too well do I know your horrible address in this kind of affairs, Mr. Falkland."

"Reply, Edward," observed Alfred with a malicious smile.

"I am aware," said Edward in a slow, solemn voice, "that I am charged to shed the blood of a brave man; to slay, traitorously and secretly, the hero of the Revolution. But I also know that Miss Elliott has been the first to hurry me into this abominable enterprise, and it is on the faith of her name I have gone so far."

"Edward, oh, Edward! do not believe —"

"What! Miss Elliott," ejaculated Alfred, regarding the countess sternly; "do you so soon forget the engagements you entered into in my presence, and now intend to disown your words and actions?"

The young girl bent her head with an air of shame and grief.

"Do you pretend to deny," returned Sir Alfred, "that you knew for what purpose Edward was conducted to London when you charged me with a letter which was intended to prevail on him to undertake the journey?"

"I do not refute it," responded Emma, weeping.

"Is it not true that you promised your hand to my brother in recompense for the service he is about to render the state?"

"Mercy! sir, mercy! I implore you!"

"Reply, reply!" exclaimed the Knight menacingly; "is it not true?"

"Too true! but—great God! have pity on my sufferings!"

"You hear her, Edward," observed Alfred, turning towards his young brother, who perceived, with pain, the moral torture which Miss Elliott was suffering; you see that I have not deceived you. One of your conditions has now been fulfilled, and the other will be shortly."

Edward remained silent, whilst the lovely girl was weeping pitifully. The knight gazed at them triumphantly.

"Now that we understand each other," he tranquilly resumed, after a moment's silence, "it is necessary to separate. This evening, Edward, I shall return and convey you into the presence of those who have a desire to become acquainted with you before acting: until that time seek not to leave this abode, or before you have proceeded far you may chance to meet with an unpleasant obstruction. With respect to myself, I am going to announce to certain parties the result of my negotiation. I shall feel proud, Miss Elliott," he continued in a sarcastic tone, turning in the direction of Emma, "to conduct you to your carriage."

"If it be a command you address to me," returned the young Countess, suppressing her grief with an effort, "I refuse to obey; if an invitation, I must admit, sir, that I desire to converse with Mr. Falkland a few moments alone."

"Oh! yes, yes, remain," murmured Edward wildly; "I shall die if I cannot speak with you."

"Be it so," said Alfred, almost brutally; "but take heed you forget not your promise, either of you, and be cautious in what you say. It is the advice of a friend I give you. Adieu."

He cast a significant glance at the young girl, and slowly left the apartment.

Scarcely had he departed when Miss Elliott, giving, at length, free vent to her pent-up feelings, hastily approached Edward and observed to him, in a tone of despair:—

"It cannot be, Edward! It cannot be true that you have entered into that horrible engagement? Hasten to undeceive me. Oh! no, no, you are too noble, too loyal, too generous, to form one of that horrible conspiracy."

"But is it not true, Emma," demanded the young man vehemently, "that you have approved of it? Have you not admitted as much in the presence of my brother? or has this approval been wrung from you by violence, and you have never really desired to force me to this diabolical deed?"

"Oh! never, never! my Edward. They have employed violence, subterfuge, and falsehood! Yes, Edward, you will learn, ere long, what I have endured. Oh! no, it is only very recently I ascertained the real facts; had I known sooner, God is witness that I should never have consented to your leaving the country to engage you in so awful an affair, at the risk, too, of incurring your hatred and contempt, and the oblivion of those sweet reminiscences of by-gone days!"

"In the name of Heaven, Emma, tell me what this terrible secret is which compels your lips to belie your heart!"

"Alas! I cannot," responded the young girl sobbing; "do not interrogate me at the present moment, I conjure you."

"Have pity on my sufferings, Miss Elliott; does this secret contain anything at which you would blush in my presence? Am I to believe that you have forgotten those solemn vows pledged in the country? Would to heaven, Emma, we had ever remained there!"

"Oh! no, Edward; if I have committed a fault through ignorance, it is of a nature calculated to create your indulgence and pity, although it may draw upon myself the terrible displeasure of a powerful personage; but a truce to this sad subject, I entreat you. Hasten, rather, to tell me that you repulse with horror that infamous proposition."

"Dear Emma," observed the young man in a tone of reproach, "could you believe me capable of so black an action? Have you not once reflected that a base and cruel necessity might also have forced my lips to belie my secret sentiments?"

"But what is, then, that necessity? What are the motives which have constrained you to accept that mission without due reflection?"

"Reflection was not granted me; besides, it would not have altered my determination, for I wished to gain time and thereby lull my brother's prudence."

"But you have held out promises, Edward, whose fulfilment he will return to reclaim."

"But the execution thereof is conditional, which conditions I believe impossible to fulfil."

"And what are they, Edward?"

"The first is, that you should confirm in person the part you have taken in that proceeding."

"Alas! you perceive I am not at liberty to openly persuade you from it. And the other?"

"That I should receive from the Princess a verbal command to strike their enemy; which, unless I am greatly mistaken, my brother, in spite of his assurance, cannot fulfil."

"And it is on the faith of that supposition you have made this awful engagement!" cried the young girl in despair; "unhappy young man! You must retract that word which has been wrung from you, or you are lost to me for ever!"

"And you believe that the Princess—"

"Is so much exalted by hatred, so bewildered by the evil advice of those demons in human form by whom she is surrounded, so greatly alarmed at the thought of their weakness and the power of the enemy, that she will pause at nothing," interrupted Emma vehemently; "that which would appear impossible, monstrous, horrible, in ordinary times, seems very natural in difficult. You know not how cruel is a power annihilated by factions. The Princess has received intelligence that Cromwell contemplates having the King secured and carried off by stealth, and that he has already dispatched emissaries, who are disguised as travelling pedlars and well furnished with gold, for the purpose of bribing some of the King's body-guard, but this report I believe to be erroneous, for I cannot think Cromwell could be capable of so base an action. You may, therefore, suppose that, under the circumstances, the Princess would not pause at trifles. Poor thing! It is not her I blame but those wretches who hover around her."

Edward remained pensive for a few moments.

"Miss Elliott," he at length observed, "you have said that the Princess is misled by wicked counsellors, and that alone is sufficient to make me persist in my project: I will see her, represent to her the real truth, and perchance God will give to my feeble voice the power of persuading her how unworthy is such an action of the majesty of the throne. Seek not to dissuade me from my object: from this moment I will make the sacrifice of my life, and fulfil what I deem a sacred duty: what will it matter how they dispose of me afterwards? Should I fail, my Emma, you, at least, will neither curse nor despise my memory!"

"Oh! Edward, Edward, abandon this fatal resolution, I conjure you!" cried the Countess in a supplicating tone; "it is madness—dangerous in the extreme! Listen," she added with precipitation, "it is, perhaps, still time; flee, seek in London some obscure retreat, and remain there until the storm be passed."

"Flee!" reiterated Edward gloomily; "do you forget that precautions have been taken to prevent my evasion?"

Miss Elliott opened the window and cast a rapid glance into the street; Sir Alfred's emissaries were still prowling around the inn.

"Oh! my God!" she murmured, wringing her hands whilst tears were streaming down her lovely cheeks; "they are still there, Edward. Heavens! what will become of us? Yes, I am free," she hastily added as a sudden thought struck her; "my carriage is but a few paces hence, and if we could reach it—"

"They would permit you to pass unmolested, Emma, but I should be forcibly detained," remarked the young man.

"But these men do not know you, and, Sir Alfred being absent, they will probably hesitate to arrest you. It would only be the work of a moment to attain the carriage and leave them behind. Let us attempt it, Edward; our assurance may disconcert them, but, should they proceed to extremes, you can avail yourself of your sword, and if there be no means of escape, we will perish together!"

"Emma, my own dear Emma, I cannot suffer you—"

"I wish it! I wish it, Edward!" cried the sweet girl imploringly.

Edward would doubtless have ceded to that eloquent appeal, and, perchance, succeeded in the enterprise by the audacity of the project, had not a great noise been heard below, which caused them to pause. At the same moment some one was heard rapidly ascending the stairs, and Sir Alfred, his countenance inflamed and dress in disorder, precipitately entered the apartment. The door being left ajar, the lovers could perceive several ferocious looking individuals who had followed him, and who were standing without ready to execute Alfred's orders. At this spectacle, the young girl, apprehending some fatal project, bounded towards Edward, and placed herself before him, as though to guard him from any ill-treatment. Without remarking these signs of defiance, Alfred rapidly approached his brother.

"Sir," he observed in an under tone, "you must follow me and leave this dwelling immediately. A carriage awaits us, and I presume you will not compel me to employ violence."

"Whither do you wish to conduct him?" demanded the Countess in the utmost terror.

"That you will ascertain hereafter," replied Sir Alfred coldly.

"And supposing I refuse to obey, sir, what will be the consequence?" demanded Edward haughtily; "Alfred! you have basely and cruelly abused the authority you considered it your duty to exercise over me, and—"

"Do not compel me to have recourse to extremes," interrupted Alfred, harshly, "and hasten to follow me. I must tell you," he added in an under tone, "that those men who have accompanied me will blindly obey my commands; I do not either fear those indiscretions of which you spoke this morning; for, if you must know, I have circulated a report in this house to the effect that you are subject to attacks of delirium, and your conduct has certainly not belied my assertion. Thus anything you may say will be attributed to the malady under which they assume you are labouring."

"Horrible! horrible! infamous!" murmured Emma.

Edward was pale with rage and indignation, and his teeth were convulsively set; he appeared bent upon giving full vent to his feelings; but, by a sign from Alfred, the individuals who were waiting rushed into the room. Quick as thought, the effects of Edward, and those which Alfred had left the preceding night, were packed up and conveyed to the carriage which was in waiting. The young people remained silent in the presence of these sinister looking men, whose regards followed all their movements. At length when, preceded by Alfred, they descended the stairs of the inn, Edward hastily pressed the hand of the maid of honour, and remarked to her in an under tone:—

"Farewell, my love, my sweet girl; may you be happy!"

"Nay, we need not bid each other adieu yet, Edward," sobbed the young girl; "my fate will be as wretched as yours, and we shall see each other again this evening."

The knight gallantly offered his arm to the young countess, and conducted her to her carriage, whilst his companions prevailed on Edward to ascend the other with a politeness that concealed a great mistrust. Alfred quickly rejoined his brother, and the lovers exchanged a last sad look through the carriage windows.

CHAPTER VI.

It was towards midnight of the same day that several individuals, enveloped in ample cloaks whose large folds were adjusted in such a manner that it was impossible for any peering eye to recognise them, might have been seen mysteriously gliding one after the other along a narrow street which conducted to St. James's palace. There was no sentinel stationed near that part of the palace, and the most profound silence reigned in a vast court-yard where the kitchens of the palace were situated. The nocturnal visitors were manifestly well acquainted with every nook and turning of those gloomy and mute structures; for they wended their way in the direction of a small trap door in an angle of the yard, gave a slight rap, and the door was immediately opened. A kind of watchword was exchanged between the new comers and an invisible door-keeper, who took each by the hand and conducted them through a labyrinth of apartments, and up sundry flights of stairs into a large room, where several persons were already assembled, and deeply engaged in a low conversation: nothing could have more resembled a meeting of conspirators.

On quitting the inn Edward had been conducted to his brother's abode—a sumptuously furnished mansion in the most respectable part of the neighbourhood of Lambeth, but was scrupulously kept from every indiscreet regard. In the evening Alfred returned to his dwelling, having left soon after the arrival of himself and Edward from the *Nag's Head*, and desired his young brother to attire himself in a costume more suitable to his present position than the travelling dress he had worn up to London; he then invited him to ascend the carriage, at the same time informing him that his demand was about to be complied with, and he was thus conveyed to St. James's palace without offering the slightest resistance.

While Sir Alfred announced the arrival of his brother to the conspirators—for such we must designate them, since they were conspiring against the life of the brave Cromwell—the latter had remained alone in the anti-chamber, and this short space of time had sufficed for the accomplishment of a very singular adventure. This anti chamber was immensely large, and sufficiently gloomy to prevent any one from perceiving any portion of it distinctly. Edward had pensively thrown himself into a seat, when he fancied he heard a slight noise near him, similar to that of a small door turning on its hinges. He mechanically turned his head, but perceived nothing, save the damask hangings suspended from the wall. He imagined he must have been deceived, and was about to

resume those grave reflections which occupied him, when the hangings were suddenly shaken, and the head of a person, whose features Edward could not distinguish, presented itself to his view. The person examined the young man for a moment, then observed in an under tone—

"Courage, sir! Should you require succour, you will find it here."

Thereupon the head vanished, and a noise, similar to the first was heard, which appeared as the closing of a panel of the wainscot; and when the young man, recovered from his surprise, darted towards the spot from whence the noise had issued, and raised the hangings, no one was to be found. He, however, felt assured that there was a secret outlet.

Considering the state of exaltation in which Edward found himself, one could have pardoned him had he seen in that adventure something supernatural, especially if we reflect that he had been brought up in the country, and that, at the period of which we write, nothing was deemed impossible, even among the upper classes of society. Such, however, was not the case; he presumed rather that there was near him a friend on whose aid he could rely in case of need. His suspicions fell on Emma, and he resolved upon thanking and amply rewarding her for that salutary intimation, which was given him at a moment, when, we may justly suppose, his courage and energy must have been terribly shaken.

He was still reflecting on that singular incident when Alfred appeared, and took him by the hand to conduct him into the room; but, prior to rejoining the conspirators, he observed to Edward in a cautious tone—

"The solemn moment has at length arrived; the examination will not be of long duration, for courtiers, accustomed to judge persons at first sight, do not require long investigations; and truly all evinced an unfeigned astonishment on finding young Falkland so different from what they had anticipated.

Edward was attired in a blue velvet frock coat, which displayed to advantage the exquisite symmetry of his figure, and inexpressibles of the same material, adorned with a profusion of ribands, much worn at that time by gallant young courtiers. His fine proportions, handsome features, and calm, and noble bearing, all combined to render him an object of interest. He held in his hand his hat which was surmounted with a blue feather, thus exhibiting to view his long dark hair whose glossy curls fell on his fair polished neck. His fine and regular features expressed nothing of that rustic simplicity which the knight had announced to the courtiers, save a slight roseate hue which was perceptible at that moment, arising either from the knowledge of his being the object of so much attention, or from a sentiment of shame on reflecting for what purpose he had been conducted thither.

He gave a dignified bow, but the greatest portion of the courtiers did not return his salutation, doubtless through contempt for a person whom they believed was destined to become an assassin. On the other hand, Alfred did not appear disposed to introduce his brother in an official manner; he pointed out to him a seat at the extremity of the room, and rejoined the group of courtiers.

"Zounds, Falkland," observed one in an under tone, "he is a fine looking cavalier, and I am inclined to think that the people's pet will have sufficient to do when engaged in a struggle with him."

"Is he not, sir," responded Sir Alfred with an air of satisfaction; "well, I can likewise inform you that the young spark is as brave as robust; and I assure you that, if violence prevail on him to measure his strength with that of Cromwell, he—"

A sudden exclamation from Colonel Astley attracted the attention of every one present, and interrupted the conversation which had been established; at first the Colonel had cast on Edward a glance replete with contempt; but, by degrees, his examination had become more serious, and at last he suddenly rose vociferating:—

"By St. George! I cannot be mistaken! Is not that the gentleman who yesterday rendered so great a service on Westminster Bridge by rescuing us from the clutches of the rabble? Speak, young man, was it really you who so courageously charged that furious populace with no other weapon than a riding whip, and a miserable looking horse for a charger? I have been speaking the whole of the day of that prowess, the hero of which I have sought in vain. Tell me, then, quickly if it were you?"

"It was I, sir," replied Edward modestly, "but I had such an interest in causing that carriage to be respected."

To be continued.

TOM ALLEN.

DEATH has lately swept from Greenwich Hospital the above-named Tom Allen, celebrated by Captain Chamier under the title of "Ben Brace," the last of the "Agamemnons." He was the faithful body servant of the great Lord Nelson when I was his signal midshipman in the "Foudroyant," selected from the waist of the "Agamemnon" by Lord Nelson for some daring deed, and constituted his valet or gentleman out of livery. Clumsy, ill-formed, illiterate, and vulgar, his very appearance created laughter at the situation he held; but his affectionate, bold heart made up for all deficiencies; and, next to Lady Hamilton, Tom Allen possessed the greatest influence with his heroic master.

"You (or as he in his Norfolk dialect pronounced it, *yow*) are to dine with my lord to-day," said he to me, on the anniversary of the fourteenth of February.

"I cannot, Tom, for I have no clean shirt; and we have been so long cruising off Malta, that my messmates are in the same plight."

"But *yow* must, for my lord insists on meeting all those that were at the battle of St. Vincent at dinner this day."

"Make the best excuse you can for me, Tom, for I really cannot go."

Away waddled Tom, very much like a heavy-laden ship rolling before the wind, and the best excuse the simplicity of his mind suggested was the truth.

"Muster so-and so has no clean shirt, and he coon't dine with you to-day."

"What ship was he in, Tom?"

"The *Barfleur*."

"Then tell him to appear in my cabin in the one he has now on, and he may send the first clean one that comes into his possession for me to look at."

Thus saying, the admiral resumed his pace, conversing with Captain Hardy on the possibility of attacking the French fleet of twice our force, then lying in Vardo Bay.

"If the Portuguese were but English," (Lord Nelson here alluded to the Marquis de Neiza's squadron, six sail of the line, acting with our fleet)—"if they were but English, Hardy, we would beat them like stock-fish. As it is, I long to be at them, for I do not feel easy in cruising off Marittimo with twelve fine ships of the line, (not counting our friend the marquis's squadron, who is good for something,) while thirty of them brave us in Vardo Bay. What say you, Hardy? shall we have at them, sink or swim? We ensure a monument in Westminster Abbey." And frequently the gallant admiral has been heard to exclaim, while pacing the deck occupied by his own reflections, and in imagination fighting the battle in Vardo Bay, "Now for a monument in Westminster Abbey."

We were cruising off Marittimo with a combined squadron of eighteen sail of the line for the defence of Sicily, menaced by a French fleet with troops lying in Vardo Bay near Genoa, and Lord Nelson would have sunk, with all his gallant fleet, before they could have effected a landing. His gratitude to the Neapolitan court was enthusiastic and unbounded, and he held life in light estimation compared with their welfare. Indeed, their munificent gifts, their admiration, I can almost say adoration of our Norfolk hero, whose ship in their ports was always surrounded by their boats filled with Italians, while bands of music thundered forth, "See, the conquering hero comes," and when he showed himself, shouts of applause rent the sky. In fact, their anxiety was of the same engrossing nature as the people of the West to behold Buonaparte in Plymouth Sound; and he must have been more or less than human not to have felt elated at such demonstrations of affection.

"They never, Hardy, while I live, shall pollute the soil of Sicily with their hateful presence," said the Duke of Bronte and Nelson, as he quitted the deck to adorn himself with all his hard-won honours, which were to decorate his diminutive person on this gala day.

At last the sound of the roast-beef of Old England struck on my hearing and gladdened my heart, for I had shied my breakfast, (not very inviting by-the-by,) and shook the reefs out of my waistcoat to do honour to the noble lord's fare, who, with a fascinating smile, beckoned me, as being the youngest, to sit on his right hand, or where the right hand should have been, if it had not been forcibly carried from its post by the Frenchman's ball. During the clatter of knives, (for from their appetites most of the company, which was numerous, seemed to have imitated my example at the early meal of breakfast,) Tom Allen's voice, (which was far from musical, and rather forte than piano,) addressed the captain of a dashing frigate, noted for not thinking small beer of himself.

"Captain Coffield, may I be so bold as to ask how Tom Smith is?"

Tom Smith was a foretopman of the dashing frigate which had joined us that day from a cruise. Captain Coffield dropped his knife and fork, and raised his eye-glass with a stare of astonishment at honest Tom, who, nothing daunted, repeated the question. Lord Nelson's indignation now found vent in words.

"Quit the cabin, Thomas Allen!—I really must get rid of that impudent lubber. I have often threatened, but somehow he contrives to defeat my firm intentions,—he is faithful, honest, and attached, with great shrewdness mixed with his simplicity, which is unbounded. He was badly wounded in the action we are assembled to commemorate, nursed me tenderly at Santa Cruz, and is a townsman. I mention these things, Captain Coffield, in palliation of his freedom, and shall be glad to take wine with you."

The captain lowered his eye-glass, and raised his wine-glass, while he bowed to the sunny smile that oftentimes irradiated the melancholy and rather homely visage of Lord Nelson. During the foregoing scene, I had persevered with great steadiness in my desperate attack on the savoury viands of the admiral's hospitable board; and he most probably thinking a little liquid desirable for me, pushed towards me what he jocosely termed his own bottle,—that is, it contained Bronte made from his own estate,—and requested me to take wine with him. Drawing my breath with greater freedom than I had for the previous half hour done, I ventured to look off my plate, and beheld the good-natured smile I have before described, and received the bow of the hero of a hundred battles, decorated in all the brilliancy of stars and medals. This was an epoch in my life, and I treasure the remembrance.

The cloth had disappeared, the chaplain had returned thanks, in which I cordially joined, for I really felt grateful for the best blow-out I had enjoyed for months. Though his lordship ate sparingly of the simplest fare, the splendid table he kept would have afforded gratification to the most fastidious gourmand, and at that period of my life I looked to quantity more than quality; so much so, that an eminent officer, now high in rank, desired his steward, whenever he was honoured by my company, to dress an additional joint. His lordship, after taking a bumper in honour of the glorious victory of the year ninety-seven, addressed me in a bland tone:—

"You entered the service at a very early age to have been in the action off St. Vincent?"

"Eleven years, my lord."

"Much too young," muttered his lordship.

At this moment honest Tom Allen pushed in his bullet head with an eager gaze at his master, and after a little consideration, approached the admiral.

"You will be ill if you takes any more wine."

"You are perfectly right, Tom, and I thank you for the hint. Hardly, do the honours. And, gentlemen, excuse me for retiring, for my battered old bulk is very crazy,—indeed not sea-worthy."

And the greatest naval hero of the day was led from his own table by his faithful and attached servant, after drinking five glasses of wine.

Upon the death of that hero, this excellent man drained the bitter cup of poverty to its very dregs, and would have been consigned to Burnhamthorpe workhouse by his grateful country, had not a worthy philanthropist (with whose friendship I am honoured) rescued him from such degradation by bringing his hard case to the knowledge of that great and good man, the late Sir Thomas Hardy, who made him pewterer of Greenwich Hospital, from which comfortable situation death removed him in a very summary manner, leaving his old dame a burthen on the finances of the friends of my most humane and excellent friend, who had formerly preserved them from the cold comforts of a workhouse. The Father of all will reward him.

A scene which displays the almost infantine simplicity of Tom Allen's mind occurs now to mine, nor am I aware, without looking over my Nelsonians, if I have before related it. When the King of Naples of that day joined his Majesty's ship "Foudroyant" in his own Bay of Naples, being afraid to land in his own capital, which was convulsed and torn to pieces by political rancour, and saturated with blood by those hell-hounds that disgrace the human form, and were embodied under the Lord Primate, Cardinal Ruffo, by the derivative title of the Christian Army,—when he stepped from his own frigate on our quarter-deck, Lord Nelson, with the officers of seventeen British ships of the line, were assembled in full fig to receive him; we were likewise crowded with ambassadors and ambassadresses, generals, princes, and potentates. The king

was a good-looking man, of middle age and healthy appearance, and with great good-nature gave his hand to be kissed by any person who fancied such absurd custom an honour. Among the rest our worthy Tom Allen received it with the unmeaning English salutation of "How do you do, Mischter Allen?" delivered in jargon between Italian and English. Mischter Allen, as the king called him, gave the said hand a squeeze that appeared to me to convey to its royal owner anything but pleasure, with a truly Norfolk shake, that I thought likely to effect a dislocation of that useful member from the shoulder, and a coarse growl of "I hope you are well, Muster King. How do you do, Muster King?" This Norfolk mode of salutation created astonishment in the king and courtiers, anger in Lord Nelson, and great mirth in Lady Hamilton and her fair *coterie*, who, approaching honest Tom, tried to persuade him to kneel down and ask permission to kiss his Majesty's hand; but Tom gruffly declared he never bent his knee but in prayer, and he feared that was too seldom.

When under fire from the forts of Valette, which bulled the ship, and knocked away our foretopmast, this faithful servant interposed his bulky form between those forts and his little master, who was in a towering rage with his nephew, Sir William Bolton, for allowing her to drift into such a dangerous position. This affectionate domestic watched his lordship with unceasing attention, and many times have I seen him persuade the admiral to retire from a wet deck, or a stormy sea, to his bed. Like Lady Hamilton, however, upon the death of the heroic Nelson, he was consigned to oblivion and miserable poverty.

"Behold him stalk along the pier,
Pale, meagre, and dejected,
View him begging for relief,
And see him disregarded;
Then view the anguish in his eye,—
And say our Tar's rewarded."

Peace to the manes of honest Tom Allen!

"For though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft."

Old songs by Dibdin, who likewise passed his age in miserable poverty.

From G. S. Parsons' *Nelsonian Reminiscences*

PENAL LAWS—BANISHMENT.

A VERY imperfect notion of the peculiar pains of *banishment*, can be formed in the mind of any one who enjoys an unbroken association among his family and his friends. To him it is almost impossible to realise the utter devastation of heart, the prostration of feeling, the hopelessness and despair which come like a shroud on the soul of the manacled convict in the dreary desert of a penal settlement.

Let a man's crime be what it may—even though it be not the solitary result of an infuriated impulse—let it be the closing climax of a long career of vice and of an indurated depravity—as long as he is a man and not a maniac, he has ties as tender and strong closely binding him to persons and objects of interest and affection as the most rigorously virtuous portion of the species. Perhaps even more so. Has it not been observed that the most flagrant criminals have been imbued with a strength of feeling, a force of passionate affection, far outstripping the calmer, more subdued, the more moral members of the community? Indeed, it very often is the case, that those whose earnest, it may be fierce, passions overthrow the ordinary restraints which law has enacted, are intensely attached to particular objects. But a little while before committing the deed which placed them under the ban of law, they were in the healthy exercise of every social moral family feeling which adds pleasure to existence; and without any education in the endurance of solitude, he is hurried away to prison, to the convict ship, the weary voyage, and the dreary settlement.

In the solitudes of banishment, those feeling and those passions pant with increased ardour for their once accustomed objects. The fearful prospect of wearing out existence in such agonies adds manifold to the felt severity of the bereavement. The coming long days and long nights of a life of dismal melancholy have terrors in it more than enough to shake the strongest power of endurance. Besides, conscience in the undisturbed leisure for reflection, which banishment so amply provides, rises with giant power, and consumes his soul with sore reflections. The last ignominy, his trial, the loathing of an indignant auditory, the severity of the judge, the restrained pity of former friends, the disgrace of his relatives, all rankle in his heart. His fate now forbids him to hear of the weal or woe of all that under heaven interest or agitate his breast. Spurned from his native land and all its sympathies, the wretched convict has upon him

The vacuity of death galvanised by the acute agony of reflection.

It is the general opinion that the punishment of death is a much severer award than that of banishment for life; but it is evident we are not on the proper ground to make a true estimate of the position, the feelings, and the wishes of the malefactor. Death is the direst fate that can befall us. While banishment seems a mere absence from certain scenes, busy haunts, or fireside prattle, which is not only for a time endurable, but even peculiarly pleasant, we at once realise the whole misery of death, because it is a definite and familiar idea; but banishment is frittered away in the mind under the notions of temporary absence, distance, and the pleasures of retirement. The prolongation of banishment also gives rise to an error in ethical arithmetic. We assume that, as it is spread over a long tract of futurity, Hope may come with its beams, and also that the peculiar adaptation of the human mind to accommodate itself to new circumstances may inundate it to quiet peace and contentment if not to positive enjoyment. But we forget that all the while his sole elements of thought were received in the family and social circles from which the wretched convict has been banished. It is ordinarily said "life is sweet;" so it is to us who are untainted with crime. But as numerous suicides show us day by day, life to the criminal, the desperate, and the reckless, is far from sweet, it is an unbearable bitterness from which they hastily escape.

We have penned these remarks, introductory to some speculations regarding the punishment of death by law, for offences against life and property, because we consider that banishment is not generally regarded as of itself (without its adjuncts) as severe.

THE POPULAR CREED.

Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!
If a man's down, give him a thrust—
Trample the beggar into the dust!
Presumptuous poverty's quite appalling—
Knock him over! kick him for falling!
If a man's up, oh! lift him higher!
Your soul's for sale, and he's a buyer!
Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

I know a poor but worthy youth,
Whose hopes are built on a maiden's truth;
But the maiden will break her vow with ease,
For a wooer cometh whose claims are these;
A hollow heart and an empty head;
A face well tinged with the brandy's red;
A soul well-train'd in villany's school,
And cash, sweet cash, he knoweth the rule—
Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

I know a bold and honest man,
Who strives to live on a Christian plan;
But poor he is, and poor will be,
A scorn'd and hated thing he is;
At home he meeteth a starving wife,
Abroad he leadeth a leper's life—
They struggle against a fearful odds
Who will not bow to the people's gods!
Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

So get ye wealth no matter how!
No question's ask'd of the rich I trow!
Steal by night, and steal by day
(Doing it all in a legal way);
Join the Church and never forsake her;
Learn to cant and insult your Maker;
Be hypocrite, liar, knave, and fool,
But don't be poor—remember the rule:
Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

American Paper.

The least fault a man in distress commits is sufficient pretence for the rich to refuse him all assistance; they would have the unfortunate entirely perfect.

The *New York Inquirer* says, "Sentences should not all be constructed so as to sound like the 'notes of the lute;' they should sometimes thrill like the trumpet-blast, when the warhorse snuffed the battle. They should not all flow as sweetly as the moonlight brooks amid beds of flowers; sometimes they should proceed with the roar, the crash, the thunder of the descending avalanche." Let all nervous people shun American literature.

A DAY AT GIVET,

BY VICTOR HUGO.



HIS is an exceedingly pretty town situated on the Meuse, which separates Great from Little Givet, and is headed by a ridge of rocks, at the summit of which is the fort of Charlemont. The *auberge*, called the Hotel of the Golden Mount, is very comfortable, and travellers may find refreshments there, which, though not the most exquisite, are palatable to the hungry, and a bed, though not the softest in the world, highly acceptable to the weary.

The steeple of Little Givet is of simple construction; that of Great Givet is more complicated—more *recherché*. The worthy architect, in planning the latter, had, without doubt, recourse to the following mode:—He took a priest's square cap, on which he placed, bottom upwards, a large plate; above this plate a sugar-loaf headed with a bottle, a steel spike thrust into its neck; and on the spike he perched a cock, the purport of which was to inform its beholders the way that the wind blew. Supposing that he took a day to each idea, he therefore must have rested the seventh. This artist was certainly Flemish.

About two centuries ago Flemish architects imagined that nothing could exceed in beauty gigantic pieces of slate, resembling kitchen-ware,—so, when they had a steeple to build, they profited by the occasion, and decked their towns with a host of colossal plates.

Nevertheless, a view of Givet still has charms, especially if taken towards evening from the middle of the bridge. When I viewed it, night, which helps to screen the foolish acts of man, had begun to cast its mantle over the *contour* of this singularly-built steeple; smoke was hovering about the roofs of the houses; at my left the elms were softly rustling; to my right an ancient tower was reflected in the bosom of the Meuse; further on, at the foot of the redoubtable rock of Charlemont, I descried, like a white line, a long edifice, which I found to be nothing more than an uninhabited country-house; above the town, the towers, and steeples, an immense ridge of rocks hid the horizon from my sight; and in the distance, in a clear sky, the half-moon appeared with so much purity—with so much of heaven in it—that I imagined that God had exposed to our view part of his nuptial ring to testify his wedded affection to man.

Next day I determined to visit the venerable turret which crowned, in seeming respect, Little Givet. The road is steep, and commands the services of both hands and feet. After some inconsiderable trouble, and no slight labour of all fours, I reached the foot of the tower, which is fast falling into ruin, where I found a huge door, secured by a large padlock. I knocked and shouted, but no one answered, so I was obliged to descend without gratifying my curiosity. My pains, however, were not altogether lost, for, on passing the old edifice, I discovered among the rubbish, which is daily crumbling into dust and falling into the stream, a large stone, on which were the vestiges of an inscription. I examined them attentively, but could only make out the following letters:

"LOQUE...SA. L. OMBRE
PARAS...MODI. ST.
ACAV. P...SOTROS."

Above these letters, which seem to have been scratched with a nail, the signature "JOSE GUTIERREZ, 1843," remained entire.

Inscriptions, from boyhood, always interested me, and I assure you this one opened up a vein of thought and enquiry. What did this inscription signify?—in what language was it written? By making some allowance for orthography, one might imagine that it was French; but, on considering that the words *para* and *otros* were Spanish, I concluded that it must have been written in Castilian. After some reflection, I imagined that these were the original words:—

"LO QUE EMPRESA EL HOMBRE
PARA SIMISMO DIOS LE
ACAVA PARO LOS OTROS."

—"What man begins for himself, God finishes for others." But who was the Gutierrez? The stone had evidently been taken from the interior of the tower. It was in 1643 that the battle of Rocroy was fought. Was Jose Gutierrez, then, one of the vanquished? had he been taken prisoner and shut up in the tower? and had he, to while away the long and tiresome days, written on the wall of his dungeon the melancholy *résumé* of his life and that of all mankind—

"*Où que l'homme commence pour lui, Dieu l'achève pour les autres ?*"

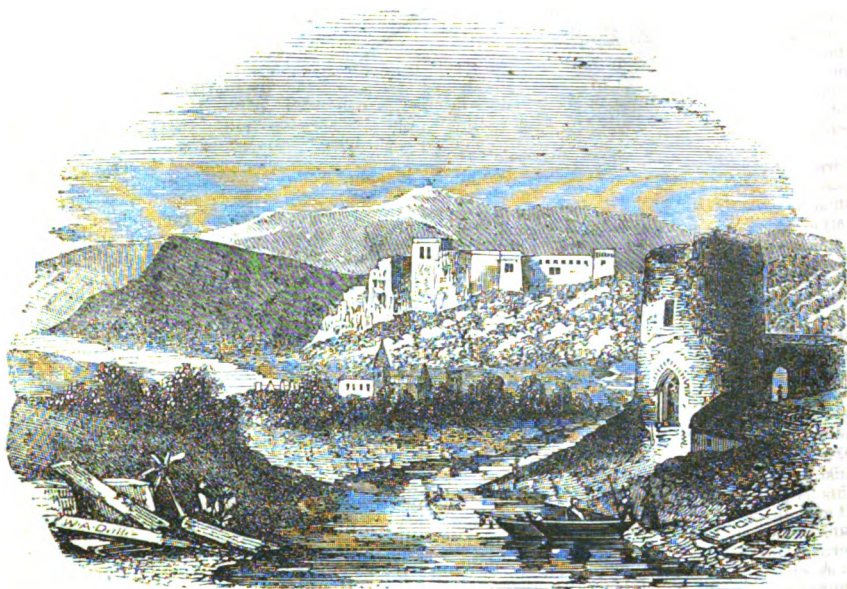
At five o'clock next morning, alone, and comfortably seated on the *banquette* of the diligence Van Gend, I left *la France* by the route of Namur. We proceeded by the only chain of mountains of which Belgium can boast; for the Meuse, by continuing to flow in opposition to the *abaissement* of the plateau of Ardennes, succeeded in forming a plain which is now called Flanders—a plain to which nature has refused mountains for its protection, but which man has studded with fortresses.

After an ascension of half an hour, the horses became fatigued, the *conducteur* thirsty, and they (I might say we), with one accord, stopped before a small wine-shop, in a poor but picturesque village, built on the two sides of a ravine cut through the mountains. This ravine, which is at one time the bed of a torrent, and at another the leading street of the village, is paved with the granite of the surrounding mountains. When we were passing, six harnessed horses proceeded, or rather climbed, along that strange and frightfully steep street, drawing after them a large empty vehicle with four wheels. If it had been laden, I am persuaded that it would have required twenty horses to have drawn it. I can in no way

account for the use of such carriages in this ravine, if they are not meant to serve as sketches for young Dutch painters, whom we meet here and there upon the road—a bag upon their back, and a stick in their hand.

What can a person do on the outside of a coach but gaze at all that comes within his view. I could not be better situated for such a purpose. Before me was the greater portion of the valley of the Meuse; to the south were the two Givets, graciously linked by their bridge; to the west was the tower of Egmont, half in ruins, which was casting behind it an immense shadow; to the north were the sombre trenches into which the Meuse was emptying itself, from whence a light blue vapour was arising. On turning my head, my eyes fell upon a handsome peasant-girl, who was sitting by the open windows of a cottage, dressing herself; and above the hut of the *paysanne*, but almost lost to view, were the formidable batteries of Charlemont, which crowned the frontiers of France.

Whilst I was contemplating this *coup d'œil*, the peasant girl lifted her eyes, and on perceiving me, she smiled; saluted me graciously; then, without shutting the window or appearing disconcerted, she continued her toilette.



GIVET.

MANNERS OF THE MEXICAN WOMEN.—The Mexican Women in general are not handsome, for they commonly want the clear complexion which we deem inseparable from beauty; they have that large, dark, swimming eye, a lip usually high coloured, and good teeth. But their principal charm lies in their manner. In entering a house, which you may do, even though a stranger, and be sure of a welcome from its owner, the *senoras*, without rising, offer you a seat, and are ready at once to converse with you on any subject, and this with a piquancy and naïveté exceedingly attractive to a foreigner. It is a pleasure to meet some pretty *donna* of your acquaintance after a short absence. Wherever it may be, she immediately grasps your hand, draws you towards her, passes her arm round your waist, and presses you gently to her. This habit, of course, struck us, says the author of a *Campaign in New Mexico*, at first as singular and rather forward, but the perfect nonchalance with which a lady friend will thus press you to her heart, perhaps every day, soon shows you that it is in reality only a common kindly recognition. But the gusto and real grace with which two dirty old beggars will thus hug each other is a singular sight. This mode of greeting is not confined to either sex.

CHINESE DELICACIES.—It has often been asserted that earthworms are to be found at the tables of the luxurious. This statement we believe to be incorrect; but we saw on this occasion what might easily be mistaken for the creeping

things—namely, the grubs which are found at the foot of the sugar-cane, and which are considered a delicate morsel by the Chinese epicures. After each dish a small quantity of warm cham-shoo was taken, and occasionally the wine was imbibed. The next course was served up on coloured porcelain, and consisted of variously-dressed poultry of every description, cut into small pieces, in the form of animals and birds; with this course appeared the celebrated birds'-nest soup, which is made from the gelatinous lining of the swallow's nest, and tastes like unflavoured calves' feet jelly, until the various sauces which are used are added, when the soup becomes exceedingly pleasant, piquant, and palatable. This course consists principally of waterfowl, among which was the mandarin duck, fattened to an enormous extent, salted, dried, and smoked; it is then cut into small pieces, stewed in a rich gravy, and esteemed a great delicacy by the Chinese. To our taste, although most luscious, the dish is pleasant, the flavour resembling a fine highly smoked Westphalia ham. The rice bird was also on the table, which is one delicate morsel of fat, of a gamey flavour.—*China and the Chinese.*

Mr. Fenna calculates the number of dairy cows kept in Cheshire at about 29,900; and, averaging the quantity of cheese made annually from each cow at 2½ cwt., it will appear that the amazing quantity of 11,500 tons of cheese are made every year in that county.

MEMOIR OF
VICTOR HUGO.

AMONG the vast varieties of human nature, we find men who command by the force of genius urged in one particular direction, and others who shine by their versatility,

"Not one but all nature's epitome."

VICTOR HUGO challenges admiration for the extraordinary power by which he is distinguished, as well as by the diversified labours of a fertile, ingenious, and ever active mind. He is deemed in France, both in poetry and prose, to belong to that new school of which Lord Byron was the founder. His enemies are not few, and from time to time he has been overwhelmed with the most virulent abuse; but his friends and admirers, still more numerous, have triumphantly drowned the hiss of scorn or resentment in deafening enthusiastic acclamations. Sometimes his style is found turgid and feeble; but at others his ideas, sparkling and sublime, extort applause, and at once carry the understanding and the heart by storm.

Much of the hostility which he has provoked he owes to the part he has taken in politics; but, as a romance writer, he has conquered many of those whom he had previously alienated. A stronger proof of this can hardly be required than that furnished by the fact that three editions of his romance of "*Les Derniers Jours d'un Condamné*" were sold in as many days.

As a dramatist, he boldly aspires to give a new direction to the taste of his country. The trammels of Racine and Voltaire, to which others have been content to submit, he pushes aside, and labours to make a road to fame for himself. His "*Hernani*, ou l'Honneur Castellan," was put forth as a specimen, as one stone of an edifice which the author proposed at a future period to complete. We shall avail ourselves of the labours of the *Foreign Review* to describe the two remarkable works which we have mentioned:—

"In '*Les Derniers Jours d'un Condamné*,' a murder having been committed, a young man belonging to the middling class of society is apprehended, loaded with irons, and brought before the tribunal. The prosecution having closed, the jury retire to their deliberative sitting, and the prisoner is reconducted to his dungeon. During three days his cause is under consideration, while his name and imputed crime draw crowds of spectators to the hall of justice. The two first nights of inquietude and terror he passes in wakeful agitation; but on the third, after leaving the court at midnight, overcome with anxiety and exhaustion, he falls into a sleep.

"He is thus reposing on his pallet, sunk in profound slumber, when they come to awaken him. It is the gaoler—who exclaims, 'Arise!' The prisoner, trembling in every limb, obeys, though scarcely able to find his clothes or to dress himself. 'You are waited for,' resumed the gaoler—and in a few moments he finds himself once more in the presence of his judges, and sentence of death is pronounced upon him.

"'Condemned to death!' said the crowd; and, as I was led along, the people rushed after me with the sound of a crashing edifice. I walked onward in a state of stupefaction. A revolution had taken place within me. Before the passing of the sentence I felt myself breathing, moving, and living in the same atmosphere with other men—but now I beheld distinctly the barrier betwixt the world and me. Nothing seemed the same as it before had seemed. The lofty painted windows,



VICTOR HUGO.

the beauteous sun, the cloudless heaven, and the lovely flowers—all, all were overspread with a paly, sheet-like whiteness; and the men, women, and children, thronging around my path, appeared but phantoms of unsubstantial air.

"At the foot of the staircase, a grated coach, dark and dirty, was ready to receive me. 'A condemned culprit!' exclaimed the passers-by, as they hastened towards the coach. Through the mist that seemed to hang betwixt myself and all around, I perceived two young girls, who followed me with eager looks; 'Good,' said the younger, clapping her hands, 'it will take place in six weeks.'

"The black coach conveys the convict to Bicêtre, where he records the mental tortures endured by the miserable expectants of destruction. Every possible precaution is taken to prevent his making any desperate effort to shorten the period of intermediate agony between condemnation and death. At first he experiences some kindness from the gaolers, but in a few days their accustomed barbarity prevails, and he is confined in the common dungeon, among the most depraved criminals. Here he makes his will—a mother, a wife, and a child, will live to lament his fate and blush for his shame. 'Thus,' he says, 'after my death three women—childless, husbandless, and fatherless—will survive me. Three orphans of different kinds—three widows made by law. I own myself to be with justice punished, but what have these guiltless ones committed? Nothing—yet they are disgraced and ruined—and this is justice.' The walls of the dungeon are covered with mutilated inscriptions and broken sentences, 'headless forms, like those who had written them.' It seemed as though each convict had wished to leave a trace of his having dwelt in that horrible abode. Pencils, chalk, coal, had been used for this purpose—often deep notches had been cut in the stone, and here and there were seen incrustated characters which appeared to be of blood. There had those murderous men 'thought their latest thoughts.' The prisoner fancies to behold them, crowded in the dungeon and carrying their hairless head by the mouth. All clench their hands at him; except the parricide. The gaoler entering takes the prisoner from amidst these horrible spectres, and leads him to a small cell, whence he may behold the departure of the slaves for the galleys. He views that odious spectacle—he hears the smacking of whips and the clanking of chains, and the applauding shouts of the populace, who rejoice at the sufferings of the miserable slaves. 'And this,' cries the prisoner, 'is but the beginning! What said my advocate? did he not name the galleys? Oh! rather a thousand times would I welcome death! better the scaffold than the chain—better annihilation than mortal hell! rather could I bow my neck to the axe of the guillotine than to the collar of a galley's crew—the galleys—oh just heaven!' The condemned ship sets sail, and the prisoner hears a young child, daughter of the gaoler, singing a robber's song—and all the horrible expressions which she unconsciously repeats appear to him the *sting of slugs upon a rose*. 'Ah!' exclaims he, 'what infamy is in a dungeon! defiling all around, and withering even the song of an artless girl!'

"The Court of Appeal has not yet pronounced its decree, and the prisoner still has hope, when early in the morning an old man with white hair, and wrapped in a great coat, enters, and throwing open his coat displays a cassock. This clergyman announces that the appeal has been rejected, and that sentence is to be executed forthwith—on that very day. The prisoner is removed to the gaoler's house, whither the

priest follows and addresses him, but his voice has no power to touch the culprit's soul. 'And how,' says he, 'should it be otherwise? The priest is the pensioned pastor of the prison, whose livelihood depends upon the exhortations and consoling sentences which he has prepared for all occasions. The culprits are confessed and assisted by him because he has an office to fulfil, and he has grown old in leading men to death. He has been long accustomed to what makes others tremble—the galleys and the scaffold being his daily scene of action.'

"There is an affecting scene between the prisoner and his daughter, who is brought to see him, but, in his altered dress and appearance, cannot recognize her father. After this heart-rending interview, the prisoner is led forth to execution, when a respite is announced; but before his first shock of joy has subsided, the wretch receives intelligence that sentence of death is confirmed against him; and thus the work concludes."

So much for the romance. Turn we now to the tragedy. Victor Hugo, in "Hernani,"

"Carries us back to Saragossa, and the era which M. Hugo has assigned to its events is that of 1519. It is night; a light is burning in the bed-chamber of Donna Sol; a duenna enters with stealthy step; knocking is heard at a secret door—she hurries to open it; a cavalier forces his way into the apartment, and, grasping the terrified duenna by the arm, orders her, on pain of death, to conceal him in the apartment, that he may witness the intended interview between her mistress and the expected Hernani. Scarcely is he concealed when Donna Sol enters, and is almost immediately followed by her mysterious lover, dressed in the costume of a mountaineer of Arragon. The dialogue of this scene, broken and natural, reveals to us that Hernani (though he alludes darkly to his former possession of rank and property), is now a proscribed bandit, commanding a mountain horde among the fastnesses of Catalonia; but that, poor and proscribed as he is, he is dearer to Donna Sol than the renowned Ruy Gomez de Sylva, her uncle, to whom the king has destined her hand in marriage. She soothes with tenderness the impetuosity and jealousy of Hernani, and announces her resolution to follow him, whatever might be his fate—to the mountains or to the scaffold.

"Moved by her devoted affection, Hernani is about to unfold to her his real rank, when the disclosure is interrupted by the sudden appearance of the stranger from his concealment. His cool familiarity and the gallantry with which he addresses Donna Sol, are too much for the patience of the mountaineer of Arragon. Swords are drawn, and a combat is on the point of ensuing, when a new embarrassment arises from the sudden appearance of a third admirer of the heroine, in the person of her uncle, old Ruy Gomez de Sylva. The fiery old man bursts out into a torrent of eloquent abuse against these intruders into the apartment of his niece, but to his surprise the stranger comes forward and announces himself as Charles, King of Spain, come to confer with the Duke, in regard to his claims on the empire, now vacant by the death of his grandfather Maximilian, and Hernani as an officer of his suite; with some difficulty the old nobleman accepts this explanation, and the retreat of Hernani is thus covered. He goes, however, with new cause of hatred against Charles; his father had been put to death by the late king, and now the son comes to interpose his hateful gallantries between himself and Donna Sol. His heart, wavering between love and vengeance, now throws itself with its whole weight into the scale of the latter. Charles, the son of his father's murderer, the rival of his own love, it is resolved must die.

"ACT II.—Amidst the confusion of the last scene, Donna Sol has found an opportunity of concerting with Hernani the plan of their escape next night. Again, however, their interview is interrupted by the interference of Charles. He watches under her window until light after light is extinguished, and when at last the trembling fair descends into the court, she finds herself in the grasp of the king, instead of the embrace of her lover. He offers her his crown, the imperial diadem—everything—but in vain; he reproaches her with her attachment to a proscribed bandit; he threatens at last to have her carried off by his guard. Suddenly, Hernani appears behind him; Donna Sol rushes into his arms; and the bandit, fixing his sparkling eyes upon the king, reproaches him with his base attempt. In the midst of this trying scene the king does not falter; he preserves a calm, provoking air of royal superiority; he refuses to fight with Hernani, who calls upon him to defend himself; he will not sullied his royal sword by crossing it with that of a robber.

"Charles departs with a threat. Donna Sol conjures her

lover to take her with him; but the near prospect of the danger to which she would be exposed from the pursuit and vengeance of the king oppresses the mind of Hernani, and he struggles against her resolution. Overpowered by her pathetic pleading, he is on the point of yielding, when the sound of the alarm bell of Saragossa, the cry of approaching voices, and the glare of torches, announce to the lovers that the parting threat of Charles was not an idle one. Hernani must fly, and that instantly—he kisses the forehead of Donna Sol, and exclaims—

'Alas! it is the first.'

DONNA SOL.

'Perchance—the last!'

"He disappears—she sinks upon the seat.

"ACT III.—The tumult and confusion of the night are gone. We are in the gallery of the castle of Sylva, hung round with the portraits of its warlike possessors. Donna Sol, dressed in white, is seated near a table; beside her stands the old duke Ruy Gomez, in a dress, the magnificence of which announces the approaching nuptial ceremony. He congratulates himself that in an hour her hand will be his; he entreats her to forgive his violence, his suspicions, on finding Hernani and the king in her apartment; he pleads the fears, the jealousies, the anxieties of age, while under the influence of an overpowering passion. A touching and mournful eloquence pervades his impetuous apology.

"Their interview is interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who announces that a pilgrim at the gate requests an asylum. It is Hernani, who, escaping alone from the slaughter of his companions, and believing Donna Sol faithless, has come to die before her eyes, and amidst the splendour of her nuptials. When the servants and attendants throng in, and Ruy Gomez advancing offers his hand to lead his bride to the altar, the pilgrim steps forward, throws aside his disguise, proclaims his name, and asks who wishes to gain the thousand Carolis which had been set upon his head. Not a voice answers, not a step moves. He is the guest of Don Ruy Gomez de Sylva; he has been promised protection, and the old noble reiterates that promise, even in the event of his being claimed by the king. He goes out to give orders to close the gate. Meanwhile, the lovers, who are left together, come to an explanation. Hernani learns that his mistress resigned her hand to her uncle only from compulsion; and overpowered with regret and shame for having brought tears into her eyes, he bursts out into reproaches against himself, and expressions of tenderness towards Donna Sol. Forgetful of everything else, locked in each other's arms, they stand motionless, till surprised by the return of Ruy Gomez. His rage and consternation are unbounded; he pours out his feelings in a bitter strain of irony; he is on the point of following up his vengeance by his sword, when the blast of a trumpet without announces the approach of the king, who, having traced Hernani to the castle, comes to demand the fugitive. The mind of the old nobleman is agitated by a storm of contending feelings. Vengeance calls upon him to sacrifice the treacherous rival, who had twice intruded into his castle; hospitality and Castilian honour plead for his preservation. The latter prevail: he steps up to his own picture, presses a secret spring, and, disclosing an aperture in the wall, conceals Hernani. Charles enters, surrounded by his guards; he advances slowly; his right hand in his bosom,—his left grasping the hilt of his sword—his eyes fixed on the duke, and lowering with indignation. The silence of expectation and terror reigns through the hall. He demands his prisoner. The duke admits he is concealed within the castle, and the king replies that either his own head or that of the fugitive must fall. The old nobleman bends low before his king, and tells him he shall be satisfied. He takes his arm—he leads him up to the long row of ancestral portraits, which, in their silent majesty, look down upon them from the walls. He describes to the impatient king the characters of the Sylvas, whom they represent,

'Their pure high blood, their blazon roll of glories.'

And at last pausing before his own portrait, behind which Hernani is concealed, he asks him, 'if that catalogue of heroes is to be closed by one of whom it shall be said, that he treacherously sold the head of his guest.' He offers his own in exchange; but the king, more ungenerous in his vengeance, carries off his niece as a hostage. The old man kneels to him, and implores his pity, but in vain. His bride is dragged from him; the king with his cortège depart; the servants retire. He is left alone with his concealed guest, and the tumultuous emotions of his own tortured bosom. He unlocks the concealment: he calls upon Hernani to come forth, and either receive the death he merited, or put an end to a life which is no longer worth retaining. In his

dark recess, Hernani has heard nothing; but, now that he learns from the despairing old man that Donna Sol is carried off, and in the power of Charles, he urges him, before he inflicts upon him the death he courts, to join him in his efforts to reclaim the victim from the grasp of the king. When that is done, he will place his life in his hands. He attests his vow by the head of his father. He places his hunting horn in his hands, and adds, that be the hour, the place, the situation what it may, the duke has but to sound that horn, and he is ready to fulfil his vow. Gomez clasps his hand, and calls the portrait of his ancestors to witness the obligation.

"ACT IV.—The opening scene unfolds to us the existence of a conspiracy against Charles, into which Hernani and the Duke of Sylva, following out their concert of vengeance, have entered; and with which the king is made acquainted by his follower, Don Ricardo. Confident in himself, however, the king enters the very vaults of the cathedral where the conspirators have been accustomed to hold their sittings. He stands before the tomb of Charlemagne; and, in a long monologue, details his hopes—his anxieties—his views, as to his own situation, and that of society around him, and glances at the glorious prospects that open to him with the possession of the empire. The advancing steps of the conspirators lead him to enter the tomb; and, closing the door behind him, he listens to their deliberations. While the conspirators raise their swords in token of their resolution to accomplish the death of Charles should Hernani fall, the distant sound of a cannon shot is heard. The gate of Charlemagne's tomb is half opened, and Charles is seen listening, and pale with anxiety. A second shot is heard—a third. He throws open the door of the tomb, and, standing motionless upon the threshold, exclaims,—

'Move further off, my friends, the emperor hears ye!'

"The conspirators half-thinking that the voice of Charlemagne himself had addressed them, quench their lights; but the momentary darkness of the vault is dispelled by the brighter lustre of a thousand torches, which, at the signal of Charles, arise on all sides; while soldiers, arquebusiers, nobles, and, lastly, the whole train of electors, throng in to do homage to the new successor of Cesar. The question now is, what shall be the punishment of the conspirators; the vengeance of the emperor cannot descend to the crowd; he directs the guards to arrest none beneath the rank of a count. Donna Sol, who, by the order of the new emperor, had been conducted thither, exclaims, pointing to Hernani, 'He is saved.' But it is not so. He separates himself from the group of the conspirators, and claims admission into the circle of death, as John of Arragon, duke of Segovia and Corlova, marquis of Monroy, count Albutera, and lord of places whose very names are too long to enumerate. He covers his head as a grandee of Spain, and takes his place among his bretheren. The distracted Donna Sol throws herself at the emperor's feet to plead for him. 'Spare him,' she exclaims; 'I love him! He is mine, as the empire is yours.' The emperor looks at her for a moment, then with a deep sigh he replies: 'Rise, duchess of Segovia, countess Albutera, marchioness Monroy,—what other names, Don Juan?' Overpowered by surprise, Hernani flings away his dagger, and with it his hatred, and rushes into the arms of Donna Sol. All is joy, except in the heart of Ruy Gomez. The happiness of Hernani is the seal of his misery—and while the crowd are hailing with shouts the elevation of the new emperor, he alone preserves a mournful and ominous silence.

"ACT V.—It is night. Saragossa is blazing with the preparations for the nuptials of Don Juan of Arragon and Donna Sol. On a splendid terrace of the palace, a gay crowd are awaiting their appearance, amidst the sounds of voluptuous music, the lustre of variegated lamps, and the murmur of dashing fountains. In the midst of the festivity, a solitary mask, clad in black, crosses the scene, and disappears in the garden. The newly united pair enter and receive the congratulations of their friends. The crowd disperses, and they are left alone. Donna Sol addresses her husband by the name of Hernani, that name by which she had known him in the infancy of their love. But he wishes to banish the remembrances connected with it; for he is now once more Don Juan, a grandee of Spain and the husband of Donna Sol. Suddenly, the distant sound of a horn is heard. Hernani has recognised but too truly the notes of that terrible horn, which, like that blown by the expiring Orlando in Roncesvalles, is the herald of death. It is the wretched Ruy Gomez, now converted into a savage by jealousy and despair, who comes thus to turn a bridal to a sacrifice, and to claim a forfeit of his bond from his victim. Shuddering, he obeys the

mandate; he detaches himself from his wife, to whom his wild and incoherent expressions have already communicated a presentiment of evil, and rushes into the garden to seek his tormentor. In a sepulchral voice, Gomez repeats to him the words of his vow, and claims its fulfilment, offering to him the choice of poison or the dagger. A calmness, more frightful than violence, pervades his movements, and announces his fixed determination. 'Shall we pray?' he asks, as he delivers over to Hernani the poison which he had selected. The wretched Hernani implores but for one day's delay; he protests that he will not yield his life, that he will break through his fetters. Gomez receives this announcement with the same coolness. 'I thought so,' he observes. Hernani seizes the phial—he is about to swallow its contents, when Donna Sol rushes in, and learns from the lips of Gomez the terrible truth. Tears, entreaties, are wasted in vain upon the savage old man. At last, seizing an opportunity, she wrests the poison from Hernani,—drinks from the phial, and delivers the remainder to her husband. He drinks,—and seating themselves by each other's side, they await the deadly operation of the poison, while the duke, like an incarnation of evil, stands by—still, quiet, and motionless, both in body and soul.

"The diction, which has been clamorously applauded and condemned in France, seems to us a decided improvement on the ordinary style of the French school. The awkward or harsh lines, the occasional coarseness of expression, which are so easily laid hold of and remembered, might, with the labour of a few hours, be effaced, while there would remain a vast preponderance of passages, finely conceived, and expressed in a language and versification in a high degree nervous, pliant, and poetical. In fine, we cannot better compare M. Hugo's drama than to one of those gothic castles amidst which he has placed his scenes; it is vast and striking from the magnitude of its outline, varied from the accumulation of materials it contains, powerful from the wild strength which has been employed, or rather wasted, in its construction; but, like it, incoherent in its plan, and mixed in its architecture; with pillars, where it is impossible to trace any connection between the capital and the base; shapeless chambers, where meanness sits side by side with magnificence; and dark and winding passages, which terminate after all in a prospect of a dead wall, or an empty court yard."

While imagining and so powerfully embodying murders, and almost all the crimes and horrors that can degrade and shock humanity, Victor Hugo was found serenely enjoying some of the greatest blessings ever bestowed on man, living in agreeable and sumptuous retirement at one of the angles of the Place Royale, Paris, and proving that while his mind was engaged with all that could deform existence, and render its continuance to be dreaded, he, happily for himself, knew how to enjoy it. Unhappily for this great man, like another of our own country whose literary works shed a halo round his name, a *faux pas* which he committed caused him to be held up to the revilings of society, and has cast an odium on a man born to be an honour to society, which will accompany him to the grave. Immediately after this melancholy affair, Victor Hugo, who escaped punishment by claiming the rights of a peer of France, retired to Italy; while his partner in guilt, the wife of a celebrated painter, was sent to prison, there to lament the crime which excludes her from honourable society, and which brought upon her the just resentment of an injured husband and father.

COCKNEY TRIP TO CALAIS AND BOULOGNE.

"CAN'T afford it, indeed!" exclaimed my wife, in answer to one of my usual excuses for not indulging her with a summer jaunt (it was in the year 1825): "how I do hate people to go on so!"

"Why, it will be a serious expense," said I, "will it not?" and I appealed to my sister.

"That's all stuff," Miss Henrietta Higgins replied; such being the answer, let me remark at the outset, which she is in the habit of giving to nine out of every ten questions or remarks addressed to her.

"As to expense," Mrs. Higgins observed, "I do not think it will ruin you; and then just a run over to Boulogne would do your health so much good; besides, why should you not enjoy yourself, and see a little of men and manners?"

I thought that sounded very reasonable.

And in addition to that, my wife proceeded, "I and your sister can get the gowns, scarves, and pelisses we shall want for the winter at half price; and, without running any risk, you can smuggle over a few things that we should like, so that, in point of fact, in the long run, it would cost nothing."

"Stuff," exclaimed Henrietta, "it would be a saving."

I opened my ears at this, and when the ladies came to details, stating how this and that might be had for so and so in France, and would at the least be worth so much in England, I felt the milk of human kindness rising fast within me; and putting on a most gracious countenance, at length, I told them that I was ready to do anything they pleased. They took me at my word, and the next day but one was fixed for our departure.

And accordingly, on the Saturday, we started from the Blossom's Inn in high spirits. The women were delighted with the idea of a holiday, and I secretly chuckled at the thought, that while handsomely treating them, and cutting a figure in the eyes of my neighbours, I should actually gain, or, what was the same thing, save, by my liberality.

We reached Canterbury in safety, dined, and in due time, in the same afternoon, made our appearance at the Union Hotel, Dover. Here, before taking anything at the Union, which is a very cheap house, as they only charge two-shillings per bottle for their ale, and other things in proportion, I found the expense of our run thus far left me one shilling out of five guineas.

Feeling disposed to entertain my companions with something in the meditative style—"How fast the money runs away," said I.

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Higgins; "living will cost us nothing when we get to France."

"That may be," I gravely remarked; "but it costs us something here."

"Stuff!" said my sister, "why don't you call for tea. I'd like an egg with it, as I did not get half a dinner at Canterbury."

We had tea, and afterwards supper. The ladies, to judge by their appetites, had really benefited by their excursion. It had not the same effect on me.

"O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites."

We bargained with the master of a packet for half a guinea's worth of steam each, and on the following morning, when sitting down to breakfast, it was announced that our passage would commence in half an hour.

The waiter put some cold poultry and ham on the table.

It struck me that these would furnish formidable items in the bill, so I thought it right to remark—"That they were unnecessary, as, previous to a voyage, I believed a sparing meal was the best."

"Stuff!" exclaimed my sister, and suiting the action to the word, she introduced the leg of a fowl to her mouth.

And my wife, having informed me that we did not come out to starve, attacked the viands with such vivacity, that it required a considerable effort on my part to secure the liver-wine and a moderate allowance of the breast for myself.

The bill paid, which, including the waiter, chambermaid, boats, and the commissioners, scarcely exceeded two sovereigns, we were soon on board, and in a few minutes left the harbour, and found ourselves, as my sister, who is generally sentimental after breakfast, elegantly expressed it, "On the briny ocean, and our frail bark fast receding from the shores of our native land."

I have no doubt she would have uttered other things quite as intellectual and sublime, if she had not been suddenly indisposed.

"Oh!" she sighed; and the next moment calling me by my name, "Henry Frederick," in a tone of tenderness which I shall never forget: "Henry Frederick," said she.

"What's the matter?" said I; and I believe I prefaced this question with the appropriately awful exclamation of "Good Heavens!"

"I'm very ill," said she.

"Are you," said I; "would you like to have anything?"

"Like to have anything," she faintly repeated, and I believe she tried to finish with "Stuff;" but she held her head over the side of the ship, and I could not distinctly hear her speech.

Mrs. Higgins now complained that she was very unwell, and the scene became one of great tragical interest.

Seated between my two companions, the waves rolling six feet high, I recollected a picture which I had seen of a sinking Indianman, in which the Captain, his wife and daughter were about to perish in each other's embrace. I endeavoured to repel the dismay which stole over me, and prepared to furnish a new example of dignified tenderness and heroic fortitude. The dialogue which passed ran as follows:—

"Henry Frederick," was my sister's cry.

"Well, Henrietta!" said I soothingly.

"Higgins," cried my wife.

"What's the matter, my dear?" I inquired reprovingly.

"Henry Frederick, hold me."

"Higgins, call the steward."

"Henry Frederick, don't let me go. I shall never survive." Henrietta added in accents the most piercing, "It's all up with me."

"Will you step below?" I inquired.

"Don't bother," she replied in the same tone which had so much affected me before.

"Your cap is coming off. Shall I put it on for you?"

"No."

"Your comb is coming out, shall I put it in my pocket?"

"Stuff!"—and she turned indignantly from me to the sea, that she might escape such unkindness. Cap and comb in the next moment fell from her head, to find a watery grave.

It was at this juncture my wife called out that her bonnet had been blown away, and she wished to know "if the ship could not stop to pick it up?"

I was about to answer, but was unable from a very uneasy sensation which now came over me.

"Higgins," cried my wife, very angrily.

"Henry Frederick," sobbed my sister most reproachfully.

But it was in vain that the former repeated the call on "Henry Frederick," while the latter vociferated "Higgins." Deaf to their cries, I ran away from both, in order to gain the leeward side of the vessel, but had the misfortune to fall over the shins of a gentleman, who lay on the deck by the companion. Basins were then at a premium, but as the one which he had obtained was at leisure, I made so free as to borrow it.

This affair was very painful, and for a moment I wished myself at home. "However," thought I, still grasping the basin I had been so fortunate as to obtain, "why should not I enjoy myself, as my wife says?"

In the midst of my distress, I could not help laughing at the waggish presence of mind with which I had robbed my neighbour of his basin, and at the distressing embarrassment which this would not fail to occasion him when he a little recovered from the stupor into which he had fallen. "I like to see 'men and manners,' thinks I."

The moment came in which the complete success of my prank was to be witnessed. My fellow-passenger turned with such impetuosity and haste, that in his hurry he seized on my hat, which I had put down for fear of an accident, and such was his confusion, that he did not immediately discover that it was not his basin.

Several people near me were very much entertained at this. I laughed, ill as I was, as heartily as any of them, at this sample of "men and manners."

It did not immediately occur to me, that the hat he had seized was mine, and that the mirth which prevailed was literally at my expense. The steward seemed to fall into a mistake like that of my fellow-passenger, for he took my hat, gave it a rinse, as if it had really been a basin, and handing it to me, wet as a toast from the bottom of an ale-tankard, told me, in a consoling tone, that when dry it would not be much the worse.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when we entered Calais harbour. The vessel being moored, I stepped on shore. That moment a crowd of persons surrounded me, all vociferating something, I could not at first understand what, and holding small cards in their hands. "Meurice's," "the Crown," "the Brussels," "the Bourbon," were some of the cries which combined to deafen me; and I found the banditti by which I was assailed consisted of tavern cads, who aspired to the honour of gaining for their masters my present company and future patronage.

I wished to look about me before I determined to what house I would go. The resolve was a prudent one, if it had been practicable to act upon it; but still hemmed in on every side, I found it impossible to make my escape, till having named the Crown as my hotel, one of the officers of the Crown claimed me as his property, and carried me off in triumph to the custom-house.

Here I underwent a rigid search. My upper garments and my boots were carefully visited by the exploring paws of the Douaniers, to ascertain that I had not brought over some English woollens about my legs, and a few dozen of knives and forks in my bosom.

When I entered the French custom-house, I ought to have mentioned, Mrs. Higgins and my sister—their dresses miserably out of order, and their hair dangling like rats' tails about their faces—were close at my heels, and much disturbed at the scrutiny to which I was subjected, expecting their turn would come next. I thought it necessary to give

Henrietta a nudge, as she was beginning to be eloquently descriptive, and had already declared that "she never saw such ruelle bears in her life."

"What is your name, sare," demanded the officer.

"Henry Frederick Higgins."

"And your age?"

"Thirty-six."

"And is that (looking at Mrs. H.) your fam—wife?"

"Yes."

"And your darter?" pointing to Henrietta.

Before I could explain, my sister dropped him a curtsey down to the ground. She was just exclaiming "wretches and stuff!" but the mistake which I have mentioned silenced her in a moment. To be taken for my daughter was a compliment which is not paid every day to a young lady who owns to twenty-nine.

She did not easily forget it, for after she and her sister had visited the apartment of the *she-searchers*, on being dismissed, the first speech which fell from Henrietta's lips, was—"What sharp sighted people the French seem?"

"Yes they do, indeed," said I, feeling disposed to have a touch at the ironical, "since they could mistake you for my daughter."

My wife simpered at this, and for a moment looked almost as knowing as myself.

But my sister lowering black as a thunder-cloud, indignantly remarked, "that for her part she did not see anything to laugh at in such coarse scurrility. It was just like me, and she was a fool to come out with one who did not know how to behave himself like anybody else."

"Well, well," said I, wishing for peace, "let us drop it.—What shall we have for dinner?"

"I don't want any dinner," was the reply of Henrietta.

"Stuff!" I exclaimed, "say what it shall be."

"Stuff," indeed!" retorted Miss Higgins, quite enraged at my having interfered with her copyright of that pithy expression. "Stuff yourself, and dine yourself if you please. I want to lie down."

And with this, the chambermaid being in attendance, for I ought to have mentioned we had reached the Crown before we entered on our last jangle, Miss Higgins flung out of the room with an air which she intended to be one of magnificent disdain, but which I could hardly help comparing to the precipitate exit of a dog with a tin-kettle at his tail.

This did not quite take away my appetite, and Mrs. Higgins did not think it necessary to fast because my sister did. Dinner was promptly served and speedily disposed of, so that when Henrietta descended in about half an hour (calculating it would then be coming in), for the purpose of being appeased and persuaded to eat, she found the cloth removed, and my wife and I drinking our Chablis, and preparing to begin on the grapes and walnuts. She was not best pleased at having missed her distance. Shame prevented her from dining then, which I, foreseeing how it would be, very affectionately pressed her to do.

She sulkily ordered some biscuits, and was now pouncing on them as a tiger would on his prey, when a person entered with a low bow, a cigar, and a lighted match in his hand. He accosted me with,

"You are going to Boulogne, I believe, sare."

I replied in the affirmative.

"Then, I have a carrosse—a carriage for you."

I was inclined to pause before I accepted his courteous offer. He allowed me to do so while he proceeded to light his cigar, which from its size, and the manner in which it was rolled up, looked like a small specimen of the *mangel-wurzel* or beet-root, with a straw, a foot long, inserted at one end. Having lighted it, the Frenchman proceeded, occasionally pausing to dismiss the smoke from his mouth, which ceremony I must indicate while reporting his speeches by the word *puff*. He did not trouble himself to inquire my determination, but civilly announced to me his, in the following manner.

"Sare, I shall take you to Boulogne (puff) in my carriage (puff), and, sare, you shall only (puff) pay me six francs every head (puff)."

"But I believe I shall go by the Diligence," said I.

"Sare, I shall take you the same as the Diligence, sare (puff), and the coach shall be your own (puff); but I shall find one more (puff), to put in it to pay me my (puff) course, sare, and it is open at the top of all (puff), or it will shut up close if it do (puff) rain (puff). It is a Land-o (puff)."

I was of opinion that the Diligence would prove the cheaper mode of conveyance, and this I mentioned to the Frenchman.

"Now you're at your economy again," said my wife.

"Well," said I, "and what if I am, I do [not know that it is any disgrace to the head of a family to study economy."

"The head of a family," exclaimed my wife with a look of infinite contempt.

"A fine family, indeed!" cried Henrietta, catching up a sentence which she conceived Mrs. Higgins to have left unfinished; "a fine family, of which you can be the head."

"I can't say much for the family," said I.

"And you ought to say nothing of the head," said she.

The Frenchman seemed to enter into their feelings, and though he did not express them so fully, he marked them very distinctly. Their several offerings all came to the same point, so that, when I gravely observed that a few shillings were as well saved as thrown away, my wife met me with the exclamation—"Pooh!"

My sister followed this up with—"Stuff!"

And the Frenchman came in with—"Puff."

And now, being perfect in their parts, they repeated their performance with more rapidity than I can describe it.

"Pooh!" cried my wife turning up her eyes.

"Stuff!" vociferated Henrietta, turning up her nose.

And Puff, came the Frenchman again, with a shrug of the shoulders.

Of course there was no standing against such odds. Pooh, stuff, and puff, united, were too much for me. The sound of a landau was enough for the ladies, and so I agreed to give twenty francs for transportation to Boulogne, leaving the Frenchman at liberty to put a fourth in the vehicle if he could.

We then took a walk, and both Mrs. Higgins and Henrietta were delighted with the tall caps, absent bonnets, and earrings as long as pokers, sported by the ladies of France; but what most astonished them was, the extraordinary genius displayed by the children in Calais, who, at the early age of five or six can actually talk French.

We walked to the Market-place, and thence to the Ramparts, after which we paid a visit to the church of Notre Dame. Mrs. Higgins very much admired the long candles by the altar-piece, and wished to know if I did not intend taking a few of them to England with me.

The question then was, how to spend the evening?—Understanding the Theatre was open, I proposed going there;—this Henrietta objected to, as it was Sunday; but added, "She had no objection to go to Wauxhall."

I assented, having been told it was only a short distance, and moreover, that the price of admission was but half a franc. We accordingly soon found our way to the *basse ville*, and then as directed, turned to the right. Not immediately discovering the gardens, I began to suspect some mistake, and the women roundly charged me with having taken them wrong, Mrs. Higgins observing, that, "There must be some blunder where I was concerned, or it would not be me."

I was frequently obliged to ask my way, and this annoyed me more than all the rest; for though I managed pretty well, with my question, "Wauxhall (for it is there spelt with a W) *sil vous plait*?" the answer was given with such volubility, that the phrase, or rather the dozen phrases, in which it was conveyed, seemed to me but one immense word. This was very mortifying, for, as I have for many years been in the habit of edifying my family and friends with lectures on the excellence of Wanostrocht's Grammar, on the defects of Perrin's Exercises, and on the difficulty I had found in perfectly mastering all the idiomatical phrases, I could easily anticipate the dings and flings to which I should be subjected by my present failure.

"I thought you understood French," said my wife.

"A fine Frenchman you are," cried my sister, "thanks to Wanostrocht's grammar."

This was rather a sore point. I defended my scholarship as well as I could, and said, the ridiculous rapidity with which the French spoke had baffled me, but this proved no defect in grammatical knowledge.

"Stuff!" exclaimed Henrietta; and being completely out of patience, in order to set things right, she herself began to question those we now met about the way to Wauxhall. Her superiority was soon established, for while their speech was too quick for me, Henrietta spoke so fast that they could not understand her. This was a great triumph for my sister, which she continued to remind me of to the end of our journey, and indeed has not yet ceased to celebrate.

To be continued.

"You will, of course, immediately join the mess, Mr.—?" said Adjutant—to Ensign—, on the day of his arrival at the regiment. "You are very kind Sir," stammered out the incipient hero; "but the last promise which I made to my father was to avoid getting in any mess whatever."

Camera Sketches.

To visit and ruminate upon time's changes in such a fine old ruin as Rothesay Castle, is certainly to us one of the greatest of the many pleasures to be enjoyed at this favourite summer resort. While contemplating this ruin, and watching the ivy clinging with such tenacity to its walls—and noticing the trees, whose roots have become so embedded in the stone, the branches of which shoot out in the most unnatural way through the old windows, and thereby endanger the remaining walls themselves—one cannot help picturing the castle as it stood in 1263, when Haco, the Norwegian king, invaded Scotland. Haco alleged that Bute, Arran, and the Cumbrays, belonged to the Hebrides, the which his predecessor, Magnus Barefoot, had conquered. Alexander III. of Scotland, however, would not relinquish these islands; and Haco, gathering a fleet of one hundred vessels, many of them large and well provided with men and arms, came down upon "Kiarary;" and while off that coast sent fifty vessels to the Mull of Kintyre with instructions to plunder, and five to do the like for Bute. Soon the news was received that they had won a fortress, which it is thought could be none other than Rothesay Castle. The town had capitulated and accepted terms from the Norwegians; and Haco afterwards reduced the island. These events occurred before the battle of Largs, when the Western Islands were again recovered by



ROTHESAY CASTLE.

the Scotch. The castle was taken by the English in the reign of John Balliol; and, in 1311, Robert Bruce caused this and several other castles to surrender.

While reflecting on Haco's times, and the storming of Rothesay by his vessels, the mind is naturally led to the modern mode of storming Rothesay by the steam vessels of the Clyde; and we cannot help putting in juxtaposition the then little village of Rothesay and its great castle, with the now ruined castle and its great town; all brought about by the modern mode of storming by steam, the great civiliser of these times, and which has done so much for many rivers and cities besides the Clyde and its pleasant watering-places: and we cannot help

thinking that the rise of modern Rothesay, out of the ruins of the old castle and the village, must give a melancholy pleasure to every mind whilst rambling among the ruins of its ivy-mantled walls. The period when it was built, and by whom, still remains in doubt; but it is supposed to have been about 1,100. As all the ancient British castles were circular; and as the words *Roth* and *Say* (pronounced Rosay), signify round seat, it is presumed that that must have been the shape of this castle. King Robert II. visited this place in 1376 and 1381, and thereafter created his son, Prince David, Duke of Rothesay, which has ever since been the title of the heir-apparent to the Scottish throne, and now forms one of the titles of the Prince of Wales.

TO OUR READERS.

FIVE weeks ago we said, "our desire is to convert our sale of thousands into one of tens of thousands, and we know the way, but it is to be trod by you and us together." Many have joined us in the journey, by increasing their purchases from one to four, six, and even ten and twelve, distributing them where the PENNY ILLUSTRATED NEWS had never before presented its pure and (as we are told) its pretty pages, and also among those whose paucity of means may have prevented the purchase. To one and all of our friends we beg to return our very best thanks.

As we also stated, in the address to which we refer, "we have no desire to extend our sale without increasing our rights to its advantage by an improvement in every respect in the form and features of the work," to-day we publish a double number as a specimen of what an extension of our sale would enable us weekly to perform without pecuniary loss. If we experience a readiness on the part of the public to sustain our effort the enlarged size will, without hesitation, be made permanent.

We consider we have a claim to the support of all well-wishers to uncontaminated literature. When one hears of the giant circulation of many cheap periodicals of the most pernicious and demoralizing character, it becomes a great social duty on the part of every man to exercise himself in substituting solid, genial, serious, and entertaining reading in the stead of the pestiferous print. We thus put in our claim as a journal devoted to the beautiful and the true, the *dulcis* and *utilis* of literature.

Now that reading has become much more common among our labouring classes, the education they will receive must principally flow through the columns of the cheap publications; and unless the social pestilence of many of these now rampant is at once met by the substitution of what will neither corrupt nor mislead, but tend to instruct and refine, the greatest fears may be entertained of the baneful effects of "a little learning" among our industrial population.

To meet the wishes of many who had not secured a copy of the engraving of the first *alto-relievo* on the Nelson monument, we have had it reproduced in this number. The page at the back of it is left blank to admit of its being cut off by those who do not require to bind it in their volume.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

. Letters for the Editor must in future be addressed to 170, Fleet-street.

A Subscriber.—Judging from appearance we think the eminent statesman to whom you allude is five feet eleven inches in height—perhaps, somewhat more. He is entitled the Right Honourable Sir Robert Peel, Bart. Being a Privy Councillor he is Right Honourable.

W. C. D.—Exert yourself in more useful studies. You see we never have such things in these pages. What, although in an idle moment one may try and be actually puzzled with finding out these words within words, there is no good fruit gathered by a hungry mind. You say 10, 11, 12, is "the copulative conjunction," and that 9, 10, 11, 12 is "the opposite to water." No one can hesitate regarding the first being *and*, but who would be hardy enough to say what the *opposite to water* is? It has no opposite in nature or in science. In household conversation *fire* and *water* are reckoned opposites; but no one says, because the surface of the globe is said to be land and water, that the one is in any sense *opposite* to the other. We may go through the whole category, and find equal fault as in these two specimens. While answering W. C. D., we beg many others similarly employed will be advised to expend their labour on some more beneficial studies. The world is weary of puns and puzzles.

R. S.—Horse races were established, patronised, and endowed, for the express purpose of sustaining and improving the breed of horses in England. Now-a-days the race-course is a mere arena of gambling, on which scarcely any one but a blackleg wins money. Horses rarely, if ever, run on their merits, that is, the best horse seldom is allowed to win the race. Large sums having been wagered by the book-makers that he will lose, it is privately arranged that his rider shall prevent his beating others of less strength and speed. The public, who have backed him because of his swiftness, are found to have reckoned without their host. Derby Sweeps seem of a very questionable morality. You should keep your money in your own pocket, rather than run the double risk of a lottery. The risk of losing, though fairly drawn, and the second risk of losing by being unfairly drawn.

W. S.—We use every exertion to provide such sketches as meet the tastes of our subscribers. An accident has delayed our double number till now.

J. W. H. (Leeds).—We would, if we could, prescribe, but the literary, not the medical, is our profession. We shall, by and bye, act on your hint; our arrangements do not admit of it at present.

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THE DEATH OF NELSON.

FROM THE ALTO RELIEVO ON THE NELSON COLUMN BY CAREW.

THE NELSON COLUMN—CAREW'S ALTO RELIEVO.

THE subject the artist has selected is the death of the hero whose effigy crowns the column. The point of time is when he is about to be carried from the deck to the cock-pit, after having received his mortal wound. The central portion represents Nelson just after he had received the wound, and when the shadows of death were fast thickening around him. He is being raised from the deck by a marine and two sailors, and the withered figure of the dying man is well contrasted with those of his stalwart bearers. Captain Hardy, who is standing close to his left, has apparently been giving some order, and has just turned round on hearing the voice of his chief. Nelson is supposed to be addressing him in the manner described by Southey in his memoirs of the hero—"Well, Hardy, they have done for me at last." "I hope not," was the reply. At the back of the group is the surgeon, with an expression of the deepest grief on his countenance, supplying the place of words to tell that for Nelson's wound all human succour was in vain. In the compartment to the left are three sailors engaged in tightening some of the cordage of the ship, and repairing the damage which the enemy's fire has effected. One of the three has his back turned towards the spectator, and close to his feet kneels a sailor holding a handspike, and leaning on a gun, apparently arrested in his movements by the conversation between the dying hero

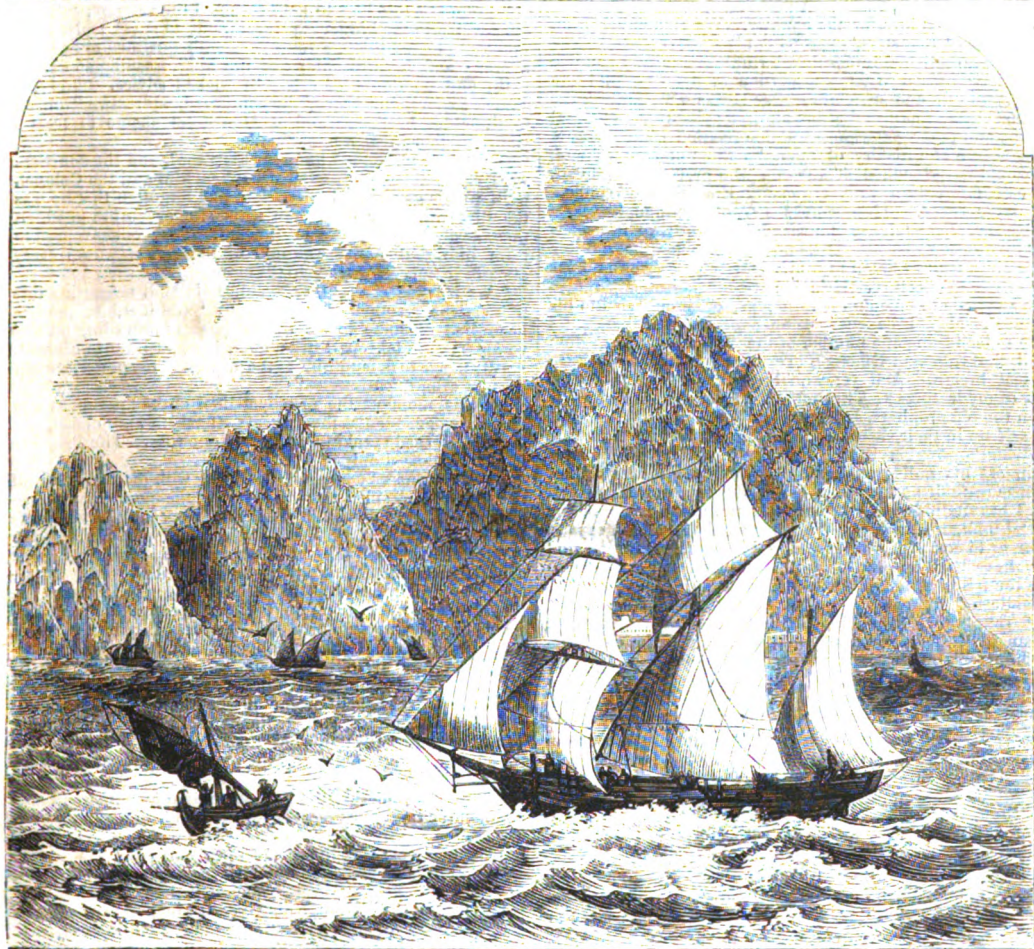
and Captain Hardy. Each of these two portions is a work of surpassing merit, and on the first the eye naturally fixes itself as the *point d'appui* of the whole; but, though inferior in position and in relation to the other parts of the work, we incline to give the preference, certainly for design, if not for execution, to the third and last portion on the right. In the front, lying on the deck, are an officer and a marine, who have fallen to rise no more. Behind stand two marines and a negro sailor. One of the former has detected the marksmanship by whose shot his noble commander has been struck down, and is pointing him out to his companion. The latter has raised his musket, and has evidently covered his victim, whilst the black, who stands just before the two marines, has "slewed" himself round, and, grasping his firelock with a convulsive hold, looks at his intended victim with all the ferocity of a wild beast. The upper part is well filled by the sweeping of the sails, the cordage, and wreck of a yard that has been shot away and fallen obliquely across the mainmast, just over the central group. The figures are not colossal, but of life like size, and the minutest details of the scene have been well preserved. The weight of the relievo is about five tons. It was cast in three divisions, at the foundry of Messrs. Adams, Christie, & Co., Rotherhithe, and absorbed the metal of five mortars and one 32-pounder, which were supplied by the Government. Height, 14 ft.; breadth, about 13 ft. 7 in.

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ADEN.

OVERLAND ROUTE TO INDIA.—II.—ADEN.

On the east side of a small island of the Red Sea stands the ancient town of Aden. It is connected with the mainland of Yemen by a roadway over seven arches. At low water these arches are dry. Some few years ago Aden was one of the most miserable towns in Arabia. But it is evident from the profusion of the relics of ancient grandeur strewed everywhere that, in very remote ages, it had been the abode of a great and wealthy people. An immense excavation out of the solid

rock, to serve as an aqueduct from the mountain springs, like the pyramids of Egypt, demonstrates that a once powerful nation had resided on its soil.

Aden is now a resting station for the Overland Mail and is becoming a town of considerable extent, affording very good accommodation to travellers. A Parsee from Bombay, once a Persian fire-worshipper, has opened an hotel on the shore of the bay, and supplies our Indian emigrants with a fish dinner of a peculiar *recherche* character.

The modern history of Aden is short. The natives attacked and captured a British merchant vessel. Our Government instantly demanded satisfaction. The chief refused, and would neither restore the plunder nor punish the pirates. Ships of war were instantly sent to take possession of the town, which at once fell into our hands. Since that period it has been under British authority. Being well suited for a coal depot, it is now a place of great importance since steam navigation has been carried into the eastern seas. It is rapidly increasing in population, and will, probably before the close of the century, be as renowned for its commerce as ancient Tyre, for already there is a growing activity in all branches of trade.

COBBETT AND EMERSON.—A pleasing feature in Cobbett's character was his love for the country. We remember him, in one of his 'Registers,' expressing his wonder that one like himself, who relished intensely all rural sights and sounds, should have passed so large a portion of his life amid the smoke, and din, and strife of cities. It was not, indeed, the great features of nature that he admired; its more ethereal aspects, and that mysterious symbolic relation which it bears to the nature and history of man, he did not comprehend, and would have laughed at any one who pretended to do so. We can fancy him thus criticising Emerson—"Wonders will never cease. Here comes a Yankee prophet—yes, a Yankee prophet—talking transcendental (query, transcendence?) nonsense by the yard, and trying to get that gullible goose John Bull to listen to him, at the rate of seven guineas for each hour's lecture. He'd better—for us, at any rate—have stopped at home and fed his pigs, or prophesied to his henroost. May I be roasted on a gridiron, if there's not more sense in this one number of the *Twopenny Trash* than in all that this man Emerson ever wrote or ever will write to his last breath. And yet, who'll pay me seven guineas for each of my lectures? This half-crazy quack, I am told, pulls down the old prophets, Jeremy, Daniel, and the rest, and sets himself up in their stead as prophet Ralph Waldo. I venture to predict to prophet Ralph, that he won't see Boston Bay again ere his gulls would rather by twenty times have their guineas in their pockets than his lectures in their memories. But I beg Ralph's pardon, for it is not in the power of any mortal man, I'm told, to mind one word that Ralph says to them, or to come off with anything but a general notion that they have been quacked out of their sixpences. They say that the fellow is rather good-looking, a glib talker, and has a smattering of the German, but never gives his hearers one good round fact in all his lectures; has no statistics or arguments either; and you would never guess, while hearing him, whether you were in England or America, the earth or the moon. But enough of prophet Ralph. I hope I have settled his hash as effectually as I did that of a much cleverer fellow, squinting prophet Ned, of Hatton Garden."

DEATH.—Death is a part of life. It is nothing more than the negation of life. If life, therefore, be no general good, death is no general evil. Who shall decide it? Not women and children, but wise men. Thales, the chief of the sages, held life and death as things indifferent. Socrates, the greatest of all philosophers, speaks of death as a deliverance; and so does Cicero; and Solomon, who had tasted all the sweets of life, condemns the whole as vanity and vexation.

Youth is the golden period of life, and every well-spent moment will be like good seed planted in an auspicious season.

Mr. Gannet reckons that each individual averages three hours of conversation daily, at the rate of a hundred words a minute, or twenty pages of an octavo volume in an hour. At this rate we talk a volume of 400 pages in a week, and fifty-two volumes in a year. There is a lady who talks a large circulating library every twenty-four hours.

Corners have always been popular. The chimney-corner, for instance, is endeared to the heart from the earliest to the latest hour of existence. The corner cupboard! What stores of sweet things has it contained for us in our youth—what luxuries its shelves have groaned in manhood! A snug corner in a will! Who ever objected to such a thing? A corner in a woman's heart! Once get there, and you may soon command the entire domain. A corner in the Temple of Fame! Arrive at that, and you become immortal.

THE BROTHERS:

AN HISTORICAL TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER VI.—continued.

"Thank heaven! I have at length found you," cried the Colonel. "Well, my brave fellows, I am delighted to see you; come, let us shake hands, and I swear—" He then cordially extended his hand towards the young man, but a sudden reflection caused him to immediately withdraw it.

"It were a pity," he remarked in an abrupt and displeased manner, for a brave lad such as you to be engaged in so unpleasant an affair! No, young man, if the enterprise in question were not absolutely necessary for the salvation of the State, I could have desired, too," he added musingly "that the worst part of the business had been confided to another."

"Oh, Colonel!" murmured young Falkland in his ear supplicatingly, "think of your words."

"I am at a loss how to act," resumed the veteran; "I, too, am devoted to the king and princess, but, to speak truly, I am not well pleased to see a youth, evidently qualified to become a brave and faithful soldier of the king, treading so dark a path, and no doubt led astray by wicked advice. This is a game of yours, Sir Alfred," he continued, addressing himself to the elder brother, "and it is a great shame to treat a young brother in such a manner."

Sir Alfred placed his hand on his sword, and the courtiers were constrained to interfere between him and the Colonel, who, in his generous indignation, had forgotten that he was the first instigator of the enterprise, the execution of which they desired to confide to Edward. They endeavoured to calm him, but Astley was one of those men whom every attempt to appease irritated still more.

"We will see each other again, Falkland, respecting this matter," he resumed in a high tone; "and if subterfuge has been had recourse to for the purpose of prevailing on this young man to take part in an affair in opposition to his will, I will engage to defend him to the utmost of my power, should the plot even miscarry—"

At this moment the principal door of the apartment was suddenly opened, and the princess Elizabeth announced.

Astley ceased speaking, and every one rose. The Princess entered, followed only by Miss Elliott.

As the Princess advanced, sparkling with diamonds, in all the pomp and splendour of royalty, the poor young provincial was seized with a feeling of respect and awe which bordered on terror, and he felt his courage fail him. He glanced eagerly at Emma, but perceived nothing in her countenance calculated to re-assure him. The young Countess was still paler than in the morning; her features betrayed a profound dejection, and her eyes met those of Edward, but they only expressed despair. It was not, then, from her he had hoped to obtain assistance. Who, therefore, was that mysterious friend whose influence was so great that his protection could penetrate the royal palace?

All the courtiers bent profoundly before the Princess.

"May God protect you, gentlemen," she observed, waving her hand gracefully; "I have to apologise for keeping you in suspense, but matters of the most vital importance have detained me."

After these remarks, the Princess seated herself in an arm chair which had been reserved for her; and, in an under tone, exchanged a few words with each of the conspirators. Falkland came last; but the Princess appeared to listen to him with a kind of disgust, and quickly interrupted him:—

"Very good, Sir Alfred," she replied in a higher tone, "but where is this handsome youth who has been selected to render us a certain service? I was informed he was here."

"Here he is, your Highness," said Alfred taking his young brother by the hand to conduct him into her presence.

The Princess regarded the young man with a penetrating look, and, turning towards the maid of honour, who was standing behind her chair and trembling violently:—

"Well, my dear," she murmured smilingly, "you have an excellent taste."

Then, suddenly changing her tone, she addressed herself directly to Edward:—

"Come hither, young man," she resumed, "I am glad to see here a gentleman who, I am told, is so much attached to our cause."

The first impression passed, Edward had contrived to surmount in some measure his trouble and confusion; he advanced, and respectfully bent on one knee before the Princess.

Elizabeth appeared to experience a real pleasure in examining the vigorous and fine proportions of the handsome youth thus prostrated before her.

"Rise, sir," she at length continued; "you have been represented to me as a frank and resolute cavalier."

"And I can corroborate the assertion, your Highness," interrupted Colonel Astley, in his usual frank though abrupt manner; "for you may rely upon one who was an eye witness of his prowess only last evening on Westminster Bridge."

"You cannot be otherwise than an excellent judge in matters of courage, Colonel," observed the Princess graciously; "and this young man ought to be proud of your testimony. We certainly require a bold, resolute, and discreet person who will perform his duty faithfully, and I trust we shall not be deceived in the selection Sir Alfred has made."

Edward had risen from his recumbent position and remained standing before the Princess. The ministers formed a circle around them, and their regards were alternately fixed on the Princess and Edward. The latter, whose embarrassment had given place to a calm dignity, replied bowing:—

"Is it not the duty of a subject to obey the Princess or the King in any way they have the privilege to command, madam?"

"True, young man," responded the Princess gloomily; "but God knows that the majority can easily dispense with that duty! Appeal to these gentlemen, who are acquainted with many of them, they will inform you how shamefully our subjects daily outrage the royal authority! But," she continued hastily, "let us come to the point. Young man, you have wished, through scruples which I certainly admire, to receive from me the command to deliver the State from our most dangerous enemy by every possible means; this order I give you, you will now be satisfied; swear to me to fulfil this mission even at the peril of your life, and you may retire. Sir Alfred will explain how you are to act, and what your reward will be."

Every look was directed at Edward, whose reply would decide the matter. Emma fixed on him her haggard eyes, and the knight, paler than herself, awaited his brother's response with the most intense anxiety. A rigid silence was preserved.

"I trust, Madam," at length replied Edward in a respectful, but firm tone, "that you will deign to inform me whether it is really the brave Cromwell your Highness denominates the enemy of the State?"

A low murmur ran through the assembly, and the Princess blushed.

"And wherefore not, sir," she returned vehemently, "if he whom you designate the brave Cromwell is an insolent braggart, an ambitious upstart, who betrays both England and the king? What does such an interrogatory imply? Have I been deceived in you, or do you refuse to obey me?"

As the Princess thus spoke, she angrily stamped on the floor; the courtiers trembled violently, but Edward remained calm and collected.

"Is it indeed the Princess whom I see before me?" he rejoined in an animated tone; "can it be the Princess Elizabeth I hear? Where are we, then? Is it usual to enter the royal apartments furtively, and in the dead of night like robbers? Where is the majesty of the throne, and where the Princess? I only behold here a woman who conceals herself with nocturnal conspirators for the accomplishment of an assassination!"

The audacity of these words struck each with stupor. Not one of the courtiers thought of silencing the imprudent enthusiast.

"Insolent!" exclaimed the Princess in a violent tone, rising.

"Oh! listen to me, noble Princess," he cried imploringly; "I am lost, I know, but I have made the sacrifice of my life to bring to you the truth, which, perchance, has been concealed from you. The frightful means which have been suggested to you by impassioned and evil counsellors cannot save the State! No, whatever they may say, the blood of the brave and generous Cromwell cannot, dare not be shed thus traitorously by an obscure hand, and in a manner so infamous. Open your eyes, august Princess; think of the sanctity of the power invested in your family by God and the people."

The Princess burst into a fit of convulsive laughter.

"Who has brought us this ridiculous sermonizer?" said she with the most profound irony. "What means this presumptuous individual who comes here moralizing? Is it a new insult of our enemies? Heavens! gentlemen, whoever has proposed it may repent his imprudence."

Then, suddenly passing to another sentiment natural to certain irascible characters, she abruptly resumed addressing Edward:—

"You imagine you are here in an assembly of conspirators who meditate a wicked action; well, be it so; but do you know where the meeting has taken place? Do you know where you are at the present moment? You are in our oratory at St. James's Palace. You surely do not know me; I am the princess Elizabeth. These gentlemen are the most zealous supporters of the crown. Little does it matter to us whether you know that the royal authority has fallen so low that the King's most faithful ministers are under the necessity of conspiring in the dead of night, like oppressed citizens, and reduced to the alternative of supplicating an obscure provincial like yourself to serve the State by a sword thrust!"

At the same time, being unable to moderate the violence of her emotion, the Princess fell backwards into the arm chair and covered her face with her hands to conceal the tears which were streaming down her pale cheeks. Her grief seemed to be shared by all those whom political intrigues had not yet deprived of every generous sentiment. Sir Alfred profited by this moment of trouble, and observed to his brother in a low tone:—

"Wretched young man! retract your words, or you will bitterly repent!"

But Edward, completely occupied with his generous design, listened not; he remained prostrate at the feet of the Princess and cried, joining his hands:—

"In the name of heaven! madam, do not crush me with your displeasure and contempt! I have not yielded to a vain and ridiculous temerity by bringing to your feet a cruel truth; I have fulfilled, at the risk of drawing upon myself your redoubtable vengeance, a duty which I deemed sacred. I am but one of the most obscure, the most submissive of the King's subjects; I owe him my respect, my devotion, and my love; I will, if it be necessary, make the sacrifice of my life for the King and yourself in any honourable way, but God preserve me from sacrificing to you my honour and conscience!"

The Princess had at length recovered from the effects of those terrible emotions which sad and gloomy reminiscences had provoked. She raised her head, and observed in a haughty tone:—

"And what, pray, do you think of the insolent language of this young preacher, gentlemen? Had he only wounded my feelings by reminding me of the deplorable state to which our power and authority have fallen, I could have forgotten that he had expressed himself in a manner not permitted a single subject in my presence; but he has our secret, and must be disposed of in some way!"

Edward rose and awaited his doom with dignity. The ministers regarded each other in silence, but none seemed sufficiently bold to offer any suggestion, or, in fact, to pronounce a word, when Miss Elliott, who, during that scene, had experienced every kind of moral suffering, advanced to the middle of the circle which had been formed around the Princess, and cried despairingly:—

"I was right, your Highness, when I informed you that Mr. Falkland would not, could not accept such a mission! But I implore you, madam, to have pity on, and pardon him! He is faithful, loyal, and generous; I swear to you he will not betray your secret!"

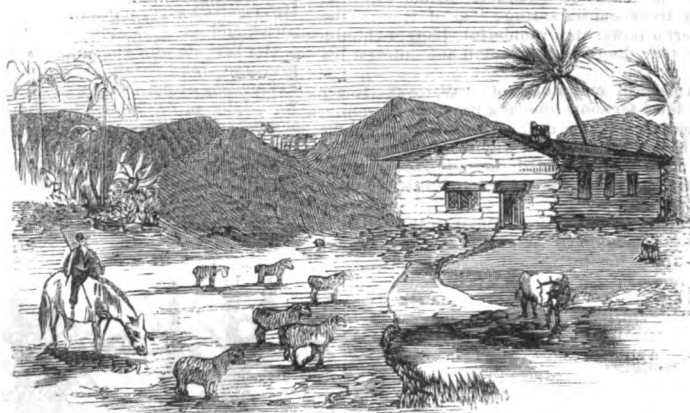
"Are you about to recommence your swoons and whinings, miss?" interrupted the Princess, sharply; "I am absolutely tired of all this weeping and sobbing, and it was only by dint of your importuning me that I consented to bring you hither. You will perceive," she added, ill humouredly, "that if we are to please this silly young man, we must consent to dispense with the measures which our repose and that of the State require, and that is utterly impossible!"

That inexorable response did not calm the generous ardour of the sweet girl.

"May God preserve the State and render your life both long and happy, madam!" she continued courageously; "but I conjure your Highness to permit me to represent to you that it is not necessary to cast this unhappy young man into a state prison for the purpose of insuring his discretion. He is a gentleman, and every reliance may be placed on his parole. I, who know how noble, reserved, and generous he is, can guarantee that he will not disclose your secret."

Then perceiving that the nobleman by whom she was surrounded appeared astonished at the warmth of manner in which she defended Edward:—

To be continued.



TOMBS IN NUBIA.

NUBIA.

THE now desert land of Nubia must, in some unchronicled age, have ranked high among the kingdoms of the world. Everywhere vast ruins of a long past splendour are discovered to the astonishment and admiration of the traveller. The inhabitants are still, generally, very handsome, muscular, and of good feature. They are a warlike people, Esau-like, their hand is ready to be turned against every man. A boy's first purchase is a short crooked knife, not as in Europe, for purposes of amusement and recreation, but to be used against any one who gives him the slightest provocation.

Nubia is bounded by the Nile, Abyssinia, and the Red Sea. It is, with few exceptions, one vast waste of rock and sand. That portion which rests on the banks of the Nile is divided into a great number of petty kingdoms, each under the sway

of its own Melek. Here grain, tobacco, and a great variety of vegetables are plentifully produced. The palm tree is also the source of considerable wealth to its cultivators.

An immeasurable tract of country between the Red Sea and the Nile is totally uninhabited. There is not a single permanent residence within the wide domain of this dreary waste. There are valleys with a few trickling streams which afford a feeble support to some little herbage, but they are only halting stations for the caravans of the wanderers. At the southern extremity of this sandy desert is the district of Berbera, containing four pretty large villages. The inhabitants are engaged in carrying on the trade between the coast and the interior of Africa. Our illustration exhibits the rude necropolis of Berber.

SUPERSTITION IN A REPUBLIC.

THE existence of gross superstition in America is almost beyond the power of political philosophy to explain. The free Republican who but a few short years ago disenthralled himself from the accustomed authority of an hereditary sceptre, is the prostrate worshipper of every theological delusion. Quakers, Shakers, Ranters, Mormonites, Millerites, and hundreds of similar perverters of the perspicuous text of the Scriptures find in the great Republic of the Western hemisphere thousands of deluded followers.

A new invention, under the title of "Rapping," has had its votaries and its profits likewise. We subjoin the following report from the pages of the *Buffalo Courier*, the editor of which vouches for its truth. The narrative will explain the matter.

"A young man called, a day or two since, upon the ladies in whose keeping are the Rochester spirits. His bearing was sad, and his voice was tremulous with emotion. Sorrow was in his countenance, and a weed was on his hat. He sighed as he took a seat, and the by-standers pitied him as they saw him draw forth a spotless handkerchief and wipe away a tear that gathered in his eye. After a few moments of silence he took one of the ladies aside, and requested, if consistent, to be put in communication with the spiritual essence of his mother, and here he wiped his eyes rapidly and sobbed.

"A period of quiet elapsed and a knock was heard, signifying that the desired correspondence could be had, and with a hesitating voice the young man commenced questioning the invisible one.

"How long had I gone before you died?"

"A length of time was stated.

"Where are you now, mother? Are you happy?"

"The knocking indicated that the spirit was at rest.

"Are those of your friends who have gone before with you?"

"They are," said the knocking.

"Then you can recognise them perfectly?"

"The noise certified the affirmative.

"Can you see me at all times when you wish?"

The raps proclaimed the perpetual clearness of the shaker's vision in that respect.

The gentleman seemed relieved, and the spectators stood overwhelmed with wonder.

Taking his hat, the mourner arose, thanked the ladies, and as he stood in the door quietly remarked—

"I have been very much entertained, as no doubt my mother herself will be, for I left her at home not half an hour since, basting a turkey for dinner!"

THE EASY PROMISER.—There are men who can never say no, who yet are as far from doing, as if they had used with emphasis that significant particle. They will promise you anything, be it by word or writing; perhaps faithfully meant at the time, but always with an apparent intention of performance; and yet without the slightest forethought as to their ability and but little remorse at the consequences of the necessary, or voluntary, violation of their plighted faith. Prophantus belongs to this anomalous class. "Have you any money to-day?" said a friend to him. "I am unexpectedly caught by a draft, and shall be miserable if I cannot meet it." "Oh! certainly, my dear sir, I'll send you my check by twelve o'clock;" but three arrived and Prophantus had never thought of it more. This promiser, on leaving his friend, met with Marcia. "My daughters," said she, "are going to the fancy ball to night, and rely on your escort and carriage." "Most proud to wait on them. I shall be with you, in my carriage, punctually at nine, you may rely on me;" but Prophantus was in Washington by that hour, the ladies, and the ball, and the carriage, never having occurred to him, after the necessity, real or imaginary, of leaving town presented itself. But these are minor evils compared with the thousand that might be named as consequent on the forgotten, or violated promises of Prophantus, and his numerous class.

FALSEHOOD.—It is more from carelessness about truth, than from intentional lying, that there is so much falsehood in the world.—*Dr. Johnson.*

THE FOUNDER OF A STATE.

It is interesting and instructive, while gazing on the labyrinth of human affairs, to mark, in countless instances, what "great events from trivial causes spring;" as if it were the pleasure of a superior power that wonderful changes should, from time to time, take their rise from small and unregarded beginnings.

Among the American emigrants of 1630 was Roger Williams, who officiated for some time as a pastor in Plymouth. His unflinching assertion of the rights of conscience, and the new views which he developed of the rights of the nature of religious liberty, had early attracted the attention of the learned men of the colony, and excited the hostility of a great portion of the people.

Ultimately, at Salem, where he had repaired, the sentence of banishment was pronounced against him. For more

than three months he became a houseless wanderer in the woods. It was well for him that his philanthropic spirit had previously led him to cultivate the friendship of the Indians. He received a cordial welcome from Massasoit and Canonius, and was ever afterwards their advocate and friend.

His first attempt at a settlement was at Seehoute, where he procured land from Onamaquin, the chief Pachem of Pokanoket. Apprized by his friends that this place was within the jurisdiction of Plymouth colony, he descended the river till he came to a place called by the Indians Moos-hansick, where he and a few friends were hospitably received. Not far from the landing, Roger Williams built his house and began his plantation. In 1638 a deed of Canonius and Miantonomoh confirmed his possession of the land. Thus the persecuted exile, the solitary wanderer, at length became the founder of a state.



COCKNEY TRIP TO CALAIS AND BOULOGNE.

(Concluded.)

We, however, contrived to make out, rather from the pantomime than the speech of those from whom we sought information, that taking the first lane leading from the town, we had to turn to the left, and then to the right. After what we thought a long walk, we succeeded in reaching an enclosure, over which the word "Wauxhall" appeared in letters sufficiently large to be read, though it was now dusk. We, however, in vain looked for the variegated lamps, and other specimens of French festive splendour which we had anticipated would be there found. "All," to use the elegantly figurative language of Henrietta, "was gloomy as night, and silent as the grave."

I approached the house belonging to the concern, and looking through the window, perceived several persons engaged in conversation, but saw no money-taker. I turned to the right, and gained the entrance of a garden laid out in winding allies, and was disposed to go forward, when both my companions declared against the temerity of such a proceeding. They went back, and were in a moment past the gate; I followed, and just then the door of the house opened. This alarming circumstance completed our rout. The women, dreaming of robbery, assassination, and I know not what else, set off with a run. I scampered after to afford them protection. We were all beginning to slacken our pace, when somebody else was heard running in the same direction. This suggested a new trial of speed to Mrs. Higgins and my sister, and, without resting, we continued our most disorderly retreat.

We subsequently found that "Wauxhall" had closed for

the season, and my wife good-naturedly remarked, that she supposed it was the knowledge of that fact which had made me so willing to take them there that evening.

Consoled by the substantial merits of a hearty supper, and refreshed by sleep, the next morning saw Henrietta and Mrs. Higgins in much better spirits, and in rather better temper.

On paying the reckoning, I found that civilization had crossed the Channel, and that Mr. Lawson of the Crown was as clever at making out a bill as his brethren of THE BAR at Dover. His charges, though I bring no very serious ones against him, did not exactly realize my idea of "living for nothing in France."

At eleven o'clock the *land-o* made its appearance. My wife, who, in defence of her choice of that mode of travelling, had been saying "when she *did* travel, she liked to go in a little style," stared as the vehicle approached. It was drawn by three horses, which were attached to it by ropes, on one of which a wry-necked postilion was seated. The body was a dirty, heavy-looking thing, with two or three holes in the leather. These properly mended, it would have been almost sufficiently respectable for a workhouse sedan.

Such was my remark to Mrs. Higgins, who, with her sister, having been clamorous in its favour, did not scruple now to vote it a very genteel conveyance. The proprietor, who attended as before, with his cigar, assured me "it would be at Boulogne in three hours—*Puff!*"—"Puff!" indeed!" thinks I; "but if this proves true, to quote a well known classic,"—I glanced at *The Adelphi*—"your vehicle, though a rum-one to look at, is a good one to go."

Instead of one stranger, the smoker had exerted himself to procure us two fellow-passengers. There was, however,

plenty of room for all; and having seated myself between Mrs. H. and Henrietta, off we went. The wind was high, and, occasionally pouring through the chinks of our carriage, converted the silk cloaks of my companions into perfect balloons. Every five minutes one or other of them had this visitation. The starting forward when it came—the sudden increase in size—and the irregular flutter then accompanying it—gave me the idea of a hen rushing to battle in defence of her only chicken, which, to make the figure complete, I considered myself to personate.

We reached Marquise at about four o'clock. There we were refreshed with a scanty dinner, and a view of the exploits of Buonaparte, which graced the walls. While at our repast the cry of a child was heard. It appeared to come from a press which stood in the apartment, and which Mrs. Higgins forthwith proceeded to open, and found a "pretty little dear," as she called the squaller, who had just waked. She took it into her arms to quiet the miniature Frenchman, when the child, instead of being soothed by her civil attentions, screamed ten times louder than before. This brought the landlady to its relief, and to mine. She wore a tall pointed cap, which was equal to more than half her own stature. When she took the child, it was still in a moment. It was the English low bonnet of Mrs. Higgins that filled the urchin with alarm, only to be dispelled by the appalling head dress, as it would have proved to an infant of the same age on our side of the Channel, worn by its mother. That such was the case was obvious to us all. Mrs. Higgins could not help snarling at the "ugly little brat," as the "pretty little dear" was now dubbed, and thought it proved, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the children in that part of France are far behind us in matters of taste.

We had not to complain of being hurried. The fact is, the poor horses which were to have carried us to Boulogne in three hours were so jaded by coming half the distance, that after our arrival at Marquise, it was more than two hours before the driver thought them sufficiently rested to proceed. We had rather significantly intimated our impatience, when the word to advance was given, and our journey at length resumed under the direction of our wry-necked conductor, on whom, by the bye, I remarked more than once, with good applause, that though his brain was turned, his head was always right.

We reached Boulogne about seven o'clock in the evening, and were driven to *Rue de Pot d'étain*, which, without the slightest assistance, I translated "Pewter-Pot-street." Our carriage stopped at the *Royal Oak*, and we soon found ourselves in a very elegant and commodious apartment.

Having written to our friends in England, to acquaint them with our happy arrival, as also to give them our remarks on the climate of France, and on the manners, customs, and religion of its inhabitants, the next thing was to seek my friend Weston, who had kindly offered to show us the lions. I soon found the way to *Rue Bellerre*, and luckily both he and his lady were at home. I met with a most friendly reception; but the moment the parlour door was opened, the dog, though an old acquaintance in England, flew furiously at me, and this was the signal for Mrs. Weston to attack her husband. He, poor man, felt himself called upon, in the same moment, to answer the lady, to welcome me, and to admonish Pincher. The Babel-like confusion, which this produced, can hardly be described. I will set down the phrases uttered, in the order, as nearly as possible, in which they struck on my tympanum (the dog continuing to bark), leaving the reader to guess from whom they proceeded.

"There's your dog again, Mr. Weston; why don't you check him?" "It's Higgins, I declare—my dear, how can I help it?" "Higgins, how do you do?" "Get out, you rascal." "How do you do, Madam?" "Mr. Higgins speaks to you, my dear." "Stop his noise." "I'm very glad to see you." "Get down stairs, you scoundrel!" "I was afraid you would not come this year." "Betty, drive him down stairs."

I picked out the courteous phrases for myself, leaving the others for the dog; and Pincher having been disposed of, every thing went on very smoothly, and I had only to regret having already fixed myself in "Pewter-Pot-street," and being consequently unable to avail myself of a pressing invitation to take up my abode altogether in the *Rue Bellerre*.

Then began the grand business of the journey. Mrs. Weston undertook to show my companions the best shops, and they were nothing slow to prove their goodness. Silk and satins, Leghorn bonnets, which would make covers for my large loo-table; rings, etc., etc., etc., came rapidly in, while the money, even though we were in France, went rapidly out. Determined to buy something that was really useful, I bargained for two silk waistcoats for myself, an

umbrella, and two scent bottles, which, though I purchased them, my wife admitted to be truly elegant.

My social disposition prevented me from refusing the invitations which were every day brought me from my friend Weston. However deficient I may be in politeness, as my wife often tells me I am, Weston is an ungrateful fellow if he says I was at all remiss in eating his dinners. I am sure, for my own part, that I am much too considerate to require any friend to be more punctual in that respect than I was.

We visited the theatre, which we found a tolerably spacious but dirty barn. The actors seemed clever, and we laughed with the rest of audience, though we could not tell exactly what about. We were particularly struck with the industry of the box-keeper or box-keeperess (for it was a female), who was mending stockings in the corridor. She, and an apple-woman, belonging to the theatre, afterwards favoured us with their company in the boxes, which made things very agreeable, and proved them not less polished than the functionaries of the same description who help to people the larger edifices of Covent Garden and Drury Lane.

We visited the rooms, as they called a very jenny watering-place sort of concern by the sea-side, and also the column. I picked up a piece of the stone of which the latter is composed, which I intended exhibiting to all my friends as a great curiosity.

The wonderful bargains which we met with every day soon enabled me to travel without the slightest inconvenience from the overloaded weight of my pockets. My bill at the *Royal Oak*, though admired by the ladies as wonderfully cheap, was somewhat higher than the charge at a genteel tavern in England. Seven francs each for a moderate dinner, when we had the decency to stay away from Weston's, and nine francs per day for our rooms, met my wife's ideas of "living for nothing in France" exactly, but greatly exceeded my expectations; and finding that I had to put my hand in my pocket every hour in the day, I could not refrain, in one of my humorous moments, from observing, that I had "put my foot in it."

But Mrs. Higgins promptly remarked upon this, before Henrietta, who was also on the alert, had time to utter a word, that I was very careful there with my family, but I was not so in London, when going to tavern dinners, and wasting my money with a parcel of menlike myself.

"Hang it," said I, "I think I have been pretty liberal. Have I not bought you lots of silk?"

"Silk!" cried my wife.

"Stuff!" exclaimed Henrietta, and then at the same moment uniting their voices—

"And what of that?"

"Why then," said I, "I have laid out enough."

It was, however, necessary to make a stand against buying more bargains, for my wife wanted every thing she saw.

I was not sorry when the day came for returning to Dover. We got on board the Packet between seven and eight in the morning, and had the pleasure of finding that there was no lack of company, as there were a hundred and twenty persons besides ourselves, three carriages and two horses.

We had a rough, but short passage. As we entered Dover harbour, I went down to ask the ladies how they did. They began with most dismal looks, to tell what they had suffered, and how unkind I had been. I excused myself by assuring them that I had been all but dead. I expressed great concern at their distress, and was really hurt at learning that the sea, at one period of the voyage, had almost washed my wife's pelisse, which was new a short time before we resolved on this excursion, off her back, and made its way to the silk for her dress, which she wore round her waist, to escape the notice of the gentry at the custom house.

Arrived at home, I was shortly seated before a comfortable fire, enjoying a paper and a glass of grog, with all the comforts characteristic of an English fireside.

There is one advantage which I obtained by my visit to France. It enabled me to use a high tone at my club, and caused many of the members to treat me with a marked degree of respect.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.—A young gentleman having attempted many ways in vain to acquire the affections of a lady of great fortune, at last was resolved to try what could be done by the help of music, and therefore entertained her with a serenade under her window at midnight; but she ordered her servants to drive him away by throwing stones at him. "Oh, my friend," said one of his companions, "your music is as powerful as that of Orpheus, for it draws the very stones about it."

IMPORTANCE OF GRAMMAR.

In the introduction to an old Oxford Latin Grammar, it is elegantly said that "Grammar is the sacrist that bears the key of knowledge, by whom alone admittance can be had to the temple of the muses and treasures of the arts." Bishop Lowth, the father of English Grammar, styles it "the basis on which all literature ought to rest." Is it because difficulties present themselves that these assurances have no weight, that grammar is so little sought after and so seldom acquired? Let it be remembered, that he who shrinks from difficulties in a necessary pursuit, is wanting in vigour and manliness. In our day the difficulties attending the study of grammar are so few as not to be worth enumeration. Sidney, in his *Defence of Poesy*, indeed, tells us that "it was a piece of the tower of Babylon's curse, that a man should be put to school to learn his mother tongue." But this was only true when our language was in its infancy, and our learned men wrote in Latin, and constructed English grammars for Latin scholars. No one of any pretensions to sense and industry can complain of inability to acquire grammar. When Theon asked of Epicurus—"Who can hope to rival Zeno?" "You!" answered the sage. "Why should you not? you have innocence—you have sensibility—you have enthusiasm—you have ambition. With what better promise could Zeno begin his career? Courage, my son. Without confidence Homer had never written his *Iliad*—no, nor would Zeno now be worshipped in his portico."

No subject possesses greater facilities for study than grammar. If Lavater, Blumenbach, and Gall beheld their sciences in every face and frame and head, the grammarian is not less surrounded by the materials of his art, for in privacy sentences issue from himself, and in public they fall on his ear.

No department of knowledge is like grammar. A person may conceal his ignorance of any other art—but every time he speaks, he publishes his ignorance of this. Other arts may be practised occasionally, but the art of speaking must be practised continually. Is it not strange that what all must do hourly, few care to do correctly? There can be no greater imputation on the intelligence of any man, than that he should talk from the cradle to the tomb, and never talk well.

To acquire grammar, resolution is all that is wanted. Not that vacillating thing made in one hour and forgotten the next, but a resolution possessing a little persistency, a determination that cannot make excuses, and that will not see difficulties. There is no art or science can baffle this. The Rev. Mr. Gillespie, of America, in his "Lectures to Young Men, on the Formation of Character," says very forcibly, "*I can't do it*" never did anything—"I'll try" has worked wonders—and "*I will do it*" has performed prodigies.

The acquisition of grammar is indispensable, and ought to be the first of all undertakings. It is a glorious advantage, and introduces its possessor to the noblest of all republics—the republic of literature.

He who has not energy for the acquirement of grammar ought to suspect himself. It is a question of choice between present application and lasting incapacity—between the industry of a few weeks and the blunders of a whole life.

LONDON BREWERIES.

Among the host of curiosities to be seen in London, nothing can be more interesting than paying a visit to the great breweries. The greater quantity of Scotch barley is distilled into whiskey, for which 1,300,000 quarters are yearly required. Nearly 4,000,000 qrs. are malted into porter and ales. The London brewers get supplied with English barley principally from Norfolk, and likewise from the Continent. There are in all 2,460 brewers in the United Kingdom, the principal of whom, as every one knows, carry on their business in London. The following is a statement of the malt used by several of the most eminent brewers last year, which is about an average for some years past:—

Qrs	Qrs
Barclay, Perkins, and Co. 115,542	Calvert and Co. 22,630
Hanbury and Co. 105,022	Mann and Co. 24,030
Munn and Co. 59,617	Charrington and Co. 22,023
Reid and Co. 56,640	Thorne and Co. 21,916
Whitbread and Co. 51,500	Taylor and Co. 15,870
Combe and Co. 43,282	

"In order to satisfy my curiosity to the fullest," says a writer in the *Agricultural Journal*, "I resolved on seeing the largest of these establishments, which I was enabled to do more satisfactorily from the circumstance of meeting with an old acquaintance, whose ability and integrity have placed him in a very responsible situation in this eminent house. I shall not, however, pretend to give any minute description either of the mass of buildings or of interior operations, as such would,

were I capable of giving it, be both tedious and uninteresting. At the time of my visit there were 600 quarters of malt brewed daily. Among the many vats to be seen, one was pointed out to me containing 3,500 barrels of porter, which, at the selling price, would yield 9,000*l*. There are 180 horses employed in the cartage department, which are a show of themselves. They are brought principally from Flanders, and cost from 50*l*. to 80*l*. each. There are annually consumed by these horses 5,000 qrs. of oats, beans, or other grain, which is bruised; 450 tons of clover, and 170 tons of straw for litter. The manure, spent hops, and other refuse, are let yearly. The sum paid the current year is 75*l*.; and the lessee employs the railway company to take it from the premises to his farm. On an average, there are weekly 18 tons of stable manure, and 37 tons of refuse, chiefly spent hops, which is about 1*s*. 7*d*. per ton for the manure, and all the rest for nothing. There are four partners in this house, who conduct every department of it in the most liberal manner; an example of which may be given in the fact, as stated to me, that they pay their head brewer a salary of 1,000*l*."

M A Y.

Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May—
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,
With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.
Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May—
Longing to escape from study,
To the young face fair and ruddy,
And the thousand charms belonging,
To the summer's day.
Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May—
Sighing for their sure returning,
When the summer beams are burning,
Hopes and flowers that dead or dying
All the winter lay.
Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May.

Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the May—
Throbbing for the sea-side billows
Or the water-wooling willows;
Where in laughing and in sobbing
Glide the streams away.
Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
Throbbing for the May.

Waiting sad, dejected, weary,
Waiting for the May.
Spring goes by with wasted warnings,
Moonlit evenings, sun-bright mornings:
Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
Life still ebbs away:
Man is ever weary, weary,
Waiting for the May.

USEFUL RECIPES.

(From the Receipt Book for the Million.)

TO REVIVE A DULL FIRE.—Powdered nitre strewed on the fire, is the best bellows that can be used.

CEMENT FOR WOOD OR PAPER.—Dissolve some isinglass in a small quantity of gin or proof spirit, by a gentle heat, and preserve it in a bottle for use.

RATS AND MICE.—The asphodel is useful in driving away rats and mice, which have such an antipathy to this plant that if their holes be stopped up with it they will rather die than pass.

TO SOFTEN IVORY.—Slice half a pound of mandrake and put it into a quart of the best vinegar, into which immerse your ivory; let it stand in a warm place for forty-eight hours and you will then be enabled to bend the ivory into any required form.

PASTE FOR RAZOR STROPS.—Take oxide of tin levigated one ounce, saturated solution of oxalic acid sufficient to form a paste. This composition is to be rubbed over the strop, and when dry, a little water may be added; the oxalic acid having a great affinity for iron, a little friction with this powder gives a fine edge to a razor.

CAMERA SKETCHES.

HELENSBURGH is situated in a beautiful bay on the north banks of the Clyde, and is usually reached by the steamer from Greenock, being immediately opposite the latter town. On a clear day, the view in approaching this fashionable watering-place is very fine. The beautiful scenery of the Holy Loch is seen to the north-west; while immediately before you are the wooded shores of Rossneath Point, which stretches out, dividing the Gairloch from Loch Long. The peninsula is two miles broad and seven long; and in the course of half an hour from starting the little pier is reached.

Helensburgh was so called by the lord of the manor, who named it after his lady Helen. It is composed of a long strip of small houses and shops, neat villas and cottages fringing the Clyde for more than three miles, in the centre of which rises a newly built church with a neat square tower, just at the water's edge. There are small streets intersecting this



HELENSBURGH.

main artery, and leading to an eminence behind the village, on which numerous villas and cottages are built, or are in progress. Helensburgh has risen rapidly into importance, probably from its contiguity to Greenock, and the mildness of its climate; and is now considered one of the most select watering-places of the Clyde.

The view of the Clyde all along the Helensburgh Parade is very fine; it is here about five miles across and immediately opposite is the coast of Renfrew; with the town of Greenock; while, a little to the west, is seen the cluster of houses in the bay, constituting the village of Gourcock, with the Rossneath Point jut-

ting out immediately in front of it, and the beautiful background formed by the Argyllshire hills.

A number of beautiful excursions may be made from this place, either to Dumbarton and the usual route to Loch Lomond, or strolling from the village along the western banks to Luss, and so to the Rowardennan ferry.—*Sylvan's Handbook.*

THE DYING GIRL.

Life passes from me, Mother, oh! so rapidly away,
Ethereal voices speak to me, they will not let me stay.
Oh! there are dark forebodings all entwined around my heart,
And they tell me, dearest mother, that thou and I shall part.

Oh! let me see the sunshine, and the gay and glorious earth,
With all its bright and beautiful just budding into birth.
They told me when the spring time came with songs of birds and flowers
That I should rally and revive amid its genial hours.

They told me—but it was not true—I feel its falsehood now,
The signet of the shadowy land is set upon my brow.
It is a long, long journey I am going all alone:
The pathway to the spirit-world is distant and unknown.

Nay, mother, dearest mother, nay, I would not have thee weep,
Oh! is it not a gentle thing to lay one down and sleep,
Away from all the weariness, the sorrow, and the pain,
Which makes the fairest things of life so empty and so vain?

I would not have thee mourn for me, and grieve when I am gone,
For when thy star of life shall set, and time of death draw on,
Thou'lt join me where, in glorious realms, those regions of the blest,
“The wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.”

The shades are gathering o'er me fast, mother—I cannot see!
Life's bark is tossed upon the waves of lone eternity.
The waters rise around me, they engulf my gurgling breath,
This is the hour of agony, this is the night of death!

EMILY VARDELL.

PENNY ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

PRESENTED GRATUITOUSLY

On the 8th of June,

A SPLENDID ENGRAVING

OF

THE SCHOOLBOY,

As described by Shakespeare in his “Seven Ages.”

“The whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face,
Creeping like snail,
Unwillingly to school.”

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*. Letters for the Editor must in future be addressed to 170, Fleet-street.

H. C. F.—You duly appreciate the difficulties of an editor. We do our best, we wish to do still better; which sounds like an impossibility, if you forget that an increase of sale will increase our power in the enlarging of the paper and the purchase of literary and artistic embellishments. This would be doing better.

Admiral.—The “Alpine Sorceress” was brought to a close six or seven numbers back. Pray see that you have consecutive numbers. If this journal is enlarged, it will retain the same size in length and breadth, in order to make a volume with preceding numbers. The number of pages would be increased.

T. R. J. (Yeovil).—If you will read the answers to correspondents inserted for the last four weeks you will learn our views respecting the close of the first volume. Full instructions will, in good time, be given regarding the binding, contents, &c.

E. C. P.—How friendly and yet how untemperably fierce! Wait like Job (with patience), and the last estate of this journal will be better than the first. We know when our literary contributions and our pictorial illustrations are good, and when they are otherwise. We are not in the same sphere with those pestiferous prints which can well afford, from their vast and polluting sale, to expend large sums on pictorial illustrations and on a degraded literature. We address our pages to the pure, and claim from them that amount of patronage which will enable us to send them a periodical second to none in artistic beauty and literary ability, while it will be untainted with the ill-disguised pollutions of many

T. B.—The back numbers are still to be had at the charge of one penny.

J. P.—In our reply to E. C. P. you will find some remarks on your suggestion.

Xit.—You will find we have commenced publishing select recipes. We will, from week to week, continue the series.

J. C. D.—Mr. Dipple, of Holywell-street, Strand, London, is the publisher of a Handbook on Swimming. Your local bookseller can get it for you.

J. S. R. (Chester).—Shakespeare died on his fifty-third birthday in the year 1616.

H. B.—We observe that the name of the royal infant is to be Arthur Patrick Albert. The first and last are referable to the Hero of a hundred fights and the projector of the great exhibition of 1851; but what Patrick means we know not; some of the papers say that it is in honour of Ireland. This seems somewhat facetious: perhaps a title of Duke of Cork or Earl Cove would have better answered the purpose. Her Majesty's next happy event may turn up the euphonious name of Scotland's tutelary saint; but one would rather have her grandfather's manner of managing these matters.

S. B. (Ormskirk).—Your scheme of reform is amiable but altogether impracticable. The aristocrat of Belgravia would be well clothed with the grey coat of an Irish peasant and would save forty guineas a year; but though he likes money and frequently feels pressure from the want of it, he will not wear the Hibernian fabric. You cannot overthrow custom by a quiet piece of advice.

An Admirer.—Do not send us anagrams, rebuses, conundrums, or any letter tricks or word puns. Johnson said that the man who made a pun would pick a pocket. This was the blunder of a hasty mind; but everyone who is earnest in the pursuit of knowledge finds punning a very paltry entertainment, an interruption to mental business, and a painful distortion of fact. If you are fairly ambitious to be in print, pray then study closely some of the peculiarities of the mind in its operations, or of society in its various phases, write your views at length; study, condense, and rewrite them, then you may be in a position to form an opinion of their merits, and of the likelihood of a publisher or an editor being willing to present them to the world. We are, day after day, inundated with the fruits of an unprofitable industry in the various forms of bastard literature, which we thus honestly condemn in you.

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ONE PENNY.
POST FREE, 2d.



NAPOLEON CROSSING THE ALPS.—SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

THE legitimate drama, in the classic tragedy and comedy form, has been superseded among the higher orders by the nightingales of the opera, and, among the lower orders, by panoramic and dioramic illustrations. Month after month brings forth its new pictorial wonder in its vast proportions. The giant rivers of the western continent—the overland route to the eastern peninsula—the Nile—and now, the dauntless hero leading the army of Italy over the great international

barrier, the Alps, have been in rapid succession (with many others) presented to a patronising public.

This great artistic exhibition is from Mr. Danson's laboratory, and upholds the fame which was readily accorded on his production last year of the storming and capture of Badajoz at the Surrey Gardens. The whole picture is very effectively contrived, and executed with the most signal success. The problem of painting against the real sky hanging over the borough of Southwark is triumphantly solved by Mr. Danson, for every spectator finds it no easy task to determine what is

picture and what is the true celestial—when, in fact, art ends and nature begins.

The scenic arrangement during the progress of the exhibition is admirably adapted to impress one with the magnificence and fearful grandeur of the Alpine regions, and the indomitable spirit of the warrior who planned and successfully carried out this almost impracticable road to the smiling plains of Lombardy. A portion of the French army is *seen en bivouac*, presently the troops commence their ascending march. As they ascend, the perspective is so managed that the figures become, in a natural degree, less and less, illustrative of distance, and in keeping with the hues of the surrounding scenery. The exhibition concludes with a colossal transparency, fifty feet high, representing Napoleon, on horseback, cheering on his dauntless soldiery. We have had an engraving prepared of this very effective drawing as it is displayed at these gardens.

THE BROTHERS:

AN HISTORICAL TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER VI.—continued.

"Gentlemen," she continued, bursting into tears, "I was the first cause of hurrying him to the brink of that fearful abyss into which he has fallen. It was I who prevailed on him to quit the country, where he was living calm and happy, to engage him in those terrible intrigues; and yet I loved him, oh! fondly; I loved him as never, perhaps, was mortal loved before; but, alas! I have been basely, infamously deceived!"

Tears prevented her speaking further, and the Princess remarked coldly:—

"In truth, gentlemen, I am sorry to have summoned you hither to treat of an enterprise which interests the kingdom, and only to occupy you with the affairs of one of my maids of honour and a country gentleman; be assured, however, that I am as little edified with this spectacle as yourselves."

With livid face and flashing eyes Alfred approached the Princess, and remarked in an animated tone:—

"I beg to inform your Highness that I have been as much disappointed as any one by the feigned simplicity of this wretched young man. He has basely abused my confidence, and broken his solemn vows; but I trust you will not consider the design, which your faithful servants have conceived, hopeless, as I will guarantee to find a gentleman who will execute it without conditions or questions. With regard to this affair, I shall not object to the just punishment which your Highness may deem expedient to inflict on those who have betrayed you."

"Punish this insolent young man!" exclaimed the Princess, disdainfully; "my vengeance cannot descend so low. Let these gentlemen dispose of him; I abandon him to them."

"Madam," observed Asley, hastily, "I scarcely know this young man; I saw him, in short, for the first time yesterday, and I admit he has acted and spoken in a manner that, had he been a personage of greater importance, it would have been deemed high treason; but he is only culpable through ignorance and folly. *Me*, therefore, your Highness considers my services to have been worthy of a faithful and loyal subject, I entreat you not to suffer that poor fellow to be chastised too severely for his temerity. I am indebted to him for the preservation, perhaps, of my life; besides, his discourse appears to be inspired by a generous sentiment, although absurd and unbecoming; and I think, madam, it would be sufficient to require of this young gentleman a promise that he will not reveal to any one what he knows of this affair, as I do not fear being responsible for his discretion."

"Oh! thanks, thanks, Colonel," murmured Emma.

Young Falkland bowed respectfully to his defender, by way of thanking him. The courtiers consulted each other in an under tone relative to the manner in which Edward should be disposed of: some suggested the Tower as the most fitting place to render any indiscretion on the part of the young man impracticable; nevertheless, as none seemed disposed to come to an open rupture with the Colonel, and as the Princess, although she averted her head with affected indifference, was

evidently inclined to the side of clemency, they would doubtless have decided upon granting to the soldier what he demanded, when Sir Alfred abruptly interfered:—

"Gentlemen," said he firmly, "if, by a favour of the royal clemency, my brother is not to suffer any kind of punishment for his audacious conversation and unwarrantable conduct, I consider it my duty to dispose of him as I think proper, since I am his elder brother and natural tutor."

"Every link is for ever broken between us, sir!" exclaimed Edward indignantly; "all the favours you may formerly have bestowed on me are for ever effaced from my memory by your infamous conduct towards me. You are no longer my brother; henceforth I do not know you."

"A family scene now, I presume," observed the Princess derisively.

"In the name of Heaven! gentlemen," cried Emma, addressing the courtiers, "do not abandon this poor young man to the merciless tyranny of his unnatural brother. He has already sought to sacrifice him to his insatiable ambition, and God alone knows what he may have in reserve for him. And you, madam," she continued, turning to the Princess, "will remember how bravely this young man comported himself in your cause only yesterday, and the sorrow you had begun to feel for the youth of my friend. Were you to accord him an entire freedom, madam, you would have no servant more faithful and loyal."

In spite of the insensibility and coldness the Princess usually exhibited in public, she was kind at heart; her anger was blind, violent, and terrible, but seldom of long duration, and, the first moment passed, never formidable. The tears and supplicating tone of Emma sensibly affected her, and she would probably have accorded Edward an entire pardon when the indefatigable and merciless Alfred again caused her to pause.

"Madam," said he to the Princess, pointing to the young girl with a gesture of contempt, "does your Highness know what she is who asks such a favour, loads me with invectives, and brands me with the name of traitor in your presence? Are you aware what evils that trembling young girl has been the means of causing the State in her quality of maid of honour and confidant of your Highness?"

"What have you to say in reply?" demanded the astounded Princess.

"Sir Alfred!" exclaimed Miss Elliott, confounded.

"You have not kept your promise," continued Alfred, with rage; "instead of prevailing on this young man to perform his duty, you have represented to him in the most odious light an action which may save the State; I am, consequently, at liberty to disclose to the Princess a secret to which chance afforded me a clue, and which, for a time, placed you at my discretion. Know then, madam, that Miss Elliott, on whom you have lavished every kind of favour and privilege, daily betrays your confidence, each day—"

"May the peace of heaven be with you!" suddenly interrupted a sonorous voice, which appeared to emanate from the midst of the assembly.

It would be utterly impossible to describe the agitation and alarm this unforeseen incident produced among the courtiers; every look was spontaneously directed towards the door, and a vague expression of terror was perceptible on each countenance. The Princess herself, despite the interest she took in Sir Alfred's revelations, motioned him to cease speaking, and rapidly rose in the most intense consternation. At the same moment the new comer entered, and scarcely had he advanced a step in the oratory when they recognised in him Bishop Juxon.

"The Bishop is always welcome near us," observed the Princess, with forced gaiety; "but I must acknowledge that I was far from expecting him at the present moment."

"What is there in my presence to astonish your Highness, then?" said the bishop with a calm and serene air; "is it not the hour at which your Highness sometimes vouchsafes to receive your humble subject when wishing to converse on affairs of State?"

"True," replied the Princess, "but I did not think that to night—"

"To night, as is usual when your Highness does me the honour of granting me an interview," interrupted the Bishop, "I presented myself at the principal entrance, where your gentlemen-in-waiting appeared to be expecting me, and was introduced into your oratory where, I avow, I did not expect to have belied so numerous a company; I therefore beg your Highness, if there is any thing in my presence calculated to displease you, to think only of the importance of the intelligence of which I am the bearer."

"You have brought me important news," said the Prin-

cess, regarding the Bishop fixedly; "in that case, sir, have the kindness to follow me into the next apartment."

"I am at your Highness's commands; nevertheless, madam, you will probably permit me to inform you that there is not the least necessity for concealing from those gentlemen a report which will, probably, be known to every one ere long. Besides," he continued smiling, "unless I am greatly mistaken, the intelligence to which I alluded has a singular relation to the motive for which these noble personages have assembled here with your Highness."

The terror of the ministers increased as they listened to these remarks, and the Princess herself was greatly alarmed.

"I cannot understand, sir," responded Elizabeth, "how the secret of a deliberation of our official counsellors could have been known to you, unless it be through treason."

The Bishop did not appear at all dismayed by that observation.

"I trust your Highness will pardon me," he gaily replied; "but it is usual for a young maid of honour and a gentleman without any appointment at court (pointing to Edward) to be admitted into an assembly of ministers, including the Keeper of the Seals?"

And as these words appeared to redouble the discontent and embarrassment of the Princess:

"Madam," he continued more seriously, "I am not ignorant of the enterprise with which your counsellors were occupied, and although I do not approve of, and have refused to participate therein, I am not the person to ever think of revealing it. If then, contrary to established rules and etiquette, I have thus entered in the midst of your deliberations, it is because the intelligence I am about to announce to you will, I presume, render your project abortive. In a word, I have received certain information that Cromwell has been apprised of the conspiracy against his life, and that a battle has just been fought near Naseby, which ended in the total defeat of the royal army."

It will be well in this place to inform the reader, that with the battle of Naseby commenced the King's misfortunes and disgrace. The place of action was a large field, on the north-west side of Naseby, more than a mile in breadth, which was entirely occupied by the contending armies.

Preparations having been made on June 14th, 16—, at ten in the morning, the engagement began with the greatest fury; the Royalist's war-cry being "God and Queen Mary," and that of the Republicans, "God with us." Prince Rupert, who commanded the right wing of the Royalists, charged first, and engaged the parliamentarian's left wing with great courage and determination. Ireton, who commanded that wing, made a gallant resistance, but was finally compelled to give way, his horse being shot under him, and himself run through the thigh with a pike and taken prisoner; he, however, regained his liberty before the termination of the conflict. The prince pursued the enemy almost to the town of Naseby, and, on his return, summoned the train, and visited the carriages wherein he found good plunder, but this delay was most prejudicial to the Royalists; for, in the mean time, Cromwell had charged the King's left wing with great animosity and success, forcing them from the main body, which was commanded by the King in person, and following up the advantage, totally routed them and their reserve. After which, joining Fairfax, he charged the King's infantry, who had defeated the Parliamentarians and captured their artillery, and imagined they had achieved the victory; but being now in great confusion, and having no cavalry to support them, they were easily borne down by Fairfax and Cromwell. At this critical moment the King was rejoined by prince Rupert, who had returned from his fatal success; but the cavalry could not be brought to rally again in order, or with any degree of success. Despite the efforts of the King and Prince they were driven from the field by the victorious Cromwell, who pursued them to within two miles of Leicester, when the King, finding himself so closely pursued, fled from thence to Ashby-de-la-Zouch, then to Lichfield, and finally, for a safer retreat, into Wales.

Thus, by the consummate skill and indomitable courage of the brave Cromwell, the proud tyrannical Royalists received so terrible a blow that they never afterwards recovered from its terrific effects. But let us again to the oratory, and we will return to the victorious Cromwell anon.

Had a thunderbolt fallen in the midst of the assembly, it could not have produced a more awful effect on the courtiers than this fatal news. Each, believing himself nominally denounced to the victorious Cromwell, was totally unable to conceal his terror. The practical knowledge they had of similar intrigues, showed them that, sooner or later, they should be sacrificed to the rancour of him whose life they had

conspired against. All remained taciturn, and appeared as though transfixed to the spot; Sir Alfred more particularly, from the fact, perhaps, of his having been one of the principal concoctors of that base and unmanly conspiracy, and whose former treason, too, towards Cromwell's party, rendered his position still more critical. He cast a rapid glance around him, as though to seek whom he could entangle in his fall. Edward and Elizabeth alone experienced a latent pleasure on learning an event which, while precluding every possibility of the plot being executed, saved the life of the brave Cromwell, the people's friend.

"Our faithful servants need not be alarmed," at length observed the Princess, in a tone of coldness and emotion which greatly belied her words; "it is possible that we may be compelled to sue for peace with the rebel chief, but we shall never be sufficiently weak to sacrifice to him our friends. But," she continued, in a tone of severity, "before occupying ourselves with the consequences of these sad events, I request the Bishop to inform me all he may have learnt respecting this matter."

"Above all things, madam," replied the Bishop; "I consider it my duty to inform your Highness of a circumstance which will diminish your tender solicitude for those gentlemen, and which, perhaps," he added, ironically, "will afford them a little assurance. Although Cromwell has been apprised of the affair, he has not learnt the name of one who participated therein, and his suspicions will never be sufficiently well founded to furnish the basis for a solemn accusation."

This avowal reassured the courtiers to some extent; they breathed more freely, and raised their crest-fallen looks; joy shone on every countenance, and their utterance returned with the certainty that the danger was not so great as they had anticipated.

"In that case, sir," observed Sir Alfred, in an animated tone, "how does it happen that you know so much of an enterprise which was never entirely confided to you, unless you have suborned some one for the purpose of penetrating the secrets of the Princess?"

Clever as was the Bishop, that sudden question appeared to embarrass him. He hesitated to reply, and Falkland, who observed the advantage he had obtained over him, sought to complete his confusion by a single blow.

"Madam," said he to the Princess, firmly, "whatever may occur to me, I wish to afford your Highness another proof of my zeal and devotedness. The Bishop acknowledges himself that he has not been ignorant of the real facts for some time past, and I deem it my duty to inform you from what source he learns the secret projects of the court, for the purpose of revealing, or rendering them futile. Your Highness will probably recollect the subject on which we were speaking at the moment the Bishop made his appearance. You have fostered a serpent in your bosom, and that young girl, in whom you placed implicit confidence——"

The Princess cast an angry look on Emma, who trembled violently.

"Speak, sir, explain yourself," said she vehemently.

"Well! madam," resumed Sir Alfred, "do you remember who it was that recommended the Countess to your Highness?"

"Certainly, sir, the Duchess of Cleveland."

"The Duchess of Cleveland and her daughter," continued Falkland, pointing to the Bishop, "are, as all London knows, friends of the Bishop; and the Duchess, being Miss Elliott's protectrice——"

He again paused; the Princess stamped violently on the floor.

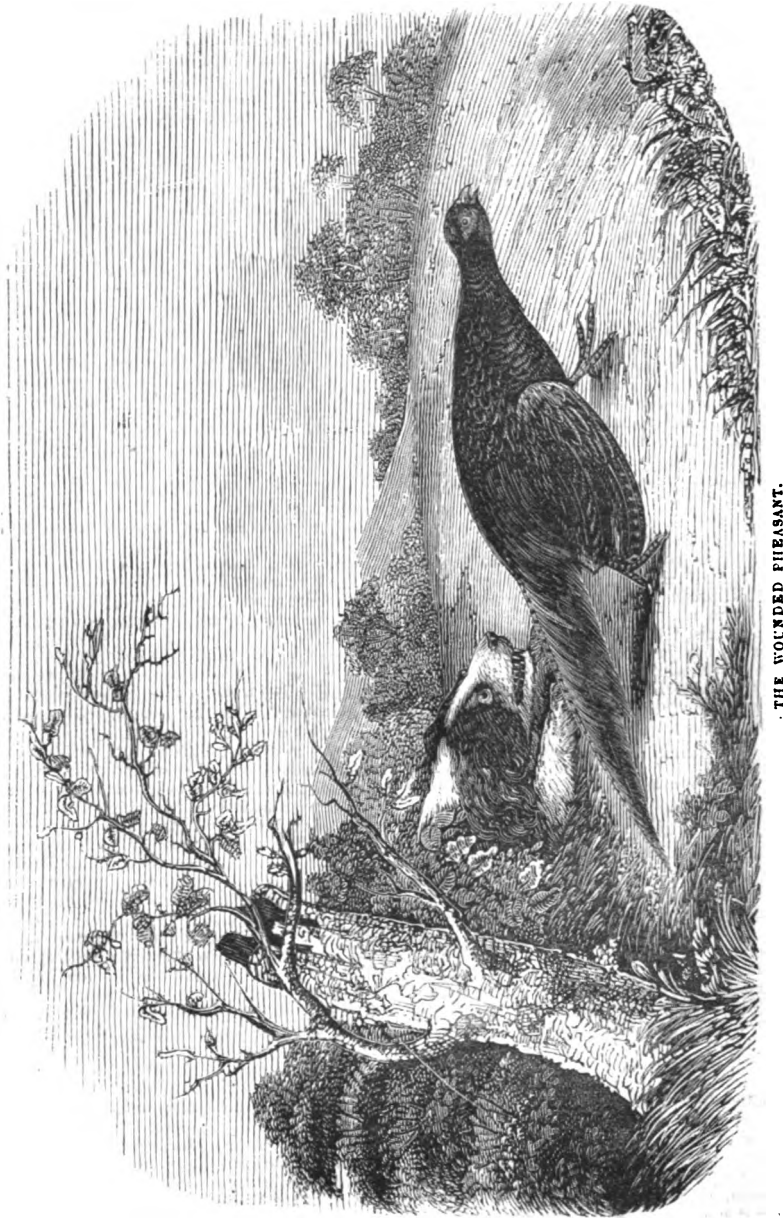
"Be explicit, sir!" she exclaimed; "I desire, I command you!"

To be continued.

SONNET.

He who would win the crown of poetry,
What needs he? Faith that mountains would remove—
And he must have the gift of prophecy,
To read all signs on earth—in heaven above;
And he must have all knowledge, and must be
Wise as the serpent—harmless as the dove;
And he must have abundant charity,
For all the rest were nothing without love.
Then must he have all hope, to bide his time,
And he must purge his sick heart now and then
Of hope deferred, and ask fresh hope again,
And trust, till very trusting seems a crime.
So shall he win his laurels soon or late,
And his reward shall be exceeding great.

Robert Ferguson.



THE WOUNDED PHEASANT.

THE WOUNDED PHEASANT.

THE moralist who is not addicted to field sports, and who thinks it right to

"Atone for sins he is inclined to,
By damning those he has no mind to,"

might put forth a very sentimental appeal on behalf of the poor timid wounded pheasant represented in the cut. Here we have a lively and animated view of the perfection of what is called sport. The brilliant, but terrified bird, disabled, feebly attempts to run from his terrible enemy, while the monster spaniel, with impatient jaws, armed with dreadful teeth, is just on the point of seizing his helpless unresisting victim.

For the agony which the poor helpless creature must know in that moment, every one who shrinks from inflicting pain on the brute creation must feel. It may be hoped that the fury which will not spare, soon places the animal beyond all sense of pain. Whatever compassion the tender-hearted may feel for the pheasant, he feels none for the ants and smaller

creatures which he devours alive by thousands. Looked at in this point of view, most of the sports of the field and flood may be excused. To prey and be preyed upon is the general system established throughout the world since the fall, and man, acting as he does by weaker creatures, only takes his place as one link of the vast and incomprehensible chain.

The pheasant has not the most acute sense of hearing. Many persons can imitate the voice of the old bird calling the young ones, as to assemble families of them at the point where the net is spread. It can be bred in confinement like the common fowl. A Mr. Ambler, at Shooter's Hill, had, some years ago, a very fine show. Whether he found it profitable or not may be questioned, as he left the neighbourhood somewhat abruptly, and the pheasantry is no more.

GOOD ADVICE.—When you visit a theatre or go into a crowd, always pick your own pocket before leaving home. If you fail to do this, the duty may probably be discharged for you by a stranger.

GARRICK'S VILLA.

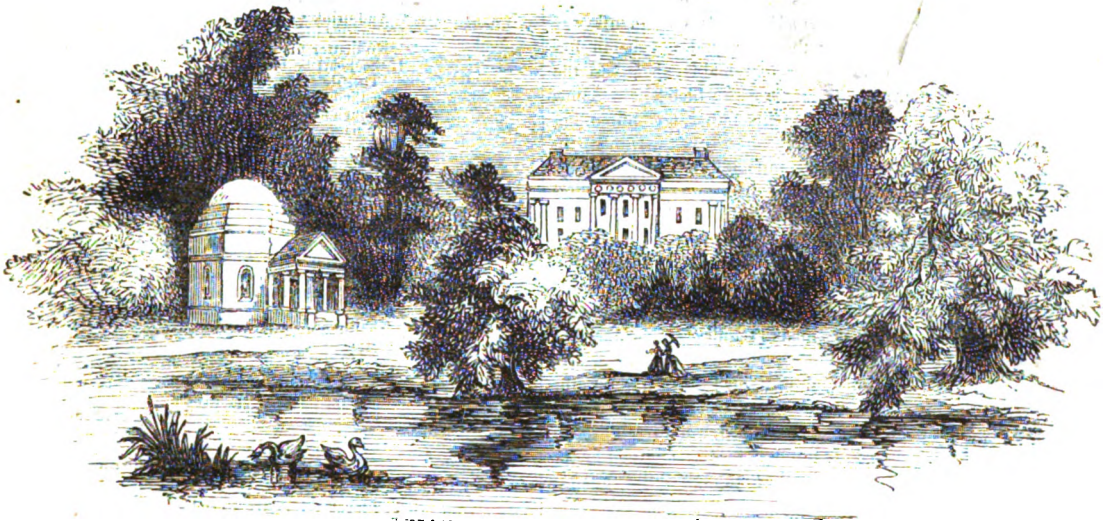
THIS villa, now so much run upon by the more intelligent pleasure-seekers of London, from being rendered easily com- at-able by the new modes of transit, deserves attention for more reasons than one. It is worth seeing again and again for the beauty of the scene with which it is identified, and for the agreeable reminiscences which it fails not to furnish of the extraordinary man whose name it bears, and who, though more than a century has passed since the blaze of his genius burst on the town, is still familiarly known by fame, tradition, and anecdote to every lover of the drama.

Garrick's Villa was formerly known as Hampton House. It is separated from the Thames by a public road, but when seen from the bank of the river, the road is completely hidden by the high bushes which rise to the windows of the first story. The lawn in front of the house, which reaches to the Thames, is accessible by a path beneath the road which joins it to the grounds on the other side. The principal object of interest in this portion of the grounds is the temple of Shakespeare, which Garrick erected close to the borders of the river. It is an octagonal brick building, covered with stucco, and having a domed top, and a portico with an ascent of several steps. It was erected expressly to contain Roubilliac's statue of Shakespeare, which is now placed in the entrance-hall of the British Museum, it having become national property on the death of Mrs. Garrick, to whom it was bequeathed by her

husband, with a desire that it should, at her death, go to the Museum. It was executed by the sculptor at the request and expense of Garrick, to express his sense of the respect and veneration he ever felt for the great poet, whose works had contributed to raise his fame and fortune.

An impression has been created that Garrick was a very sordid man. Theatrical managers have generally many enemies. That many of the worst specimens of humanity are to be found among them cannot be denied; scamps at once insincere and brutal, brazen and false, have not been scarce since Garrick "shuffled off this mortal coil;" but it ought to be remembered that, with the best intentions, a manager, if resolute to perform his duty—nay, if he wish to escape ruin, must in numerous cases pronounce decisions which crush the fondest hopes of aspirants, who, however unfit to tread the stage, or to write for it, are at least competent to make their sorrows known, and in some way or other to avenge them. The fluctuating property of a theatre will at times cause the boldest to feel alarm, the most profuse to be frugal; and Garrick no doubt had his moments of fear and parsimony, but still more facts which evince a kind and generous nature are extant of him than have ever been told of Foote, or of his other contemporary assailants who charged him with meanness.

Even in the temple which has been mentioned, we have something like evidence of a liberal mind. The object of it was, at no small expense, to furnish a shrine in which the



GARRICK'S VILLA.

labour of one highly-gifted man should be preserved while he lived to assist in perpetuating the fame of another; the statue, when the time should come when it would no longer be gazed on by him, or by those most near to him, to become the property of that public whose fathers he had delighted for nearly forty years.

It has been told that when Whitfield was building the Tabernacle in Tottenham Court-road, the carpenter employed in its erection was the same individual who worked for Garrick. From him the latter learned that the reverend gentleman was somewhat backward in his payments from want of funds; the actor, upon this, hastened to his assistance, and placed a 500*l.* note at his disposal.

Dr. Burney gives a pleasant sketch of "the great little man," as Miss Bellamy calls him. "I remember," says the doctor, "after his retirement to Hampton Court, seeing him come to town, strutting through the Strand on a wet day, in a large horseman's greatcoat, the very flaps and skirts of which seemed animated and in perpetual motion. But to have eyed him sitting in the orchestra of Drury-lane on the *début* of young Bannister (as it was then), anticipating every line and gesture, sometimes looking at his favourite *élève*, and sometimes giving a kind nod to his elegant friends in the dress boxes in token of approbation and of future fame, every mortal must have been enchanted."

The late Mr. Phillips, of Bond-street, when a boy, went to school in the neighbourhood of the retired Roscius. He

used to relate that Mr. Garrick would occasionally enter the school-room, and jocularly ask the master to select for him the very *worst* boy, that he might make him some little present. His coming was a glad moment for the urchins, as it commonly ended with his procuring them all an agreeable respite from their studies, and a treat at the villa.

A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

SIR EDWARD WALPOLE returned in 1728 from his travels. The munificence of his father, the celebrated minister of George the First, had enabled him to make a brilliant appearance at several of the courts of Europe. In Italy he received the appellation of *the handsome Englishman*: his figure was so strikingly elegant and his manners so bewitchingly graceful.

On his arrival in London, Sir Edward had lodgings engaged for him in Pall-mall, at the house of Mrs. Rennie, who carried on the business of a child's frock maker, in which a number of young women were engaged.

On returning from visits, or from the theatres, Sir Edward often whiled away a few minutes in gay frolicsome chat with these girls, but, among the rest, Miss Clements, the daughter of a humble tradesman at Darlington, in an especial manner

arrested his attention. Her beauty lay eclipsed by the gentle, patient, pensive, character of her mind. She appeared in his eyes as one born for a higher sphere. Day after day the unassuming maiden rose in his esteem till, though unconscious of it, she was queen of the heart which had refused to be moved by the glittering array of Italian beauties, or the refinement of the ladies at the court of St. James's. Sir Edward had the delicate address to alleviate the wants which the poverty of her parents could not supply, by sending her presents in such a way as neither to distress her feelings nor alarm the vigilance of Mrs. Rennie, who watched with a parent's anxiety the morals of the young persons confided to her care.

Sir Edward removed to a residence more consonant with his elevated rank, but he continued to visit the object of his devoted attachment, though less frequently than his esteem for her prompted, lest suspicion might lead her guardian to throw obstacles in the way of their intercourse. Mrs. Rennie, however, soon discovered that a connection was forming between the fascinating knight and some one among her youthful charge. After her eye was opened to the fact, she watched with the most restless anxiety for evidences to prove which of the young women was the object of his affections. At last she clearly satisfied herself that Miss Clements was the individual. Considering that it would not be to her honour to be permitted longer to remain exposed to the insidious and flattering temptations with which she was now assailed, she wrote to Miss Clements' father, recommending him to remove her from a scene where disgrace and ruin might overtake his unsuspecting and confiding daughter.

The good old man hastened to town,—met his daughter with tenderness, and not without tears,—and immediately acquainted her with the intelligence he had received. He said he should carry her to a home where even in poverty with an untainted reputation she would be happy, and where, in good time, she may become the respected wife of some industrious tradesman. Miss Clements seemed to acquiesce in the opinions and wishes of her parent; but while he was conversing with Mrs. Rennie in the small and ill-lighted back parlour, the object of their solicitude secretly and noiselessly escaped from the house, and, without bonnet or shawl, ran directly to Sir Edward Walpole's mansion. She was readily admitted by the porter, who had previously seen her, though at the time his master was not at home.

In the parlour to which she was ushered the table stood prepared for Sir Edward's dinner. She awaited his arrival with impatience and trepidation. The moment came: Sir Edward entered, and, with unmingled joy, embraced and welcomed her to his home. She told him all—cast herself on his love, and was affectionately sympathised with in her struggle with filial duty and the first free choice of her heart.

The fair fugitive that day sat down at the head of Sir Edward's table, and occupied it as her right till the day of her death. They had four children—three daughters and one son. Laura, the eldest, was married to the Honourable Frederick Keppel (brother to the Earl Albemarle), afterwards Lord Bishop of Exeter. Maria, the second, was married to the Earl of Waldegrave, and, after his death, to the Duke of Gloucester (a Prince and a Princess was the issue of this royal alliance); and the third daughter became Lady Dysart. Soon after the birth of her son (afterwards Colonel Walpole), the heroine of this tale bid farewell to her earthly paradise.

Sir Edward always entertained for the mother of his children the utmost tenderness of affection: when bereaved of her society he was utterly inconsolable. Though urged and entreated by the highest families in the kingdom, he refused all overtures of marriage, devoting his time and fortune to the education of his children.

He had often earnestly desired to give Miss Clements the title as well as the rank of Lady Walpole; but his father stood harshly in his way—threatening not only to withdraw his favour, but likewise to use all his power and boundless influence in oppressing and persecuting him if he dared to resist his commands. It is well known that had Miss Clements survived the unappeasable Premier, she would have been publicly acknowledged the wife of his son.

We draw no moral from this simple tale, though much may be said against the conventional arrangements of society which make the course of true love so sorely uneven; but we cannot resist the remark that it is singularly strange that, a few years ago, before our gracious sovereign had experienced so many happy events as are now on record, the descendants of the humble tradesman at Darlington had the prospect of sitting on the throne, and swaying the sceptre of this vast empire.

COME, NAME A GOOD FELLOW !

Come, name a good fellow !
And drink to his health ;
No matter his station—
No matter his wealth !
If the heart be but noble,
'Tis title enough ;
'Tis the heart makes the Man
Though his fortune be rough !
Then name a good fellow,
And to him we'll drink ;
And our lip with a blessing,
Shall hallow the brink !

Come, name a good fellow,
The vintage we quaff
Seems merry, and mellow,
And ready to laugh !
And wh't to enjoyment
Fresh pleasure can lend ?
'Tis to toast the kind heart
That to all is a friend !
Then name a good fellow,
And to him we'll drink ;
And our lip with a blessing
Shall hallow the brink !

CHARLES SWAIN.

SONG OF THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

Come hither, ye of a'! ages,
Let us laugh grim Care away !
Laugh, frosty-pated Sages,
And ye who are in life's May !
For Youth is the laughing season,
Yet when Age peeps in at the door,
The nearer he steps the more reason
To dimple his wrinkles o'er !

Laugh with me, languishing lovers !
Fie ! hath not the hood-wink'd boy
A butterfly wing, that hovers
In the sunniest noon of joy ?
Think ye, by woe-begone faces,
Or by clouds of sighs, to thrive ?
Woe rather, with smiles, the good graces
Of the playfulest Pack alive !

Laugh, ye who are Fortune's minions,
And ye who are out of her books !
To catch her light fluttering pinions
Light hearts are the surest hooks !
What tho' Love's rival in blindness
Hath silted, and proved untrue ?
Would you win the jilt back to kindness ?
Laugh at her when she laughs at you !

Let us, then, to the end of existence,
Keep mirth-killing Care at bay !
Drive the old churl to a distance,
If we can't drive him quite away ;
Laugh at the Sisters' fickle
Who mingle our sweets with sour,
And wreath even Time's rude sickle
And the scythe of Death with flowers !

ELEANOR DARBY.

BOOKS.—Books are delightful companions, because they feed our craving for ideas. Hungry people will eat almost any thing, and the same is true of the mind. What garbage the press has thrown out to the ravenous multitude! You are shocked, reader, that any people should receive such stuff. But the poor souls, in the majority of cases, have nothing better; or else have been so accustomed to subsist upon what is gross and disgusting, that their mental dainties, to have a zest, must be well seasoned with pollution. We have either starved the masses, or given them intellectual carrion; and then we stand amazed that they exhibit so little taste, refinement, and morality! The wealthy and learned have long boasted that they are the only persons fit to preside over literature and the schools, and have had matters pretty well their own way for nearly six thousand years; and now they tell us that *the people* are simpletons, sensualists, or semi-barbarians! Another six thousand years would only reiterate the same tale. Never will the matter be mended until our working men and women take it up themselves. Heaven never intended us to eat charity bread, nor to be brought up in charity schools, nor to think by proxy. In the acquirement of knowledge, as in the acquisition of wealth, God helps them who help themselves.

CANNIBALISM.—Mr. Lawry, superintendent of the Wesleyan missions in New Zealand, gives a shocking account of the consumption of human flesh in the Fijee Islands. In the missionary notice of last November, Mr. Leyth records that Ravate, one of the principal chiefs of Rakiraki, showed him, about a mile out of town, a row of stones by which his father had kept count of the number of prisoners his father and himself had eaten. They amounted to 872. Cannibalism may have originated as a superstitious rite; but in a country without animals, it may also have been practised for a meal, from a desire or a necessity: which by the way, seems to account for the frequency of capital punishments in many such cases as would otherwise have been satisfied by a far lighter penalty. The feeding upon human flesh from generation to generation, must be regarded as unfavourable to health; and the New Zealanders have fed in-and-in, as well as bred in-and-in for generations.—*Edinburgh Review*.

READING.—If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the work frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. I speak of it of course only as a worldly advantage, and not in the slightest degree as superseding or derogating from the higher office and surer and stronger panoply of religious principles—but as a taste, an instrument, and a mode of pleasurable gratification. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history,—with the wisest, the wittiest—with the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters that have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations—a contemporary of all ages.—*St. John Herschell*.

A STRIKING ANECDOTE.—A cavalier once asked Dr. Nettleton, "How came I by my wicked heart?" "That," he replied, "is a question which does not concern you so much as another, namely,—how you shall get rid of it? You have a wicked heart, which renders you entirely unfit for the kingdom of God; and you must have a new heart, or you cannot be saved; and the question which now most deeply concerns you is, how you shall obtain it?" "But," said the man, "I wish you to tell me how I came by my wicked heart?" "I shall not," replied Dr. Nettleton, "do that at present; for if I could do it to your entire satisfaction, it would not in the least help you towards obtaining a new heart. The great thing for which I am solicitous is, that you should become a new creature, and be prepared for heaven." As the man manifested no disposition to hear anything on that subject, but still pressed the question how he came by his wicked heart, Dr. Nettleton told him that his condition resembled that of a man who is drowning, while his friends are attempting to save his life. As he rises to the surface of the water he exclaims, "How came I here?" "that question," says one of his friends, "does not concern you now. Take hold of this rope." "But how came I here?" he asks again. "I shall not stop to answer that question now," replies his friend. "Then I'll drown," says the infatuated man, and spurning all proffered aid, sinks to the bottom.—*Dr. Nettleton's Remains*.

LEIGH HUNT ON TOLERATION.—When I find a man sound and whole at a certain point where we meet, I do not busy myself in other points in which I am not concerned, which I only hear of by vague rumour, and by which I have no direct means of seeing into. Nor am I surprised at inconsistencies. What surprises me is, how a rag of us can hang together. Look at parentage, early associates, accidents, myriads of things—how strange that the lump comes out so homogenous as it is? Let us be thankful for the measures of consistency that is in man—not grumble about his inconsistencies. Poor humanity is like a crow's nest up a high tree in a windy day—how any of the sticks remain is the wonder, not that a few of them snap, or get into such a shape we don't know where they had been lying before. I have long noted down practical rules for life, as they came evidenced to my mind, either from wise books, or the conversation of men of experience, or what had been forced upon me by my own convictions. One is simple but carries me far—to put the best construction upon every human action, till a bad is proved, and to call that bad no worse than it is proved to be."

THE BARBER'S POLE.—The barber's pole has been the subject of many conjectures; some having imagined that it had reference to the word poll, or head; others to the large brush used in stirring up the lather of soap; and others to the pole or wand which, in former ages, Kings held in their hands as a means of defence or punishment, while submitting to the operation of shaving. The true origin, however, of this singular sign is unconnected with any of these circumstances, and is to be traced simply to the honest desire of the imaginative barbers to make as public as possible their knowledge of surgery, and their entire willingness to open a vein at any moment. The spiral red band painted on the pole was considered emblematical of the blood, and the white, of the linen bandage.

CHARACTER OF THE IRISH IN AMERICA.—Mr. Joseph Breunan, one of the Young Irelanders who fled to America, has written a letter to the *Dublin Irishman*, from the other side of the Atlantic, in which he says, "I have been much disheartened since my arrival here by the unfortunate condition of my countrymen. I came with high hopes and sanguine expectations, and I have realised only disappointment. I believed that the Irish race in America would be different from their brethren at home—that they would have relinquished their prejudices with their country—that their character would have improved under improved circumstances; and it is with deep regret that I declare that my belief was unfounded. Religious bigotry and party feuds have crossed the Atlantic with our people. Our nature has not changed with the climate."

SOUTHEY ON THE CLASSICS.—Nothing can be so little calculated to advance our stock of knowledge as our inveterate mode of education, whereby we all spend so many years in learning so little. I was from the age of six to that of twenty learning Greek and Latin, or, to speak more truly, learning nothing else. The little Greek I had, sleepeth, if it be not dead, and can hardly wake without a miracle; and my Latin, though abundant enough for all useful purposes, would be held in great contempt by those people who regard the classics as the scriptures of taste.

We are the same under the 'star spangled banner' as under the 'union jack.' We fulfil the mission which the *Times* has traced for us, and are, 'hewers of wood and drawers of water,' in the stranger's land, as centuries long we have been in our own. These are harsh words and may offend many. I cannot help it; I speak the truth, not from unkindness, nor from coldness; my harshness is from disappointed love. What I state of the Irish in America is fact, and it is foolish to conceal it. Their position is not what it is represented to be at home—far different; it is one of shame and poverty. They are shunned and despised. The name of Irish politics is anathema, and Ireland is as much a subject of contempt as of pity. 'My master is a great tyrant,' said a negro lately, 'he treats me as bad as if I was a common Irishman.' There is work of every description to be done here but literary work. Literary ability is regarded as the synonyme of dishonesty, and pens are only wielded to sign an account, or to fashion a libel. The 'Liberty of the Press' has degenerated into licentiousness, and the newspapers are 'schools of scandal' rather than teachers of virtue."

Great works are performed, not by strength, but by perseverance.—*Dr. Johnson*.

Dr. Franklin, talking of a friend of his who had been a Manchester dealer, said, "That he had never sold a piece of tape narrower than his own mind."

Which travels fastest, heat or cold? Heat does; because you can catch cold.

CAMERA SKETCHES.



ALTHOUGH the principal walks about Largs are on the coast, from the fine sea-views to be obtained, we should not be doing our duty, as a faithful guide, did we fail describing this pleasant excursion, which is rather away from the coast. On proceeding through the village, we cross the bridge over the Gogie, keeping the road; on the left of which are numerous plantations blended with pasture grounds covered with cattle grazing. On the right, we overlook the two Cumbrays and the distant mountains of Arran. Proceeding on this road for about a mile, and passing some beautiful orchards on the left, we perceive a gate by which the road is entered



KELBURN HOUSE.

leading to the house. This road ascends considerably from the sea; and the plantation of trees, showing the position of the troops at the time of the battle, is well seen along the slopes to the right. Proceeding along this road for about half a mile, Kelburn House, the seat of the Earl of Glasgow, is described on the left, beautifully surrounded by larch and fir trees; a fine picturesque old stone building with peaked roof, and seeming to have had several additions to it at different periods. From this building are obtained fine views of the sea. The house itself is seen to the greatest advantage across the lawn at the end of the wall partly surrounding it. A little further on is the bridge crossing the stream of the Kelburn which descends from the cascade; and the house doubtless takes its name from its close proximity to this burn.—*Sylvan's Handbook.*

USEFUL RECIPES.

(From the Receipt Book for the Million.)

TO CLEAN ARTICLES OF GOLD.—Dissolve sal ammonia along with American potash, and boil the article in the liquid.

INK SPOTS.—As soon as the accident happens wet, the place with juice of sorrel or lemon, or with vinegar, and the best hard white soap.

TO TAKE OUT FRUIT SPOTS.—Let the spotted part of the cloth imbibe a little water without dipping, and hold the part over a lighted common brimstone match at a proper distance. The sulphurous gas which is discharged soon causes the spots to disappear.

LIQUID GLUE.—Shellac, dissolved in wood naphtha (the pyroxic spirit of the chemists, and the naphtha of the oil and colour shops), makes good liquid glue, waterproof, and not requiring the application of heat. A quarter of a pound, avoirdupois, of shellac to be dissolved in three ounces of naphtha, apothecaries' measure. Put the former into a wide-mouthed bottle, pour the latter upon it, and stir the mixture two or three times during the first thirty-six hours.

BLACKING BALLS.—Mutton suet four ounces, bees' wax one ounce, sugar-candy and gum-arabic one drachm each, in fine powder. Melt these well together over a gentle fire, and add thereto about a spoonful of turpentine, and ivory and lamp black sufficient to give it a good black. While hot enough to run, you may make it into a ball by pouring the liquor into a tin mould, or let it stand till almost cold, you may mould it what form you please by the hand.

SOLUBLE GLASS.—What is called soluble glass is now beginning to come into use as a covering for wood, and other practical purposes. It is composed of fifteen parts of powdered quartz, ten of potash, and one of charcoal. These are melted together, worked in cold water, and then boiled with five parts of water, in which it entirely dissolves. It is then applied to woodwork, or any other required substance. As it cools it gelatinises, and dries up into a transparent colourless glass, on any surface to which it has been applied. It renders wood nearly incombustible.

TO TRANSFER A PRINT TO GLASS.—When a lithographic or other print is required to appear on glass, the glass is first coated with dilute copal varnish, and the paper containing the print is dipped in warm water, and while the varnish remains adhesive, the paper is placed on the varnish, with the print side down, and then gently pressed till all the parts adhere; or several folds of soft paper may be placed on the print, and a piece of plank or other weight placed thereon to keep the print and varnish in contact till both are dry; then the print, being again moistened with water, may be peeled off, leaving the ink of the print adhering to the glass; the several parts of the print may then be painted with appropriate colours on the glass, and finished with a ground coat over all.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. R. R.—The late worthy Dean of St. Paul's says, regarding human progress, "The bees now build exactly as they built in the time of Homer; the bear is as ignorant of good manners as he was two thousand years past; and the baboon is still as unable to read and write as persons of honour and quality were in the time of Queen Elizabeth." Such we perceive, in the passage to

which you refer, is to be found in one of Robert Owen's work. It does not prove that the human mind is increasing its powers for, in the days of Queen Elizabeth, persons of quality could have been taught to read as well as in those of Queen Victoria.

W. B.—What pamphlet means, we all know; but whence the word is derived is the difficulty. Some say it is compounded of two Greek words meaning all filled, but others say it is from the Latin word for paper; but it seems most likely an old Saxon word pamphlet modernised.

A Subscriber.—To you and many others we again reply that we will take care to intimate, in good time, the close of our first volume. Should circumstances prevent an increase in the size of the weekly numbers, the volume will not be completed till Christmas.

S. S. (Cheltenham).—We devote a portion of our journal to an historical tale, because so many of those who take the trouble of writing to us wished to have it. You are, with many others, better pleased with the facts than the fictions of our pages; but remember, we pray you all, that an editor, while he uses a little of his own discretion, must, like a prime minister, yield to the wishes of a majority.

W. M.—You are of a comical vein. Avoid being querulous. You must excuse us for saying that we give the preference to our own judgment, for the humble reason that it is always at hand. Your's, though deeply inlaid with a mosaic of its own, is removed to a greater distance than the antipodes by the shelter of the anonymous. Although we do not in general wish letters unauthenticated, this cannot remain under his shade, for though he sat at this table, we do not put our fate or our functions in his hands.

J. A.—The picture which is to be presented gratuitously with this journal on the 8th June, is an illustration of one of Shakespeare's "Seven Ages." It is the school-boy period, and from a proof, now lying before us, we feel assured you will consider it well deserving of a frame. It will be printed on a good paper. If you wish several copies, you must secure them early—say on the 6th June.

O'Meara.—You are exposing yourself to a very probable calamity. Ambition has been rewarded with success sometimes, visited with sore defeat frequently. "Thrice happy he," says the poet, "to whom the wise indulgency of Heaven, with sparing hand but just enough has given." A Scotch poet similarly expresses himself:—"He that has enough may soundly sleep—the o'ercome hathen folk to keep." You will find yourself rich enough with the simple exercise of the mind called contentment.

P. S. (Islington).—We scarcely know what you mean by the "peculiar miseries of this life." What other life is better than that you now are favoured with? Men make themselves unhappy by ill-deeds; these entail unhappy reflections, and the heart grows bitter, refusing to be refreshed with the kindest acts of neighbourhood or the loveliest forms and features of nature.

PENNY ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

PRESENTED GRATUITOUSLY

On the 8th of June,

A SPLENDID ENGRAVING

OF
THE SCHOOLBOY,

As described by Shakespeare in his "Seven Ages."

"The whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face,
Creeping like a snail,
Unwillingly to school."

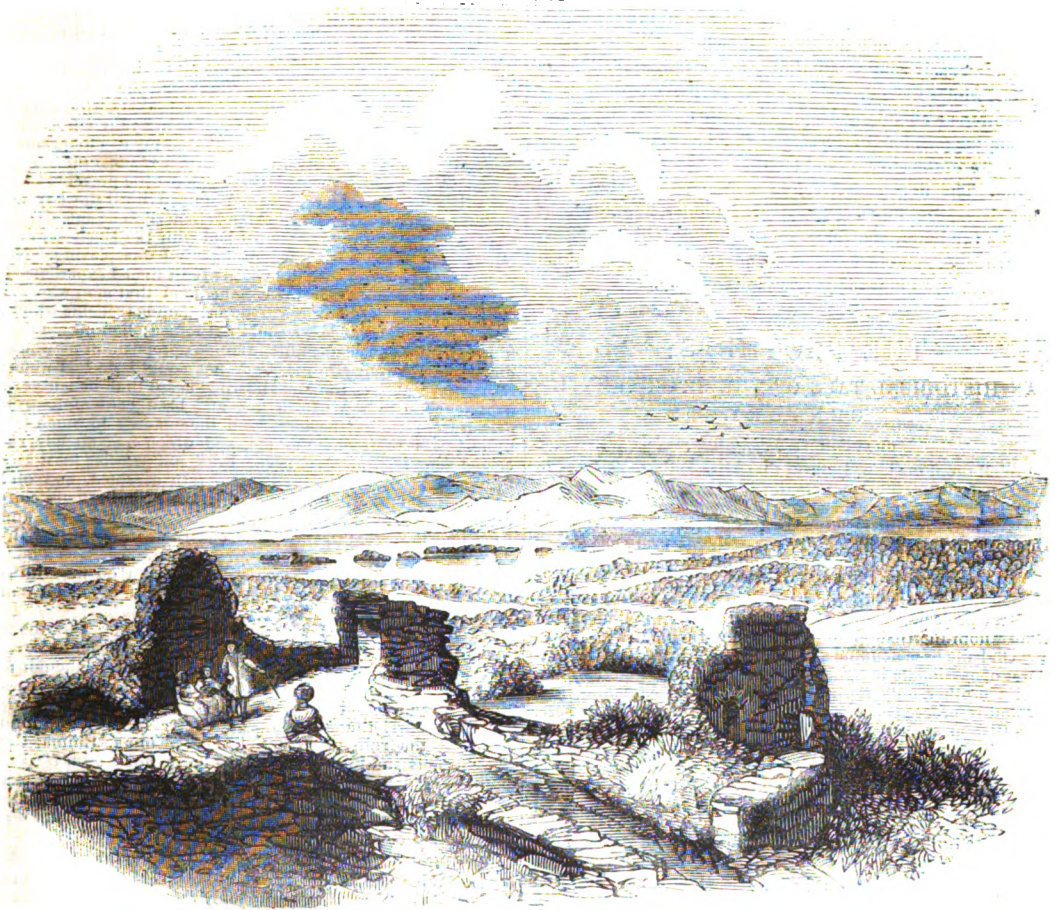
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THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED NEWS

No. 32.—Vol. I.

SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1850.

{ ONE PENNY.
{ POST FREE, 2d.



THE LOWER LAKE OF KILLARNEY.

THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

Now that it has been determined on by Her Majesty to make frequent visits to Ireland, and probably, as in Scotland, have a palace of her own, "the first gem of the sea," the beautiful but wretched sister island, may, after becoming the resort of our fashionable tourists, arise from her bitter prostration, and take the place in the family of nations to which the richness of her soil and the hardihood of her sons so well entitle her.

The fine scenery of the ancient kingdom of Kerry, situated in the far-famed south-west of the island, will very probably be the first to attract the footsteps of the traveller and the

tourist, and will first feel the benefit of the fashionable immigrants residing on the banks of its lakes and at the foot of its mountains. In this anticipation, a panorama of the sublime scenes around the Lakes of Killarney is now being exhibited in Leicester-square. We have selected a very interesting portion of the picture for our journal this week, as a specimen of what will be seen by those who visit the district.

The Lakes of Killarney are three in number, connected by narrow channels. Although they are thus in near proximity, each has its own distinctive features, presenting to the spectator the most diversified views. The upper lake, enclosed by

lofty mountains, is remarkable for sublime magnificence, the lower for beauty, while the Turk lake, lying between them, is distinguished for the richest variety of landscape, participating in the grandeur of the upper and the graces of the lower.

The Lower Lake, of which the prefixed engraving is a part, is upwards of five miles in length and about three in breadth, making a circumference of fifteen miles. It is studded with thirty-five islands, of various areas, clad with the verdure of an exuberant vegetation. Near the right hand side of the picture is the famous mountain called the Eagle's Nest. It is nearly 1,700 feet high, and is of the most rugged character, consisting of a succession of frowning precipices. At the base is one of the most remarkable echoes in this singular country, and near the summit, in a hanging crag, is theerie of the royal bird from which the mountain takes its name. The eagle has frequented that dreary rock for centuries. Towards the left hand side, in the centre of a hill in the range, is an oval lake, called "the Devil's Punch-bowl." Its waters, though intensely cold at all times, never freeze, even in the severest winter weather. On the side of the mountain near the centre is a singularly deep glen, of the wildest features.

From the position of these Lakes, they evidently are the reservoirs of the streams and torrents of the vast mountains around. The upper receives, in addition, the Galway and other rivers, draining a large extent of country, flowing thence into the two lower, the volume is augmented by the Flesk, the Dennagh, and other streams, and are finally transmitted by the Lauue, an impetuous river, to the ocean.

THE BROTHERS:

AN HISTORICAL TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER VI.—continued.

"Well then, madam, I affirm that Miss Elliott discloses to her benefactress, the Duchess of Cleveland, all the secrets of your Highness, and, in her turn, the Duchess reveals them to the Bishop. A conversation I once overheard between the Duchess and your maid of honour excludes every shadow of doubt, and it was the knowledge of that mystery which afforded me a certain influence over Miss Elliott, of which I availed myself to insure the success of our — of Colonel Waller's project. Your Highness will now easily understand from whom the Bishop obtained his information."

"Oh! the base denunciator!" exclaimed Edward, in an outburst of passionate indignation which nothing could contain.

His brother only replied by a gesture of contempt, and tranquilly proceeded to mix himself with the other courtiers. The Bishop appeared as though desirous to speak; but the Princess was so greatly agitated by this revelation that he dared not enhance the anger which was about to fall upon the unfortunate young girl. The latter, pale as death, bent her head and trembled like a timid lamb before an irritated lioness.

"Come hither, Miss, approach," observed the Princess, in a voice so tremulous that she could scarcely give utterance to her words; "I still doubt the sad revelation which has been made to me. Tell me that Sir Alfred must be mistaken; tell me that you, whom I loved, in whom I placed such implicit confidence, have not, could not have betrayed me. Speak! speak!" she added, in a terrible tone, as the young girl seemed to hesitate, "or, by heaven —"

The very excess of that anger appeared to inspire Emma with the tranquil courage of despair; she prostrated herself at the feet of the Princess, and observed, in a voice at once soft and calm:—

"I will not aggravate, by a falsehood, a fault for which I experience the most sincere contrition; what Mr. Falkland has told your Highness is true, oh! too true!"

Every passion of which mortal is susceptible seemed to have been aroused in the breast of the Princess.

"You dare to admit it?" she vociferated, in a terrible tone; "you dare to acknowledge it in my presence! begone, wretched creature, begone, and pollute not my sight with your hated presence, miserable traitress!"

She could say no more, but cried, as she fell backwards into her chair, concealing her face in her handkerchief:—

"Oh! wretched, wretched Princess that I am; betrayed by my confidants, my friends, and domestics."

The effect of this sad scene appeared to be shared by all present, some through terror and others through respect; but no one dared utter a word. For several minutes nothing was heard in the oratory save the convulsive sobs of the Princess. At length the plaintive voice of Emma commingled with the accents of that royal grief.

"Madam," remarked Emma, still kneeling before the Princess, "my crime is so great, so enormous, that I can neither hope for nor expect your pardon; nevertheless, I implore your Highness to permit me to explain, if not palliate, the treason of which I am accused. Deprived of my grandmother, an orphan, alone in the wide world, I had no one to look to save the noble lady who placed me in your Highness's household. I owed her unlimited gratitude, for without her powerful aid I should inevitably have fallen. She was at once imperious, proud, and artful, and profoundly versed in the art of eliciting facts by the most ingenious questions; was it, then, difficult for such a woman to deceive a poor inexperienced young girl who did not fully understand the meaning of her words and actions? Besides, I imagined she was entirely devoted to your Highness, and did not consider I was wrong in disclosing to her matters which, as I presumed, you had doubtless revealed to her yourself. For a length of time my protectress thus abused my candour, and I was quite ignorant of my error save by a vague murmur of my conscience which the agitation of Court life prevented me from listening to. My eyes were not open until the day on which, unknown to us, Mr. Falkland chanced to be sufficiently near to overhear a conversation I had with the Duchess, and represented to me what a frightful game I was playing. No sooner had I become sensible of my fault than I experienced the greatest remorse for my conduct, and that man who accuses blushed not to propose to me an infamous scheme which, under the circumstances, I could not refuse; he told me that unless I would consent to his infamous proposition he would disclose all to your Highness. What could I do? I would rather have suffered the most horrible death than beheld your confidence withdrawn from me, and been contemptuously driven from Court; besides, from the manner in which the project was represented to me, and which had already received your Highness's consent, I did not perceive in it any thing absolutely wrong. I, consequently accepted, and oh! God alone knows what tears and anguish that odious convention has caused me. Such, madam, is the real truth, and I am now prepared to suffer the chastisement your just indignation may have in reserve for me. Life, even, is a burden to me after all the evils which have fallen on me within the last few hours, and I shall not regret it if my death can expiate my fault in the eyes of your Highness."

This recital, replete with truth and candour, and those touching lamentations, made a profound impression on several of the courtiers. The Bishop turned round, as though to conceal his emotion. Edward approached Emma, and remarked, in an under tone:—

"Sweet girl! that, then, was your secret? The same man has been the ruin of us both! Oh! Emma, Emma, the wicked plots and intrigues of Court have alike been fatal to both! Yes, I begin to think myself that it is high time there was a great reformation, and such a one, too, that will make tyrants tremble. Wherefore did we not remain poor and obscure in the country?"

The Princess had become more calm while the young girl was speaking, and, apparently, had not heard the artless justification of Emma, for she suddenly rose, and observed, in a distracted manner, as though just awoke from a profound sleep:—

"Gentlemen, I again repeat that I am extremely sorry to have solely occupied you with the affairs of an adventurer and one of my maids of honour. We must, however, now renounce our scheme. I will no longer retain you. You, Bishop Juxon, will remain; I wish to converse with you."

At the same time, she waved her hand majestically, by way of dismissing the Ministers, without recollecting that she had not decided the fate of the two unfortunate young people who had incurred her displeasure. Such was the volatile character of the Princess, that that hallucination, caused by a moment of trouble, might have been the means of saving the culpable; but too many persons were interested in that decision not to remind the Princess of the error. Falkland, therefore, thus observed:—

"Madam, these gentlemen await the commands of your

Highness, before they retire, relative to this young man, on whom, henceforth, depends their tranquillity."

"True," replied the Princess, whose countenance again assumed a severe aspect, "I had forgotten that. But you may leave in peace, gentlemen; I will instruct Sir Alfred to provide for your safety."

The courtiers respectfully saluted the Princess one after the other, and withdrew in silence. Astley would fain have made another attempt to save Edward; but Elizabeth closed his lips by a flat refusal, and the Colonel departed, casting on the young man a look of regret. The Princess then called the knight, and spoke to him in a low voice.

While the gentlemen were taking leave, the prelate had gradually approached the young people, who occupied an obscure angle of the oratory, and, at a moment when no one could observe him, he leant towards Edward and rapidly murmured in his ear:—

"They intend sending you to the Tower! depart immediately as you value your life! You will find friends in the ante-chamber."

Young Falkland shook his head dejectedly, as though to say: "what will be the utility of that?"

The Bishop understood the cause of his hesitation, and added with vivacity:—

"The Princess will no doubt pardon this young girl. Go! all will be well."

"Flee! flee!" murmured Emma, who had heard the pressing advice of the Bishop.

Edward raised the hand of the young girl to his lips, made a sign of thanks to his protector, and silently glided into the ante-chamber, which was plunged in the most profound obscurity, either by design or chance. Scarcely had he proceeded three steps therein, when he felt a hand take his own.

"Are you Mr. Edward Falkland?" demanded an agitated voice.

"Yes," responded Edward.

"Follow me then."

And he was suddenly hurried into a dark passage through the secret door in the wainscot, which immediately closed upon him.

It was time, for the low conversation between the Princess and Alfred in the oratory had just come to a conclusion. The knight turned round, and an expression of the most profound astonishment was perceptible on his countenance.

"What has become of that mad-brained fellow, where is he?" he demanded in a terrible voice.

"Do you wish to arrest him in my presence?" said the Princess in a severe tone. "This young man must be in an adjoining apartment. Go, and remember that although it is absolutely necessary he be closely confined, in order to prevent the possibility of his revealing our secret, I also desire you will treat him as leniently as possible."

Sir Alfred bowed, and left with an air of inquietude. The Princess heaved a sigh, as though a sad but necessary sacrifice had just been accomplished; but, on looking around her, she perceived Emma.

"All is not yet finished, then," said she impatiently. "Come hither, Miss Elliott."

The young girl approached her with a distracted air.

"Henceforth," continued the Princess coldly, "you will not form one of my household; your name will be erased from the list of maids of honour, and to-morrow you shall be forever confined in a convent!"

On listening to that terrible sentence, Emma evinced no sign of emotion, nor craved for pardon; whether it was from the circumstance of her having endured every kind of torture, and had fallen into a mournful insensibility, or, at that awful moment, a great and exclusive interest absorbed all her thoughts, is difficult to conjecture; but she uttered not a word. That apparent indifference caused the irascible Princess to frown, for she expected some proofs of repentance.

"Leave me," she resumed sharply, pointing to the principal door; "I shall neither require your services nor company any more."

Notwithstanding that explicit and rigorous injunction, the young girl remained motionless as a statue, with her head bent downwards, and appeared as though she had not heard that imperious command. The Princess was about to give full vent to her anger, when Sir Alfred suddenly returned, pale as death, exclaiming:—

"Madam! madam! there is some one here that betrays you; the young man has disappeared, although Mr. Fitzherbert asserts that he did not see him leave with the ministers!"

"Can it be possible?" demanded the Princess in alarm.

A person attired in black, who was no other than Fitzher-

bert, the gentleman-in-waiting, presented himself, and confirmed Falkland's assertion.

"This is most strange!" observed the Princess gloomily; "but, unless he be a magician, he cannot have vanished like an apparition."

"He is saved! he is saved!" cried Emma, whom that incident suddenly aroused from the kind of apathy into which she had sunk. "Oh, madam! my noble mistress! all beside is perfectly right and just, and I will suffer the terrible chastisement you have inflicted upon me without complaint—without a murmur!"

At the same time she made a profound reverence, and retired into the interior of the palace; but the Princess paid no attention thereto.

The deepest silence reigned in the oratory after her departure.

"Fitzherbert," at length observed the Princess to her gentleman-in-waiting, "the more I reflect, the more it appears to me impossible that this young man can have made his escape. It would be impolitic, at this moment, to make any inquiries, as it would be the means of propagating a rumour calculated to create suspicion; but let every door be hermetically closed, and see that no one have egress before to-morrow morning. You understand?"

Fitzherbert bowed in silence.

"You, Sir Alfred," she continued, addressing Falkland, "will remain to-night with Mr. Fitzherbert, and your prisoner shall be despatched to you in the morning, by which time he will doubtless be found. You may now leave us."

At the moment when Falkland was about to depart with Fitzherbert, the Princess remarked a slight smile on the lips of the Bishop.

"You smile, sir," she said to him; "may I inquire the cause?"

"I certainly was laughing, madam, to think how unfortunate this poor Falkland is; for, unless I am greatly mistaken, this is not the only prisoner he has lost to-day."

The knight cast a suspicious and irritated look on the Bishop.

"Rest assured, sir," observed Sir Alfred in a savage tone, "that were I at liberty to seek the author of this treason, of which I have to complain, I should not be long in discovering him."

"What means this model of brothers—this tender friend of poor Edward Falkland?" demanded the Bishop, in a sarcastic tone.

"I mean," responded Alfred, sharply, "that a perfidious Bishop is the sole cause."

"Silence, sir, silence!" exclaimed the Princess authoritatively; "do you deem it your duty to speak thus in my presence, and insult a person so high in dignities as the Bishop? Your insolence has been insupportable this evening, sir. You imagine, I presume, that because I have for once admitted you into my oratory with our confidential ministers, you have a right to speak in this high tone; but know, sir, that when such persons as yourself are no longer necessary, they are repulsed with loathing and disgust."

Sir Alfred withdrew, completely astounded by that terrible altercation. When the Princess found herself alone with the Bishop, she fell into an arm-chair, and remarked to him, with the utmost dejection:—

"Great God! they have almost turned my brain, and I more than ever require your advice and services, for all—all have betrayed me!"

To be continued.

PLEASURE AND ADVANTAGES OF LABOUR.—The rich man pays dearly for health—the labouring man is paid to be healthy. Exercise is the best physician. Those who have strength and a good pair of legs need not to be drawn about in a cab, a brougham, or a carriage-and-four. Coaches are fine things for doctors. The more they increase, the more need will there be of medical men and drugs. Were our carriage-folks to walk or to work, they would save themselves feeble legs; and those who never work create for themselves weak arms, delicate hands, and infirm or crooked spines. Labour has its joys as well as its sorrows, and a far higher reward than that of wages. If this fact were better understood, no one would be idle. Far better is it to work for no pay at all, than to suffer the ills of having nothing to do. Go and sweep the causeway, mend the road, or relieve yonder poor traveller by carrying half of his burthen, rather than sit still. What if there is no pay in pounds, shillings, and pence, there will be health and the satisfaction of doing good, which, after all, are higher wages than the idle sinecure gains with his £10,000 a-year. A good appetite, healthy digestion, and a free circulation of the blood, are among the blessings of labour.

EUGENE SUE.

THIS illustrious novelist has exchanged his literary quiet for the turbulence of Parisian politics. His election as a legislator is hailed by the Socialist party throughout the kingdom as the *shadow cast before the coming event of proletarian supremacy*. An eye-witness of his first appearance in the Assembly a short time ago, says, Eugene Sue's entrance was

marked by a general buzz, and all eyes were transferred to a stout thick-set carefully dressed man, with grizzled hair, who proceeded to establish himself on a seat on the crest of the Mountain.

The following is a specimen of his writings, extracted from his latest work, "THE MYSTERIES OF THE PEOPLE," and the drawing is from one of the pictures which illustrate the work.



THE THREE RED MONKS BURYING ALIVE LEONIE AND HER LITTLE CHILD.

"It is a dreadful tale, Jeanike! My mother of an evening would often relate it to me, as her grandmother told her, and her grandmother before . . . — 'Come, come, Gildas,' smilingly interrupting him, 'from grandmothers to great grandmothers, you'll at last go back to mother Eve . . . —' Very good, Jeanike; the song I referred to about these gentlemen who wear splendid helmets and prowl about after innocent girls is a horrible one, and is called the 'Three Red Monks; or, the Sire of Plouernel,' said Gildas, in a mysterious tone. 'What say you?' cried Jeanike, struck by the sound of this name; 'the Sire of . . . —' The Sire of Plouernel.'— 'That's singular.'— 'What is?'— 'M. Lebrenne frequently mentions that name.'— 'The name of the Sire of Plouernel? On what occasion?'— 'I'll inform you by and by; but first for the song of the Three Red Monks, for I now feel doubly interested in it.'— 'You see, my dear, the Red Monks were Templars, and wore sword and helmet, like this hawk, your dragoon.'— 'Good, good; make haste, for mistress may come down every moment, or master may return.'— 'Listen attentively, Jeanike.'

"Gildas commenced his tale, not precisely singing it, but chaunting it in a most dolorous, ominous tone."

The author then makes Gildas relate the terrific narrative in a poem (too long for our space), from which we learn that one of these monks was called Gontran Plouernel. The following dialogue closes the chapter:—

"Now, my dear," said Gildas, shaking his head, 'is not this a frightful story?—What did I tell you? That these soldier gentry were always lurking after poor girls, like hungry hawks. But, Jeanike, what are you thinking about?—you do not answer me, you seem lost.'— 'Well, that really is extraordinary, Gildas.'— 'That rascally red monk was called the Sire of Plouernel?'— 'Yes.'— 'I have frequently heard M. Lebrenne mention that family, as though he knew something against them, and when talking of a base man would say, "he is one of the Plouernels," just the same as he would say a son of the devil.'— 'Astounding—what a wonderful house this is,' returned Gildas, in a thoughtful half-frightened tone. 'Here is M. Lebrenne pretending to know something against the family of a red monk, defunct the last eight or more

hundred years. However, I hope you will profit by the tale.'—'What now, Gildas?' asked Jeanike, laughing; 'and do you really believe that red monks exist in the Rue St. Denis, and that they carry off young girls in omnibuses?'

"Just as Jeanike was uttering these words, a footman entered the shop, and inquired for M. Lebrenne.

"He is not within," answered Gildas.—'Then, my good fellow,' said the servant, 'tell him that he is expected by the Colonel this morning to arrange about the linen he talked about yesterday to your mistress. Here is my master's address,' he added, placing a card on the shop-board. 'Mind and tell your master to be punctual, as the Colonel does not like waiting.'

"The servant went out; and Gildas, taking up the card, turned ghastly pale, and stammered out,—

"By Saint Anne, it cannot be . . .—'What is it, Gildas?'—'Read this card, Jeanike.'

"And with a trembling hand he held it to his companion, who read—

"THE COUNT GONTRAN DE PLOUERNEL, COLONEL OF DRAGOONS, 18, Rue de Parades, Poissonniere."

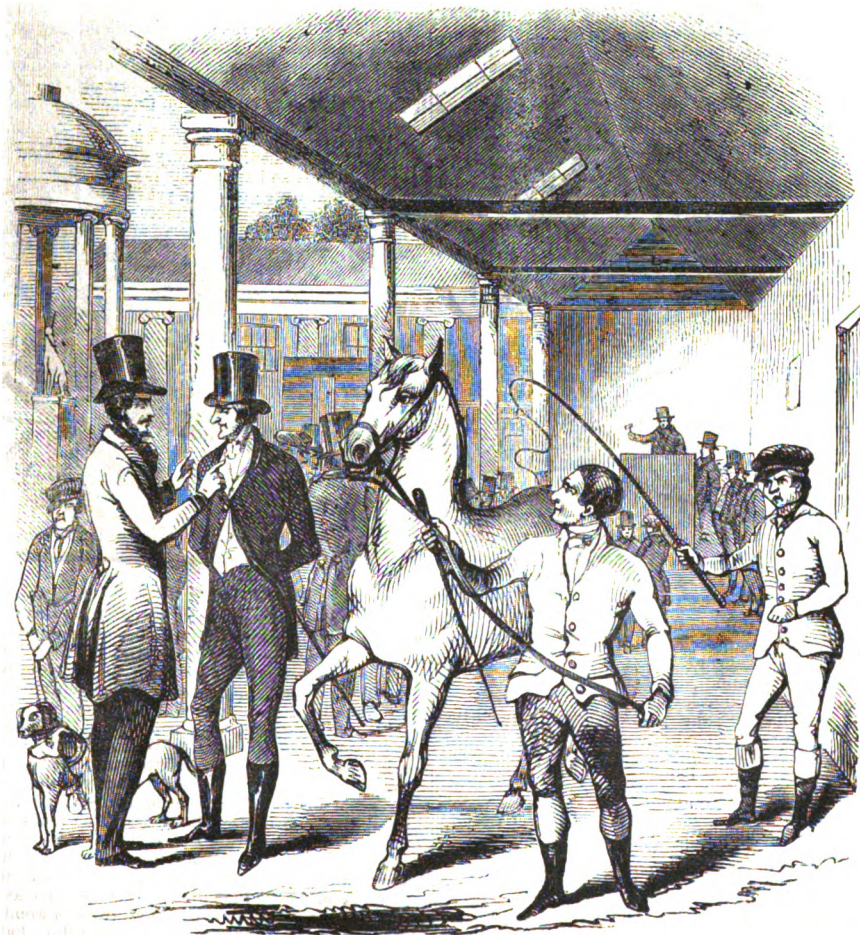
TATTERSALL'S REPOSITORY.

This Repository is situated near Hyde Park Corner. It was established in 1773 by Mr. Richard Tattersall, for the reception, and sale by auction, of horses, carriages, coach-harness, hounds, &c. It is the grand mart for everything connected with the sports of the field and equestrian recreations. The premises are spacious and convenient, and con-

tain accommodation for one hundred and twenty horses, a large number of carriages and coach-harness, as well as a commodious kennel for hounds.

A room is appropriated for the use of subscribers, who pay one guinea per annum each. Here the generality of bets which relate to the turf are settled, at whatever place they may originate, as it is not the custom among these noblemen and gentlemen to pay on the spot where the bets have been post, but, on the return of the respective parties to town, at Tattersall's, so that this Repository is become a kind of exchange for gentlemen of the turf. Debts of this kind are settled here to an incredible amount. A scene most animated and singular, and occasionally, in some of its features, most sad, is oftentimes witnessed here immediately after the Epsom and other principal races.

The annual aggregate value of the horses and other property which is sold at this Repository is very great. "They consist," says the Microcosm of London, "chiefly of saddle-horses, coach-horses, hunters, and race-horses. The value of saddle-horses, warranted sound, without fault or blemish, extends from forty to two hundred guineas; a good pair of coach-horses, from one hundred and fifty to four hundred guineas; excellent hunters average about three hundred and fifty pounds, and race-horses about fifteen hundred. One of the most celebrated horses in his time, well-known by the name of *Highflyer*, was purchased by Mr. Richard Tattersall, the founder of this establishment, for two thousand five hundred guineas."



TATTERSALL'S.

GREAT UNDERTAKINGS FOR THE SUPPLY OF WATER.

NAPOLEON, the greatest administrative genius of modern times, proposed to supply Paris daily with thirty-five millions of gallons, brought by the Canal de l'Oureq, from a distance of sixty miles. The scheme was postponed, so that, when the cholera appeared in 1832, a thousand persons sometimes perished in a single day, until the Parisian commissioners said, that, in boundless terror and despair, the inhabitants fled precipitately from a city which they believed to be about to become their tomb. The capital of eastern Europe has enormous cisterns; one of them, the reservoir of the "thousand and one columns," is calculated to be capable of holding a supply for Constantinople for sixty days. Carthage was supplied by an aqueduct forty miles long. Going farther back still, we find Solomon, the wisest of mankind, bearing testimony to the real duties of a government by building an aqueduct at Bethlehem to convey water from his pools or reservoirs to Jerusalem; and having thrown an arch or covering over this cistern, the royal poet draws a happy illustration from his own work, and (Cant. iv. 12.) compares his spouse to "a garden inclosed, a spring shut up, a fountain sealed." But, beyond all other nations, the Roman people, that great race, the elevation of whose conceptions, and the granite firmness of whose character, fitted them to become the masters of mankind, and whose laws, whose combined and prolonged efforts, and lofty far-seeing policy, seem rather the result of instinct than the slow product of human experience and observation, recognised the importance of a due supply of water. Our difficulties—physical, social, and pecuniary, are as nothing compared to theirs; but the difference is still greater in our wills. We need not mention the sewers of their kings. 300 years before the Christian era the first aqueduct was made; before the republic ceased there were 800 baths in the city. After that, the emperors built those gigantic *thermae*, which are still the wonder of the world for their magnitude and scientific construction. The baths of Diocletian could accommodate 18,000 persons at once. There is reason to believe that in Rome every house had its fountain; nor was a dwelling considered fit to receive a tenant, howsoever poor, unless it was provided with a supply of water. Pliny, with natural triumph, asserts, "that if any person considered the abundance of water conveyed to the public for baths, fishponds, private houses, fountains, gardens, villas, over arches, through mountains, and across valleys filled up, he would acknowledge that nothing was ever more beautiful." And well did the Roman energy justify this claim, for at one time the Imperial City contained 1,300 reservoirs, into which the 20 mighty aqueducts that spanned the broad Campagna poured a daily supply of fifty millions of cubic feet, or three hundred and twenty-five millions of gallons of water.

THE CURRENTS OF THE OCEAN.

From our present knowledge of the rapidity of currents, we may estimate that, supposing a molecule of water to return to the same place from which it departed, it would require a period of two years and ten months to complete the circuit of 8,800 leagues. A boat, which may be supposed to receive an impulse from the winds, would require thirteen months from the Canary Islands to reach Caracas on the coast of Venezuela; ten months to make a tour of the Gulf of Mexico, and reach Tortoise Shoals, opposite Havana; while forty or fifty days might be sufficient to carry it from the Strait of Florida to the Bank of Newfoundland. At a time when the art of navigation was in its infancy, the Gulf Stream furnished the genius of Christopher Columbus with certain indications of the existence of western regions. Two corpses, the features of which indicated a race of unknown men, were thrown on the coast of the Azores, towards the end of the 15th century. Nearly at the same period, the brother-in-law of Columbus, Peter Correa, Governor of Porto Santo, found on the strand of this island pieces of bamboo of an extraordinary size, brought thither by the western currents. When the wind has been long from the west, a branch of the stream runs with considerable force in a north-easterly direction, towards the coasts of Europe. By this the fruit of trees belonging to the torrid zone of America is annually cast ashore on the western coasts of Iceland and Norway; and the seeds of plants which grow in America, Cuba, and the adjacent Continent, are collected on the shores of the Hebrides. Thither, also, barrels of French wines, the remains of vessels wrecked in the West Indian seas, are carried. In

1809, H.M.S. Little Belt was dismasted at Halifax, Nova Scotia, and her bowsprit was found eighteen months after in the Basque Roads; and the mainmasts of the Tilbury, burnt off Hispaniola, in the Seven Years' War, was brought to our shores.

The influence of ocean currents in navigation may be understood by a fact mentioned by Colonel Sabine, that, on his voyage from Sierra Leone to New York, he made almost a fourth part of the route by their assistance: of 9,000 miles through which he sailed, the ship was carried 1,800 miles by currents. And Lieutenant Maury, in reference to his valuable series of charts, lately published, states, that lately a frigate took a hundred days to sail from the United States to Rio Janeiro; whilst another vessel, which left at the same time, performed the same voyage, by the aid of the chart of the currents, in thirty days.—*Johnson's Physical Atlas.*

THE GALLOPING STEED.

There's a courser we ne'er have been able to rein—
He careers o'er the mountain, he travels the main—
He's Eternity's Arab—he trieth his pace
With the worlds in their orbits, and winneth the race.
Oh! a charger of mettle I warrant is he,
That will weary his riders whoe'er they may be,
And we all of us mount, and he bears us along
Without hearing our check-word or feeling our thong:
No will does he heed, and no rest does he need,
Oh! a brave Iron Grey is this galloping steed.

On, on, and for ever, for ever he goes—
Where his halting place is—not the wisest one knows;
He waits not to drink at the Joy-rippled rill,
He lags not to breathe up the Pain-furrowed hill.
Right pleasant forsooth is our place on his back,
When he bounds in the sun on Life's flowery track,
When his musical hoofs press the green moss of Hope;
And he tramples the pansy on Love's fairy slope,
Oh, the journeying then is right pleasant indeed,
As we laugh in our strength on this galloping steed.

But alack and alas! he is soon off the grass,
With dark stony defiles and dry deserts to pass,
And his step is so hard and he raises such dust,
That full many are groaning, yet ride him they must.
On, on, through the gloomy morasses of Despair—
Through the thorns of Remorse and the yew trees of Care;
Our limbs and our forehead are sore to the quick,
But still we must ride him, bruised, weary, and sick;
Gentle hearts may be shaken and stirred till they bleed,
But on they must go with this galloping steed.

In the stone huddled churchyard he maketh no stop,
But the boldest perchance of his riders will drop,
They may cling to him closely, but cannot hold fast
When he leaps o'er the grave-trench that Death opened last.
Betrayed and bedecked with his velvet and plumes,
A grand circle he runs in the show-place of tombs;
He carries a King—but he turneth the crypt,
And the Monarch that strode him so gaily hath slipped,—
Yet, on goes the barb at the top of his speed,
What's the fall of such things to this galloping steed?

Right over the pyramid walls does he bound,
In the Babylon deserts his hoof-prints are found,
He snorts in his pride—and the temples of light
Wear a shadowy mist like the coming of night.
On, on, and for ever, he turns not aside,
He recks not the road, he is narrow or wide;
In the paths of the city he maketh no stay,
Over Marathon's Plain he is stretching away.
Oh! show me a pedigree, find me a speed,
That shall rival the fame of this galloping steed.

He hath traversed the Past, through the Present he flies,
With the Future before him right onward he lies;
He skims the broad waters, he treads the dark woods,
On, on, and for ever, through forests and floods.
Full many among us are riding him now—
All tired and gasping with sweat on our brow.
We may suffer and writhe, but 'tis ever in vain,
So let's sit on him bravely and scorn to complain;
For we know there's a goal and a glorious meed,
For the riders of Time—that old galloping steed.

ELIZA COOK.

ANCIENT AND MODERN TRAVELLING.—The first turnpike-road was made in the reign of Charles II., and had to be supported at the point of the bayonet. It was not till the reign of Queen Anne that turnpike-roads were completely established. In 1754, improved turnpike-roads were made; but so averse were the people to their introduction, that tumults arose, and, at the end of the reign of George II., a law had to be passed, enacting it felony to pull down a toll-bar. Up to this period persons mostly travelled from Scotland to London on horseback. We have an account of two performing a journey from Glasgow to the English Metropolis in 1739. It says there was no turnpike-road until the travellers came to Grantham, about one hundred and ten miles from London. "Up to that point they travelled on a narrow causeway, with an unmade soft road on each side of it. They met, from time to time, strings of pack-horses, from thirty to forty in a gang, the mode by which goods seem to be transported from one part of the country to another. The leading horse of the gang carried a bell, to give warning to travellers coming in an opposite direction; and when they met these trains of horses, with their packs across their backs, the causeway not affording them room, they were obliged to make way for them, and plunge into the roadside." How different the mode of travelling now-a-days! Our trains of pack-horses are railway carriages, which, if our grandfathers were permitted to see at their speed, would frighten them back to their graves. A hundred years ago, fifty miles a day was considered to be a prodigious rate of speed to travel at. We can now travel at the rate of fifty miles an hour; and take an early breakfast in London, and sup and sleep comfortably in Edinburgh within the same day.

COFFEE.—The coffee bush or tree is a native of the Ethiopian highlands of Africa, whence it was introduced into Arabia at the end of the fifteenth century. This country, renowned since the time of Solomon, under the name of Arabia Felix, is no less celebrated in modern times as the finest coffee garden of the East. Here that beverage, which is now extended to every civilised country in the world, and which has grown to be one of the most important objects of commerce, appears to have been introduced. In little more than a century this plant spread to Java and Manilla, and thence by Ceylon, and the Isle of Bourbon, to the West Indies, Surinam, Cayenne, and Brazil. In these new fields hundreds of thousands of labourers of all kinds are engaged in its cultivation. Its produce is more than 800,000,000 pounds of coffee-beans, in the transport of which, through the Indian and Atlantic Oceans, more than 100,000 tons of shipping are annually employed. The coffee plant succeeds best in the hottest regions of the tropics; but the artificial limit of its cultivation extends even to the lat. 35 degs. N., where the mean temperature is only 67 degs. and 68 degs. Between the tropics it grows best at an elevation of between 1,200 and 3,200 feet, but it seldom extends beyond 6,400 feet. Its cultivation has of late greatly increased in Brazil, and it is rapidly extending in British India, especially on the coast of Malabar, and in the Island of Ceylon. Coffee was not known in Europe till several centuries after the introduction of sugar. The first coffee house in England was opened in London in 1652, and the first in France at Marseilles in 1671.

INDUSTRIALITY OF ENJOYMENT.—Mankind are always happier for having been happy; so that if you make them happy now, you may make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it. A childhood passed with a due mixture of rational indulgence under fond and wise parents, diffuses over the whole of life a feeling of calm pleasure; and in extreme old age, is the very last remembrance which time can erase from the mind of man. No enjoyment, however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier for life, from having made once an agreeable tour, or lived for any length of time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure; and it is most probably the recollection of their past pleasures, which contributes to render old men inattentive to the scenes before them; and carries them back to a world that is past, and to scenes never to be renewed again.—*Sidney Smith.*

A mechanic looks to his tools; a painter washes his pencils; a smith mends his hammer, anvil, or forge; and a husbandman sharpens his ploughshare: but totally neglect those instruments, the brain and spirit, by means of which they daily range through the regions of science and the wilds of nature. Like careless and unskilful archers, they bend the bow until it breaks.—*Burton.*

"Man," says Adam Smith, "is an animal that makes bargains. No other animal does this—no dog exchanges bones with another."

USEFUL RECIPES.

(From the Receipt Book for the Million.)

COMMON VARNISH.—Take gum juniper eight ounces; Venice turpentine six ounces; rectified spirits of wine two pints. Digest in a gentle heat till the gums are dissolved.

TOOTH POWDER.—To one ounce of fine powder of bark and one ounce of gum myrrh, add three-fourths of an ounce of bole armenic. Mix these ingredients well together, and they will produce an excellent tooth powder, invaluable in itself, and highly approved of by many gentlemen of the faculty.

RICE GLUE.—Mix rice flour intimately with cold water, and gently simmer it over the fire, when it readily forms a delicate and durable cement, not only answering the purpose of common paste, but admirably adapted to join together paper, card, &c. When made of the consistence of plastic clay, models, busts, basso relievos, &c., may be formed; and the articles when dry are very like white marble, and will take a high polish, being very durable. In this manner the Chinese and Japanese make many of their domestic idols.

TO CURE SOFT CORNS.—Scrape a piece of common chalk and put a pinch to the soft corn, and bind a piece of linen rag upon it. Repeat the application in a few days, and you will find the corn come off like a shell, and perfectly cured. The cure is simple, but efficacious. The prevention of soft corns is equally so. Wear a small piece of lint, the size of a shilling, between the toes, and the corn will not return.

GERMAN POLISHING WAX.—Cut in small pieces a quarter of a pound of yellow wax; and, melting in a pipkin, add an ounce of well pounded colophony, or black resin. The wax and colophony being both melted, pour in, by degrees, quite warm, two ounces of oil or spirits of turpentine. When the whole is thoroughly mixed, pour it into a tin or earthen pot, and keep it covered for use. The method of applying it to the furniture, which must be first well dusted and cleaned, is by spreading a little of this composition on a piece of woollen cloth, rubbing the wood with it, and, in a few days, the gloss will be as firm and fast as varnish.

SUBSTITUTE FOR A VAPOUR BATH.—Take a piece of lime about half the size of your closed hand, and wrap around it a wet cloth sufficiently wrung to prevent water running from it—a dry cloth is to be several times wrapped round this; place one of these packets on each side, and by both thighs (a few inches from them) of the patient; an abundant humid heat is soon developed by the action of the water on the lime, which quickly induces copious perspiration, the effect lasting for two hours at least. When sweating is fully established the lime may be withdrawn, which is now reduced to powder. In this way neither copious drinks nor loading the bed with covering is required.

AROMATIC VINEGAR.—Take of common vinegar any quantity; mix a sufficient quantity of powdered chalk, or common whiting, with it to destroy the acidity. Then let the white matter subside, and pour off the insipid, supernatant liquor; afterwards let the white powder be dried, either in the open air or by a fire. When it is dry, pour upon it sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol), as long as white acid fumes continue to ascend. Stone vessels are most proper to be used on this occasion, as the acid will not act upon them. This product is acetic acid, known in the shops by the name of aromatic vinegar. The simplicity and cheapness of this process points it out as a very useful commodious one for purifying prisons, hospital ships, and houses where contagion is presumed or suspected, the white acid fumes diffusing themselves quickly around.

TO REPRODUCE PAINTS, &c.—The following is an easy means of re-producing printing, engravings, writing, &c., which has been recently discovered:—Take a piece of paper, dip it in a weak solution of starch, leave it to dry, and then moisten it with weak sulphuric acid. Afterwards take an engraving, put it over the vapour of iodine, and leave it there for the space of about five minutes, by which time the iodine will have fixed itself on every part that is black. Then take this engraving, apply it to the sheet of paper, press it for a minute or two, and the engraving is transferred. If this was the whole of the discovery it would not be very important; but, if the thing can be done on paper, it can be done on steel, copper, and silver, and here is a ready means of engraving. If you want to engrave on copper or silver, put your engraving over iodine fumes, and then place it on the plate. If it is copper, put it over the fumes of hartshorn or ammonia, wash it, and the engraving is produced. If it is silver, proceed as if for daguerreotype, holding it over the vapour of mercury, and the engraving is produced. There is a more simple means still. Put the engraving over the fumes of orpiment for a few seconds, place it on a plate of copper, press it, and the engraving sinks into it.

CAMERA SKETCHES.

DUNOON is now a place of considerable importance as a watering-place; and may be visited either from Gourock or Kilmun, there being two or three steamers from each place daily. In crossing from Gourock, we pass the entrances to Loch Long and the Holy Loch, and have a fine view of the ranges of the Argyle hills, and also of the new watering-place of Kilmun; and in making direct for Dunoon pier, we encounter on our route a long row of neat and elegant villas, with the churches and schools rising on eminences at the back of the village. On landing at the pier, the first object of interest is undoubtedly the ruins of Dunoon Castle, rising immediately from the water at the side of the road. It is not much more



DUNOON FROM THE CASTLE WALLS.

now than a lofty grassy mound with some broken walls; but, from the summit, it presents certainly the finest view to be obtained of the bay and village, with the ranges of the Argyleshire hills in the background. The Strone point separating the Holy Loch from Loch Long is seen jutting out; and opposite to it is Gourock. This castle was once the abiding place of royalty; and the hereditary keepership was conferred by Robert Bruce on Sir Colin Campbell, an ancestor of the Duke of Argyll; and it

was the residence of that family in 1673; but it has been allowed, since the beginning of the eighteenth century, to fall into entire ruin. The village contains a population of 3,000, which is almost doubled during the summer season.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. P. (Chelsea).—It is difficult to discover your meaning. The style you have adopted is so involved, indeed so tremendous, that it reminds one of the Yankee orator who said, "the crisis which was about to have arrived has arrived." As in life so in writing,

"Ambition's like a circle on the water
Which never ceases to enlarge itself,
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought."

Use plain words, and let your mind be known to the reader. The ornamental writing, indulged in by first-rate authors, such as Macaulay and D'Israeli, is by no means to be imitated with any hope of success by even very close thinkers and good scholars. It is a special gift, and, like poetry, *nascitur nan fit*.

A Well-wisher (Highgate).—You will find the engraving to be given away with the *Penny Illustrated News* of the 8th June to be well worth a frame.

C. G. (Peterborough).—We made a trial a few weeks ago with a double number, but found that the public response was insufficient to reimburse the increased expense. As to raising the price to two-pence, our circulation among the penny reading class would be destroyed, and we wish to persevere in our purpose to reclaim as many as we can from patronising those offensive prints which are fostered by those that they desire.

W. M.—We have repeatedly stated that it was determined on to close the first volume of this journal at Christmas.

Marcus.—We shall re-peruse, and see how the comic sketches may be wound up.

P. B.—We observed in some newspapers the paragraph respecting the origin of the term "haberdasher," but it appears one of their *facile* rather than a grave matter of fact definition. Minshew, the etymologist, derives it from three short Teutonic words, which signify *have you that*. It was first applied to dealers in a great variety of small wares.

D. S.—It has been wisely remarked, "that to be cast upon one's own resources is to be placed in the very lap of fortune; for the mental faculties then undergo development and exert energies previously unfelt." You say you are at a loss to determine on your future employment. The money of which you are about to become possessed is the sole cause of your present dilemma. Had you been penniless, you would have felt no hesitation in at once busying yourself with the occupation that came first to your hand. As we are ignorant of your amount of education, we cannot give any advice as to a trade or profession in which you will find congenial occupation. Ask your neighbours.

A Weekly Subscriber.—We go to press on Tuesday morning.

M.—To give portraits of the faucal creatures in a romance is beyond the power of the pictorial art; letterpress only can be employed. We shall see after Mr. Green's affairs. We are daily made very proud by such testimonies as yours, to the earnest endeavour we make to render our little book worthy of the patronage of respectable people.

W. N. Willis.—You wish us to have a few puns, rebuses, conundrums, and all the offal of the lower penny publications, in these our eight pages of pictures and letter press. But too many of our readers seek for something different from, if not better than, these oddities and quiddities. An American author tells us that a quack doctor told his patient, "I don't say that this nasty stuff that I am giving you will cure your present distemper, but it will throw you into it—now I'm death to it." Are you not prescribing in the same style as this medical practitioner?

D. M.—It is said that the origin of Jonathan being applied to the citizens of the United States is to be found in the Christian name of an early friend of General Washington. An American writer says, that the great leader of the republic in any great emergency usually decided on "consulting brother Jonathan on the subject." The brother was Mr. Jonathan Turnbull. This is questionable. It is singular that a name not many years old should be a mystery. Our sailors very probably invented it, for in all our naval com-

bats, we find the jack tars of the British fleet had affixed some characteristic nickname to the enemy that had to suffer from their broadsides. Johnny Crapaud was the name on the fleet for France. Jonathan, probably was the suggestion of some merry blue-jacket.

Sarah.—We cannot assist you in your tender difficulty. Lord Byron speaks of the *treacle* moon of life, and a recent wit says: "one month of honey is a poor compensation for an age of vinegar;" so we may at all events add these lines:—

"No law is made for love,

Law is to things which to free choice relate;
Love is not in our choice, but in our fate."

D. M.—A month is a space of 28 days, or four weeks. An astronomical month is exactly the twelfth part of a year, or, the time the sun takes in passing through one of the signs of the Zodiac. The nearest approximation to this measure of a month is 30 days and ten hours and a half. A calendar month is such as you find in the almanac. February has several days less than March. We state the facts, but cannot decide the wagers you have made, because we do not know the precise terms employed by J. G. Wagers are wretched arguments, they are only possible when one or both are ignorant of the fact in dispute. If both are in the dark, then it is common gambling; if only one, then it is blacklegism.

A. R. B.—Lord John Russell is not a pigmy; he is at least five feet six inches. If you saw him in the House, you would not so under-rate him. Sir James Graham is a very tall man, not less than six feet high; he is very handsome, as much so as any member of the legislature. Colonel Sibthorp seems an oldish man, probably sixty-five years of age. Fox, the member for Oldham, is not much less. What makes you imagine that Sir Robert Peel is emaciated in appearance? He is well fleshed, and of a very robust make. Probably, because he has been so actively engaged in public business, you think he must be careworn; but Sir Robert has a very happy home of sons and daughters, which neutralises the corroding cares of Downing-street. Take a week in London; visit the Houses of Parliament, and see the public characters in them, from the Duke of Wellington to the meanest voter of the Commons, and free yourself of provincial errors. You will also better understand the newspapers of the day.

Epsom.—We are no prophets; we do not profess to foresee any event whatever, simply because, though effects follow causes with unfailing invariableness, we may not be intimate with the elements that form the cause. As in astronomy, a *third* power very much increases the perplexity of a calculation, so in the matter of horse racing, the third power of dishonesty and trickery puts all attempts at prophecy *hors de combat*. But, besides all this, we write on Monday, our paper is dated on Saturday, and the race is run on Wednesday; so, though we were right in fixing on the winner of the Derby, we would gather no laurels. Our defeat would read like a joke in our facetious contemporary *Punch*.

PENNY ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

PRESENTED GRATUITOUSLY

On the 8th of June,

A SPLENDID ENGRAVING

OF
THE SCHOOLBOY,

As described by Shakespeare in his "Seven Ages".

"The whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face,
Creeping like snail,
Unwillingly to school."

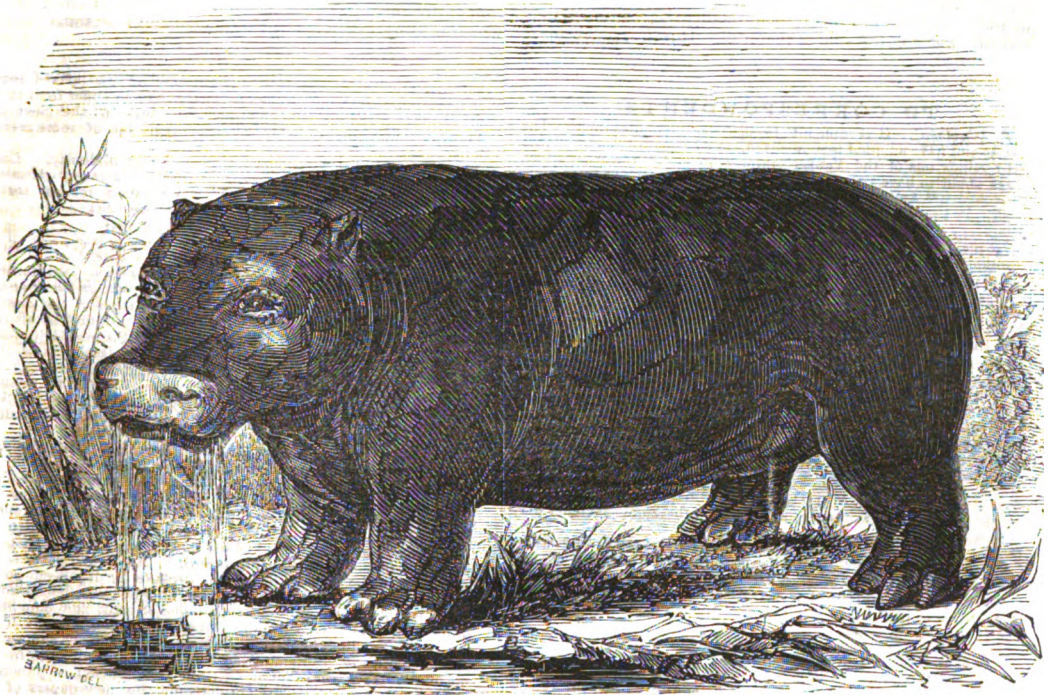
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SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1850.

{ ONE PENNY.
POST FREE, 2d.



THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.



HIS singular creature—the Hippopotamus, or river horse—has arrived from his Highness the Viceroy of Egypt as a gift to the Zoological Society. It is now being exhibited in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's-park, and excites the astonishment of every spectator.

We are now able to correct, from actual observation, the fabulous descriptions which naturalists, from the earliest ages, have given of this unwieldy amphibious specimen. As one of the largest of the animals with which the world is acquainted, he was well known to ancient writers, which the correct representations of him on many coins amply testifies; but in their narratives of his character, and the wonderful feats he performs, a great deal must be set down to the prurency of our early writers' fancies.

The first notice which occurs in any author is the reference to "leviathan" and "behemoth" in the Book of Job; but the strong orientalism of the style in which these references are displayed is too inexact for zoological science. With Cuvier we think the description is too vague to identify the hippopotamus with either the one creature or the other of the sacred volume: but certain passages do point to his peculiar habits. In one place it is said "He lieth under the shady trees in the covert of the reed and fens: the willows of the brook

compass him round about." But this applies with equal precision to the manners of the crocodile. Both animals are equally remarkable for toughness of skin, equally difficult to kill, and both are equally ferocious, so that under the free license of eastern description either one or the other may be intended to be portrayed.

Herodotus is the first among profane writers who mentions the Hippopotamus. He says, "It is a quadruped with cloven hoofs, like those of an ox, the muzzle flat and turned backwards, the teeth projecting, and the mane, tail, and voice like those of a horse; the size as large as the biggest ox, and with a hide so thick and hard that, when dry, the people make javelins of it." Diodorus is more precise in the terms he employs in describing it. He says, "It is five cubits in length, and in bulk approaches that of the elephant." Pliny also follows the track of his predecessors in natural history, but he ascribes the tail and teeth of a boar to the Hippopotamus, adding, however, that though more hooked in shape they are less dangerous. He states that helmets and bucklers are manufactured from its skin, which is impenetrable until moistened, and that he feeds upon crops. He also makes some remarks on the sagacity he displays in avoiding the snares that are set to entrap him. Pliny states that he is covered with hair like that of the seal. The Roman people had many opportunities of learning the character, the appearance, and manner of the hippopotamus; for we read that they were paraded through the streets of Rome in many of

their triumphal corteges. Augustus, Antoninus, Commodus, Heliogabalus, and others, exhibited these singular animals on occasions of public rejoicing. But it was always regarded as a very scarce animal; so much so, that the few that had been caught were considered then the entire species; for Ammianus Marcellinus says the hippopotami had ceased to exist in Egypt after the time of Julian.

It appears that this creature is found only in the north of Africa. Several writers have alleged that he is to be found on the banks of the Indus, but it seems not well established as a fact.

Such are a few extracts from naturalists' descriptions of this great curiosity that arrived in England within the last fortnight. It is in good health, is about ten months old, and weighs five hundred pounds. Some idea of the magnitude of these beasts may be formed when it is considered that they are not full grown until they are fifteen years old. This hippopotamus is remarkably gentle and docile, although the animal in its wild state is considered fierce and stupid. It was caught on an island in the Blue Nile, near the seventh cataract. It was kept on board in a stable, close to which was an iron tank holding 400 gallons of freshwater, which was renewed every day, in which it bathed three or four times daily according to the temperature of the weather. It remained in the bath sometimes three quarters of an hour; occasionally it would sink beneath the surface of the water, and at other times just the upper part of the head and the back would be above the water. It fed on milk and rice—about eighty pints daily of the former, and the latter was consumed both boiled and raw. A number of cows and goats were kept on board the Ripon (the vessel in which it came to Britain) to supply the milk. Its skin is much like that of the rhinoceros—so thick and hard that a bullet would scarcely penetrate it.

It gets from its bath to its stable by clambering by means of its fore-legs up a step. It is remarkably fond of its keeper, an Arab, who talks good English; and the beast appears uneasy when the Arab is away. The keeper sits by day on a high stool, *a la Turk*, in one corner of the den, and uses a small stick to poke the beast about and make him do his bidding.

THE BROTHERS:

AN HISTORICAL TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER VII.

We will again to Edward, who was traversing the vast dependencies of the palace with his unknown liberator. Notwithstanding his preoccupation, he quickly felt a very natural curiosity to become acquainted with an individual who took so much interest in his fate; but his first word was cut short by a rude push, a tacit means of preventing his asking questions. Reduced to silence by that strange and mute injunction, he then sought to obtain a glimpse of the features of his mysterious friend; but that part of the palace which they were traversing was plunged in the most profound obscurity, and it was fortunate that the unknown was so well acquainted with the thousand nooks and turnings which they were compelled to cross; for all Edward could perceive or ascertain was, that the guide himself exhibited signs of the greatest alarm; his hand trembled violently, and his voice, when he requested Edward, in an under tone, to ascend or descend, turn to the right or the left, was greatly agitated. From time to time he suddenly paused, fancying he heard the sound of distant footsteps or beheld a glimmering light at the extremity of a corridor. At length, after many pauses, he introduced Edward into a small chamber, scantily furnished, and badly lighted, which appeared to belong to one of the lowest of the domestics.

On entering that apartment, an individual, who was manifestly awaiting them, abruptly rose and demanded hastily:—

"Well, have you succeeded? Is he with you?"

"Here he is," replied the guide with a pitiful air, stepping aside to allow young Falkland to enter.

"Fear nothing," said his guide, "it is my cousin Francis Elphinstone, one of the princess's domestics; but in the name of all the saints let us be silent! They will perceive that you have disappeared and soon be in pursuit. Great God! what shall we do should they surprise us before we have reached the court-yard? We should all be thrown into the Tower, and, perchance, assassinated!"

At the same time they resumed their march, and again found themselves in the most profound obscurity.

"My God!" murmured Williamson, stopping suddenly, (that was the name of the guide) "we are lost! I hear footsteps approaching."

And truly, a slow, though light, step was heard at the extremity of the corridor, and a female, whose features they could not distinguish, glided like a shadow along the wall, and advanced towards the fugitives. She advanced with tottering steps, sobbing pitifully, and was doubtless unconscious that there were persons so near that they could perceive her movements by the reflection of her shadow on the wall. The three adventurers remained motionless as statues scarcely daring to breathe.

At length the lady had approached so near that the slightest movement would have betrayed them. Judge then of the terror of the guides, when Edward stepped forward and called, in a subdued tone, "Emma! Emma!"

Miss Elliott—for it was she—trembled violently, and suddenly paused, casting around her a look of the most intense alarm.

"It is I—Edward; fear nothing, and for heaven's sake be calm, Emma."

On recognising him, the young girl exhibited signs of the most profound consternation.

"Oh! my God! my God!" she murmured; "you are still here, Edward? Wherefore have you not quitted the palace?"

"Emma," returned the young man, fervently, "I thank God for the circumstance which has again brought you into my presence for a few moments. Oh! what anguish I feel at leaving you behind without even knowing what will become of you. I conjure you to dispel my anxiety. Oh! Emma, my own sweet girl! tell me that you are without the reach of danger,—that the Princess has pardoned you, and I shall depart without fear, if not without regret; but I cannot, will not, otherwise!"

"Imprudent young man!" said Emma; "you are allowing moments the most precious to pass."

At the same time, her eyes fell on the two companions of Edward, who had remained in the gloom. Young Falkland divined the cause of her preoccupation.

"They are friends, liberators," he observed, hastily; "be not alarmed at their presence; but I implore you, Emma, to tell me what has taken place in the oratory, since my departure."

"Oh, Edward! my doom is perhaps even worse than yours," replied the young girl, weeping.

"The Princess, then, has shown no mercy?"

"Oh, no! she seems lost to every tender feeling. I am to be ignominiously driven from the court, and confined in a convent the remainder of my life! Such, Edward, is my doom. Heavens! it is horrible to think of!"

Edward raised the hand of the countess to his lips, and bathed it with the scalding tears which were streaming down his pale cheeks, then fondly pressed her to his heart. They thus remained locked in each other's embrace. At length the guide, who was aware that every second augmented the danger, called them to a sense of their common peril.

"Lady," he observed, in a supplicating voice, "if the liberty and welfare of Mr. Falkland be dear to you, do not detain him, for time is most precious, and we may be overtaken."

"Yes, yes; depart, Edward," murmured the young girl, disengaging herself from his embrace; "destiny will one day be less cruel perhaps, and then—but, farewell—farewell!"

She then withdrew a few paces in order to afford Edward no pretext for lingering longer; but the latter had already taken an energetic resolution.

"Emma," said he, firmly; "I wished to flee, because I had hoped you would still be free and happy, and that I should shortly rejoin you; but now that I know your frightful doom, what matter how they dispose of me! I neither value life nor liberty since we are to be for ever separated. I no longer wish to compromise these brave young men who have devoted themselves to my service. Let some one point out to me an officer of the court, and I will surrender myself to him; for I am tired of struggling with an invincible fatality."

The maid of honour became paler than ever.

"Edward! Edward!" she murmured, shuddering; "you surely cannot seriously have determined upon such a step? Oh, abandon it! abandon it! What would that act of despair avail you? Renounce it, Edward, for my sake!"

"I cannot, Emma, unless—"

His eyes rested on the young girl with a strange and wild expression. Emma bent her eyes downwards.

"Emma," he resumed, in a higher tone, "the time for

scruples has passed, and I will be explicit: never will I quit this palace unless you consent to accompany me!"

"Edward!" responded the young girl, averting her head: "what do you mean—what is that you presume to propose to me?"

"Listen, Emma; for you as well as myself life is now a desert, wherein we must wander sad and wretched unless we mutually strive to comfort and soothe each other. We are both orphans, and each condemned to a horrible fate; we have both been the playthings of ambition and egotism which envelops us like a cloud. Yes, Emma, let us resist that terrible tyranny which weighs so heavily upon us; we are free in our affection, and there are charms, yet unknown to us, in the existence of two beings so fondly attached to each other. Yes, my love, we will flee this terrible persecution which pursues us so unremittingly. Do you not remember those happy days we passed together in the calm retirement of rural life, when I pledged you my faith and received yours in return? Those obstacles which then presented themselves have now disappeared; tyranny and persecution have combined to reunite us. Consent to accompany me, then, Emma, and those ties which already unite us shall be consecrated by the religious ceremony and become indissoluble. Emma, Emma, I implore you not to refuse me! Come, love; the mysterious protector, who watches over me, must be a generous being, and will not refuse you that protection which he accords me, and which I have not demanded; come, Emma, I conjure you, in the name of that grandmother who smiled on our love, not to repulse the prayer of your friend, your brother, your lover!"

A violent struggle was taking place in the soul of Emma; her respiration was difficult, and a convulsive trembling agitated every member. At length she dropped her hand in that of Edward, and murmured in a voice so feeble that it was scarcely audible.—

"Be it so, Edward, and may God pardon me for this rash, though necessary, step!"

The young man scarcely dared believe his happiness, but the danger of his present position did not permit him to abandon himself to that unexpected felicity; he consequently turned towards his companions, and observed to them in a subdued tone:—

"We will follow you, gentlemen.—Oh! I wish not to fall into their hands now!"

"Mr. Falkland," said Williamson with an embarrassed air, "is that young lady?"

"She is basely persecuted like myself," interrupted Edward in a low, though resolute, tone; "do you refuse to aid us in making our escape? Do you wish me to remain?"

"Nay, but if you knew —"

"We are pursued!" said Edward with vivacity.

At the same time he led Emma rapidly towards the extremity of the passage; and it was time, for scarcely had they arrived at the top of a flight of stairs which conducted to a secret door opening into a large court-yard, when a noise, whose proximity was such that they were constrained to pause lest the echo of their footsteps should betray them, was heard. They again remained immovable, silent, and almost breathless.

It was the princess returning to her apartments, and preceded by a solitary domestic, who was carrying a wax taper. She slowly traversed the deserted gallery, and the fugitives, concealed in the gloom, beheld her pass at a distance, pale, dejected, and almost crushed beneath the weight of those immense pre-occupations which were ever uppermost in her mind.

When the reflection of the taper which the domestic carried in his hand had disappeared, and the sound of their footsteps was lost in the silence of the night, the fugitives resumed their way, and quickly reached the secret door. Williamson touched one of the panels of the door which instantly flew open, when they issued into the court-yard, and again breathed the pure refreshing air of the night. Nevertheless, they had not yet made their escape, nor was the danger entirely passed; there was no issue save on one side, where a small door had been made in the wall. But that door seemed to have remained closed for years; its hinges were corroded with rust, and a heap of large stones defended its approaches. Williamson commenced operations, and, assisted by his cousin, soon made a passage; then the latter took from his pocket a large key, easily opened the door, and, after having satisfied himself that no one was perceptible without, motioned to the lovers that they could come forth without fear. Edward and Emma hastened to avail themselves of that invitation. Williamson quickly made his appearance, and, after having exchanged a few words with his

relative in an under tone, he silently rejoined them, and the door was noiselessly closed.

A moment afterwards they heard Elphinstone replace the stones one by one to prevent any chance of suspicion.

Edward would fain have thanked the humble functionary who had aided in his escape; but he had not sufficient time, for they were now in an open street which led to Charing-cross. The night was dull, and the deepest silence reigned in the entire neighbourhood: Emma was greatly terrified, and tremblingly pressed the arm of her lover, observing:

"Whither are you conducting me, Edward?" At that moment their guide, who had proceeded a little in advance to reconnoitre, approached them.

"Mr. Falkland," said he, with an embarrassed air, "a few paces from hence is stationed a carriage for the purpose of conveying you to a spot where you will be perfectly safe; but I have already intimated to you that my instructions have no reference to —"

He paused and gazed at Emma.

"To this young lady, I presume," added Edward hastily, "whose safety and welfare are far more precious to me than my own? If you cannot be of further service to us both, sir, speak without reserve, and I will endeavour to seek an asylum myself; but remember that I shall not be the less grateful to yourself and those who have employed you for the signal service rendered me. I beseech you, however, to tell me the name of my generous protector."

"Are you indeed ignorant of his name?" demanded Williamson; "do you not yet know that it was Bishop Juxon, who concerted with me the means of your evasion, and employed me to assist you therein? Have you not divined that I am charged to conduct you to Lambeth Palace, his residence?"

"I dared not think so; this is the second time that noble personage has saved me from the most imminent danger, for which generous conduct I cannot account. But how could he have learnt that I was to repair to the Palace to night, and should probably excite the anger of — a powerful individual?"

To be continued.

BADAJOS.



HIS city is said to be one of the strongest of the fortified cities of Spain, situated in a vast plain on the left bank of the river Guadiana, at its confluence with the stream of the Rivillas, which skirts the base of the fortifications on the eastern side. The river Guadiana is spanned, at the western end of the town, by a stone bridge of twenty-eight arches, 600 yards in length, protected on the right bank by the bridge-head fort, which communicates also with the fortress of San Christoval, immediately opposite to the castle. There are two other detached forts on the eastern side, the San Roque and La Picurina, to the left of the castle; above which tower, on the heights, the gates of St. Maria and Trinidad; to the right is the cathedral of St. John, with other buildings, and the bastion of San Vincente.

It is one of the most celebrated places connected with modern British history. The annexed engraving represents one of the most fearful death-dealing actions on record, which has thus been graphically described by one who belonged to the "Forlorn Hope."

"The cathedral of St. John's struck ten, when the storming party silently moved forward. One solitary musket was discharged beside the breach, but none answered it. The divisions were now on the brink of the sheer descent, when a gun boomed from the parapet; the earth trembled; a mine was fired; an explosion; an infernal hissing from lighted fuses succeeded; and, like the rising of a curtain on the stage, in the hellish glare, the French lining the ramparts in crowds, the English storming parties, descending the ditch, were distinctly visible to each other, as if the hour was midnight.

"A tremendous fire from the guns of the place, which had been laid upon the approaches to the breach, followed the explosion. Undauntedly the storming party cheered, and bravely the French answered it; a murderous scene ensued, for the breach was utterly impassable. Notwithstanding the withering fire of the musketry from the parapets, light artillery was brought to bear immediately upon the breach and, amidst the grape from every gun upon the works that

could play upon the assailants or supporting columns, the British mounted! * * * The contest lasted about an hour; fire-balls constantly lighting up the scene; the cheering, and bugles sounding the advance, being heard above the roar, when the place was carried by storm."

When it is considered that "5,000 men and officers fell during this siege," of whom "3,500 had been stricken in the assault, 60 officers and more than 700 men being slain on the spot," there can be no question which is the best way of exhibiting warlike scenes—in reality, or as was represented at the Surrey Zoological Gardens. Happily, as the age advances,

these barbarous means of settling differences will give way to the more powerful appeals of reason and the pen; but who shall say that we are not indebted to such men as those, who, whilst they were obliged to act a part in such dreadful scenes, tell the world how it all came to happen, where it failed, and where succeeded and the benefits, if any! arising from such dreadful conflicts. Such a man was Colonel W. F. P. Napier, who has given us such truthful and graphic details of the terrible seven years' "War in the Peninsula," and to whom the public are mainly indebted for this account of the sieges of the town of Badajoz.



BADAJOZ BY NIGHT.



THE DERBY.

THE DERBY.

RACING—though we take little interest in the matter, our aim being to prompt the mind to higher objects—is not merely a passing fashion—the whim of the day. It has been identified with the tastes and habits of Englishmen for many centuries. The old chronicler Fitz-Stephen, who wrote in the time of Henry II., speaks of the great delight which the Londoners took in it. It was decried by Lord Herbert, of Cherbury, as an unworthy sport. He was evidently disgusted with some of the frauds of the jockies of that day, for he says: "The exercise I do not approve of is running of horses, there being much cheating in that kind; neither do I see why a brave man should delight in a creature whose chief use is to help him to run away." The censure of his lordship did not prevent racing from being very popular in the time of queen Elizabeth. In 1599, "running horses" were mentioned by James Markham, but it is believed that he referred only to private matches made between the owners of particular animals, who ran races, being their own jockies. Public races

were established in the reign of James I. Garterly, in Yorkshire, Croydon, in Surrey, and Theobalds, near Enfield, where James commonly resided with "Dog Stenny," are named as the places appointed for them "to come off." A system of preparation, similar to that now in use, was then adopted. A silver bell was commonly the prize of the victor in the race, whence it has been supposed we derive the saying of "he bore off the bell," to indicate the success or superiority of any individual. Races in the time of Charles I. were common in Hyde Park. By his successor they were much delighted in. When at Windsor, he caused races to take place at Datchet Mead; and in various ways, and by many liberal rewards, he and his favourite ladies encouraged the practice. At Newmarket, the races had been established and largely patronised in the preceding reign. During the civil wars they were discontinued. Scenes of a mirthful character were not then to the taste of the dominant party, and the nation at large had no opportunities for indulging in them.

After the abdication of James II., king William courted popularity by encouraging races, and giving additional prizes to be run for. Queen Anne continued to treat them with the same liberality; and by the Georges, William IV., and her present majesty, they have been steadily favoured.

THE DUTY OF MASTERS AND MISTRESSES TO SERVANTS.

WERE servants better educated, their own relative duties would be clear and defined, and the right performance of those duties would enhance, by its own results, a proportionate self dependence and elevation. We take them often from homes of squalor and filth, where, perhaps, even the rude decencies of life have been unknown—where treachery and deceit, lying and fraud, have been in daily practice. Yet they serve us, and we turn them forth again to the world with those evils, aggravated, perhaps, by our own conduct, and forget that by marriage or age most of these females return to their class as mothers or governing relatives, to nurture again another generation into the same prejudices and the same pitiable ignorance; or, if they come to us with virtues, does our own ministering enlightenment increase them? Do we by the evening hours of daily rest, by our personal attention to comfort, by our merciful sympathy with their pain and pleasure, try to humanize? This is done, but not so often as it might be. We are accustomed to treat them as aliens, and we draw no rightful bond between mistress and servant. Man has come from the hand of God, not a machine, but a sentient and a conscious being. This is the best and holiest argument against those who say, "I pay, and from the hour you rise until the hour you sleep, in sickness or distress, in pain or pleasure, yours must be a round of labour, for this reason, that I give you money." Such reasoning is pure fallacy. We would have servants *humble friends*; friends that would cling to us under all circumstances, not merely as their mercenary helpers, but as those they should look up to and respect, as beings showing superiority of education or fortune by the grace of our actions and benefits. Nor does it necessarily imply the requisite of wealth to effect this benefit: humble means and humble employers can largely exercise the power of mercy and sympathy. We would have the enjoyment and happiness of the world increased by all available means. We would have neither less music, less books, less pleasure of an innocent kind; but we would have wasted minutes, hours of *ennui* over profitless finger-labour, turned to the better purpose of increasing the happiness and moral respect of those who toil for us, and share our roofs, and partake of our bread. We would have labour beget an interest that should last beyond the day of labour; nor throw aside a power once righteously and long employed for our benefit, as we would that of some outworn or obsolete machine.

NEPAUL.

THE kingdom of Nepal is situated between the stupendous range of the Himalaya mountains and the northern portion of the British dominions in Hindoستان. It is 450 miles in length, and about 100 miles broad. The capital, Catmandoo, is situated in the valley of Nepal, which, though only 12 miles long by nine in breadth, is the most populous and the most picturesque portion of the kingdom. This, though a valley, is so elevated as to enjoy the most salubrious climate in the world. Within view of its countless villages are mountains covered with eternal snow. One of the peaks over the capital is 24,768 feet high!

"his curled brows
Frown on the gentle stream which calmly flows;
Which wind and storm his lofty forehead beat."

The soil is peculiarly fertile, yielding, in some districts, two exuberant crops in one season. The mountains contain copper and iron in great abundance. The inhabitants trade with us in ivory, wax, timber, cinnamon, and various resins and fruits. The sceptre is held by a rajah, termed in Nepaul, a Ghookhail.

This district of India at present has excited more than usual interest from the visit with which this country is now honoured of the Nepaulese Embassy, composed of General Ranagee, the Premier and Commander-in-Chief of the kingdom, and twenty-four highly distinguished personages. The General's visit to this country is as Ambassador Extraor-

dinary from the King of Nepal to the Queen of England, and he is charged with a complimentary letter and costly presents, consisting of the most valuable Nepaulese productions and manufactures, worth, it is said, nearly a quarter of a million of pounds sterling, from the King to Her Majesty. The travelling expenses of the embassy, since it left Nepal, have amounted to nearly £10,000. His Excellency and suite profess the religion of Buddhism, and on account of their strict notions respecting their religion, diet, and ablutions, and their dread of having their food, or the vessels which contain it, touched by Christians, they were compelled to engage the whole of the forecabin and saloons of the Ripon, in which they fitted up a cooking apparatus, which was constructed out of a large square box made of planks and paddle floats, filled with mud and sand. Their principal food on board was poultry, kids, eggs, rice, and vegetables. They took in themselves, at each port they touched at, what water they used. The features of the Nepaulese partake of the Mongolian and Hindoo caste. Many of the embassy are most pleasing and handsome looking men, and their dresses are gorgeous beyond description.

The general is a handsome and most intelligent man, about 32 years of age, very dark, with long jet black hair. He is the first Hindoo of high caste that has visited this country. He is considered one of the foremost men in India, possesses great power and influence in Northern Hindoستان, and has rendered great services to the East India Company. He was treated with great distinction by the Governor General of India, having been received in full durbhar at Calcutta, and saluted with 19 guns on his arrival and departure. Although so young, he has been a great and most successful warrior. He was very fond of all the amusements and games entered into by the passengers during the voyage, and cordially joined in them. He was particularly fond of the music of the Ripon's band, and rewarded the musicians most munificently. His manner was regal and graceful, and appeared more like that of a polished European than an Oriental.

SAVINGS' BANK.—One example will show how small a saving in early life will keep a man independent of the work-house in his old age. Suppose he save but one shilling a week from the time he is twenty years old till he is forty, and put it in every year in the Savings' Bank, it will, at compound interest, amount to £72 12s 5½d. Suppose for the next twenty years he does not add one penny to it, it will, without his help, have more than doubled itself, and entitle him at sixty, to demand upwards of £150; or, if he prefer it, a government annuity of £15 a year, or 10d a day paid quarterly at the Savings' Bank; in other words, a little over a shilling a week laid by in youth will entitle a man to a shilling a day in old age.

SONNET—FLOWERS.

Gems of the greensward and the blossom'd trees,
Flowers! sweet Flowers! How I love ye all,
From the proud Lily to the Daisy small!
Rich purple Violets that enbalm the breeze!
Gay Tulips! rainbow-coloured Chalcies!
Crim'd Hyacinths, drooping your graceful bells;
And ye, young sweethearts of the honey-bees,
Roses, wherein the soul of fragrance dwells!
O bright embroidery of Nature's robe,
Weave by the fairies in their daintiest loom!
Wreath of the bride! best tribute to the tomb!
Without your crowning charm, what were our globe?
Heaven without stars, life without Love's sweet power,
Were not more sad than earth without a flower!

ELEANOR DAREY.

THE SHIP "EXTRAVAGANCE."

Oh, Extravagance saileth in climes bright and warm,
She is built for the sunlight and not for the storm;
Her anchor is gold, and her mainmast is pride—
Every sheet in the wind doth she dastingly ride!
But *Content* is a vessel not built for display,
Though she's ready and steady—come storm when it may.
So give us *Content* as life's channel we steer,
If our Pilot be *Content*, we've little to fear!
Oh, Extravagance saileth 'mid glitter and show,
As if fortune's rich tide never ebb'd in its flow;
But see her at night when her gold-light is spent,
When her anchor is lost, and her silken sails rent;
When the wave of destruction her shatter'd side drieks,
And the billows—ha! ha!—laugh and shout as she sinks.
No: give us *Content*, as life's channel we steer,
While our Pilot is *Content*, there's little to fear.

CHARLES SWAIN.]

ALCESTIS.

She goeth to her chamber,
And tears move swiftly flow,
And she cries, O bridal chamber,
The source of all my woe,
From thee, to gloomy Hades,
For him I love, I go.

O fair and virtuous lady,
Why perish in thy prime?
Why leave the glorious sunshine
And the budding joys of time,
What has strengthened thy weak bosom
With fortitude sublime?

Alas! for thee, Admetus,
Thy life on love depends,
There is not one will save thee
Of all thy gallant friends;
And she, thy bosom's idol,
To the dark grave descends.

Will not thy aged father,
Now tottering on the grave,
Nor she, O man, who bore thee,
From death untimely save?
Only the wife devoted
For thee the fate will brave.

She looketh on her children,
But her purpose changeth not,
Though the mother's heart is riven
With anguish for their lot;
And she prays that no dark malice
Her daughter's name may blot.

O daughter, my sweet daughter,
Thy beauty was my pride,
Thou wilt have no tender mother
To deck thee as a bride;
But remember for thy father
Thy own fond mother died.

She goeth to the window
On which the sunbeam's play;
All around is bright and joyous,
And seems to woo her stay;
And she gives her touching farewell
To the blessed light of day.

I die! my strength is failing,
No more the light I see;
The heart that knew no qualling,
Admetus, clings to thee!
Cease not my fate bewailing—
Farewell! Remember me!

The voice of Nature dies not,
It speaks from age to age;
It can move the hardy warrior,
It can melt the lonely sage;
Oh, that voice of Nature speaketh
In the Grecian poet's page.

It is a noble lesson
That olden tale supplies,
That love, the true, the tender,
Shrinks not from sacrifice;
And in the hour of danger
The stroke of death defies.

Affection is a fountain
Ever flowing on the earth,
For weary human nature
In its hour of saddest dearth;
Oh, the countless mournful bosoms
It has solaced from their birth!

Flowers linger on a ruin,
On crumbling towers still wave,
Or bloom in the sad solitude
Of some forgotten grave;
So constant love abideth
When it lacks the power to save.

Cambridge, 1850.

ANNA H. POTTS.

ASSIDUITY AND PERSEVERANCE.—The most usual way among young men who have no resolution of their own, is, first to ask one friend's advice, and follow it for some time; then to ask advice of another, and turn to that; so of a third; still unsteady, always changing. However, be assured that every change of this nature is for the worse. People may tell you of your being unfit for some peculiar occupation in life, but heed them not; whatever employment you follow with perseverance and assiduity will be found fit for you; it will be your support in youth and comfort in age.—*Goldsmith.*

USEFUL RECIPES.

(From the Receipt Book for the Million.)

TRACING PAPER.—To prepare a beautiful, transparent, colourless tracing paper, it is best to employ the varnish formed with Damara resin. The sheets intended to be rendered transparent are laid flat on each other, and the varnish is then spread over the uppermost sheet by means of a brush, until the paper appears perfectly colourless, without, however, the liquid therein being visible. The first sheet is then removed, and hung up for drying; the second and the other remaining sheets are treated successively in the same way. After being dried, this paper may be written on with chalk and pencil or steel pens. It preserves its colourless transparency without becoming yellow, as is frequently the case with tracing paper prepared in any other way; it is, moreover, cheap, and its preparation gives very little trouble.

COURT PLAISTER.—Take half-an-ounce of isinglass, a drachm of Friar's balsam; dissolve the isinglass in a very small quantity of water, then gradually add to it the balsam, stirring them well together. After the whole has simmered a short time, remove it from off the fire, and while warm spread it over black silk with a camel-hair pencil.

TRANSPARENT SOAP.—Transparent soap, when well made, and not coloured, should have the appearance of white sugar candy. Any person can make it by putting into a thin glass phial half a piece of Windsor soap cut into shavings, half filling the phial with spirits of wine, and placing it near the fire till the soap is dissolved. The mixture put to cool in a mould gives transparent soap.

PHOSPHORISED OIL.—Phosphorised oil will give a sufficient light to enable any one to tell the time by a watch at night. Rubbed over the hands and face, it produces a strange effect in the dark, as the skin then beams with a pale, flickering, moon-like light; quite harmless, though rather demoniacal in appearance. To prepare this curious liquid, we have only to dissolve a little phosphorus in olive or almond oil; say fifteen grains of phosphorus to an ounce of oil: put them into a wide-mouthed two-ounce bottle, which place in hot water, to melt the phosphorus; shake together now and then till cold; it is then ready for use; fit a cork nicely to the bottle; this, however, must be removed when the light is required, as the oil only has a luminous appearance when air is in contact with it.

TO MAKE CHARCOAL.—As charcoal is now much used both by gardeners and farmers, and as it is not easily procured in many places, the following simple directions for making it may be useful. Cut up a quantity of wood into billets of about eighteen inches long, place three or four wheel-barrowfuls upon a handful of straw and a few dry sticks, and set fire to the straw. As the wood begins to ignite, surround it with sods, previously cut from the roadsides, tolerably dry, and common road dirt, throwing on the latter in lumps, so as not completely to exclude the air. Soon the whole heap will be burning together; and as the fire makes its appearance through the dirt, or rather as the dirt becomes burnt, throw on more. At night add as much more as is likely to be burnt through by the morning, and continue it for several days. On clearing away the burnt earth, the wood will be found completely charred, but not a stick consumed. Thus charcoal is made quite as good as it could be purchased, while the burnt earth and sods, dressed with liquid manure, will form an excellent compost. Black poplar, or any light wood, is good for the purpose.

MUSHROOM CATSUP.—Look out for mushrooms about September, and be careful as to the sort, preferring those with full grown flaps and fresh gathered. Put a layer of mushrooms into an earthen pan, over which sprinkle salt, and then another layer of mushrooms, &c. Let them remain two or three hours, then break or mash them well, and let them remain two days longer, mashing them each day. Then strain and boil the liquor with allspice and black pepper, a little mace, ginger, a clove or two, and some mustard seed. When bottled, the corks should be sealed, and the spice left in. At the end of three months, strain the liquor, and boil it with fresh spice, which also put into the bottles.

POTTED BEEF.—Bake two pounds of lean beef with one pound and a half of butter. When done, cut and beat it in a mortar, adding half the butter it was baked in with one drachm of pounded mace, the same of allspice, and salt and pepper to taste. When it is very smooth, put it in pots, and cover it with the remainder of the butter it was baked in.

CAMERA SKETCHES.

SHORTLY after leaving Fort William, and immediately beneath Ben Nevis, at the left of the road, is the old burial-ground of St. Engelles. Half-a-mile beyond is the ruin of Inverlochy Castle, which was formerly a stronghold, and in the immediate neighbourhood, in olden times, was a small town, called Inverlochy. It is said that Fort William is on the site of a former fortress, erected by Cromwell, called the Garrison of Inverlochy. The present building was of quadrangular form, with four round towers at the corners, about, thirty feet in height, two of



INVERLOCHY CASTLE.

signed the treaty with Charlemagne of France, A.D. 790.—*Sylvan's Hand Book.*

which remain entire. It was very strongly built of stone, the walls, being ten feet thick towards the bottom. About ten yards from the Castle, and surrounding it, was a ditch thirty feet broad, filled by the water of the river Lochy, which is now turned into another channel. Opposite the great gate are the remains of a draw-bridge, by which it was approached. It was the residence of some of the later Pictish kings; and is said to have been the place where Achain, King of Scots,

GENUINE ELOQUENCE.—One man whom I saw sitting on the ground, leaning his back against the wall, attracted my attention by a degree of squalour in his appearance, which I had rarely before observed in Ireland. His clothes were ragged to indecency—a very common circumstance, however, with the males—and his face was pale and sickly. He did not address me, and I passed by; but having gone a few paces, my heart smote me, and I turned back. "If you are in want," said I, with some degree of peevishness, "why do you not beg?"—"Sure, it is begging I am," was the reply.—"You did not utter a word."—"No! is it looking you are with me, sir? Look there!" holding up the tattered remnant of what had once been a coat; "do you see how the skin is speaking through the holes of my trousers, and the bones crying out through my skin? Look at my sunken cheeks, and the famine that's staring in my eyes! Man alive, isn't it begging I am, with a hundred tongues?"—*Leitch Ritchie's Ireland.*

STUDY.—Beside a library, how poor are all the other great deeds of man—his constitution, brigade factory, man-of-war, cathedral—how poor are all miracles in comparison! Look at that wall of motley calf skin, open those slips of inked rags—who would fancy them as valuable as the rows of stamped cloth in a warehouse? Yet Aladdin's lamp was a child's kaleidoscope in comparison. There the thoughts and deeds of the most efficient men during three thousand years are accumulated; and every one who would learn a few conventional signs—twenty-four (magic) letter—can pass at pleasure from Plato to Napoleon, from the Argonauts to the Affghans, from the woven mathematics of La Place to the mythology of Egypt, and the lyrics of Burns.—*Davis's Essays.*

SPINSTERS.—Among our industrious and frugal forefathers, it was a maxim that a young woman should never be married until she had spun herself a set of body, table, and bed-linen. From this custom all unmarried women were termed *spinsters*,—an appellation they still retain in all law proceedings.

REMARKABLE WILL.—It is not generally known that the last wills of Shakspeare, Milton, and Buonaparte, are tied up in one sheet of foolscap, and may be seen together at Doctor's Commons. In the will of the bard of Avon is an interlineation in his own hand-writing: "I give unto my wife my brown best bed with the furniture."

THE OCEAN.—What sepulchre so sublime as the mighty ocean, with its unimagined wonders and sunless treasures, its ever-rolling billows above and its boundless floors below, tessellated with spars and shells, crystal and sea-weed!—*Horace Smith.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * * Letters for the Editor must in future be addressed to 170, Fleet-street.

A Subscriber, (Chester).—The name of your town is no older than the Roman invasion. It is very questionable whether London can lay claim to a greater antiquity. Some antiquaries call it King Lud's Town; but the Londinum of the Cæsars seems a more natural root for London than any Saxon and Welsh combinations.

W. W.—We acknowledge the receipt of your letter, but we decline considerably entering within the ring of theological controversy. We see the pagan ritual of popery, the rollicking gymnastics of the brethren of the Agapemone, the simplicities of quakerism;

but we do not, like our metropolitan guests from Nepaul, the Bhuddists of Hindostan, refuse to fraternise at table with them, though we rigorously abstain from all attempts to determine who is right, because it is neither peaceful nor polite to determine who is wrong. Polemical discussion the Greeks would call *diallage*—that is, a great many arguments ending no where and productive of no useful result.

W. N.—Your communication is declined on the ground of unsuitableness to these pages.

P. H.—The story which appeared in a recent number respecting Sir Edward Walpole is not only founded on facts, but is actually true in all its details. If it was not known before you read it in this journal, then we claim the credit of reviving a portion of British history some hundred and twenty years old.

Victor.—You are in error; Lord John Russell never was prime minister before the formation of the present Cabinet. He is by no means tall, but by no means diminutive. There is a peculiar impress about him—like Napoleon—which prevents all idea of littleness. We presume you are not a giant, else you would not say that all great men are short. Without referring to antiquity or even the eminent men of the last age, where Hume, Johnson, Fox, Gibbon, and many others, were actually very big men; in our present day, both among the Lords and Commons, the best intellects are possessed by men of the larger proportions; Lord John is an exception. In matters of this class no rule can be established. An old saying, "big head and little wit" is destroyed by the recently discovered science of phrenology. There can be no big wit without a proper space for containing it.

C. A. W.—We are well pleased with your praises. We to-day incur a heavy expense in the gratuitous presentation of the "School Boy," but it is due to those who give us their support. It may tend to allure a few thousands more readers. If they come, we flatter ourselves we will keep them; then we shall have the power to make the number of our weekly pages such as to meet the wishes you and others have expressed.

J. S. T.—You scarcely quote the old saw in its true terms: "Faint heart never won fair lady," is the right reading. But though there may be some truth in this, as in other antiquated proverbs, there is much incompleteness. Many a bold heart has been unsuccessful with fair ladies, and many a gentle nature has been lucky in its inexpressible wishes.

Oros.—Pall-mall is pronounced Pell-mall, probably because it originates in the words *pellere malleo*, to drive with a mallet. Leight Hunt is very industrious in making much difficulty in accounting for what he calls this peculiar perversity in cockney pronunciation.

An Admirer.—We are proud of your good opinion, and grateful for your kind wishes.

J. H. M.—Want of time has hitherto prevented our perusing the verses. Next week we shall read them over carefully.

PENNY ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

SHORTLY WILL BE PRESENTED GRATUITOUSLY,
A SPLENDID ENGRAVING

OF

THE LOVER.

As described by Shakspeare in his "Seven Ages."

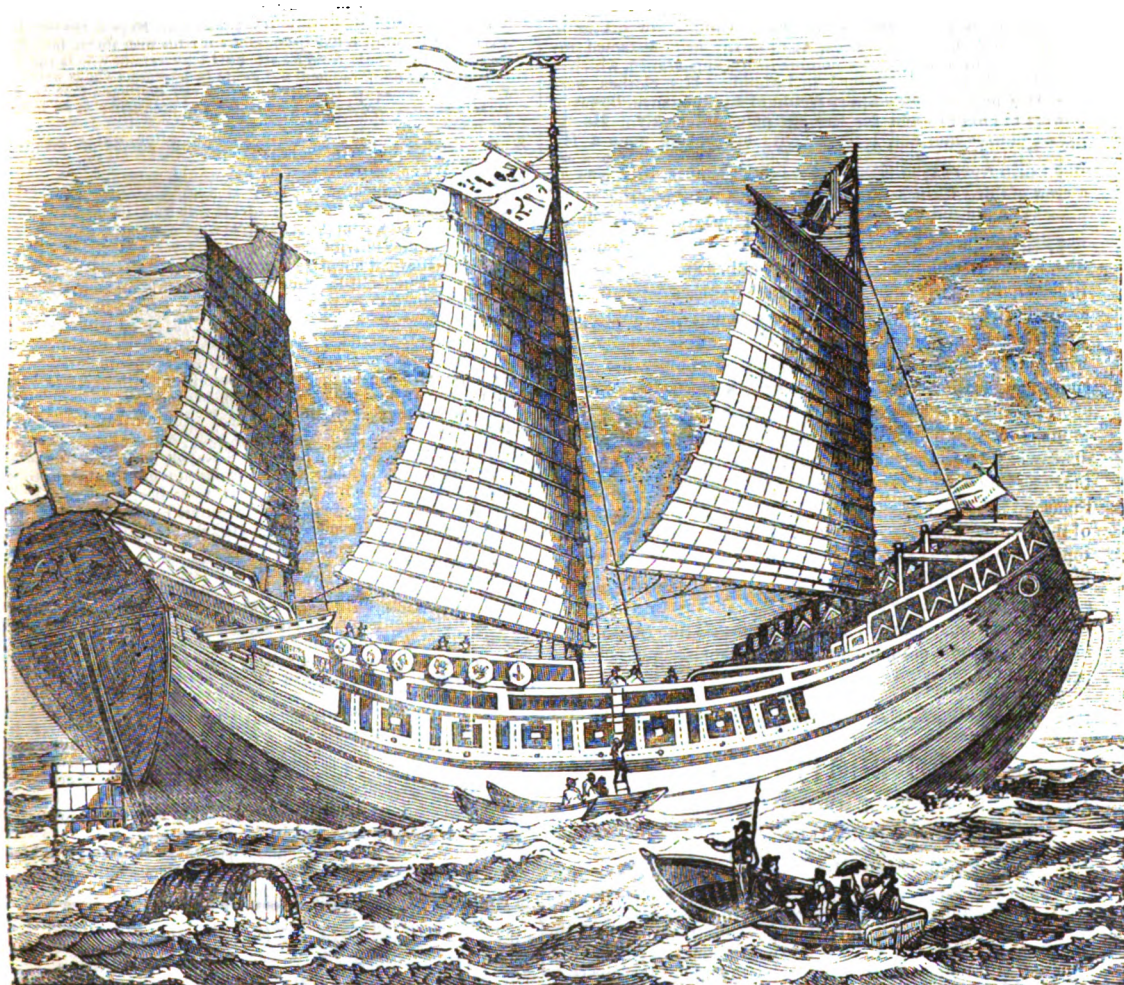
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THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

No. 34.—Vol. I.

SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1850.

{ ONE PENNY.
Post Free, 2d.



THE CHINESE JUNK.

THIS fantastic "wonder of the deep" is now in the very heart of London. Since last Monday this remarkable vessel has been exhibited to the public, and has surprised and pleased many of our sight-seeing citizens. The "Keying" is the first Chinese built ship that ever visited Europe. She is fully seven hundred tons burden, but, though of most portentous looking dimensions, one cannot avoid the reflection that she

would become an easy lamb-like prey to a broadside from any one of our smallest ships of war.

The length of the Junk is 160 feet, extreme breadth 33 feet, and the depth of the hold is 16 feet. She has three masts, made of iron-wood, the centre one is 90 feet long and nearly 10 feet diameter at the base. Her sails consist of strong matting, ribbed a yard apart with bamboo. The mainsail weighs the enormous quantity of nine tons, and requires the whole

crew to hoist it, which is done by a rope of immense thickness, made of plaited rattans, requiring no less than two hours to accomplish it. The three anchors are of very great size, and are formed from iron-wood, the same material as the masts. The rudder is of a singular construction, being supported by two strong ropes at the stern; two ropes are attached to its lower end, and, passing completely under the keel of the ship, are fastened at either bow.

The Junk has a very odd appearance to Europeans accustomed to seeing vessels with decks from the bow to the stern even and parallel with the water. The two bows of the "Keying" are 30 feet above the surface of the sea, and the stern 45 feet! But in every sense this is a very wonderful exhibition. Although everything is in the peculiar style of the Chinese, the decorations of the vessel are of the most gorgeous description. The painting, both of exterior and the interior, is of the highest class of excellence, and demonstrate the luxurious tendencies of the oriental sailor.

This Junk was purchased four years ago at Canton, by some enterprising Englishmen. The laws of China prohibit the sale of ships to foreigners, on pain of death; hence our countrymen found their purchase a matter of very delicate and very difficult accomplishment. But the well-known powers of gold brought the bargain to a close, and floated the "Keying" safely out of the waters of the Celestial empire. She sailed from Hong Kong on the 6th December, 1846, with a crew of thirty Chinese and twelve English. After a favourable passage she reached the Cape of Good Hope, but there she was exposed, at the end of March, 1847, to a severe hurricane. She, however, withstood the storm as well as any of our own frigates. She arrived at St. Helena seventeen days afterwards. It was the design of the commander on quitting St. Helena, to steer direct for London, but, owing to adverse winds and currents, she swerved so much from her proper course, and fearing lest the crew might suffer by running short of water and provisions, Captain Kellet thought proper to make for New York. She entered that port amidst a great display of flags and naval welcoming. The Americans visited the "Keying" in immense crowds. Not less than eight thousand people daily went on board to view the curiosities of the singular stranger. The "Keying" next went to Boston, from which she sailed for London on the 17th February, and reached Jersey in twenty-one days. Although she encountered tempestuous weather from which she sustained some not very serious damage, she thus crossed the Atlantic in about the time occupied by the best American line of packets.

THE BROTHERS :

AN HISTORICAL TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER VII.—continued.

"You can ascertain that of the Prelate himself," replied the guide. "All I know is, that he is well informed of your position. But," he continued, interrupting himself, "the time and place are not well chosen for explanations. God is witness that I am desirous of being serviceable both to yourself and this young lady, but I am apprehensive lest I should outstep the limits of my injunctions. Nevertheless, it is absolutely necessary that we should find an asylum for her."

"You perceive, Edward," observed the young Countess, sighing, "that I already inconvenience you; it were better to leave me to my fate. But you, sir," she added, addressing Williamson, "are you not acquainted with some honourable family in London who could afford me a refuge for the night, and—"

"Emma," interrupted young Falkland, firmly, "I will

never consent to leave you; besides, in the alarming perplexity in which we find ourselves, why not appeal to the generous Prelate, who has several times come to our aid. Would it be in opposition to the orders which have been given you to conduct us into his presence, in order that we may implore his pity and advice?"

The guide reflected for a moment.

"We can certainly make the attempt," said he. "The Bishop is a man of expedients in the most difficult cases. Moreover, the evil is accomplished, for the lady has accompanied you thus far, although I ought probably to have opposed it prior to leaving the palace. Let us, therefore, proceed, and we must do the best we can."

After proceeding a short distance they came to a slight bend in the street, where a carriage and pair were stationed; the coachman had fallen asleep on his seat, and all around was gloomy and silent as the grave. Suddenly, however, as the guide advanced to awaken the coachman, that solitude was quickly peopled; five or six individuals, enveloped in cloaks, mute as statues, issued from a gloomy looking dwelling, where they had been concealed, and hastily approached the guide. Emma could scarcely suppress a cry of terror, and convulsively pressed Edward's arm. The sinister-looking individuals stopped a few paces from them. Their inquietude was not, however, of long duration, for Williamson addressed a few words to them in a low tone, and they immediately disappeared, in different directions, as if by enchantment. During that short conference the coachman had alighted from his box and opened the carriage door. Delivered of his sinister-looking companions, the guide invited the young people to take their places in the vehicle, after which he seated himself beside them, and they departed with all the rapidity the heavy carriages of that period would permit.

The mysterious appearance of those sombre-looking personages had sensibly affected the lovers; it had impressed them with a vague suspicion that all was not right, which Williamson doubtless divined.

"You are somewhat surprised, are you not," he remarked, "to have beheld these ill-looking fellows suddenly make their appearance as though by magic? Well, sir, I have now no cause for keeping that circumstance from you, and I will tell you the truth. It would appear, sir, that they wished to engage you in an enterprise which Bishop Juxon strenuously opposes. He suspected you would refuse to participate in the affair, and it was to provide against the consequences of this refusal that he arranged with me this little plan of evasion, whose good effects you now perceive; thanks to my cousin: on the other hand, had you accepted the mission in question, I had received orders to capture you, whilst tranquilly leaving the palace with your brother, and I have no doubt that those rascals, who ere now made their appearance, would easily have accomplished that task."

For awhile Edward remained silent.

"I am the plaything of passions and interests which are utterly incomprehensible to me," he at length observed, with an air of sadness; "and, in the chaos wherein I am plunged, I can scarcely distinguish friends from foes. But you, sir," he added, addressing Williamson, "who are you, pray? What cause have you for braving so much danger in my behalf; I, who am a stranger to you? But I cannot believe that you are a simple domestic."

"It is, nevertheless, strictly true, at least for the present," replied the guide, "but what would you have? I chanced to meet with a person accustomed to avail himself of the services of those who are willing to assist him in the accomplishment of his projects. The night on which the incident on Westminster-bridge took place, his lordship requested me to watch your movements; and bring him information respecting you. This morning, after having with difficulty escaped the vigilance of your brother's emissaries, I returned to the Bishop's and informed him of the kind of captivity in which you were held, of my visit to the palace, and the danger I had run of being incarcerated, which certainly would have been the case had any one recognised me. Whilst I was relating this to him a letter was brought in—from whence I know not—which stated that you would repair to the palace at night; he immediately commenced questioning me relative to my cousin, on the possibility of penetrating the palace and issuing therefrom at will. You are acquainted with the rest, and although in your present trouble and perplexity, sir, you experience a difficulty in distinguishing your friends, I trust, at least, that you will not include me in the list of your enemies."

This elucidation, vague as it was, partially reassured Edward; it appeared to him manifest that the worthy divine, desirous of saving Cromwell at any price, had deemed the ap-

prehesion of the individual charged with the crime the surest means of preventing bloodshed. Hence the singular obsession of which Edward had been the object since his arrival in London, and even prior to that time. The Bishop was doubtless, to some extent, actuated by a feeling of commiseration for the young man's misfortunes; hence his kind warning, and the efficacious assistance afforded him. Nevertheless, although these suppositions were very reasonable, young Falkland felt a desire to interrogate Williamson respecting certain circumstances still obscure, when the dull sound produced by the carriage on entering the court-yard of Lambeth palace reminded them that they had arrived at their journey's end.

CHAPTER VIII.

The vehicle rolled heavily along the court and draw up at the foot of a flight of steps in front of the palace. The travellers alighted, and, guided by Williamson, who appeared to be well acquainted with every part of the structure, they arrived at a huge ante-chamber where a solitary domestic was profoundly sleeping on a kind of form.

"Await my return here," observed the guide in a subdued tone; "I will go and inform his Grace, whom the unexpected presence of this young lady may dispose to—"

"We have no hope save in the powerful protection of the Bishop," murmured Emma interrupting him.

Williamson smiled encouragingly, and entered the adjoining apartment without waiting to awake the valet or be announced.

The Bishop was alone in his study, seated before a desk which was encumbered with letters and documents, and earnestly engaged in writing, although he had evidently not long returned from St. James's palace. Despite, however, the onerous nature of his duties which at that time prevented his taking necessary repose, his exterior betrayed neither dejection nor fatigue, and when the guide entered he exhibited that open expansive gaiety which is a proof of the most perfect tranquillity of mind.

"Oh! you have arrived, then, my worthy lieutenant?" said he, casting aside his pen and throwing himself back in his arm chair. "Well! it would seem that we have succeeded admirably. Ah! ah! ah! I cannot now refrain from laughing when I recollect what a strangely comic air the worthy Sir Alfred assumed on learning that his prisoner had made his escape from the Royal palace, and almost under the eyes of the Princess! The scheme was a bold one, certainly! and all the credit is due to you my brave lad."

"I am delighted to see that your Grace is satisfied with my trifling services," observed Williamson; "your Grace must recollect, however, that you greatly contributed to the success of that affair."

"You wish to flatter me," returned the Prelate; "the plan was your own, and you executed it almost alone. But, by the bye, where is our adventurer? Have you not brought him with you?"

"Yes, your Grace, he is in the ante-chamber, but—"

"Wherefore, then, did you not introduce him?"

"Because, your Grace, the aspect of the affair has slightly changed. Instead of one prisoner I have liberated two."

"What is that you say?" demanded the Bishop in astonishment.

"Such is the case, my lord: picture to yourself that at the moment we were about to leave the Palace, a lovely young girl, whose eyes were bathed in tears, came and threw herself into the arms of our *protégée*. He persisted in her leaving the Palace with us."

The Prelate frowned.

"And do you know who this young lady is?" he demanded.

"And who should your Grace suppose but the young Countess Elliott, one of the Princess's maids of honour?"

"The Countess Elliott!" exclaimed the Bishop angrily; "and who, pray, instructed you to convey her hither?"

"My lord," returned Williamson, timidly, "she wished not to quit Mr. Falkland, and I presumed that with your usual kindness—"

"Plague on your suppositions!" exclaimed the Bishop pacing to and fro his study with agitated steps. "You have placed me in a pretty dilemma, master Williamson. To carry away a maid of honour, who has greatly offended the Princess, is a serious matter! She will be furious, and should she learn that I was the cause of her disappearance I shall scarcely dare confront her. Besides," he continued, "where do you think that I am to secrete this young girl?"

He paused and bit his lips.

"Come!" he resumed; "it is useless to ruminate, they must leave, for what scandal it would create were it known that I have concealed here two lovers. Have them placed in a coach, and let them proceed where they will. I would have retained the young gentleman, but in all probability he would not consent to separate from his lady-love. Yes, let them depart! I will not see them."

"But, my lord, whither would you have them go at this hour? They are strangers in London, and will not be able to find a shelter to-night. Besides, consider, your Grace, that if you abandon them, they will quickly be discovered, and you know what a cruel fate is in store for both."

"It is not my fault, Williamson, if this young man will persist in running headlong into danger. Why not have left the countess behind? The Princess would no doubt have revoked the terrible sentence with regard to the young girl; and I cannot, dare not, offer them an asylum!"

"My lord—"

"What did you say?" demanded the Bishop angrily.

"I say, my lord," resumed the guide, "that it would be a duty of Christian charity not to abandon thus these two young people. Consider, that unless some one exercises a paternal authority over them, they will certainly become a subject for scandal."

"True," resumed the Prelate with a pensive air; "but what can we do? I tell you that I need not create for myself new difficulties at the present moment, for I am already absolutely overwhelmed with them."

"Well, your Grace, consent at least to see them for an instant."

"For what purpose?"

"To preach them a sermon on scandal, my lord."

The Bishop smiled.

"Well," said he, "introduce them, and we will consult with them relative to the best means of proceeding."

Williamson ran to the ante-chamber, and in a few moments returned with his *protégés*.

They slowly entered, and silently saluted the Prelate. Emma was reclining on the arm of Edward, and the emotions and suffering of the day had diffused over her pure features a touching melancholy: she no longer wept, but the mournful expression of her regards would have inspired the most obdurate heart with pity. Her movements were languishing; and one would have supposed that her brilliant, though light, costume weighed too heavily on her sylph-like form. The grief of Edward presented itself in a different light, for it seemed solely centred in that timid, angelic being, whose only protector would henceforth be himself. His look was firm and resolute; and the violent passions which had recently been roused within him had left but a feeble trace on his handsome countenance; but his eyes attentively followed every gesture of his young companion; it was for her he suffered,—for her he implored pity and succour.

On perceiving them enter, supporting, as it were, each other, the Bishop felt greatly affected. Yes, the misfortune of these young, noble, and handsome beings, whom ambition and intrigue had snatched from seclusion and happiness, made a profound impression on the generous-hearted Prelate. On beholding Emma, pale and trembling, he hastily rose, offered her his hand with exquisite politeness, and conducted her to a seat.

"Be seated, my child," he observed, mildly, "and take courage. God will not abandon you if you continue to have confidence in him."

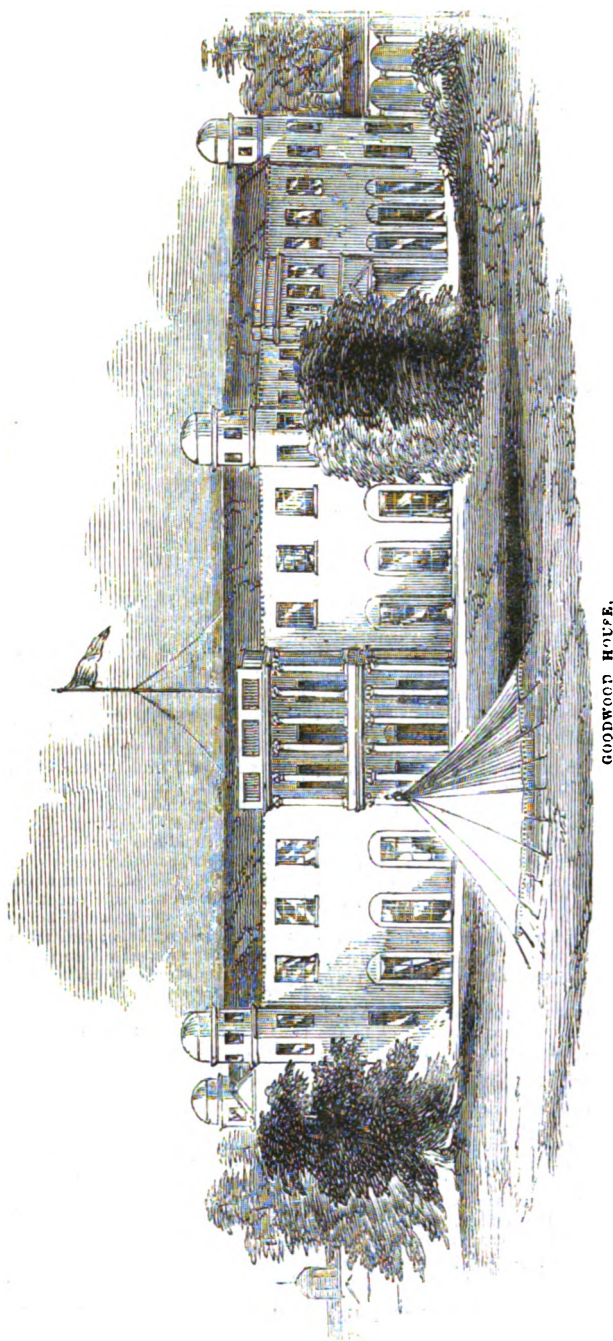
The Countess only replied by a sign of the head; but young Falkland, whom the benevolence of the Bishop rendered more courageous, remarked in an accent of the deepest gratitude:—

"Your kindness towards me is unbounded, my lord: you yesterday saved my life by rescuing me from the anger of an infuriated populace; to-day you have preserved me from the terrible anger of a princess; and yet I still presume to implore your powerful aid on behalf of this young lady whom I have enveloped in my misfortune. Like myself, she is doomed to a terrible punishment, but has less strength and fortitude to support its immense burthen."

"Oh! no, no, my lord," cried Emma, joining her hands.

"Mr. Falkland has not told you the real truth; and if you extend your generosity to either, let it be to this loyal young man who has braved the anger of so many influential personages rather than be culpable of committing a horrible deed. Oh, my lord! it is he who merits your generosity and not I, who have been ungrateful towards my royal mistress. But that woman!—that woman!"

To be continued.



GOODWOOD HOUSE.

GOODWOOD HOUSE,

THE residence of the Duke of Richmond has been long famous as giving its name to the celebrated Sussex races that take place in July. We give a representation of that princely establishment. The county in which it is situated is one of the most picturesque districts in England. The aspect is peculiarly varied, but with unvarying beauty. The inequalities of the downs, with valleys intervening, through which many streamlets pursue their course to the sea, the woods and the pasture-lands give to Goodwood and its neighbourhood all the appearance of a magnificent garden.

ANIMAL INSTINCT—THE WOODCOCK.

THE habits of the woodcock show great intelligence, and seem admirably calculated to save him from much suffering, and to afford great and varied enjoyment. The lot of a human being would be thought enviable, could he live in a perpetual spring. This the woodcock seems to do, or, at least, to live constantly in that season which is most agreeable to him.

Few woodcocks are bred in this country. For the most part they are regarded as natives of the Alps, Norway, Sweden, Polish Prussia, and other northern parts. They

generally leave England early in March. "The time," says Rees, "of their appearance and disappearance in Sweden coincides exactly with that of their retreat from and arrival in Great Britain." They regulate their movements, when the time for emigration arrives, by the wind. On the Suffolk coast they arrive, but in comparatively small numbers, in the first week in October. In November and December the great body of these foreigners make their invasion. The redwing commonly immediately precedes them as a vanguard. They fly by night, always taking advantage of a fair wind.

They are usually chased in this country with dogs called springers. It is worth a day's long ride to see the unwearied diligence and perseverance which these little creatures display in hunting, provided they have been well trained. They seldom leave the gunner beyond the space of twenty or twenty-five yards. Not one inch of ground escapes them ;

whatever game lies concealed, the little springer is sure to rise it.

Venturing on the long journeys these birds undertake, it is probable they often find their strength fail them, and fall into the sea. We have authentic accounts of incidents which favour this supposition. Mr. Travers, of Cornwall, records an instance, when at a distance from land unusual for birds to be seen, a bird was discovered hovering over the ship; when first discerned it was high in the air, but gradually descended, and after taking several circuits round, at length alighted on the deck; it was so wearied as to be taken up by the hand. Probably this bird had lost its companions, or, by the force of winds, was driven from the true aerial track.

The instinct which conducts them over vast oceans to a genial climate, fails to preserve them when they come in contact with the works of man; and they are easily snared by his contrivances, or destroyed by his weapons.



THE WOODCOCK

THE ART OF ENGLISH POETRY.

CHAPTER I.—INTRODUCTION.

WE make no pretensions in these essays to teach how a man may become a poet—*poeta nascitur non fit*—the poet must be born such: simply because the strong clear sense, the impulsive feeling, the elevation of thought, and the graces of appropriate diction are not to be instilled by any educational instruction. These are gifts of God, and may be found among the peasantry as ordinarily as among the princes of the land. Byron, the peer, was a poet, and so was Burns the ploughman. Homer was an itinerant ballad singer. Shakspeare was a "poor player." These, the greatest poets of the world, were humbly born, and probably long without the initiatory elements of language and science.

But as many are pleased with much humbler ascents on Parnassus than will secure a world's admiration or a world's fame, we may happily be of some assistance to such in their endeavours to produce verses smooth and well-sounding to the ear. For though, since the days of Horace, who talked trippingly of the *versus inopes nugaque canore*, to the last enemy of versifiers, scribblers, and such like well-abused underlings in the service of the muses, the sovereigns of Parnassus have been very jealous lest any one should come near their throne; we think that even humbler works than "The Odyssey," "The Iliad," "The Æniad," "Paradise Lost," "Othello," or "Childe Harold," may not only be gently tolerated but graciously received by some of the many diversified classes of the republic of letters. While we claim a place—let it be a humble one—for those who are unequal to the soaring flights of the great spirits who are the poets of all time, the "empyrean souls" that have no parallel, still we do not plead the cause of the wretched poetaster. Hudibras says,—

"He rhymes appropriate could make
To ev'ry month in th' almanack;
When terms begin and end, could tell
With their returns in doggerel.
In lyrics he would write an ode on
His mistress eating a black-pudding.
A carman's horse could not pass by
But stood tied up to poetry."

It is assuredly not our design to galvanize into a fitful existence by supplying these helps to versification a morbid tendency to rhyme, but rather to supply ready tools to such of our readers as possess the

"Music uninformed by art,"

Such as the wild notes which the merry birds express. They are sweet, but they are unclassified and unrecorded. They are beautiful, but they are not in the categories and collections of human stores. So with many a train of thought and many an impulsive feeling. They are unstored because they are not dressed and decked and meted out in the mechanical forms of science or of art. They are wasted on a desert air of formlessness, being divested of those technical shapes which the bright thoughts of the great masters have clothed themselves with. We merely design being a help to those who have heard the call of *Apollo*, not a hot-bed for forcing into unnatural precocity and exuberance the "weeds which make haste," but a training hand for the "sweet flowers that grow slow."

SUPERSTITION.

THE embassy now in England from the Sovereign of Nepal refuse to touch any meat prepared for them by a Christian! Are not the cooking utensils manufactured by Christians? Are not the coals which constitute the fire element dug by Christians? But are not the very animals on which they

dine created by the same Power who created the Christian?

The ways of superstition are past finding out! We are told in Oriental history that a dervish, of the most devoted piety, one morning was unlucky enough to break a crystal cup consecrated to Mahomet, the villainous Prophet; he let it accidentally fall, and it was dashed in pieces. The son of this unhappy dervish, some time after, stumbled and broke his leg while his father was in the act of blessing him. As the old man wondered at these events, a caravan passed by on its way from the holy city of Mecca. The dervish made his approach to beg a blessing from the servants of the Prophet; but as he stroked one of the consecrated camels, he received a violent kick from the beast that severely bruised him. His astonishment became amazement; but he at last, after much wondering, recollected that through haste and inadvertence, he had that morning come abroad without washing his hands.

Our visitors, like this dervish, would unhesitatingly refer every calamity of their future lives to the sacrilegious touch of a Christian, should circumstances compel them to eat off our culinary produce; such is superstition. Let us, with our other liberties, be free of this mental prostration. Let us see in effects the causes which naturally produce them. Cholera is probably an atmospheric disease, or, at all events, it has been distinctly proved that want of cleanliness and ventilation in crowded districts of the large cities, is the cause of the now general prevalence of attack; yet a metropolitan clergyman had the boldness to say that its visitation was attributable to the omission of the letters "Def. Fid." on the first coinage of the Florin!! In private life there are many remaining evidences of a degrading superstition, to which our space now will not permit us to refer. Even the signal infirmity of the divine to which we have referred, was to some extent sympathised with by many. Now this title of "Defender of the Faith" was conferred by a Pope on the English monarch, because he was the friend of the Romish Church! Under this reflection does it not appear more probable that the omission of so unholy a declaration would ward off the Divine wrath rather than incur its visitation in the form of cholera?

PENELOPE'S WEB.

THERE is no saying more popular than that an undecided matter is "like Penelope's web." It is well-known that the ancient lady was in the practice of undoing over-night what she had knit during the day, and in the background of the idea lies the fact that it was constancy to her husband Ulysses which suggested the device. Beyond this, however, few have diligence to travel. Penelope's web is left sluggishly unfinished, and how its being so remains unexplored.

We shall refer to Homer's account of her conduct. He tells us that it was rumoured, and generally believed that Ulysses, the husband of the Greek lady, had been drowned. She, therefore, according to the custom of the country, was obliged to make a shroud for his nearest relative. Laertes, her father-in-law, being alive, she immediately commenced preparing his winding-sheet. During the knotting or weaving of this shroud, a number of suitors made offer to become the husband of the handsome widow; but, in the hope that her Ulysses would be restored to her, she procrastinated entering again into matrimony for three years, by intimating to her lovers that the shroud of Laertes was still unfinished. She was found all day busily knitting; but, as Homer says, "when the lit lamps stood in the sun's stead," she unravelled a great portion of the day's toil. She was, however, carefully watched by her lovers; the faithless fraud was detected: she was compelled to honestly finish her task and yield to her lover's suit.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

PROFESSOR OWEN has just published a report on this valuable acquisition to the Zoological Society, from which it appears that the hippopotamus, now safely housed in his comfortable quarters in the Regent's-park, was captured in

August, 1849, about 1,350 miles above Cairo. The hunters having previously wounded its mother, had their attention attracted to the thick bushes on the river's bank, in which the young animal was concealed. When discovered the calf made a rush to the river, and nearly escaped, owing to the slipperiness of its skin, and was only secured by one of the men striking the boat-hook into its flank. The hippopotamus is now only ten months old, and measures seven feet long and six and a half in girth at the middle of the barrel-shaped trunk, which is supported clear of the ground on very short and thick legs. The naked hide covering the broad back and sides is of a dark India-rubber colour, impressed by numerous fine wrinkles crossing each other, but disposed almost transversely. When Professor Owen first saw the beast it had just left its bath, and he observed a minute drop of a glistening secretion exuding from the pores, which are dispersed over the whole integument, and which the animal is provided with for the purpose of lubricating its thick hide, and thus preventing it from breaking. After lying quietly about an hour, the hippopotamus rose and walked slowly about its room, and then uttered a loud and short harsh snort four or five times in quick succession, reminding one of the snort of a horse, and ending with an explosive sound like a bark. The keeper stated that the sounds were indicative of its desire to return to the bath. The Arab opened the door and walked to the new wing containing the bath, the hippopotamus followed, like a dog, close to his heels. On arriving at the bath room, the animal descended with some deliberation the flight of low steps leading into the water, stooped and drank a little, dipped his head under, and then plunged forwards. It was no sooner in its favourite element than its whole aspect changed, and it seemed inspired with new life and activity, sinking down to the bottom, and moving about submerged for a while, it would suddenly rise with a bound, almost bodily, out of the water, and splashing back, commenced swimming and plunging about with a porpoise-like motion, rolling from side to side, taking in mouthfuls of water and spouting them out again, raising every now and then its grotesque head, and biting the wood-work at the margin of the bath. The broad rounded back of the animal being now chiefly in view, it looks a much larger animal than when out of the water. After half an hour spent in this amusement it quitted the water at the call of its keeper, and followed him back to the sleeping room, which is well bedded with straw, and where a stuffed sack is provided for its pillow, of which the animal, having a very short neck, thicker than the head, duly avails itself when it sleeps. When awake it is very impatient of any absence of its favourite attendant, rises on its hind legs, and threatens to break down the wooden fence by butting and pushing against it in a way strongly significative of its great muscular force. Its food is now a kind of porridge of milk and maize meal. Its appetite has been in no respect diminished by the confinement and inconveniences of the sea voyage, or by change of climate.

HOPE.

When first in childhood's early days
We passed our time in boyish glee,
Hope cheered us with its genial rays,
And we were happy, blithe, and free.

And when the spring of youth draws nigh,
And love, and beauty, reigns supreme;
'Tis then that Hope draws forth a sigh
For manhood's bright and happy scene.

And while in accents soft and sweet,
Our tales of love we often tell,
Our vows we plight, with kisses greet
The fair one, whom we love so well.

Does Hope forsake us then? On no,
She comes enthroned in bright array,
And cheers us as we onward go
To celebrate the marriage day.

And as we journey on through life,
Though snares and troubles may befall;
Hope leads us on through care and strife
Till finally we conquer all.

Then, as revolving years rolls on
And hoary age comes fast upon,
When youth and beauty all are gone,
And careworn wrinkles mar the face.

It is when on the bed of death,
That Hope displays her wondrous power;
And as we then resign our breath,
See happiness unknown before.

A JOLLY LIFE.—Insects generally must lead a truly jovial life. Think what it must be to lodge in a lily. Imagine a palace of ivory or pearls, with pillars of silver and capitals of gold, all exhaling such a perfume as never arose from human censer. Fancy, again, the fun of tucking yourself up in the folds of a rose, rocked to sleep in the gentle sighs of summer air, nothing to do when you awake but to wash yourself in a dew-drop, and fall to and eat your bedclothes.

A lady of refined feeling, once remonstrating with Mr. Strelley, inquired, "How can you be so barbarous as to put little innocent lambs to death?" "Why not, madam," said the polite butcher, "you surely would not eat them alive?"

The ingenious Manchester operative, Michael Lyons, who a short time since produced a pair of trousers without a seam, has just completed a still more difficult task, having made, on a machine of his own invention, a coat of blue worsted, throughout the whole of which, even to the furnishing of pockets and the fastening on of the buttons, no needle has been employed. Lyons is in very humble circumstances.

CURIOUS BULL-FIGHT AT SEVILLE.—One day I was present at a *funcion de novillos* a kind of juvenile bull-fight, in which young beasts are brought to be bullied, and, if possible, killed by young men. It is a kind of parody of a real bull-fight—nothing of its pomp and circumstance and danger; a farce instead of a tragedy, very grotesque and ludicrous. For instance, a man in nightgown and nightcap is brought in upon a bed, shamming sickness, and is placed in the middle of the arena. Then a young bull, with his horns sheathed in corks, is let in; of course he rushes at the only prominent object—the bed, and turns it over and over; the sick man taking care to dispose the mattresses and bolster that the animal may spend his fury upon them and not upon him. At another time several men are set upright in round wicker baskets, about five feet high, with neither top nor bottom. The bull charges these, one after the other, knocks them down, and rolls them along with his horns. It is great fun to watch the evident perplexity of the beast when he sees their spontaneous motion. Then, when his back is turned, the attendants jump over the barrier and set the baskets on their legs again; and the same joke is repeated till one is tired of it. The unpractised matadors generally fail in attempting the fatal stroke; so the poor defenceless animal has to be despatched by means of the *media luna*, an instrument, as its name imports, shaped like a half-moon, and attached to a long pole. Armed with this, a man comes slyly behind and hamstring him; after which he is feloniously slain with a knife plunged through the spinal vertebrae. We could not refrain from loudly expressing our disgust at this barbarity, to the great amusement of our neighbours, to whom the spectacle was familiar. An English lady was sitting not far off, and looked on without the slightest change of colour. I charitably hoped that she was rouged for the nonce.—*Clark's Summer Months in Spain.*

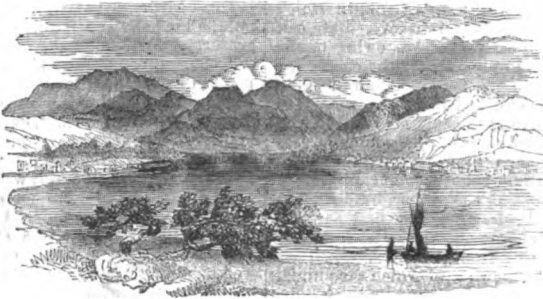
RULES FOR STAR-GAZING.—At Berlin, Jenny Lind seems to have turned the head of the Prussians. Tickets having been bought on speculation and sold at a premium, the following regulations have been deemed necessary:—"Tickets must be applied for on the day preceding that for which they are required, by letter, signed with applicant's proper and christian names, profession, and place of abode; and sealed with wax, bearing either the writer's initials or his arms. No more than one ticket to be granted to the same person, and no person to apply for two consecutive nights while her engagement continues."

AN EVENING IN SPRING.—There is something beautiful in a spring evening. The spring of Heaven seems upon the earth. An hour and scene when the heart is softened and subdued by the spirit of beauty—when the whole visible world seems to us an appointed abiding place for truth and gentleness; and it is with hard reluctance we believe that tyranny, and woe, and wickedness exist within it. One of the happy hours that, sweet in the present, are yet more delicious in past; treasured as they are, as somewhat akin to the world's youth, when the earth was trod by angels.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

INTELLECTUAL PRECOCITY.—A child exhibits considerable talent, as it is supposed, and perhaps a great propensity to reading. It is decided to be a little genius. Undue efforts are made to cultivate its mental powers, and this cultivation is not confined to the faculties proper to youth, but as it occasionally exhibits reasoning powers, every effort is made to cultivate these; or, in short, more or less of the class of intellectual powers. The mind is now strained, the general health is impaired, and he who was so bright at nine or ten, is stupid or an idiot when he comes to maturity.—*Memoir of the late Dr. Hope.*

CAMERA SKETCHES.

On the highway, between Gourrock and Innerkip, the tourist on the banks of the river Clyde is presented with a splendid view of the magnificent range of mountains at the back of Loch Long and the Holy Loch. In the foreground are the fertile banks of Rossneath and the entrance of these lochs. Up the



ENTRANCE TO HOLY LOCH.

latter, on the right, will be noticed, in the distance, the village of Kilmun, and the new church with the burial place of the Argyle family; behind which rise the Argyleshire hills, which are occasionally crowned by the grey peaks of still more distant mountains, with the white streaks of snow curling down their northern sides.

USEFUL RECIPES.

(From the Receipt Book for the Million.)

PLAIN SCHOOL OR LUNCH CAKE.—Rub half a pound of moist sugar into two pounds of flour, make a hole in the middle of it, and put in a table-spoonful of good thick yeast (not bitter); warm half a pint of milk rather more than blood warm, but not hot enough to scald the yeast. Mix it with the yeast and a little of the flour, about one third part. When it has risen, which will be in about three quarters of an hour, if the yeast is good, melt half a pound of butter in a little more milk, be careful it is not hot enough to scald the yeast. Add one pound and a half of currants, a little candied peel, and grated rind of lemon, and a teaspoonful of powdered allspice: mix all together; butter your hoop or tin, put it in, and set it in a warm place to rise. When it has risen, bake it in a warm oven, when you think it is done, stick in a small twig of your wisk, and if it comes out dry, it is done, but if it is sticky, it is not sufficiently baked. The cake should be mixed up rather softer than bread dough. A few yolks of eggs mixed up with it will make it eat much better.

TO REMOVE GREASE FROM CLOTH.—Spots of grease may be removed by a diluted solution of potash, but this must be cautiously applied, to prevent injury to the cloth. Stains of white wax, which sometimes fall upon clothes from wax-candles, are removed by spirits of turpentine or sulphuric ether. The marks of white paint may also be discharged by the above mentioned agents.

TO TAKE A PLASTER OF PARIS CAST FROM THE FACE.—The person must lie on his back, and his hair be tied behind, then put a conicle piece of paper, open at each end to allow of breathing, into each nostril. The face is to be lightly oiled over, and the plaster being properly prepared, it is to be poured over the face (taking particular care that the eyes are shut) until it is a quarter of an inch thick. In a few minutes the plaster may be removed. In this a mould is to be formed, from which a second cast is to be taken that will furnish casts exactly like the original.

TO TRANSFER ENGRAVINGS TO PLASTER CASTS.—Cover the plate with ink, and polish its surface in the usual way; then put a wall of paper round it, and when completed, pour in some finely-powdered plaster of Paris mixed in water; jerk the plate repeatedly, to allow the air bubbles to fly upwards, and let it stand one hour, then take the cast off the plate, and a very perfect impression will be the result.

TRACING PAPER.—Mix six parts (by weight) of spirits of turpentine, one of resin, and one of boiled nut oil, and lay on with either a brush or sponge.

MOCK GOOSE.—Obtain a belly of young pork, score the rind, and cover the inside with a stuffing, as for a goose, made with sage, onions, and bread crumbs, nicely seasoned with pepper and salt. Roll it up tight, and bind it with pack thread. Roast it a nice brown, and eat it with gravy and apple-sauce, not forgetting the proper accompaniment of mustard. A breast or neck of veal prepared, eaten in the same manner, will also make an excellent substitute. In each case the bones should be cut out, or it will be bad to carve. The bones will serve to make some broth or gravy for the meat.

RED INK.—Take a quarter of a pound of the best brazil wood (get it in the log if possible, and rasp or shave it yourself), one ounce of cream of tartar, and one ounce of alum; boil these ingredients in two pints of clear water till half is consumed, then add to the ink, when filtered hot, one ounce of gum arabic and one ounce of fine sugar. A little salt added will prevent it from becoming mouldy.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* Letters for the Editor must in future be addressed to 176, Fleet-street.

T. T. F.—We wish circumstances would permit us to follow your advice. Our double number sold no more than our single ones. The "gratuitous engraving" has increased the sale to a certain extent. Still we agree with you in thinking that a permanent enlargement would best promote popularity. Before bringing our first volume to a close we intend reducing the size of "The Schoolboy" picture so as to appear in our weekly pages, that it may be bound up in the work.

J. H. P. W.—The license of the poets is, though a liberal allowance, still a known and a limited one. You must avoid such encroachments on good taste as putting 9 syllables in the 26th line, 11 in the 27th, 12 in the 28th and 29th, 10 in the 30th, and 9 in the 31st and 32nd. Virgil is an authority for irregular versification, but he makes such amends—when long, by the swinging vigour of his language, and when short, by the startling flash of thought,—that, unless equalled in ability, it is better to avoid than imitate him in his eccentricities. We to-day commence some essays on the Art of English Poetic Compositions, and will continue until we have explained the forms into which an author is permitted to enrobe his ideas. You say something better may follow; pray try again; condense, and carefully measure and polish your expressions before giving them a place in verse.

"In your lines let energy be found

And learn to rise in sense and sink in sound;

Slide without falling, without straining—ear,

Harsh words though pertinent uncouth appear,

None please the fancy, who offend the ear."

R. S.—We cannot return manuscripts sent to us when want of room or disapprobation of their contents prevents their insertion.

A Schoolboy.—The reason why you are the selected martyr is simply because you are the only *baby* in the school. Your playmates, however, confounding the two ideas of extreme greenness and extreme youth or babyhood, assume that as you were so very recently born you must know all about it, and hence their pertinacious application to you for an account of the operation.

F. M. K.—As you are now in possession, we need not say what is the length and breadth of the picture. Though our journal is dated on Saturday, we go to press the previous Monday.

Edwin Clarke.—You commit a mistake; almost every letter that we receive highly commends "The Penny Illustrated News." In answering our numerous correspondents, our complaints have not been an echo of their letters, but the expression of our own regrets that it is beyond our reach to do better by giving more. We cannot undertake the London agency of provincial unem-ployed casemen.

A.—You must do better before rushing into print. "Angels fear to tread" where less wise personages are found heedlessly "rushing in." A certain number of syllables in a line won't make poetry, though poetry may be so measured out, still it is not a mere question of mensuration.

Xiz.—You are very kind. We are glad the picture pleased you. Your cure for corns is more, it is a preventative. Everybody should know that his boots should be made to fit the foot, and not the foot be compressed and crammed into any given dimensions of boot. The Chinese not only have corns to excess, but the large ladies are waddlingly lame, and entirely unfit for locomotion.

Cambria.—We wish we could prescribe a cure for your unhappy complexion. Our profession is not medical.

PENNY ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

SHORTLY WILL BE PRESENTED GRATUITOUSLY,
A SPLENDID ENGRAVING

OF

THE LOVER,
As described by Shakspeare in his "Seven Ages."

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THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED NEWS

No. 35.—VOL. I.

SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1850.

ONE PENNY.
POST FREE, 2d.



HAMPTON RACE-COURSE.

HAMPTON RACES.

THIS is the holiday race for the great Metropolis. The Epsom Derby is the race-course of the empire; Ascot a royal and aristocratic reunion; but Hampton belongs to our citizens, their wives, and their children. At Hampton less of the villanies unfortunately connected with horse-racing are to be found. There may be betting men, and blacklegs, and unfair running, but the great majority of those present are merely sight-seers and pleasure-seekers.

The peculiar phases of human nature which race-courses develop is well known to every one who has ever visited one of them—for the same riotous exercise of the passions is exhibited at them all. The same bands of tumblers, retail dealers of every class of wares, and all sorts of gymnastic gamblers are in active vitality. The vast exertions employed by these people to get customers afford to the spectator the greatest amusement. One fellow, with fierce and flowing volubility, exclaims:—"Here you have half a yard of songs to sing on winter nights, the copy of a curious love-letter to

make your sweetheart laugh, a plain gold ring when you feel inclined to get spliced, a chased keeper, an ornamental finger ring for yourself, a box containing half a dozen spoons and another with the same number of knives and forks to commence housekeeping, and, to make the lot complete, a five-pound note to pay the first quarter's rent, and all for a penny. Talk of California, that's nothing to it." The wit of these men is quite unrivalled in any other section of society.

It is much to be regretted that the national sport of horse-racing should be made an instrument in the hands of gamblers to involve many in serious losses, and some in irretrievable ruin. The gentlemen of the turf may become defaulters as they may among themselves in their own betting den; but the dishonourable dealings which daily come upon many not in their circle will ultimately bring upon this national pastime such disgrace as will denude it of its popularity, and seriously tend to its extinction. That the Duke of Bedford, Lord Stanley, Lord Eglinton, and some others of untarnished reputation, still are proprietors of racing studs, is perhaps

the sole reason why the public pay any attention at all to the doings at the Corner. If these, who are so few in number that they can be written in one paragraph, should follow the gentlemen of the last age, who abandoned the sport as disreputable, then the jugglers and scratchers and nobblers that will remain may prey on themselves with the same freedom to do so as Jonathan Wild and his friend at cards possessed.

As a very considerable sum is annually given by Government to promote the popularity of horse-racing, it may be considered as a proper administration of that fund to expel those who have been proved dishonourable in their conduct from competing for the prizes. This would mark the men who prowl on the innocent, and ultimately shame them into privacy.

THE BROTHERS:

AN ISORICAL TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER VIII.—continued.

The Bishop looked down as though reflecting. "My poor children," he observed, "I should indeed be happy to serve both, for your misfortunes greatly afflict me, and you are innocent victims of that implacable human policy to which I probably each day give a too great portion of my thoughts. Unhappily, I am placed in so difficult a position, that I cannot well follow the impulses of my heart which prompt me to serve you. I can scarcely give you an idea of the danger which would befall me were I to receive you here."

Emma abruptly rose.

"My lord," she demanded firmly, "is it not true that my presence is the sole cause of your embarrassment, and that, were I to retire, it would be possible for you to afford Mr. Falkland a safe retreat?"

"I will candidly avow, Miss Elliott, —"

"Well then, my lord," interrupted the Countess, "have the kindness to place the carriage, which conveyed us hither, at my disposal, and I will return to St. James's palace, which, perhaps, I ought never to have quitted."

"What is that you say, Emma?" cried the young man, sorrowfully; "do you forget that, if you return to the palace this night, you will be ignominiously driven therefrom to-morrow? Have you forgotten that to-morrow the doors of a convent will close in, and for ever separate you from the world and me?"

"Young lady," observed the Prelate, "it is probably cruel to address to you words of reproach in your misfortune; nevertheless it is necessary that I should open your eyes to the imprudent step you have taken in leaving the palace thus furtively at night, and with a young cavalier. This conduct, although the position in which you found yourself in some measure renders excusable, is not the less blameable in reality."

"Oh! my lord," cried Emma, "deign to hear me; surely my frightful situation will serve as an excuse for my conduct? God alone knows what this poor young man has suffered for me and through me; and it is, your Grace, my bounden duty to console him in his misfortune since I was the cause thereof. Before the ambition of my beloved grandmother condemned me to the pomp and splendour of the court I loved Edward, and it was returned; our affection ought to have been a greater consideration than ambition and fortune; we had vowed eternal love, and were affianced before God. Nevertheless, I departed to obey imperious duties, and soon appeared to forget Edward, to despise him; oh! he has indeed a right to accuse me of ingratitude and curse me, and yet it is all attributable to the wicked advice of that haughty cruel woman whom I deemed my benefactress—"

She paused as a thought flashed across her mind. The Bishop divined her thoughts.

"Proceed, proceed, my child," said he, smiling; "it is true that the Duchess of Salisbury is a friend of mine; but I shall not pretend to excuse her faults or those of her daughter; and, if I must give you my real opinion, I sincerely regret that you were entirely in the power of the Duchess."

"Alas! my Lord, it is but too true; she had assumed so strange an ascendancy over me that I now blush at the thought! Apprehensive lest I should find some support against her tyranny, she caused my actions to be watched. My love for Edward, which could never become extinct,

displeased her, and she forbade me to write him. The day on which I once dared to disobey her orders, she showed me my intercepted letter."

"Poor Emma! sweet girl," murmured Edward; "and I accused you!"

"That is not all," continued the maid of honour; "that brilliant wicked world, which had almost rendered the affianced deceitful and ungrateful, wished to make the lover an assassin. They employed subterfuge and falsehood, and it was I who deceived my unfortunate friend into the snare; they availed themselves of my name as a means of prevailing on him to quit the country and engaging him in an infamous action which he has repulsed with all the energies of his conscience. It is I, therefore, who will have condemned him to eternal captivity if he is discovered! Reflect, my lord! On perceiving him this night, pursued, driven to despair and a fugitive, could I abandon him when I was the chief cause of this sad calamity? Oh! no no, I could not. I, however, swear to you that, on leaving the palace, I did not once think of eluding the punishment in reserve for myself, but Edward told me that my presence alone could give him strength to support life, and I have followed to console and comfort him in his misfortune."

A silence of a few moments followed this simple and touching appeal of Emma.

"I believe you are sincere, my child," replied the Bishop, pensively; "and if your conduct is reprehensible in itself, the motives are certainly most praiseworthy. But affected as I am by your affliction, I seek in vain a means of aiding you."

"I will depart, my lord," said the young girl with resignation; "I will return to the royal palace."

"Never shall you return, Emma, unless I accompany you," exclaimed the young man vehemently.

"Come, then," observed the Prelate, "since it is absolutely necessary, I will protect you. Perchance, by great precaution, I shall be enabled to struggle against your enemies; at all events, I will make the attempt. You shall remain here for the present, my children, and I will endeavour to shelter you from the fury of your foes."

"Oh, my lord," cried the sweet girl, "how shall we ever be able to repay so much kindness?"

"We will speak of that hereafter," responded the Bishop; "but I must tell you that my services are conditional."

"Oh! speak, speak, my lord," exclaimed the lovers simultaneously.

"In the first place, you must consent to be espoused in my private chapel to-morrow; you are constrained to take these precautions for certain reasons. As neither of you have very near relatives whose duty it would be to superintend this business, it can be managed without difficulty."

Edward steadfastly regarded the young countess with a look so replete with rapture, that she was compelled to avert her head, and her lovely cheeks were suddenly suffused with a roseate hue.

"Edward, dear Edward," she murmured, "am I not already your affianced?"

"Yes, sweet girl, and thanks—a thousand thanks—for that reply, which will indeed render me the happiest of mortals, and cause me to forget my misfortunes!"

"That, then, is understood," observed the worthy prelate. "Secondly," he continued, "you must engage to blindly obey me in any thing I command you for your safety."

The two young people asserted their entire complicity.

"Well," resumed the Bishop, "to commence, I must inform you that, for awhile, you will be confined as closely as prisoners; without the walls of my dwelling every kind of danger awaits you. Moreover, as a great number of persons daily penetrate the palace, amongst whom there may be some who would recognise you, you must remain in your apartments; otherwise I cannot answer for your safety."

"We will obey, my lord," cried the lovers.

"You perceive, my young friends," said he in a tone of regret, "that my hospitality will neither be very agreeable nor attended with much splendour; but it will be preferable to the Tower or a convent."

He then affectionately saluted them, and requested a domestic, who was summoned, to conduct them to their different apartments.

After their departure, the Bishop remained pensive and thoughtful with his elbow supported on the arm of his chair, without remarking that Williamson was near and watching him in silence. A movement, however, of the young man, drew him from his reflections.

"Ah! it is you, my brave boy," he observed, smiling. "Well, what do you require?"

"Simply to ask your Grace whether I have fulfilled your wishes?"

"Almost too well, Williamson; and you have doubtless come to remind me of my promise? But before I grant you the benefice I promised you for your zeal and good conduct, I shall again require your services. You are adventurous and skilful, and can be of immense service to me yet. Remain with me, Williamson, and you shall lose nothing thereby."

"With all my heart, my lord," said the young man, joyfully; "and, if it please your Grace, we will strive together to render our young friends free and happy; for they are both so amiable, frank, and kind. Yes, it would be infamous, monstrous to separate for ever two beings so fondly—so devotedly attached to each other!"

"You are perfectly right, Williamson; it must not be. We will endeavour to thwart the designs of their enemies."

The Bishop then motioned Williamson to retire, and again plunged into those deep political calculations which so much occupied his mind.

CHAPTER IX.

On the following day the lovers were espoused by the Bishop's chaplain. This marriage, as we have seen, was not celebrated under the most propitious auspices; but the worthy prelate had deemed it necessary for the purpose of silencing any malicious tongues which might afterwards have exclaimed against the sojourn of the young people at the palace. Nevertheless, this important act had not been attended with any modification in the kind of life the Bishop had marked out for them so long as they should remain under his roof. They were to see each other once a day, in the presence of the housekeeper; and, with the exception of a short conversation daily, they were to remain in the most profound solitude.

The greatest mystery had enveloped the escape of Emma from the palace Royal; the Princess, in order to avoid scandal, had caused a report to be circulated to the effect that the young Countess was absent owing to indisposition, and, if the courtiers exclaimed, it was in a very quiet manner. As the reader will probably imagine, the Princess had suspected the Bishop of having contrived the means of that almost miraculous escape; but, although she saw him in her oratory the next night, she did not speak to him on that delicate point; on the other hand, the Prelate had remarked, by certain signs, that it would not be prudent to plead the cause of his young friends: one would have supposed that there was a tacit convention between them not to touch upon subjects calculated to cause high words at a moment when the affairs of the State so imperatively required that they should act in concert; but neither had entered into the engagement, the Princess to pardon those who had offended her, or the Bishop to abandon them.

The most dangerous enemy, however, of the young people was Sir Alfred Falkland. From the first moment he had no doubt that their place of retreat was Lambeth palace; and although Alfred was in disgrace with the Princess, he was still invested with formidable powers against the fugitives, and we have seen that he was a man to avail himself of that influence, despite every political consideration. He had been observed prowling round the palace, accompanied by two or three cut-throat-looking individuals, and endeavouring to bribe some of the domestics, but in vain. The marvellous sagacity of Williamson, whom the Prelate had specially charged to watch over Emma and Edward, had thus far completely frustrated his designs; but it was not doubtful that, should the influence of the Bishop decline, the implacable Sir Alfred would seize his victims by force, and, perchance, his conduct would not be discountenanced by the Princess.

Thus the fate of the young people was intimately united with the fortune of their protector, who was himself compelled to brave every political fluctuation of the moment, which were very frequent at that period of troubles and revolutions.

Fearful Sir Alfred would attempt a *coup-de-main* for the apprehension of the fugitives, the Bishop had communicated with a friend of his, a widow lady who resided in *Lincoln's-Inn Fields* with an only daughter, relative to affording the young couple a place of safety in her establishment until the storm had somewhat subsided. This appeal had been cheerfully responded to by the kind-hearted old lady and her daughter—a lovely girl about seventeen years of age, and, preparations having been made, it was arranged that they should leave the palace about twelve o'clock on the night of the sixth day of their abode at Lambeth palace.

The day had now arrived, and, about eight in the evening, a sinister, repulsive-looking individual might have been seen to enter a splendid mansion situated in the most

fashionable part of the neighbourhood of Lambeth. This elegant structure was Sir Alfred Falkland's town residence. Yes, his love for display and splendour was as powerful as his passion for debauchery and ambition. His capricious taste was not content with the citizen-like style of English architecture. In his mansion were seen large marble stairs after the Italian fashion, and not those narrow gloomy stairs, covered with thin carpeting, which, at that time, were observable in the dwellings of England's wealthiest peers. In fine, it would almost have rivalled the palace of an Oriental prince.

In one of the back apartments Sir Alfred was sitting, or rather reclining, on the soft blue velvet of a kind of couch, and playing with the silken coat of a magnificent house-dog.

In the middle of the room the repulsive-looking being who had just entered was standing.

"Well, Jack, my brave fellow," observed Sir Alfred languidly, gazing at the new-comer; "what have you learnt?"

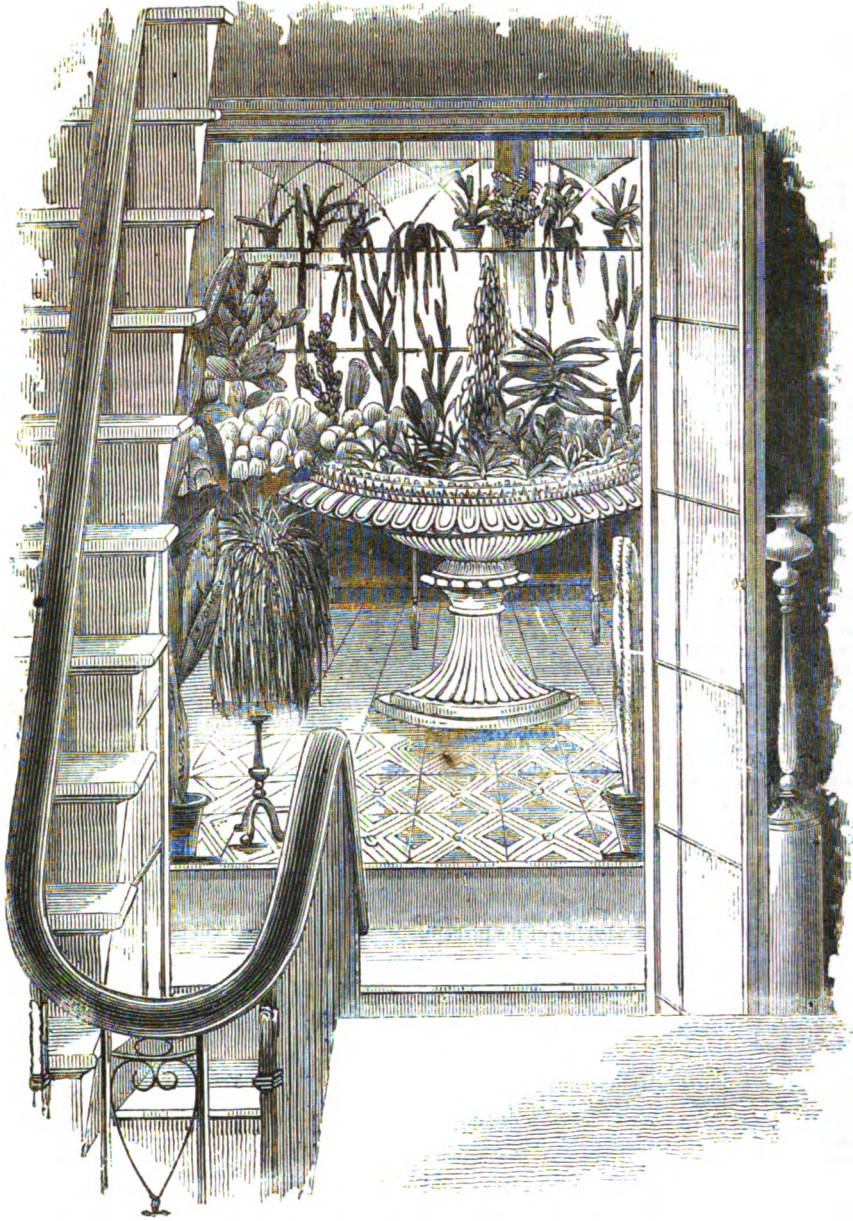
To be continued.

FORESTS OF PANAMA.

THERE is nothing in the world comparable to these forests. No description conveys an idea of the splendid overplus of vegetable life within the tropics. The river, broad, and with a swift current of the sweetest water, winds between walls of foliage that rise from its very surface. All the gorgeous growths of an eternal Summer are so mingled in one impenetrable mass, that the eye is bewildered. From the rank jungle of canes and gigantic lilies, and the thickets of strange shrubs that line the water, rise the trunks of the mango, the ceiba, the cocoa, the sycamore, and the superb palm. Plaintains take root in the banks, hiding the soil with their leaves, shaken and split into immense plumes by the wind and rain. The zapote, with a fruit the size of a man's head, the gourd tree, and other vegetable wonders, attract the eye on all sides. Blossoms of crimson, purple and yellow, of a form and magnitude unknown in the North, are mingled with the leaves, and flocks of paroquets and brilliant butterflies circle through the air like blossoms blown away. Sometimes a spike of scarlet flowers is thrust forth like the tongue of a serpent from the heart of some convolution of unfolding leaves, and often the creepers and parasites drop trails and streamers of fragrance from boughs that shoot half-way across the river. Every turn of the stream only disclosed another and more magnificent vista of leaf, bough, and blossom. All outline of the landscape is lost under this deluge of vegetation. No trace of the soil is to be seen; lowland and highland are the same; a mountain is but a higher swell of the mass of verdure. As on the ocean, you have a sense rather than a perception of beauty. The sharp, clear lines of our scenery at home are here wanting. What shape the land would be if cleared, you cannot tell. You gaze upon the scene before you with a never sated delight, till your brain aches with the sensation, and you close your eyes, overwhelmed with the thought that all these wonders have been from the beginning—that, year after year, takes away no leaf or blossom that is not replaced, but the sublime mystery of growth and decay is renewed for ever.

TRANSMISSION OF NEWS IN FORMER DAYS.

THE "Nottingham Date-Book" gives an amusing instance of the slow and incorrect manner in which news was formerly transmitted, and shows us, by an extract from a newspaper of 1777, how much we are in advance of the "good old times." On November the 8th of that year, a report reached Nottingham of the total defeat of Washington's army in America by the British forces under Sir William Howe. Great was the rejoicing thereat: the bells were rung, the people met in crowds in the streets, and congratulated each other; speeches were made, guns were fired, and some enthusiastic spirits, not content with these demonstrations, procured an ass and sat an effigy of Washington upon it, which, after being ridiculed and pelted at, was finally burnt with great triumph at night. The "glorious news" was further confirmed by a gentleman who had heard a letter read at the Duke of Newcastle's house, at Clumber Park, and a Glasgow paper also added the weight of its authority to the current rumour. "No extraordinary Gazette" had yet arrived with the news," says the journal of 1777, and it is almost needless to add, that a "Gazette" was quite unnecessary, seeing that there was no foundation for the "total defeat."



ANCIENT PLANTS AND MODERN CULTIVATION OF THEM.

THE botanist can trace few plants (the mummy wheat excepted) to a more remote antiquity than the cactus. It was well-known to, and much valued among, the Greeks. It is mentioned by Theophrastus, Dioscorides, Athenæus, and Pliny. They, however, describe it as not indigenous to Greece, but peculiar to Sicily, producing from the root several creeping stems, with a broad and prickly leaf, which, when stripped of the bark, could be eaten fresh or pickled.

There were various species known to those writers. Some were only fit to be eaten while fresh, and could not be preserved. The plant, however, which was more especially the subject of their notice, is said to have been the *carduus* of the Romans, the *cynara scolymus* of the Linnæus, or common artichoke. By others it has been declared to have been a production unknown to subsequent botanists.

In modern times, the importations of fruits and flowers have been very numerous, and it is not improbable that an ancient name has been given to plants not originally derived

from classic ground. Many varieties of the cacti are known to floriculture now, which bear little resemblance to what we read of in former times. In Rees we are told:—

"In 1803, there was growing at the Museum of Natural History, Paris, a superb plant of this species, near forty feet high. It was presented more than a hundred years before by Hothon, professor of botany at Leyden, to Fagon, first physician to Louis XIV., and superintendent of the royal garden, when it was four or five inches high. The growth of each year is distinguished by a contraction of the stem; each of these contractions is at first very deep, and remains nearly the same for some years, when it gradually diminishes, and at length is entirely obliterated. This plant grew at first about a foot and a half in a year, and when it was fourteen years old, was twenty-three feet high, and seven inches in diameter. At the age of eleven, it produced its two first branches, almost three feet from the ground. A year after, it produced its first flowers, and has continued to flower ever since."

It is not for such gigantic specimens that the house represented in the engraving is prepared, which is an erection

attached to the house of Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman, in Hanover-terrace, Regent's-park. The house is eighteen feet long, by nine feet in width, and nine feet in height; and it is heated with hot water. In many hot countries the cactus grows in various situations, and at St. Domingo it is found, as the shepherd in Virgil found love, "a native of the rocks."

Much might be said in praise of the taste and skill which has brought this interesting exotic to flourish as the ornament of the arbour of an English mansion. The process of cultivation is very simple. It is recommended to use plenty of drainage in the bottoms of the pots; and the soil which is found best adapted to their growth is a light sandy soil with a little leaf-mould. Seedlings are raised freely by sowing in silver sand, and by maintaining, with great regularity and care, a steady moisture in the soil: if ever allowed to become dry, the seeds never germinate afterwards. They are also increased by offsets; when the latter are removed from the parent plants, they are allowed to dry for a few days previously to planting them; and they are found to root readily without bottom heat."

ROYAL SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

These gardens are now crowded nightly with visitors. In a recent number we presented our subscribers with an illustration from Danson's magnificent panorama of Napoleon crossing the Alps. That *spectacle* is still being exhibited, and continues to attract thousands of admirers. This week the Nepaulese Ambassador and his suite honoured the gardens with their presence; and the Royal South London Floricultural Society held a grand floral fete there. To the many natural curiosities and artistic embellishments of this popular place of amusement the proprietors have added the unparalleled musical powers of M. Jullien and his famous band. Altogether the Surrey Gardens, whose entrance-gate we have sketched, is one of the best recreative amusements which the citizens of London have at their command. No pains or expenses are spared to make everything presented as acceptable and as well deserving of the approval of the public as possible.



GRAND ENTRANCE TO THE SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

THE ART OF ENGLISH POETRY.

CHAPTER II.—THE STRUCTURE OF ENGLISH VERSE.

ENGLISH verse, whether blank or rhyme, consists of a certain number of syllables. Some ingenious wits have endeavoured to prove that it is composed, like the Latin language, of so many *spondees* and *dactyls*; but they have been so peculiarly far-fetched in their conclusions, and the steps by which they have reached them, that we are left to measure our lines by the number of breaks or pauses in the pronunciation of the language.

Verses of what is termed *double rhyme*, require one syllable more than those of single rhyme. For example, in the famous passage of Dryden,—

"A man so various that he seemed to be,
Not one, but all mankind's epitome,
Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts, and nothing long—
Was fiddler, chemist, statesman, and buffoon,
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died unthinking."

There are, however, in our best poets, deviations from a rule so plain and peremptory. Even Milton says—

"Void of all succour and needful comfort."

A line altogether divested of rhythm. True, if it were rearranged, the same words being used in a different order say—

Of succour and all needful comfort void.

The sense is retained, and the rhythmical propriety restored.

It is, however, plain from this very example, that a mere fixed syllabic arrangement will not constitute harmonious versification. The words and the sense of Milton are retained, but by a remodelling of the line the harshness of the sound is sensibly modified.

Although the greatest variety of *measures* have been employed by our English poets—say in four, six, nine, and eleven syllables—still it may be asserted that our poetry admits safely of only five sorts; namely, verses of seven, eight, ten, twelve, or fourteen syllables.

The verses of ten syllables are termed *heroic*, and are used in the higher branches of the art, such as poems properly termed heroic, tragedies, elegies, &c., still the mere quantity of ten syllables will by no means ensure a certain melody to the ear without labour and violence to the sense, unless the accent is rightly placed on the words composing the line. We subjoin the full measure from unskilful poets.

"To be massacred, not in battle slain."

Would it not be better thus,—

Thus to be murdered, not in battle slain.

And,—

"But forc'd, harsh, and uneasy unto all."

Rather thus,—

But forc'd and harsh, uneasy unto all.

Even Dryden shows a want of care in his line,—

"With Scythians expert in the dart and bow."

If he had said,—

With Scythians skilful in the dart and bow.

He would have given all his meaning in a rhythmical shape. In fact, the wrong placing of the accent is as great a fault as irregularity in the number of syllables.

Our language admits of great elasticity. The cutting off syllables, or as it is termed technically the *elision of quantities*,

is a material help to correct versifications. 'Tis, 'Twas, 'Twere, 'Hear'n, 'Pou'r, 'Né'er, and many others are examples of the facilities readily accorded to our poets, simply as a license in language. Perhaps the best specimens of this heroic measure of ten syllables is to be found in Pope's "Essay on Man." We do not know if there is one verse of a disputable quantity except the first,—

"Awake, my St. John, leave all meaner things."

Which admits of the faintest dispute. We, however, hear the name of the author of the "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Greeks"—namely, Mr. James Augustus St. John—so strangely pronounced by some well-educated people, that it may be that in the days of the great Lord Bolingbroke it was so spoken as to reconcile the Twickenham bards' metre to the strictest laws of versification. Still the remaining portion of the "Essay on Man" is of faultless construction, and is a fine specimen of a poem of ten syllable verses.

VARIETIES.

WIT.

LOUIS XIV. was exceedingly molested by the solicitations of a general officer at the levée, and cried out, loud enough to be overheard, 'That gentleman is the most troublesome officer in the whole army.' 'Your Majesty's enemies have said the same thing more than once was the answer. The wit of this answer consists in the sudden relation discovered in his assent to the King's invective and his own defence. By admitting the King's observation, he seems, at first sight, to be subscribing to the imputation against him; whereas, in reality, he effaces it by this very means. A sudden relation is discovered where none was suspected. Voltaire, in speaking of the effect of epithets in weakening style, said, that the adjectives were the greatest enemies of the substantives though they agreed in gender, number, and in cases. Here, again, it is very obvious that a relation is discovered, which, upon first observation, does not appear to exist. These instances may be multiplied to any extent. A gentleman at Paris, who lived very unhappily with his wife, used, for twenty years together, to pass his evenings at the house of another lady, who was very agreeable, and drew together a pleasant society. His wife died; and his friends all advised him to marry the lady in whose society he had found so much pleasure. He said, no, he certainly should not, for that if he married her, he should not know where to spend his evenings. Here we are suddenly surprised with the idea that the method proposed of securing his comfort may possibly prove the most effectual method of destroying it. At least, to enjoy the pleasantry of the reply, we view it through his mode of thinking, who had not been very fortunate in the connexion established by his first marriage.

Miss Hamilton, in her book on Education, mentions the instance of a boy so very neglectful, that he could never be brought to read the word *patriarchs*; but whenever he met with it he always pronounced it *partidges*. A friend of the writer observed to her, that it could hardly be considered as a mere piece of negligence, for it appeared to him that the boy, in calling them partidges, was *making game* of the patriarchs.

The wit of language is so miserably inferior to the wit of ideas, that it is very deservedly driven out of good company. Sometimes, indeed, a pun makes its appearance, which seems for a moment to redeem its species; but we must not be deceived by them: it is a radically bad race of wit. By unremitting persecution, it has been at last got under, and driven into cloisters,—from whence it must never again be suffered to emerge into the light of the world. One invaluable blessing produced by the banishment of punning, is an immediate reduction of the number of wits. It is a wit of so low an order, and in which some sort of progress is so easily made, that the number of those endowed with the gift of wit would be nearly equal to those endowed with the gift of speech. The condition of putting together ideas in order to be witty operates much in the same salutary manner as the condition of finding rhymes in poetry;—it reduces the number of performers

to those who have vigour enough to overcome incipient difficulties, and makes a sort of provision that that which need not be done at all, should be done *well* whenever it is done.

SARCASM.

A SARCASM generally consists in the obliquity of the invective. It must not be direct assertion, but something established by inference and analogy;—something which the mind does not at first perceive, but in the discovery of which it experiences the pleasure of surprise. A true sarcasm is like a sword-stick,—it appears, at first sight, to be much more innocent than it really is, till, all of a sudden, there leaps something out of it—sharp, and deadly, and incisive—which makes you tremble and recoil.

As you increase incongruity, you increase the humour; as you diminish it, you diminish the humour. If a tradesman of a corpulent and respectable appearance, with habiliments somewhat ostentatious, were to slide down gently into the mud, and decorate a pea-green coat, I am afraid we should all have the barbarity to laugh. If his hat and wig, like treacherous servants, were to desert their falling master, it certainly would not diminish our propensity to laugh; but if he were to fall into a violent passion, and abuse every body about him, nobody could possibly resist the incongruity of a pea-green tradesman, very respectable, sitting in the mud, and threatening all the passers-by with the effects of his wrath. Here, every incident heightens the humour of the scene:—the gaiety of his tunic, the general respectability of his appearance, the rills of muddy water which trickle down his cheeks, and the harmless violence of his rage! But if, instead of this, we were to observe a dustman falling into the mud, it would hardly attract any attention, because the opposition of ideas is so trilling, and the incongruity so slight.

INSTINCT.

OBSERVE what the solitary wasp does; she digs several holes in the sand, in each of which she deposits an egg, though she certainly knows not that an animal is deposited in that egg,—and still less that this animal must be nourished with other animals. She collects a few green flies, rolls them up neatly in separate parcels (like Bologna sausages), and stuffs one parcel into each hole where an egg is deposited. When the wasp worm is hatched, it finds a store of provisions ready made; and, what is most curious, the quantity allotted to each is exactly sufficient to support it till it attains the period of wasphood, and can provide for itself. This instinct of the parent wasp is the more remarkable, as it does not feed upon flesh itself. Here the little creature has never seen its parent; for, by the time it is born, the parent is always eaten by sparrows: and yet, without the slightest education, or previous experience, it does everything that the parent did before it. Now the objectors to the doctrine of instinct may say what they please, but young tailors have no intuitive mode of making pantaloons;—a new-born mercer cannot measure diaper;—Nature teaches a cook's daughter nothing about sippets. All these things require with us seven years' apprenticeship; but insects are like Molière's persons of quality,—they know everything, (as Molière says,) without having learnt anything. *Les gens de qualité savent tout, sans avoir rien appris.*

FOLLOWING ONE'S NATURAL BENT.

THERE is one circumstance (says Sydney Smith) I would preach up, morning, noon, and night, to young persons, for the management of their understanding. Whatever you are from nature, keep to it; never desert your own line of talent. If Providence only intended you to write posies for rings, or mottoes for twelfth-cakes, keep to posies and mottoes: a good motto for a twelfth-cake is more respectable than a villainous epic poem in twelve books. Be what nature intended you for, and you will succeed; be anything else, and you will be ten thousand times worse than nothing.

THE BENEFIT OF THE CLERGY.

THIS is a common phrase, but there are few who use it that comprehend its meaning. Criminals were said to be condemned to death "without the benefit of the Clergy," which would seem to convey that such a person was undeserving the merciful ordinances of the Church. This is very far from the true interpretation. For many ages learning was almost exclusively confined to the Clergy; and, even amongst that class, knowledge was so far from being general, that Bishops were to be found who could not write. To be able to read was deemed of such rare importance, that persons possessing that acquirement were actually exempted from punishment. Thus, by an Act passed in the reign of Edward I., it was enacted, "That for the security of the Clergy in the realm of England, to be disposed of in religious houses, or for priests, deacons, or clerks of parishes, there should be a prerogative allowed to the Clergy, that if any man who could read as a clerk, was condemned to death, the Bishop of the diocese might claim him," &c. The indulgent consideration, long exclusively enjoyed by men, was subsequently extended to females, who could claim the benefit of the Clergy. The sense of the phrase is more readily understood when we reflect that the word "clergy" has nothing positively ecclesiastic in its derivation; it means nothing more than a congregation of persons who can read. The test to which a convicted prisoner was put, was the reading of a verse of the Holy Scriptures. By degrees this test became invariably confined to one particular verse, which consequently acquired the very significant title of "the neck verse." It is needless to say that this privilege is abolished.

THE HOUSE FLY.

A FLY on the wing is no less curious an object than one on foot; yet when do we trouble our heads about it, except as a thing which troubles us? The most obvious wonder of its flight is its variety of direction, most usually forwards, with its back like a bird; but on occasions backwards, with its back downwards, as when starting from the window, and alighting on the ceiling. Marvellous velocity is another of its characteristics. By fair comparison of sizes, what is the swiftness of a race horse clearing his mile a minute to the speed of the fly cutting through her third of the same distance in the same time? And what the speed of our steaming giants, the grand puffers of the age, compared with the swiftness of our tiny buzzers?—of whom a monster train, scenting their game afar, may ever follow partridges and pheasants on the wings of steam in their last flight, as friendly offerings.

USEFUL RECIPES.

(From the Receipt Book for the Million.)

TO SWEETEN BUTTER.—Butter, either fresh or salt, possessing a disagreeable flavour, may be rendered perfectly sweet by the addition of a little carbonate of soda. The proportion is two drachms and a half of carbonate of soda to three pounds of butter. In making fresh butter the soda is to be added after all the milk is worked out, and ready for making up. The unpleasant smell is produced by an acid, which is generated by peculiarities in the constitution of some cows, by the condition of certain fodders, or by the length of time the cream is kept before churned, but too often by the dairy utensils not being kept thoroughly clean.

TO TRANSFER ENGRAVINGS TO PLASTER CASTS.—Cover the plate with ink, and polish its surface in the usual way; then put a wall of paper round it, and, when completed, pour in some finely powdered plaster of Paris mixed in water: jerk the plate repeatedly, to allow the air bubbles to fly upwards, and let it stand one hour, then take the cast off the plate, and a very perfect impression will be the result.

TO DESTROY THE ELASTICITY OF INDIAN RUBBER.—The elasticity of Indian rubber is destroyed by cutting it into long slips, passing it through cold water, and then winding up tightly on reels, in which state it must be left for about three weeks. This is the method employed by the manufacturers of Indian-rubber fabrics.

TO SILVER IVORY.—Immerse a slip of ivory in a weak solution of nitrate of silver, and let it remain until the solution has imparted to it a deep yellow colour; then take it out and immerse it in a tumbler of clear water, and expose it to the rays of the sun. After it has been exposed thus for about three hours, the ivory acquires a black colour, which, on being burnished, soon becomes a brilliant silvery one.

TURPENTINE VARNISH.—Take of black resin one pound and a half, oil of turpentine two pints. Melt the resin, and,

after having removed it from the fire, mix in, gradually, the turpentine. If necessary, strain.

BLACKING.—Take one part of gum arabic, two parts of neat's-foot oil, four parts of river or rain water, two parts of superfine ivory black, two parts of deep blue prepared from iron and copper, and four parts of brown sugar candy. Evaporate the water, and when the composition is of proper consistence, let it be formed into cakes of such a size that each cake may make a pint of liquid blacking.

CRAYONS FOR DRAWING ON GLASS.—Melt together equal quantities of asphaltum and yellow wax, add lamp black, and pour the mixture into moulds for crayons. The glass should be well wiped with leather, and in drawing be careful not to soil the glass with the hands. In trimming these crayons, if the edge be bevelled, like scissors, it may easily be rendered very pointed.

COPAL VARNISH.—Dissolve half an ounce of camphor in one pint of rectified spirits of wine; pour the solution on four ounces of copal reduced to small pieces; heat it so that the bubbles which rise may be counted. When cold, pour it off. More spirit may be added to the residuum. For pictures.

SENSITIVE PAPER.—Sensitive paper is formed by cutting horn into extremely thin slips, which curls up on the application of the slightest heat, such as that of the human hand, &c.

TO PERFUME LINEN.—Rose leaves dried in the shade, or at about four feet from a stove, one pound; cloves, caraway seeds, and allspice, of each one ounce; pound in a mortar, or grind in a mill; dried salt, a quarter of a pound. Mix all these together, and put the compound into little bags.

TO CAST FIGURES IN IMITATION OF IVORY.—Make isinglass and strong brandy into a paste with powder of egg-shells well ground; you may make it whatever colour you please; but cast warm water into your mould, which should be previously oiled over. Leave the figure in the mould to dry; and on taking it out it will be found to bear a strong resemblance to ivory.

THE DYING GIRL.

Life passes from me, Mother, oh! so rapidly away,
Ethereal voices speak to me, they will not let me stay.
Oh! there are dark forebodings all entwined around my heart,
And they tell me, dearest Mother, that thou and I shall part.
Oh! let me see the sunshine, and the gay and glorious earth,
With all its bright and beautiful, just budding into birth.
They told me when the spring-time came, with song of birds and flowers.

That I should rally and revive amid thy genial hours.

They told me—but it was not true—I feel its falsehood now,
The signet of the shadowy land is set upon my brow,
It is a long, long journey, I am going all alone,
The path-way to the spirit-world is distant and unknown.

Nay, Mother, dearest Mother, nay, I would not have thee weep,
Oh! is it not a gentle thing to lay one down and sleep
Away from all the weariness, the sorrow, and the pain,
Which makes the fairest thing of life so empty and so vain?

I would not have thee mourn for me, and grieve when I am gone,
For when thy star of life shall set, and death be drawing on,
Thou'lt join me where within those realms—those regions of the blest,
The wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

The shades are gathering o'er me fast, alas! I cannot see—
Life's bark is tossed upon the waves of lone Eternity,
The waters rise around me, they engulf my gurling breath,
Oh, mother! take my hand in thine, this is the night of death!
April 8th, 1850. EMILY VARDELL.

ON THE DEATH OF WORDSWORTH.

Weep not when the Poet dies,

For his soul is ever living!

Ay, not only in the skies,

But on earth immortal! giving

Endless joy! fine sympathies

And fountains of delight unsealing

In every heart of righteous feeling!

Weep not, then, if Wordsworth sleep,

For his spirit never sleepest!

O'er the blue lake's crystal deep

Still its watch of love it keepeth!

On the mountain's loftiest steep

It hovers still, as nobly soaring,

In nature, nature's God adoring.

Free as those lakes from sullied heaven,

Towering as those mountain-heights,

And pointing, ay, like them to heaven;

His spirit bright and calm incites,

To all that's good and great! be given

To us, oh God, some sparks of that pure flame,

Which wafteth to the sphere of light from whence

It came. ELEANOR DABY.

CAMERA SKETCHES.

Our sketch to-day is a drawing of a very picturesque waterfall on the Earl of Glasgow's estate on the banks of the Clyde. After passing the principal entrance to the house, of which we gave a sketch in our thirty-first number, the pathway to the left leads through a wild and beautiful glen to the cascade. It forms three successive falls, tumbling over brushwood shooting through the crevices of the rock, and gradually descending into the bed of the glen, forming one of the loveliest scenes imaginable.



CASCADE IN KELBURN GROUNDS.

EARNESTNESS IN STUDY.

I AM sure that a man ought to read as he would grasp a nettle:—do it lightly, and you get molested; grasp it with all your strength, and you feel none of its asperities. There is nothing so horrible as languid study; when you sit looking at the clock, wishing the time was over, or that somebody would call on you and put you out of your misery. The only way to read with any efficacy is to read so heartily that dinner-time comes two hours before you expected it.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * Letters for the Editor must in future be addressed to 170, Fleet-street.

D. S.—The "legitimate drama" is almost entirely superseded by what the French term *spectacle*. The word seems a part of *dramaticos*; the meaning of which is simply a thing composed of acts. It seems to be shortened into drama to serve the purposes of a hasty people. As to the other word which puzzles you, we cannot give you a better meaning than in the facetious portraiture of Cowley—

"I never yet could see that face
Which had no dart for me;
From fifteen years to fifty's space
They all victorious be."

Such is *susceptibility*.

W. P. (Hanley).—We cannot guide you in the choice of a profession. Enquire of a sedate prosperous neighbour how you may attain a livelihood. He will tell you—because he knows your qualifications—where to go, whether to a linendraper's shop or a merchant's counting-house. Many young men seriously blunder by attempting the higher walks of the peculiarly artificial state of British society when—though possessed of some means—they are only fitted for the mere artisan rank of life. We are aware of the inapplicable taunt to young Keats, still is it not consistent with the experience of everyone that the vaulting ambition of many "overleaps itself," and that much happiness in a quiet profession is missed by a vain endeavour after the higher avocations of life? We, however, though entering a protest, decline the duty of tendering any advice.

R. B. (Norwich).—You do amuse us. Are you a leveller? Nobody is your superior! So you say. Is nobody your inferior? We once knew a Colonel Green from New Orleans. He acknowledged, in his American independence, "no superior." In Great Queen-street, some years ago, when her Majesty was on her way to inaugurate the Hall in Lincoln's Inn, we met this gallant soldier. He was fiercely republican. "She is a very fine lady," he said, "but what are queens and princes? They are the mere creations of their fellow mortals. I do not acknowledge myself to be less or less worthy than they are." We quietly asked him if the cabman who, Jehu like, was perched on his box, was also his equal? Such stuff will not stand one blow of argument. The great Architect of the Universe has impressed every man with his peculiar idiosyncrasy. He has also established various distinctly marked out ranks of society—as distinct as the races, nations, and languages of the earth, and you cannot lay claim to a better rank with more propriety than to a darker or a fairer complexion than you now possess.

D. R. B.—In our reply to R. B. you will find our views respecting the principal part of your communication. Master and servant is a bad relationship, but here we have it, and here it will remain as long as there are superiorities and inferiorities existing. Men have become masters who were servants, and very often they have proved very *masterly*, and some who have been masters have become servants; still the rule is a general one that superior abilities raise a man, while inferior attainments must be content with subserviency. You correctly estimate a strong

A CLASSIC.—The other day a student from the country, who had joined the Glasgow College, was about to leave by one of the trains from that city, and as he walked up and down the station, dressed out in his toga, he perceived the door of a first class carriage open, and he thought he would seat himself there. One of the railway guards happening to pass, asked to what class he belonged (meaning, whether first, second, or third), when he in all simplicity replied, "I belong to the Mauthematics."

The climax of feminine indifference has arrived when a woman does not care how she looks.

When we desire or solicit anything our minds run wholly on the good side or circumstances of it; when it is obtained, our minds run wholly on the bad ones.

mindful man's procedure, when you say that he will carefully conceal his *power of commanding*. The Spaniards live on terms of the greatest equality with their servants. A master or a mistress of the better rank will frolic with their male or maid servants in the most agreeable manner.

A Subscriber.—Your satisfaction with the "School boy" picture is what we relied on. We think of having it so reduced in size as to appear in our weekly pages, and thus admit of being bound up in the volume. You wish all the "Seven Ages"—so do many other correspondents; but you and they forget that such extra productions cost a great deal of money. We do not despair of accomplishing so much however; but we confide in some additional support. We agree with you that there is a perversity in popularity, while the virtuous, the scientific, the literary, meet so little countenance, and the profane, trashy, unlettered and obscene prints are sold everywhere, in tens of thousands. Rowe says:—

"Great minds are pleased with doing good,
Tho' th' ungrateful subjects of their favours
Are barren in returns——"

S. R.—We cannot guess whether you are the master or the servant. If the former, be indulgent—if the latter, be obedient. You are very likely a sort of socialist. Be what you please, but remember that opinion will not alter the *matura rerum*, that is, the existence of superiority and inferiority, the real *nature of things*. We are sick of socialism.

A Subscriber (Kingsbridge).—We thank you for your good wishes, and for your flattering opinion of our journal.

A Well-wisher.—We shall make an attempt to publish the whole Shakspeare series.

A. Z.—We cannot recall Mr. Green's adventures.

W. C.—Be pleased to send us your address. We shall write to you by post.

T. M. (Deal).—We have mislaid your proper address; please let us have it again.

G. F.—Much smaller type is now used than was the case some months ago, and hence there is a great increase in the quantity of matter inserted in each of these weekly numbers. We take no offence at any critical remark you may feel inclined to make. Our object is to please the respectable portion of the public, and we get help from the free expression of our correspondent's opinions.

H.—You must be more exact in measuring your verses. A number of them have ten, some eleven, and one as many as fifteen syllables in a line. We wish our poetical correspondents would make their writings conform with the mechanical rules of versification at least.

Esther.—The book from which we select the recipes is published by Mr. Dipple, Holywell-street, Strand.

C. A. W.—Your letter is received, but we cannot make any reply to so general and vague an epistle; besides, in a matter of fact, the *anonymous* is highly objectionable.

PENNY ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

SHORTLY WILL BE PRESENTED GRATUITOUSLY,
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OF
T H E L O V E R ,
As described by Shakspeare in his "Seven Ages."

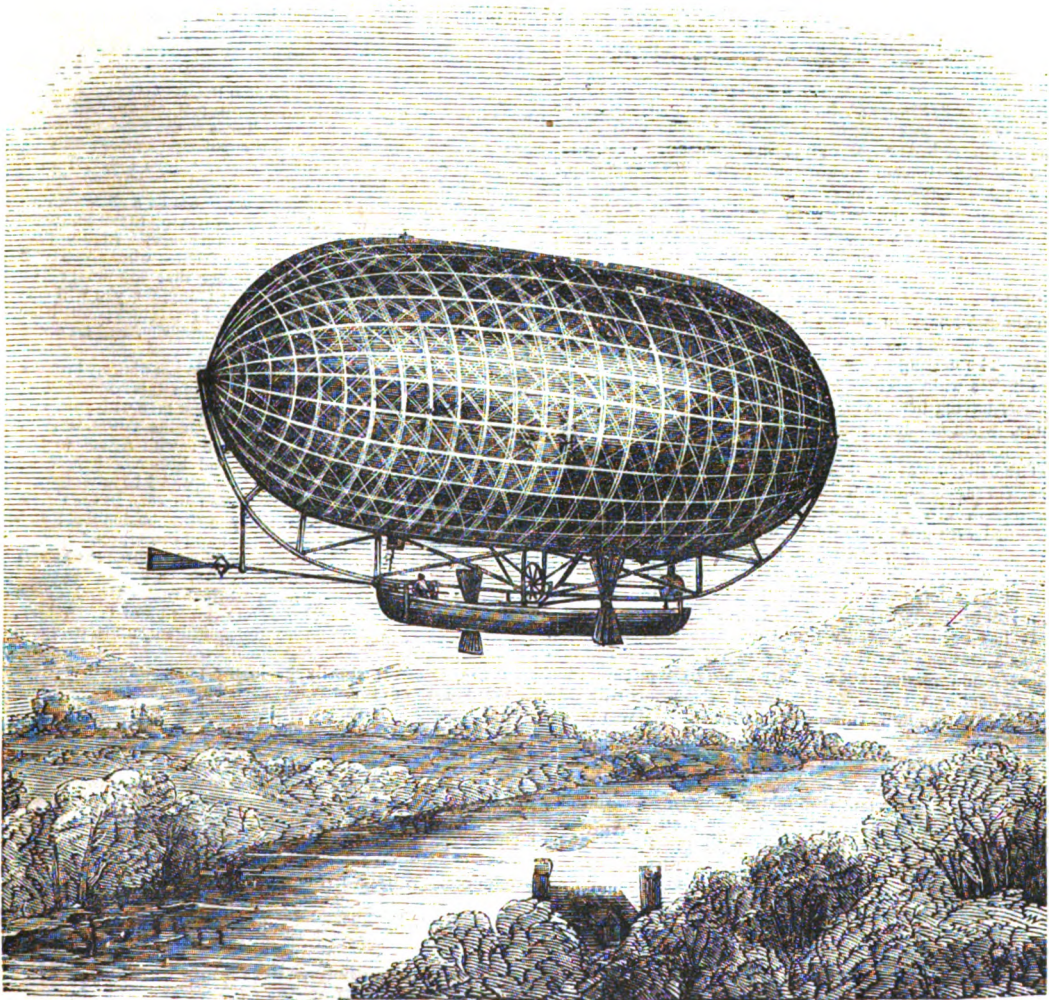
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ONE PENNY.
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BELL'S AERIAL MACHINE.

THE above engraving represents Mr. H. Bell's recent aerostatic invention. The following description of its distinctive features will point out the many advantages it possesses over the old vertical, and often fatally uncontrollable vehicle.

The balloon is of a cylindrical form, with conical ends,

having its greatest length placed horizontally, or in the direction in which it is to travel. This form presents very considerable diminution of resistance to the atmosphere, on being propelled through it, as compared with the ordinary balloon. In place of the rope netting in ordinary use, the patentee uses flat silken bands, for the purpose of strengthening the balloon, and affording an attachment to the framework and car. These are placed longitudinally, transversely

and diagonally round the balloon. By this arrangement the advantages gained are greater strength, more equal strain, less resistance to motion through the air, and less chafing to the silk, which is very considerable from the knots of the netting in ordinary use. Mr. Bell has also introduced some important improvements in the valve apparatus.

The car is formed so as to fulfil the purposes of a canoe or boat, if required, and would, when a long voyage was contemplated, be provided with every requisite for sea. The propellers are on the principle of the screw-propeller. If two are used, they are placed one on each side of the car, as in the engraving; if but one, it is placed between the car and the balloon, supported in a strong but light framework, to which is attached the steering apparatus. This apparatus is so constructed as to have a hinge and a rotating motion, so as to obtain the necessary movements of an extended surface or fan, in all respects similar to the tail of a bird, so that the guiding or directing of the machine may be under the control of the aeronaut. By the combination of the above motions, the steering apparatus may be moved in any direction, either up or down, laterally, or in any diagonal of these, thus regulating the direction of the machine in its passage through the air.

The patentee has also a very ingenious apparatus, which he terms a water grapple, for the purpose of arresting the progress of the machine, if required, when over water. The rope of the ordinary grapple is made elastic, so as to relieve the balloon from the sudden shock in "bringing up," on its taking effect in the ground.

Numerous experiments with working models having confirmed Mr. Bell's views of the practicability of his plans, he decided upon constructing a machine, capable of sustaining a weight of between 500 and 600 lbs., when inflated with the ordinary carburetted hydrogen. Its dimensions are about 50 feet in length by 22 feet diameter, made of the finest white silk, manufactured expressly for the purpose. The netting is composed of stout amber silk bands two inches wide. These are placed double and stitched together, having been previously carefully tested. The machine, when inflated, has a beautiful and very novel appearance.

The balloon was inflated lately at the Phoenix Company's Gas Works, Kennington. The arrangements having been completed, Mr. Bell liberated the huge machine, which ascended with great rapidity, taking a south-westerly course over the metropolis, and when in the air was greatly admired. The propelling apparatus was a single screw, six feet in diameter, steering apparatus four feet in length by four feet broad, tapering towards the car.

It has been repeatedly urged by aeronauts upon Mr. Bell's attention, that the peculiar figure of his aerial machine would render it extremely liable to "pitching," if not of floating vertically in the air. It was principally with a view of determining this question that the trial was made. We have much pleasure in stating, that nothing could be more satisfactory than the performance of the machine. Not the slightest unsteadiness, or tendency to pitch, was observed by the aeronaut throughout the voyage. To those who watched it with attention, it appeared to obey the impulse of the steering apparatus with great ease. The propeller was readily worked, at sixty revolutions per minute, and when in action the machine made rapid progress through the air. Propeller of much larger diameter may, and doubtless will, be used in future experiments; the balloon being too fully inflated, the valve required constant attention; and, Mr. Bell being alone, it is to be regretted that he could not observe the effect of the propeller upon the balloon with that accuracy that could be wished; in subsequent trials, however, other arrangements will be made. It must also be borne in mind that the difficulties attending investigations of this kind are of no ordinary character.

Having travelled nearly 30 miles, Mr. Bell, selecting a favourable spot—an open meadow at High Laver, in Essex—made preparations to descend; after lowering the grapple from the car, a short time elapsed ere it brought the machine too. Mr. Bell effected an easy and safe descent.

THE BROTHERS:

AN HISTORICAL TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

CHAPTER IX.—continued.

"Nothing—positively nothing, yer honour," replied Jack dejectedly; then, suddenly recollecting himself, an *ingenious* smile flitted over his cadaverous countenance, and he continued in a more cheerful tone, "but I have seen something."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Falkland, suddenly rising from his recumbent position; "and what may that be, pray?"

"I have seen her—the Countess, yer honour; I saw her through her room window," rejoined Jack.

"Are you certain of it?" demanded the knight.

"Quite sure, yer honour, from the description you gave me of her. Ah! yer honour, she is indeed beautiful, a perfect hangel!—well worth risking one's skin for."

"Yes, it was she—he could not have been mistaken," murmured Alfred to himself.

"Well, my worthy fellow," he observed in a higher tone, addressing Jack, "I have been more fortunate than you; for, by distributing a little gold in a certain quarter, I have ascertained that they will leave the palace about twelve o'clock to-night, but their destination is a perfect secret. Now, if we act with promptitude and precaution, their apprehension is certain. A boat will be in readiness at the time appointed, and I expect my brother and the young Countess will be accompanied by a tool of the Bishop's, whose name, I have learnt, is Williamson, and who is as prudent as brave. They will no doubt be well armed, and it will not be a child's game to board their little craft; but I prefer having them captured on the river as it will create less disturbance. In the first place, you must call upon your two friends whom you will instruct how to proceed, and remember that you must all be armed to the teeth, and have a boat ready, for you will certainly meet with the most determined resistance; but bear in mind that no blood be shed unnecessarily, and let not a hair of the Countess's head be harmed as you value your life. I shall not accompany you myself, for I do not wish my brother to know that I am solely instrumental in this proceeding; here are papers, however, which you must take with you, and which will secure your easy admittance to the Tower, whither you will conduct the young gentleman: with regard to the Countess, you will have her conveyed hither. I shall be here; every precaution has been taken, and I have had matters arranged for her reception. If you succeed in the enterprise, the reward I have promised you shall be doubled; and I think I can rely on your usual tact and discretion."

The worthy Jack bent almost to the floor, secured the papers about his person, and silently withdrew.

No sooner had he taken his departure than Sir Alfred, whose countenance suddenly assumed an expression of infernal joy, commenced pacing to and fro the apartment, murmuring to himself:—

"Yes, she will shortly be in my power—she who once treated my advances with such supreme disdain. Oh! what happiness—what rapture to enfold in my arms that matchless maiden. Her tears, screams, and entreaties will be vain, for her contempt has stung me to the very soul, and rendered me callous: she whom I would once have obtained by honourable means I will now seize by force. Besides, all here are my tools, completely in my power, and would be deaf to her cries. Edward, too, will be securely confined in the Tower, and the position of the Princess has become so critical that she will never think, or care, to inquire after the young Countess. Were it not to further my own views with regard to the Countess, I would not proceed another step in this matter, after the treatment I have received at the hands of the Princess."

A short time subsequent to Emma's arrival in London, Alfred had made overtures to her, which she had repulsed with becoming dignity.

Let us now leave Sir Alfred to his pleasurable reflections and return to Lambeth palace, where all was hurry and confusion, for the neighbouring church clocks had just pealed forth the hour of midnight. Pre-early Edward and Emma might have been seen to issue from the back part of the palace with great precaution, and silently advance to the water side, when they descended the steps which conducted to the river, where they perceived the worthy Williamson crouched down in the bottom of a boat which he had hauled as near to the river side as possible, thus almost concealing himself from view.

The fog had risen under the influence of a north-east wind, which drove swiftly before it the small white clouds that partially obscured the heavens. The moon appeared at intervals; the silent Thames rose in small undulating waves, and on either side of the river were perceptible vessels of every description, but all was still as death.

"Quick, Williamson, my friend," murmured Falkland, "for unless I am greatly mistaken, we are watched; I fancied I beheld the shadow of a man flit across our path as we left the palace."

Then, turning to his lovely bride, he remarked in a tone of protection:—

"Fear nothing, my love, for we are well-armed, and they must be brave indeed who could board our little bark. Besides," he continued, smiling, "Williamson is an excellent oarsman, and they would experience some difficulty in overtaking us."

By this time Williamson had brought his boat alongside the stairs, into which Edward handed his young bride; then, stepping in himself, the frail bark dashed into the stream with the grace and facility of a swan.

They had not proceeded far down the river when Williamson fancied he saw a boat which was advancing towards them, and manifestly in pursuit; then, turning to Edward, who was conversing with Emma in a subdued tone, he observed:—

"Do you perceive a boat in the distance, Mr. Falkland?"

Edward looked in the direction indicated, and his worst apprehensions were confirmed. The young man feared not danger on his own account, but how could he provide for the safety of his Emma? He, however, subdued his emotion, and replied in a calm tone:—

"Yes, my friend, I do indeed; I was not then mistaken. But although she appears to be manned by three men, we will give them a warm reception. We must not," he continued in an under tone, "allow them to approach too near before we have hailed them, and ascertained what their intentions are. Should their answer not be satisfactory, we will make use of our fire-arms, by which means we may disable one or the other of them; when, having only one adversary each to contend with, they shall pay dearly for their audacity should they come to close quarters."

Then turning to Emma, who was trembling violently, he addressed her gaily:—

"Be not alarmed, my love, we will quickly send those scoundrels back from whence they came. Remain seated in the boat as still as you can, and no harm will befall you."

This assurance calmed the Countess; and, by this time, the pursuing boat was not more than thirty paces distant, when young Falkland hastily called out:—

"Who are you? What is your business?"

At the same time both boats stopped.

"We come to arrest you in the king's name," responded a hoarse voice.

"In the king's name," repeated Edward ironically, "methinks that the king is almost forgotten by this time."

"Indeed!" returned the same gruff voice, in a high tone, "we will see whether the royal authority can be outraged with impunity."

Then, turning to the oarsman, he whispered something in his ear, and they advanced still nearer the fugitives.

"Prepare yourself for action," hastily murmured Edward to his companion.

"Yes, sir," replied Williamson.

"But how can we manage the boat?" he resumed, in a tone of alarm; "that did not occur to me before?"

"I will manage the boat," returned the young bride, who seemed to take courage in proportion as the danger increased; "I shall be as secure as though sitting motionless, and you will be able to contend with those wretches with a greater degree of success."

"Sweet girl—courageous Emma," murmured Edward; "but, heavens! should you be harmed—should I lose you, death were preferable to the life of misery and wretchedness I should lead!"

"Fear nothing on my account, Edward; God will watch over and protect us from the merciless persecution of our enemies," returned Emma, snatching the oars from Williamson.

It was time, for their pursuers were within ten paces of them.

"Back!" exclaimed young Falkland, at the top of his voice "or you shall bitterly repent your temerity!"

"Never!" reiterated the unearthly voice of Jack, who appeared to be spokesman, "without you, either dead or alive!"

"Then abide by the consequences," replied Edward; and, turning to Williamson, "Fire!" he continued, in a subdued tone.

Instantaneously the reports of two pistols rose above the murmuring sounds of the rippling waves; then a third, a fourth, and a fifth, and, lastly, the death-scream of one of the pursuers, who had been shot through the heart either by Falkland or Williamson.

"Courage, my Emma," cried Edward, addressing his young wife; "we are all unhurt."

"Yes, thank Heaven!" she murmured in a faltering voice.

"We will make short work of it now, sir," remarked Williamson, turning towards Edward.

"We will, my brave fellow," replied the latter, "and we must be brief, for they still seem inclined to come to close quarters."

And truly, despite the loss of one of his companions, Jack boldly advanced in a manner which, in a good cause, would have reflected credit on him.

At this moment their boat had arrived alongside that of Edward, when Jack cried out—"Surrender."

"Never!" exclaimed Edward, "but with our lives."

The next moment swords were crossed, and then, perhaps, commenced the most terrific encounter ever witnessed on so small a scale. Edward was opposed to Jack, and Williamson to his companion. Clash, clash went the swords as the sparks of fire which emitted therefrom glittered in the moonlit river. The combat continued with equal animosity, skill, and success for several minutes; presently Williamson's opponent made a false step, staggered, and, at the same moment, was pierced through to the hilt with his sword; then a moan, a plunge, and all was over. On finding himself free, Williamson turned round and, beholding Emma stretched full length, pale as a corpse, he rushed to her aid. The Countess had swooned.

By this time, Edward had succeeded in slightly wounding and disarming his adversary, who was on his knees craving for mercy.

"Mercy! mercy! yer honour," he cried imploringly.

"Villain!" exclaimed young Falkland, indignantly; "what mercy would you have shown us? I, however, consent to spare your life on condition that you will deliver up any papers you may have about you, and give me a correct account of this dastardly proceeding; what were your instructions, and by whom you were employed?"

"Anything else, yer honour, I will willingly do, but that I cannot—dare not."

"Nothing less will satisfy me, sir," said Edward, imperatively; "and, unless you obey me instantly, I'll thrust my sword through your villainous heart. Speak, wretch!" he continued, menacingly.

The trembling wretch then delivered up the *lettres de cachet* which Alfred had consigned to his charge, and related to Edward all that had transpired between him and his brother. During the recital, young Falkland seemed a prey to the most intense agony, mingled with indignation; for, scarcely had Jack ceased speaking, when he exclaimed vehemently:—

"Horrible! horrible! I could have forgiven and forgotten his infamous persecution, but his monstrous design on Emma—my adored wife. True, he is not aware that we are united; and yet he well knows that we have been fondly attached to each other for years, and that Emma was my affianced. Great God! was there ever a brother before so base—so cruel? He would have sacrificed me to his ambition, and robbed the Countess of her honour!"

Then addressing himself to Alfred's emissary: "Begone! and never again cross my path; tell me—that man I know all, and that the means by which he would have caused my destruction are now secure in my possession."

The crest-fallen Jack required not a second invitation, for the next moment he was rapidly gliding on the limpid waters of the Thames, in the direction of Lambeth palace.

Emma had now recovered consciousness, and, perceiving Edward advancing towards her, flew into his arms, murmuring:—

"Thank heaven! my Edward, you are safe."

"Yes, my love," replied the young man hastily, pressing her to his bosom, "but you, Emma; have you received any injury?"

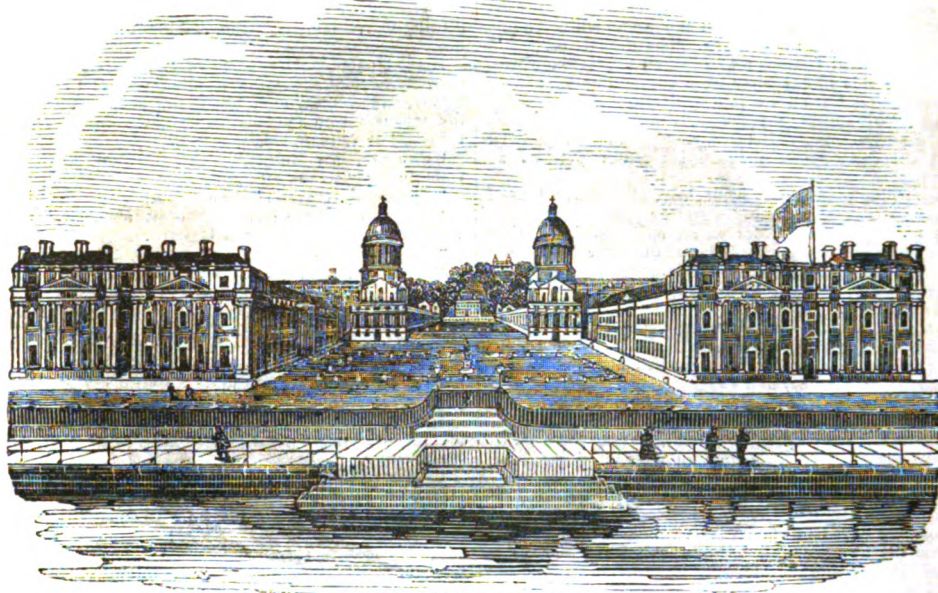
"None, thank God, Edward!"

"And you, my brave fellow—my liberator; how have you fared?" demanded young Falkland, addressing Williamson.

"It was no child's play; our enemies fought bravely."

"A slight scratch on my arm, nothing more," returned Williamson.

To be continued.



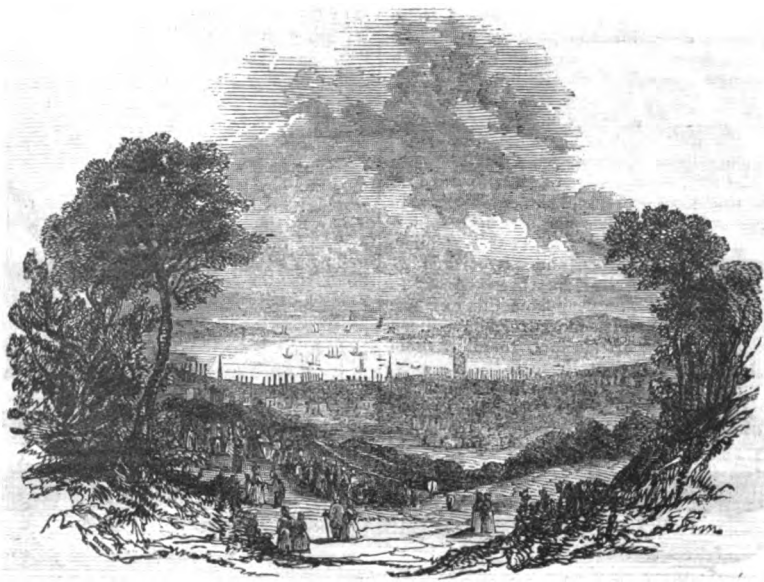
GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

THE original building of this now elegant modern structure was called *Placentia*, the seat of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester. Henry VII. enlarged it, and his son Henry VIII. finished it. Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth were born within its walls, and Edward VI. died here. King Charles II. took the greater part down, and commenced a new palace on its site, a part of which forms one wing of the present hospital. This magnificent structure consists at present of four extensive piles of building or wings, entirely detached from each other, but so connected by the conformity of their dimensions, their figures, and the general arrangement of their decorations, as to form a complete whole. The principal front, which is nearly all of Portland stone, faces the Thames on the north. The north-west angle is occupied by King Charles's building, the north-east by Queen Anne's, both of them lying next to the river; and the posterior wings towards the south are formed of King William's building on the west, and Queen Mary's on the east. The two northern wings are separated by a square of 270 feet wide; and so also would the two southern, but that the space between them is filled up on each side by two colonnades, 115 feet asunder, supported by 300 double columns and pilasters; while a spacious avenue through the hospital from the town divides these squares from each other, and thus also divides the whole of the northern half of the building from the whole of the southern. In the middle of the great square is a statue of George II., sculptured by Kysbrach. Extending 865 feet along the front, the intervening bank of the Thames is formed into a terrace, with a double flight of steps to the river in the middle. King Charles's building contains apartments for the governor and lieutenant-governor, the council room, fourteen wards for the pensioners, and various other chambers. Queen Anne's building consists of officers' apartments, and 24 wards. King William's contains the great hall, vestibule, and dome, designed, and erected, between 1698 and 1703, by Christopher Wren. This building contains 11 wards. Queen Mary's building comprises the chapel, built from the designs of Stuart, on the site of a former edifice, destroyed by fire in 1779. A painting by West, the shipwreck of Paul, forms the altar-piece. The pensioners to be received into the hospital must be aged and maimed seamen of the navy or of the merchant service, if wounded in battle; and marines and foreigners who

have served two years in the navy. The total expense of the establishment is 68,000*l.* per annum, which is appropriated to the support of about 3,000 seamen on the premises, and 5,400 out-pensioners.

ACTION OF LIME ON ANIMAL SUBSTANCES.

It is commonly asserted and believed that lime exercises a corroding, destructive influence on animal matter in general, and that animal bodies exposed to its action rapidly decompose and disappear. Accordingly, it has been almost invariably recommended to add this earth to graves, in instances in which a rapid decay is considered desirable, as on the occasion of the crowding of grave-pits with dead bodies during the prevalence of pestilential diseases. From the results of many experiments (says Dr. Davy) which I have made with lime on animal substances, I have been compelled to come to the conclusion that this opinion is not well founded in fact; indeed, that it is altogether erroneous. From numerous experiments I have made, I may state, generally, that with the exception of cuticle, nail, and perhaps air, lime exerted on the different textures on which it was tried no destructive power, but a contrary influence, and more particularly a well-marked antiseptic one. On the cuticle its action is powerful; and, I apprehend, in consequence of a chemical combination between them being formed. It is well known how lime has the property of rendering the cuticle easily separable over the *cutis vera*, and how, in the art of tanning, it is applied to this purpose. The effect of lime on nail is similar to that which it exercises on cuticle, but not so strongly marked. On hair the effect of lime appears to be more destructive; but in what manner it acts I have not attempted to ascertain. A portion of human hair of the head, which had been kept in lime and water about three months, was partially decomposed. At the bottom of the vessel there was a little black sediment. The hair, which was black, had acquired a just perceptible reddish shade, and had become much finer, as if wasted, and more friable, so as to be easily broken. Relative to the results of the experiments generally, they appear to me to bear me out in the remark with which I prefaced them, viz., that lime does not exercise a destructive corroding power on animal substances generally, nor one promoting their decomposition; but, on the contrary, a preservative and decidedly antiseptic power, arresting putrefaction even when commenced, and retarding decomposition. What new arrangements of the elements of animal matter may take place under the influence of lime is a subject for further inquiry. Probably the effects of lime on cuticle, nail, and hair, on which, in the arts, its operation has been best known, led to the ideas of its agency on animal substances generally, which I have been under the necessity of combating.



DUNDEE.

DUNDEE is of great antiquity. By the Romans it was called Tawdunum. The present name it is said to have received from a brother of William I. of Scotland, who built a church in remembrance of his safe return from the crusades, which he called *Donum Dei*, the gift of God. "Dun," however, which begins the names of many places in Scotland, means fort, castle, or town; and as the letters *D* and *T* are confounded by the Highlanders, at least in their ordinary pronunciation, it is with more probability supposed that the word was formerly Dun-Tee or Dun-Tay, meaning the castle or the town of Tay. It has a harbour capable of receiving a great num-

ber of vessels, and much commerce has been carried on in hemp and flax. The salmon fishery of the Tay is of considerable importance, and great quantities of that fish are annually taken, packed up in ice, and sent to London. In hot weather they pickle the salmon to preserve it.

Coarse linen goods are manufactured in Dundee. The town is governed by a provost, baillies, and council, like the other royal boroughs of Scotland. Its population has recently been estimated at thirty thousand. It gave a title to the unfortunate nobleman who fell at Killiecrankie, 1689, when it became extinct.

TO MISS HELEN FAUCIT.

Shake the soft shadow from those orbs of light,
Enter not yet the golden dreams of night;
Uplift the fringed curtain of those eyes,
Let out the stars from Love's delicious skies.
Sleep not, dear Rosalind, for thou would'st weep
Should Shakespeare ask for thee—and thou asleep!
Ask for his Rosalind—repeat thy name,—
And think, thou lost, was losing half his fame.
Sleep not; there's magic in thy forest home,
'Neath that green roof all glorious spirits come;
What though, to wake thee Touchstone forward starts,
Thy *genius* is the touchstone of all hearts!
Above all Dukes, or banish'd, or enthroned,
Above all Brothers, cherish'd or disowned,
True *ART* hath won a kingdom all divine,
And we, thy subjects, call that kingdom thine!
What if, 'neath Slumber's silver linked thrall,
Sweet Shakespeare for his Rosalind should call;
Invoke the light, the love, the wit, the grace,
Her beaming poetry of form and face.
What man might dare the terror of his brow
Should we then call some other one than thou?
Should we bring Music, he would ask, instead,
The softer, sweeter music of thy tread.
If for thy voice we gave the Linnet's song,
A thousand Linnets could not match thy tongue.
Show him where Swans their snowy sisters chase;
Shakespeare would bid e'en Swans to learn thy grace.
And *all*, as if in mockery, discard,
None but thyself could satisfy the Bard.
Perchance if Genius sought his godlike knees,
He'd look on Genius, *thinking he saw thee!*
But even Genius-self would be forgot,
For Genius-self lacks charms which thou hast got!

To the fair hands of Rosalind, from her
Literary Gazette. "ORLANDO."

REMINISCENCES OF PLUMER WARD.

"I was yesterday, by Lord Conyngham's own invitation, at the Board of Green Cloth, where we discussed the whole subject of the Lord Steward's department, all the members of the Board bringing, I must say, to the discussion, the most anxious desire to reduce the expenses within bounds. The result, *prospectively*, I have the pleasure to say, is satisfactory; but neither they, nor myself, can suggest any means to clear the fourth class of the department from its present debt, which, on the last year, amounts to 5,525*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* This being a matter for the Treasury to consider, I therefore proceed to tell you how it seems to me that the excess has arisen, and how it is proposed to remedy it in future. In very short, it seems neither more nor less than the most scandalous waste on the part of the lower servants, encouraged by laxity of discipline, particularly, I think, by the former high officers and the good-nature of the King. This made the attempt to alter the condition of his servants unpleasant, if not hopeless. I cannot better exemplify this than by the instance of an allowance of 500*l.* a year to the lower servants in lieu of small beer. The history is, that, when allowed small beer in kind, they were all allowed access *ad libitum* to the cellar, and often would not take the trouble to turn the cock after having drawn their quantity, but let hogsheads run off from very wantonness. The then officers in power (I know not who, but it was in Bloomfield's time), instead of punishing them, thought it right to turn the beer into money (the servants having ale and porter *besides* fully sufficient); and hence this 500*l.* a year compensation for not being permitted to

continue this wasteful extravagance. The above is, to be sure, an extreme case, but the prodigality of the steward's room and the servants' hall is almost as bad. Every person belonging to either seems allowed to carry away as much provision as he can scramble for, after being himself satisfied. If a bottle of wine or porter is opened for a glass, the rest is carried off, the meat in a napkin, which seldom finds its way back again; and, in addition to this, scores of persons who have no connection with the domestic establishment appear to run riot upon the unlimited allowance for these tables. All this, after conferring with the Deputy Comptroller, I find may be checked by authority, and the Lord Steward having willingly promised it, it has been agreed to strike off not less than 1,600*l.* a year from this expense alone. The footmen and maids, moreover, have been allowed charwomen and helpers (in fact, to allow them to be idle), and the reduction of these will save 400*l.* or 500*l.* a year more. The calculation of meat per day, for each individual of the family, has been 2*lbs.*, which the principal cooks allow is too much by $\frac{1}{2}$ *lb.*, this alone will save 600*l.* a year; and an allowance of what is called *bread money*, which I could not get explained, it having been made before the present officers came into place, may also be reduced to the amount of 300*l.* This is the more right, because the allowance in money does not preclude the supply of bread in kind, over and above the allowance. I mention these specifically, because they seem gross abuses, which you ought to be apprised of. Other reductions will arise, more from better regulations than abolitions, particularly in the gardens, upon which the Lord Steward, &c., have themselves ordered a diminution (agreed to by Mr. Aiton) of 2,600*l.* a year, and the whole put together, as per table enclosed, will amount to 6,456*l.* This is more than equal to the excess of the present year, which, therefore, it is to be hoped, will not be repeated."

"*Nov. 23rd, 1819.*—The D. of Wellington passed me in Pall Mall going to the H. of Lds. to the speech. He stopped his coach, and asked me if he should take me. When I got in, I saw him busy about the doors, which he was locking with a key in the inside. I asked what that meant. He said, that ever since he had been shot at in Paris he had used that precaution. I knew, said he, the conspiracy was pretty extended, and thought they might be at me again in a less bungling way. Their way *ought* to have been to have killed my coachman, and then, if my doors could have been opened, what should I have done? Now they are secure, and by leaning back you may fight a window better than a parapet wall. This he accompanied with the appropriate action."

"I cannot help thinking of an anecdote recorded by Mr. Lockhart, in his interesting life of Burns. The poet, in a dispute with a clergyman on the merits of Gray, having defied the clergyman to point out a defect in the 'Elegy,' the challenge was accepted; but the critic so blundered and quibbled, that Burns, out of patience, observed: 'Sir, I now perceive that a man may be an excellent judge of poetry by square and rule, and yet, after all, be a damn'd blockhead.'"

"How many Shop Critics would do well had they the modesty, in their vocation, to remember this discovery of Robert Burns! This, however, would far from suit them; for who does not know that

'A man must serve his time in every trade,
Save censure; critics all are ready made.'

"Seriously, if one were to cast about for a severe satire upon the institutions and customs of civilised life, I cannot conceive a stronger one than the influence of these self-elected judges. Many of them are half-educated, vulgar in mind, worse in manners; some struggling to live, with little compunction how they may do so. These adopt ribaldry and abuse, as most likely to make their lucubrations accord with the depraved taste of *their* part of the public; and for this

they throw their dung about, but not, as was said of Virgil, with dignity."

OUR RUDE ANCESTORS.

NORWITHSTANDING the ideas of wealth, splendour, and magnificence with which we are apt to associate the name of Queen Elizabeth, yet in her reign the luxury of a fork and the comfort of a carpet were seldom felt. Fingers and rushes were the invariable substitutes for these, whilst a round log served the purpose of a pillow or bolster. Even the Lord of the town seldom enjoyed a bed of down. An old writer says:—"As for servants, if they had any sheet above them it was well; for seldom had they any under their bodies to keep them from the pricking straws that oft ran through the canvass of the pallet and razed their hardened hides." However deficient our ancestors at this period were in comforts, they possessed some things in which they exhibited both taste and splendour. Thus we find them particularly cosy in their bed-hangings. We read of *carved and inlaid bedsteads*, embroidered with coats of arms, and of hangings of cloth of gold, paled with white damask and black velvet; blue velvet, powdered with silver lions; black satin, with gold roses and escutcheons of arms; tapestry of cloths of gold and silver, for hanging on the walls; gold plate, enamelled with precious stones, and cloths of gold for covering tables—all which must have exceeded in magnificence any furniture of the present day. In some of our old mansions our forefathers took great pride in having a rich bed. Every large mansion possessed what was called a "State-bed," which was appropriated to visitors of rank, as is still the custom with families in the middle rank of life. The furniture of this bed usually consisted of silk damask and also of brocades of silk, when these were discontinued for garments. Needle-work also took a prominent place amongst the furniture of our ancestors. By an old custom, common women were prohibited from marrying till they had spun a regular set of bed furniture; and till their marriage they were called "spinsters," which phrase is still preserved in all proceedings at law. The particular manufacture which we call tapestry was invented in Flanders about the year 1119, and the palace built by Henry VII. at Richmond, is said to have exhibited in gorgeous tapestry the deeds of kings and heroes who had signalled themselves by their conquests throughout France. The walls of Hampton Court were likewise hung with tapestry, and the Board of Green Cloth Room, adjoining the Hall, boasts of this sumptuous covering at the present day. As painting arose, the use of tapestry declined; it was cumbersome, and its effect generally heavy and gloomy. Paper now supplies its place, this having attained perfection both in reference to design, brilliancy of colour, and execution.

POVERTY AND GENIUS.

Most of our great men and great women were born poor. But for destitute and titleless individuals, our world would have been a wilderness, not merely for the want of mechanics and laborers, but for an almost entire absence of philosophers and philanthropists. At Oxford and Cambridge, the "sizars," or poor students generally carry away the prizes, and constitute the material out of which the real scholars are made; while the wealthier and titled men, the "pensioners" and gentlemen commoners, do very little for their own improvement or the good of the world. These schools are bad enough now; but had it not been for your poor students, we have reason to believe they would have sunk into perfect insignificance, if not into barbarism; and therefore, to be born "without a silver spoon in one's mouth," is not so unlucky as some people imagine.

ILLUMINATIVE GAS FROM WATER.

THE great problem of the economical decomposition of water, for the purposes of artificial illumination, appears to be much nearer solution in America than Mr. White, or any of his competitors in this country, have been able to achieve, and by a far more cleanly, delicate, and scientific process than by furnaces, retorts, bits of iron, pitch, tar, oils, &c. It is a well-known principle—in fact, forms almost an every-day experiment of the lecture table—that a current of electricity, whether galvanic or frictional, on passing through water, has the power of decomposing it, giving out oxygen at one pole, and hydrogen at the other; and we learn that a Mr. Henry M. Paynter, of Worcester, (United States), has ingeniously taken advantage of this principle in the production of hydro-

carbon gas, for the purposes of both lighting and heating dwellings. We are not exactly let into the secret of the means employed for generating the current of electricity; but as it states that a weight of 87lbs, falling 9 feet per hour, will produce 1,000 feet of gas, we presume it to be frictional electricity, particularly as it appears that the apparatus for lighting his own dwelling is contained in a box 18 inches square and 8 inches deep. From this box, two flat copper wires are conducted into the decomposing jar, containing the water, forming the two poles of the battery; and as the pure hydrogen escapes, it passes into a carbonising vessel. The process of carbonising we are not made acquainted with; but it is stated to be so far from costly, that carbonising gas for three burners for a week amounted only to one cent. It appears that, on the 23rd April last, Mr. Payne had his residence brilliantly illuminated for the purpose of exhibiting his complete success to his friends, and many gentlemen connected with gas companies, scientific bodies, &c. It is stated that, although only one small burner was employed in each room, yet the light was dazzling, perfectly white, and so pure, that the most delicate shade of blue and green could be distinguished at seven feet distance. The gas was supplied through a pipe, a quarter of an inch in diameter. For heating purposes, the company were shown a simple machine, consisting of two discs of iron, raised a few inches from the floor, and between which two or three small jets of pure hydrogen were burning; and, in a few minutes after lighting, an equable and genial heat pervaded the apartment. There is nothing in this description but what is perfectly consistent with scientific truths; and we cannot doubt that this simple system of lighting will soon get into general adoption, provided sufficient electricity can be produced on a large scale with equivalent economy. Mr. Payne can regulate to a nicety the quantity of electricity passing through the decomposing jar. One cubic foot of water will produce 2,100 feet of gas. The apparatus can be applied to all existing gas establishments; and all gas fittings and burners at present in use may be still retained.

THE RUSSIAN SERF.

THE Russians attempt to prove that the condition of their serfs is enviable compared to that of the peasants in other countries. It is a miserable deception. In the wretched and sequestered departments, thousand of families pass through all the horrors of starvation, and perish from misery and the effects of brutality. Human nature suffers universally in Russia; but the men who form the staple of the soil have the hardest lot. It is in vain to contend that they are entitled to the necessities of life, when they have not the power to enforce the fulfilment of this privilege. The truth is stifled under the fallacious, though specious, axiom, that it is to the interest of a master to provide for his creatures; but it is not every man who sees and appreciates his interest. In other societies, and among other people, the bad economist ruins himself, and the evil extends no further; but here, as human life constitutes the wealth of an individual, whole villages and cantons fall victims to the improvidence and recklessness of their owner. It is true that the Government steps in and applies a remedy for these evils, by placing the estates in trust when it is aware of the mischief; but this tardy relief cannot restore the dead. Picture to yourself the mass of unknown sufferings and iniquities produced by such customs, under such a Government, and in such a climate! The despotism of these landlords is more aggravated than that of the Emperor himself, because, from being withheld from the public eye, it is not controlled by the fear of public opinion.

THE POWER OF THE PRESS.

THE influence of the press is immense, and no part of it more so than its periodicals and journals. By these the thoughts, feelings, words, actions, and, consequently, the character of myriads are entirely formed. Their domestic habits, their pleasures, their principles of trade, their politics, their morals and religion, flow from these sources alone. Their whole library is the magazine and the newspaper. And they not only peruse these publications, and form their creed of every kind from their contents, but by conversation they influence thousands who read very little. Every man or woman who talks is a teacher; and there is a good or bad principle in all we say. Our great colleges and academies are not the most extensive teachers. There is a school in every field, factory, and fireside, where human beings assemble, which does more to form the character than the priesthood or the pulpit; and in these circles our light and cheap literature has a powerful sway. Hence the necessity of having good

periodicals and newspapers. A penny pamphlet or a cheap newspaper charged with poison, may seal the fate of thousands.

USEFUL RECIPES.

(From the Receipt Book for the Million.)

EFFERVESCING LEMONADE POWDERS.—Essence of lemon one tea spoonful, powdered white sugar one pound, carbonate of soda a quarter of a pound, tartaric acid a quarter of a pound. To be pounded and bottled for use. A teaspoonful or more in a glass of water.

GRAFTING WAX.—The following recipe has been recommended by first-rate authority:—Take common sealing-wax, any colour but green, one part; mutton fat, one part; white wax, one part; and honey, one-eighth part. The white wax and the fat are to be first melted, and then the sealing-wax is to be added gradually, in small pieces, the mixture being kept constantly stirred; and lastly, the honey must be put in just before taking it off the fire. It should be poured hot into paper or tin moulds, to preserve for use as wanted, and be kept slightly stirred till it begins to harden.

COCHINEAL FOR COLOURING LIQUORS.—Take one ounce of cochineal, pound it well, and make a soft ley with wood-ashes boiled in water; clear it through a flannel bag; take one pint of it, let it boil up, and put in your cochineal; pound a quarter of an ounce of alum and a quarter of an ounce of cream of tartar, and add them to the cochineal, and reduce it by boiling till it becomes of a very dark fine red. If it is for keeping, add pulverised sugar.

BUGS.—Take of the highest rectified spirits of wine (viz., lamp spirits, that will burn all away dry, and leave not the least moisture behind), half a pint; new distilled oil, or spirits of turpentine, half a pint. Mix them together, and break into it, in small bits, half an ounce of camphor; which will dissolve in a few minutes; shake them well together, and with a sponge, or a brush, dipped in some of it, wet very well the bed or furniture wherein these vermin harbour and breed, and it will infallibly kill and destroy them. The bed or furniture must be well and thoroughly wet with it (the dust upon them being first brushed and shook off), by which means it will neither stain nor soil the finest silk or damask. Note.—The smell this mixture occasions will be gone in two or three days, which is yet very wholesome, and to many people it is not disagreeable. Remember always to shake the liquor together very well whenever it is used, which must not be by candlelight, lest the subtlety of the mixture should catch the flame as it is used, and occasion damage.

LEMONADE POWDER.—Tartaric acid one ounce, white sugar six ounces, and essence of lemon a few drops. Mix altogether in a marble mortar until reduced to a fine powder. To half a pint of cold water a large tea-spoonful of the powder will be requisite. The powder can be kept in a dry bottle, and well corked until wanted.

AN EXCELLENT TOOTH PASTE.—Four parts of porphyrised red coral, two parts of bitartrate of potass, one part of cochineal, one eighth of a part of alum, ten parts of the best honey; the cochineal and alum to be powdered together, then set aside for some time, and afterwards the other substances to be added, and rendered aromatic with a sufficient quantity of some aromatic oil. This paste is used to keep the teeth white and clean; with this view a small quantity is put on a very small brush, and rubbed on the teeth.

COLOURS OF GLASS.—Ruby-coloured glass is tinged by a solution of gold; amber and yellow with silver, blue with cobalt, green with copper, opal with arsenic and tin, the brilliant greenish yellow with uranium, rose or pink with manganese, olive green with iron. The ruby and amber colours are on the surface only, put on with a brush, and afterwards burnt in; the others are in the body of the glass.

CONCREVE MATCHES.—The following is the best composition for these matches:—

	PARTS.
Powdered chlorate of potassa.....	30
Powdered brimstone.....	10
Sugar.....	8
Gun arabic.....	6
Cinnabar.....	1

— 54

The sugar, gum, and salt are first rubbed together into a paste with a sufficiency of water; the sulphur is then added, and the whole being thoroughly beaten together, small brimstone matches are dipped in, so as to retain a thin coat of the mixture upon their sulphuretted points. They should be quite dry before they are used. These matches ignite by friction against any rough surface.

CAMERA SKETCHES.

INNERKIP is a pretty quiet village, composed of one main street; at the end of the street, which terminates the village by some neat cottage villas, the Clyde opens very finely; and from the bay is seen rising, very conspicuously, Ardgowan House.

Two or three steam-boats call daily off Innerkip, so that the tourist may, if he prefer it, take that means of returning to Gourrock, or proceed by steamer further down the Frith of the Clyde to the interesting and fashionable watering-place of Largs. —*Sylvan's Handbook.*



ARDOOWAN HOUSE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * Letters for the Editor must in future be addressed to 170, Fleet-street.

W. We must distinctly inform those who favour us with letters that, unless they are stamped, they cannot be received. We are at all times happy to hear from our readers, but we cannot submit to the penalty of her Majesty's post. Were all our correspondents to send their letters unpaid it would prove the severest income-tax that the most reckless government ever imposed. Indeed, however anxious we are to know what our critical and contributing friends may say, the twopenny barrier stands stubbornly in our way, and we are reluctantly compelled to forego the pleasure of perusal.

A Young Farmer.—We insert two receipts on the subject of lemonade powders in our journal to-day. This will surely serve your purpose.

T. M. (Deal).—Must send us his name and address.

Alfred L.—You praise us and therefore please us. We shall soon close our first volume, making about three hundred pages. We have no love consult on our staff to whom we can refer your case of attachment.

E. G.—We forgot the particulars, but our impression is that Sir Charles Napier is sixty-nine years of age.

Percussion.—Any one is at liberty to carry a gun and shoot birds, not included in legal sociology, on any highway or common, or in fact anywhere if there is no objecting landlord or tenant to stand in your way.

T. F. (Chelsea).—Neither you nor we like "charges" to rhyme with "harness." When you wish us to publish your thoughts dress them carefully.

A Constant Reader.—You are very free, yet you are very friendly. We have our own tastes, but as an editor we yield to the tastes of our subscribers. Let us, by easy stages, try to win our readers to our own ways, but expect not that we are bold enough to withdraw tales, when tales are declared by so many to be a desideratum. This journal must be sold in thousands to meet the charges that come upon its pages. If we refuse to meet the wishes of the many, then we, as it were, commit commercial suicide. There is a funny doggerel half-dozen of verses we have seen in a book a hundred and fifty years old, which points a moral in literary speculation. Here it is:—

"A poor man once a judge besought
To judge aright his cause,
And with a pot of oil salutes
This judge of the laws.

My friend, quoth he, thy cause is good:
He glad away did trudge;
Anon his wealthy foe did come
Before this partial judge.

An hog well fed this churi presents,
And craves a strain of law;
The hog receiv'd, the poor man's right
Was judg'd not worth a straw.

Therewith he cry'd, O! partial judge,
Thy doom has me undone;
When oil I gave, my cause was good,
But now to ruin run.

Poor man, quoth he, I thee forgot,
And see thy cause of foil;
An hog came since into my house,
And broke thy pot of oil."

D. B.—Pray excuse us. We cannot in any way assist you in deciding the question. We would require to know all about *R. B.*; whether he is honest and true, or a regular blackleg, before being able to determine whether you should submit to the terms proposed. Why ask a stranger, as we are, when a neighbour of sound

HAPPINESS.—There is a sunshine of the mind, a happy temper of disposition, which far outweighs all external advantages; but this sunshine of the mind, the man of honour and probity alone experiences. No bribe can purchase it for the unjust; no mean devices, no mean arts, can pluck it from the upright.

NOTHING LOST.—It is well said that nothing is lost. The drop of water which is spilt, the fragment of paper which is burnt, the plant that rots in the ground, all that perishes there and is forgotten, equally seek the atmosphere, and all is preserved, and thence daily returned for use.

Adversity does not take from us our true friends, it only disperses those who pretend to be such.

judgment and clear intellect can assist you? We are often astonished at the questions put to us by our correspondents.

S. B. (Cambridge).—We never intended what you insinuate in our essay on superstition. You should abandon all omen-watching. Not fifty years ago a balloon fell in a field in Scotland, near where a ditcher was at work. He instantly, on seeing the advent of the stranger, went home: finding his wife busy at work, he said, with all the gravity of *doux David Deans*, "Pat past your wheel, Jenny." Jenny whirled away, and asked what he meant. "Put by your wheel, Jenny (he gravely and solemnly said), for here's the Lord!" New you are not a whit better than this Innocent ignorant artisan. You say you hear sounds and see sights that daily and nightly demonstrate the existence of spirits: here our northern friend had a clear daylight proof of the first hour of the long prophesied millennium. His busy wife Jenny probably never relaxed one twist of her thread, and with rational mirth would quaff at the crazy piety of her stupidified half.

Bamford.—We cannot publish your rhymes. Read the worst verses that ever appeared in print, and yourself say if they are not better than those you sent us in measure and in matter. We will not be hoaxed nor trifled with.

J. B.—Write something new. You, without any help, could find the very words in our old authors which make up the four verses of the "Portrait."

G. T.—We have seen such old theatrical papers. They are now profane. The legitimate drama displaced the sacred, and the opera has succeeded the former. In the *Tattler* there is a funny inventory of effects for sale, from which we take the following extracts:—

"Three bottles and a half of lightning.
One shower of snow in the whitest French paper.
Two showers of a browner sort.
A sea consisting of a dozen of large waves, a little damaged.
A dozen and a half of clouds trimmed with black, and well-conditioned.
A rainbow a little faded.
A new moon something decayed.
A setting sun, a pennyworth.
Othello's handkerchief.
A serpent to sting Cleopatra.
A mustard bowl to make thunder with:
The whiskers of a Turkish Basha.
The complexion of a murderer in a bandbox consisting of a large piece of burnt cork and a coal-black peruke.
A suit of clothes for a ghost, viz., a bloody shirt," &c.
The inventories of the sacred drama were in a sense horrifying. Even in this age, not many years ago, sacred plays were attempted in some hall in Leicester square. We think with you that they cannot succeed now.

PENNY ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

SHORTLY WILL BE PRESENTED GRATUITOUSLY,

A SPLENDID ENGRAVING

OF

THE LOVER,

As described by Shakspeare in his "Seven Ages."

Printed and Published by GEORGE VICKERS,
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THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

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{ ONE PENNY.
{ POST FREE, 2d.



HAMPTON COURT.

HAMPTON is the pleasure ground of the metropolis. The facilities which the railway has provided have made the thousands that used to journey thitherward tens of thousands. Now, therefore, every one who can command one single shilling may be transported to the fairy regions of Hampton Court, see the wonders and beauties of nature and art so lavishly spread abroad, and be brought back to London at the close of the summer's long day.

The narrow confines of these pages prevent our making any

reference to the peculiarly fine scenery of the country selected by the refined Wolsey and the luxurious Henry as their most favoured residence, or to point to those sterling and invaluable works of art with which the palace is stored. We must restrict ourselves to a short description of the Great Hall, of which the above is a careful delineation.

It is usually termed Wolsey's Hall, though it is pretty generally known that Henry VIII. completed and furnished it with a great portion of the ornaments with which it is so su

perly decorated. The vast dimensions and the agreeable form of the building, the gorgeous tapestries, and the imposing carved roof are emblems of exquisite taste, and unsparing liberality.

It is supposed that the tapestry beneath the gallery is of an earlier period than that in the Hall. Two parts are allegorical of Virtue and Vice. The arras in the Hall is divided into eight compartments, each representing portions of the history of the patriarch Abraham. "Of the tapestries," says Evelyn, "I believe the world can show nothing nobler of the kind than the stories of Abraham and Tobit. They were bought by Oliver Cromwell, and valued in the inventory at £8,260." The painter of these tapestries is unknown. It is evident, however, from a careful examination of the features and expression in several of the figures, that Raffaele has been closely and successfully followed. Hence they have been pretty generally attributed to Bernard Van Orley, one of that eminent artist's most famous disciples.

At the upper end of the south side of the Hall the large window, with its splendidly carved canopy, bears marks of its undisturbed antiquity. The arms and cyphers of King Henry and of his queen (*then* Jane Seymour), namely, H. R. and J. R. are inserted in stained glass; beneath we find Wolsey's arms and a cardinal's hat on each side, with the words, "The Lord Thomas Wolsey, Cardinal legat de Latere, Archbishop of York and Chancellor of England."

The best *coup d'œil* of the grand interior of this building is to be had from the dais—the raised portion of the floor. It is 106 feet long, 40 feet wide, and 60 feet high.

We regret that our space will not permit us, this week, to notice some of the other portions of this royal palace—its maze, its vine, and its thousand unrivalled paintings; but, as every one may now pay it a visit and see the beauties and wonders of the Court, we shall be pleased if this slight sketch of one of its rooms induces any of our readers to spend a happy day at Hampton.

THE BROTHERS:

AN HISTORICAL TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER IX.—continued.

"Heaven be praised!" cried Edward; "and now let us make the best of our way to the Temple stairs."

They soon reached the stairs, where they took leave of Wilkenson, but not before sincerely thanking him for the eminent services he had rendered them, with a promise that at some future period he should be amply rewarded.

Edward and Emma were most graciously received by Lady Langdon and her charming daughter at their mansion in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields; and, as the good old lady had received timely intimation of their intended departure from Lambeth palace, preparations had been made for the reception of the young couple. After the supper, Edward related all that had occurred since his arrival in London, which greatly affected and rendered the young people doubly dear to them. In short, they were received with that amiability and kindness of manner which is rarely evinced to any save friends of long standing.

CHAPTER X.

Months have elapsed since the events recorded in the preceding chapter, during which Edward and Emma have experienced all that bliss and happiness which two young, fond hearts, such as theirs, only could have enjoyed. They are still located with Lady Langdon and her lovely daughter, and have become as two of the family. The second civil war, too, as it was denominated, had burst forth with the greatest animosity. Cromwell and the Parliament had in vain sought to compromise matters with the King, who had escaped from Hampton Court to the Isle of Wight. No kind of government, at all inclined to liberalism, would suit the tyrant King. Thus the State was again hurried into all the horrors of civil strife. Alas! affairs have not progressed very rapidly in many respects; for, at the present time, we still hear of countries being deluged in blood, lands confiscated, patriots hanged or imprisoned, and women flogged to gratify the caprice or ambition of crowned despots.

But let us return to our subject. We have said that Edward and Emma were happy, oh! supremely happy, but their means were very limited, and they were chiefly supported by the generous-hearted Bishop.

The young people had never seen or heard anything of Sir Alfred since their escape from St. James's Palace, and we

will leave the reader to judge of his consternation, alarm, and rage on learning that his infamous designs were frustrated, and that Edward knew all.

Young Falkland had now begun to feel the kind of dependency of his position, and was resolved, if possible, to seek a means of gaining wealth and distinction. He, consequently, determined upon offering his services to Cromwell in any capacity he might feel disposed to employ him, for he had become disgusted at the vile proceedings of the Royalists, and it occurred to him that his benefactor, Bishop Juxon, would probably furnish him with a letter of introduction to Cromwell, who, although aware that the Prelate was a Cavalier or Royalist, also knew he was a kind, generous-hearted man, and had learnt that he strenuously opposed the infernal conspiracy which had been formed against his life by several of the ministers and courtiers, but had never ascertained who the conspirators really were. Accordingly, Edward easily obtained a note of introduction from the Bishop, wherein he did not omit to state that Edward was the young gentleman who had been selected to strike the fatal blow, but despite the promises of reward and distinction which had been held out to him, he had repulsed the proposition with horror and disgust.

The young man was now constrained to disclose this resolve to his beloved Emma, who, he feared, would be greatly opposed to this step; but, in representing to her their dependant position, she gave her consent, although with great reluctance; for, at that period of strife and civil war, it was not easy to foretell what the morrow would bring forth. Edward bade his young wife adieu, comparatively happy, for he felt convinced she would be treated with every mark of kindness by the amiable Lady Langdon and her lovely daughter.

The same day young Falkland left the metropolis to join Lieutenant-General Cromwell, who, after having reduced the King's party in Wales, had just received instructions from the Parliament to march into the north, unite his forces with those of Major General Lambert, and oppose the Scots who had invaded England. On his march, Cromwell dispatched a messenger to Lambert, desiring him not to engage with the Scots until his arrival. Lambert consequently sought to harass rather than contend with the Scotch army; and preferred rather to allow them to advance, so that the distance to retreat would be the greater.

During Cromwell's march northward, a charge of high treason was framed against him by Major Huntingdon, with the advice of a few members of both houses, for striving, by betraying—as was insinuated by some evil disposed persons who were jealous of his increasing greatness and popularity—the king, parliament, and army, to advance himself. But it being evident to the majority of the members, that such an accusation was solely preferred for the purpose, if possible, of having him withdrawn from the command, and thereby weakening the army, that their enemies might the more easily subdue them, the parliament deemed it advisable to discountenance an accusation as base as it was erroneous.

In the afternoon of the seventeenth of August, Cromwell joined Lambert near Preston, in Lancashire; and the same evening young Falkland made his appearance before the General's camp. A council of war, relative to the chances of an engagement with the Scots on the ensuing morning—who were encamped almost within cannon-range of the English army—and its probable result, had just terminated as Edward was ushered into the presence of Cromwell, who was surrounded by a brilliant staff. On a sign from the General, all save Lambert, withdrew.

"Well, sir," he observed, somewhat harshly addressing Edward, "what is your pleasure, pray?"

The young man then presented to him the letter of introduction which he had received from Bishop Juxon.

Whilst perusing the letter, Cromwell's countenance gradually assumed a pleasing expression, and, having concluded, he raised his eyes and resumed addressing young Falkland in an amicable tone:—

"I am glad to learn that you are as generous as brave, sir, and I think we shall be able to find you sufficient employment."

Edward bowed.

"Do you not think," he continued, addressing General Lambert, "that this young gentleman can be advantageously employed as one of my *aides-de-camp*?" for I lost several of my staff in the siege of Chepstow, and have not yet entirely replaced them."

"He certainly looks a very likely sort of young fellow," was the blunt reply.

"I need not ask questions with respect to past events,

young gentleman," remarked Cromwell, "for Bishop Juxon has given me an idea of your history; if, therefore, you feel disposed to accept a commission as one of my *aides-de-camp*, I shall be happy to employ you in that capacity; and, as you are doubtless aware, the Scotch army is encamped a short distance hence, we shall most likely require your services by to-morrow's dawn."

Edward again bowed, sincerely thanked Cromwell for his generous offer, and withdrew, when he was conducted to the officers' tent, where they were just sitting down to their frugal repast.

It was now late in the evening, and orders had been given for all, save those on duty, to retire. Presently all was in stern repose, for some were thinking of their wives, children, parents, or friends, and others were soundly sleeping. Who, to have gazed on that tranquil camp, would have dreamt of all the horror, misery, grief, and anguish, the morrow would bring forth? Oh, rash, foolish mortals! what blood and tears were you destined to be the means of shedding!

Scarcely had the morning dawned when the drum beat to arms, for intelligence had been received that the Scots had been throwing up intrenchments during the night, and were evidently resolved to offer battle. As if by magic the troops were under arms, and all was prepared for the sanguinary conflict. It was an ominous looking morning, and in perfect keeping with the terrible contest which was about to ensue. The sky was dark and lowering, a chilling fog moistened the ground, and scarcely anything was perceptible save the dark lines of the battalions, which awaited in stern silence the command to move from their positions. That order was now given, and the infantry advanced towards the enemy, preceded by the artillery, whose terrible fire arched the horizon like a fiery cloud, and the long, loud booming peals sounded far more terrible to the ear than thunder; for it dealt death and destruction in every direction.

The English army thus advanced against the Scots, and Cromwell might have been seen surrounded by, and giving orders to, his *aides-de-camp*, who, in their turn, transmitted them to the different commanders of divisions and regiments as they led on their men to the charge. Amongst the staff young Falkland was not the least conspicuous.

The advanced columns had now arrived to within about thirty paces of the Scotch batteries, and had suffered tremendously by their cannon, when the word was given to fire a volley and charge. Scarcely had the command been given when the Scotch artillery vomited forth the most terrible fire; then were seen to bristle up their bayonets, and the columns of fire and smoke on either side seemed to embrace, forming one, which rose in a fantastical manner above the din of battle.

The carnage was horrible, and, taken away by the ardour of battle, Edward might have been seen in the thickest of the fight, dealing death and destruction around. A hundred cannon cast forth their fire, and the bullets from the musketry were thick as hail. The English in the Scotch army had the honour of the van, and, for a while, engaged Cromwell's advanced columns with much bravery, but were at last so rigorously pressed, and the fire of Cromwell's troops was so terrific, that they were compelled to abandon their position, and retreat to a pass, which they endeavoured to maintain, but, although they fought desperately, the Roundheads carried all before them. Perceiving the disorder of their English friends, the Scots appeared as though panic struck, and rapidly retreated, but were so hotly pursued by Cromwell, that a great many of their foot threw down their arms and were taken prisoners, and a great number were slain. It was an awful sight to see the victorious army wallowing, as it were, through the gore of dead and dying thousands, in pursuit of their enemies. Cromwell was at this moment narrowly watching every movement of young Falkland, who had rushed forward where the thickest fire indicated the greatest number of foes. He thought not of danger, for he was dizzy with the din of battle; and where the hottest fire was seen, and the cannon's loudest peal heard, Edward was sure to be. Several principal officers of the Scotch army were also taken, with their artillery, ammunition, and baggage. Many of the horse fled towards Lancaster, and were pursued for near ten miles with great slaughter.

The Duke of Hamilton, the commander-in-chief of the Scotch army, marched away in the night with about eight thousand infantry and four thousand horse, and Cromwell followed him with three thousand foot and two thousand five hundred horse, killing and capturing several in the way; but by this time he was re-inforced by a portion of the reserve, and the Duke reached Wigan before they could attempt anything further.

Thus ended that famous battle in which young Falkland

so greatly distinguished himself that the brave Cromwell was pleased to raise him to the rank of colonel and give him the command of a regiment.

The whole of that night they lay in the field, dirty, cold, and weary, and had some trivial skirmishes with the enemy, who, the following morning, marched in the direction of Warrington, and made a stand at a pass, which, for several hours, was disputed with equal courage, animosity, and resolution on both sides. The Scots being in possession of the pass, had a considerable advantage over their pursuers; several pieces of artillery were planted at the entrance, whose terrible fire swept away whole ranks; they fell like grass before a scythe, and amidst this horrible carnage was Edward encouraging his men by the most daring feats of heroism. Cromwell, too, dashed into the thickest of the fight, and nothing could withstand the cool determined courage of the men, who followed their beloved leader and charged the enemy with such impetuosity, that they were compelled to give way, after losing about three thousand in killed, wounded, and prisoners. The enemy were pursued to the town of Warrington, where they possessed themselves of the bridge, but, on Cromwell's arrival, Lieutenant-General Bayly was desirous of capitulating; the only terms, however, offered to him were, that he should surrender himself and all his officers and soldiers prisoners of war, with the whole of his arms and ammunition, which he accordingly did; and there fell into the hands of Cromwell four thousand complete stands of arms, with as many prisoners, and the Duke's infantry was totally ruined; who, with his remaining horse, marched towards Nantwich, where the gentlemen of the county took about four hundred of them and killed several. Thus, the Duke of Hamilton being pressed upon, and hemmed in on every side, fled to Uttoxeter, in Staffordshire, where, with about three thousand horse he had with him, was taken prisoner and sent to Windsor Castle. Thus, the Scotch army, which had caused so much terror, was totally defeated and routed; and the most extraordinary part of the business is, that these great victories were gained by Cromwell with an army scarcely amounting to one third of the Scots; the conduct of the General and the superiority of his troops, making amends for the disparity in numbers. The whole of the enemies' baggage and artillery was taken, with their colours; and only a few of their horse, which formed a portion of the rear, made their escape into Scotland with the fatal intelligence. Those who did not proceed for their own country were captured by the activity of the country-people or the horse which pursued them; and Sir Marmaduke Langdale was taken prisoner and conveyed to Nottingham Castle, from which, however, he was fortunate enough to escape a short time afterwards.

Lieutenant-General Cromwell having thus defeated the Scots under the Duke of Hamilton, resolved to follow up his advantages by marching into Scotland, and, in his way, reduced Berwick and Carlisle to their former obedience. Being now about to enter that kingdom, he drew up his army on the banks of the Tweed, and issued a proclamation to the effect, that none should take from the Scotch people any of their cattle or goods upon pain of death, and enjoined them to conduct themselves with the greatest civility both on their march and in quarters. On entering Scotland, he declared that he came with his army to free the kingdom from a faction of malignant men, who had compelled the nation to break friendship with their English brothers, who had been so faithful to them. Cromwell now marched directly for Edinburgh, and, on his way, was met by many of the Scotch nobility and gentry, who complimented him on his brilliant achievements; acknowledging, at the same time, that his presence would greatly conduce to the tranquillity of the kingdom. Being thus conducted to Edinburgh by the Marquis of Argyle, and others who came to meet him, he was received there with due solemnity and respect.

Having thus accomplished his task, Cromwell began to make preparations for his return to England; but, desirous of giving him a farewell entertainment, the Scots invited him and the chief officers of his army, amongst whom was our hero, now Colonel Falkland, to Edinburgh Castle, whither they were conveyed in coaches, and magnificently entertained at a banquet which had been prepared for them; and, at their departure, were saluted by all the cannon of the castle. On the sixteenth of October, Cromwell left Edinburgh, and was conducted by the Marquis of Argyle and many others of the Scotch nobility; when, on parting, every demonstration of affection was passed between them.

On arriving at Carlisle, Cromwell dispatched some forces for strengthening the siege of Pontefract, or Pountfret Castle. Although this place was not large, it was deemed almost impregnable, and was remarkable for the valour of its defen-

ders. The garrison consisted of about four hundred foot, and a hundred and thirty horse, all as brave and resolute men as ever wielded sword or spear. One time, a party of horse issuing from the castle took Sir Arthur Ingram, and obliged him to pay one thousand five hundred pounds as the price of his ransom. At another, Captain Clayton and most of his troops were seized upon, and made prisoners by them.

To repress these insolent proceedings, Cromwell appeared before the place himself, and, having ordered a close siege, which put a check to their ranging abroad, left Major-General Lambert and Colonel Falkland to complete its reduction, whilst he marched with the main body of the army in the direction of London.

The castle was strongly fortified, and batteries were erected at the two principal approaches, which it was necessary to take before they could attack the castle itself with any degree of success. Accordingly, Major-General Lambert directed Colonel Falkland to storm the battery on the right, whilst he himself led the attack on the left. They advanced to the batteries with one prolonged shout of defiance—loud as the roar of war's most mortal engines, and, it being now late in the evening, and everything almost shrouded in obscurity, nothing was perceptible save the artillery's flame, and the fire of the musketry. Notwithstanding the terrible havoc made in Edward's ranks by the fire from the batteries, he rushed on, followed by his brave comrades, whose impetuosity

nothing could check when they beheld their leader foremost in the fray, and overthrowing everything that opposed him. The intrenchment was crossed, the battery taken, and on they rushed over dead and wounded, firing, slashing, and glowing with the heat of battle. The besieged retreated within the castle, and were quickly followed by the besiegers, for, by this time, both batteries were taken, and again the fire became most terrific from bastion, parapet, rampart, and wall. The castle was now entered, and column after column made their sanguinary way with flashing bayonets and reeking blades. The castle was won, but it was doubtful which would have greatest cause to mourn, for the carnage on both sides was horrible, every inch being disputed with the greatest animosity. A junction was now formed by the troops under Major-General Lambert, and those under Colonel Falkland; and, by this time, the castle was completely invested by the Roundheads, but had not yet surrendered. In vain the shout of victory was heard above the thunder of artillery and the roar of musketry; the last groan of the assailed echoed to the shouts of the assailants; bayonets pierced and swords cleaved and dealt destruction in every direction, but finding it was useless to hold out longer against a superior force, the Cavaliers deemed it prudent to surrender, when all the artillery and ammunition fell into the hands of the victors, and the whole garrison was made prisoners.

To be continued.



THE BRIDGE OF ALLAN.

THE Bridge of Allan, which is three miles from Stirling, and a popular resort of Glaswegians, is more valued for its romantic vicinity than for its antiquity. A town has, within these few years, grown up in this locality, which is now in a thriving state.

Allan Water is a river that runs into the Links of Forth, near Stirling. Our readers have perhaps heard more of its banks than of the river itself, from the great popularity which a ballad, from the pen of M. G. Lewis, Esq., called "The Banks of Allan Water," obtained, as sung by Mrs. Wood. The song tells the tale of a fair one, a miller's lovely daughter, who gave her affections to a soldier. The sequel cannot be better told than in the fanciful but touching language of the author of "The Monk."

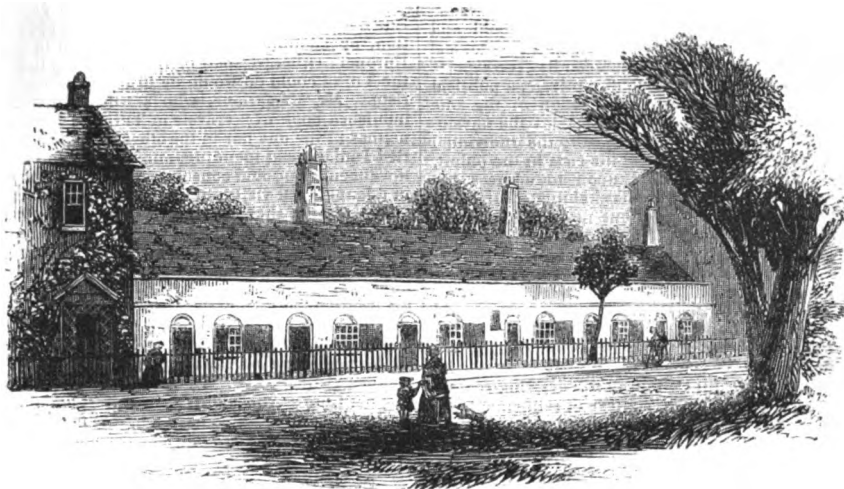
On the banks of Allan Water when brown autumn spread its store,
There I saw the miller's daughter, but she smiled no more.
For the summer grief had brought her, and the soldier false was he,
On the banks of Allan Water none was so sad as she.

On the banks of Allan Water, when the winter snow fell fast,
Still was seen the miller's daughter, chilling blew the blast,
But the miller's lovely daughter both from cold and care was free,
On the banks of Allan Water there a corpse lay she."

That a beautiful girl, and the daughter of a miller should have loved a soldier, and be cruelly forsaken, is not very improbable, but we do not know that it was true. The favour, however, which this sweetly plaintive strain obtained, has given the locality additional interest in the eyes of English tourists, and few visit Stirlingshire without desiring to gaze on the "Banks of Allan Water."

ARABIAN POETRY.

THE young German orientalist, Dr. S. Dieterici, delineated, in one of his lectures, the Arabic poetry with the following words:—"As a flower's existence," he said, "exactly corresponds with the soil from which it imbibes nourishment, and as its calix shows minutely the degree of heat by which sunbeams have reared it; thus, the poetry of nations is likewise corresponding with the soil of the country they live in. If Persian poetry, which grows up blooming in the garden of Shiras, like a thin and tender texture, worked with beams of the moon, makes us ramble in the garden of roses of Sadi, and amidst the tunes of nightingales of Hadix, thus Arabic poetry leads us into the midst of deserts, of which the monotonous silence and quietness rings but with the bold war cry, with the clink of weapons, with the whizzing of the spear, and with the clatter of the horses of Bedouins."



KNIGHT AND MORTLOCK'S ALMS-HOUSES.

FOUNDED in 1647, by Elizabeth Knight, of Denny Abbey, Cambridgeshire, for two poor widows and four spinsters, whereof one of these last is to be of the parish of St. Benedict. The trustees are appointed by the Lord Chancellor. The annual payment to each inmate was originally £3 per annum. These buildings, which are also remarkably neat and comfortable, are situate opposite Midsummer Common, Cambridge. They were re-built in 1818, at the expense of the late

William Mortlock, Esq. Through the munificence of the late Mr. William Mortlock, the annual stipend was considerably increased. The Commissioner for inquiry into the charities of Cambridgeshire thought that Mr. Mortlock was entitled to have his name added to that of the original founder, and therefore ordered that in future the charity should be known by the name of "Knight and Mortlock's Almshouses."

THE ART OF ENGLISH POETRY.

CHAPTER III.—THE STRUCTURE OF ENGLISH VERSE.

VERSES of seven syllables are termed *Anacreontic*. The accent must fall on the third, and the pause either on the third or the fourth syllable. See this specimen from Cowley:—

"Fill the bowl with rosy wine,
Round our temples roses twine;
Crown'd with roses we contain
Gyges wealthy diadem."

On the first line the pause is on the third, on the three last, on the fourth syllable. This pause is a rest that is naturally made in pronouncing the verse, dividing into two parts, each of which is called a hemistick, or half-verse; but a careful attendance to such a rhythmical arrangement as secures a proper division is as indispensable as in the right placing of the accentuation.

Verses of nine and eleven syllables are of two sorts; namely, those that are accented upon the last but one, and those accented on the last syllable. The latter measure is only employed in compositions for music, and in burlesque poetry. Congreve used it:—

"Apart let me view then each heavenly fair,
For three at a time there's no mortal can bear."

Verses of twelve syllables are better used in the third triplet of the ordinary heroic measure of ten than as the rule of an entire poem. The continuous length gives a heaviness to the perusal. For example:—

"Millions of opening mouths to fame belong,
And every mouth is furnished with a tongue,
And round with listening ears the flying plague is hung."

In heroic poems verses of fourteen syllables occasionally find a place, but they by no means sound so well as those of twelve.—

"While all thy province Nature I survey,
And sing to Memmius an immortal lay
Of Heav'n and Earth, and everywhere thy wondrous power
display."

From the same author we quote the following passage, where ten, twelve, and fourteen syllables are employed:—

"For thee the land in fragrant flow'rs is drest,
For thee the ocean smiles and smooths her wavy breast,
And Heav'n itself with more serene and purer light is blest."

But these quotations, though from the great master of the art, John Dryden, are devoid of the ease and grace which make poetry so charming.

THE REVERENCE FOR ANTIQUITY.

A BLIND, and we had almost said stupid, but we certainly will not say wise, adherence to old habits of thought and action, certainly does characterise us as a nation. We have dozens of proverbs inculcating the wisdom of letting things alone; and nothing is so troublesome or galling to an Englishman as the bustle of change. Consistency in opinion is exalted into a virtue in this country, even although every circumstance upon which that opinion was founded has undergone the greatest mutations. The whole of our legal system hinges upon *precedent*, i. e., upon what has been done before. Any thing new stands a very bad chance, as a proposition, in any of our courts of law or equity. The greatest iniquities become quite reverent things in England if they are but sanctified by age; and we do believe that a highwayman, who could prove that he had robbed folks upon one particular road for fifty years, might be fairly listened to if he spoke of his vested interests. So outrageous has grown the feeling of the detestation of change that people found notions of respectability upon the most absurd grounds having that character. Thus you will hear a man boast of how many years he has lived in the same house, or in the same street, and claim a kind of consideration, because either the residence happened to suit him for so long, or he had not the means or the courage to remove from it, whether it suited him or not. Every thing that lasts long becomes sanctified in England, be it bad, good, vicious, or exquisite. People shed tears of delight when George III. had reigned fifty years, and he became the "good old King" forthwith. All the abuses of Church and State in this country are clung to by the people of England as good old things that must not be touched, or if gently meddled with, must be done so in a very reverent spirit indeed. You cannot complain of the simplest nuisance, but up starts a host of defenders of it, who will put you down by telling you how many years it has been just so. All persons who propose changes, even of the most salutary description, are called innovators. Such persons used, fifty years ago, to be called Jacobins—disturbers of the public peace—brawlers and demagogues; and, to descend from larger affairs to small, we are convinced that there are still people who persist in the use of a tinder-box and a flint and steel in spite of the world-wide discovery of the lucifer match: and it will take another age, at least, before, with quiet restlessness, and many throes of conscience and uneasiness, *respectable* people will forego the delight of a pair of snuffers on the drawing-room table, and admit that candles can be made so as not to require them.

NERVOUS TIMIDITY.

EXCESSIVE timidity will frequently be found in bold and original thinkers, so as to present a striking and paradoxical contrast of character. Every man's character has two aspects—a physical and a moral, a public and a private, a political and ecclesiastical; and the greater cultivation of the one than the other, produces a disparity that puzzles the physiologist to determine to what peculiar category the individual belongs. A clergyman who is quite at his ease in the pulpit, is nervous and fearful when called upon to address his fellow-guests at a public dinner. He has habituated his mind into familiarity with the one sphere, but not with the other. A soldier who has courage to meet an enemy sword in hand at the peril of his life, would perhaps break down with nervous apprehension if he attempted to give utterance to a complimentary sentence to a lady, or tremble with fear on entering a drawing-room filled with strangers. No man would call the soldier a coward, and yet this fear of society is nothing more than moral cowardice. What makes him bold in the field of battle? He believes himself equal to the struggle he undertakes. What makes him timid in the drawing-room? He believes himself unequal to the contest of refinement. In the rude sphere he is strong, in the refined sphere he is weak. Such one-sided men are not courageous in the full sense of the word. They are timid people. They lose their presence of mind in positions to which they are not accustomed. They have not courage to meet every emergency, nor talent to encounter every difficulty. They are like a shoemaker, who modestly and timorously listens to the discourse of a literary society, until the conversation turns upon leather, and then he courageously opens his mouth. They are not unwise people, for they wish to be qualified for what they undertake to perform. They may be persons of original minds, of genius itself, but they are timid people in the social sense of the word.

AN OMNIBUS.

It is said by one that the omnibus is one of the most characteristic things in England. The difference between an Englishman and an American is as striking between the tone of omnibus riding as in the estimate of dignities or the idea of a Church establishment. The omnibus is a business convenience, therefore it must be furnished business fashion. The same dull prejudice which demands that a London counting-house, or bank, or lawyer's office, should be destitute of all the ordinary graces of human habitation—light, cleanliness, and beauty; makes the omnibus which carries the man of business to this den-like laboratory, equally dark, dirty, and devoid of all that can charm the eye into a momentary forgetfulness of its character. The office windows are never washed, the office carpet is never shaken, the office shelves are never dusted; therefore, the carriage which owes its existence to the office must be as thoroughly uncomfortable as possible, or it would not be business-like. The man himself has made a somewhat careful toilet; he would be shocked at a speck on his coat or an undressed look about the nails. His boots—huge, hoof-like appendages as they are—are fossilized with constant blacking; his gloves, generally of cotton, evidently go through the wash as regularly as his linen; his hat, in particular, has a prim, perked up, and dainty air, as if its angularity had never been disturbed by any thing ruder than the touch of finger tips. Yet all this neatness gets into a dirty omnibus, and rides to a dirty office, as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

THE DUTY OF ACTION.

If you are ever to be any thing, you must make a beginning; and you must make it yourself. The world is getting too practical to help drones, and push them along, when there is a busy hive of workers, who, if any thing, live too fast. You must lift up your own feet, and if you have a pair of clogs on which clatter about your heels, they will soon be worn off and left behind on the dusky path-way. Mark out the line which you prefer: let truth be the object glass—honesty the surveying chain—and eminence the level with which you lay out your field; and thus prepared, with prudence on one arm and perseverance on the other, you need fear no obstacle. Do not be afraid to take the first step. Boldness will beget assurance, and the first step will bring you so much nearer the second. But if your first step should break down, try again. It will be surer and safer by the trial. Besides, if you never move, you will never know your own power. A man standing still and declaring his inability to walk, without making the effort, would be a general laughing-stock; and so, morally, is the man, in our opinion, who will not test his own moral and intellectual power, and then gravely assure us that he has no genius, or no talent, or no capacity.

TURKEY.—ITS POSITION AND ITS PROSPECTS.

SOME are of opinion that the Turks are capable of regeneration, by adoption of the habits and institutions of modern Europe. Others despair of them, and say that the best thing the Turks could do would be to return to their native barbarism. Mr. Macfarlane, who knows them well, in a recently published book of "Travels in Turkey," seems to have hope neither in the one nor in the other. To him they are like the Red Indian, past mending, and doomed to periah. Such is the encouraging and consolatory view taken by this traveller, in a lengthened visit to most places of interest in Turkey.

A perusal of these volumes would lead us to the conviction that the Turks are likely to do both things recommended them by social and political doctors. It is evident that the Constantinople Turks, those westward of the Bosphorus, are humanising and becoming more and more European; whilst the original Turkish barbarians remain irreclaimable in their Asiatic fastnesses. One marked characteristic of the Turks was their love of cruelty and blood. All this has passed away, at least in Constantinople. Executions are rare, and are avoided as disgusting. The Sultan himself would turn in disgust from a cruel sight. And if Stamboul be ever again subject to a popular insurrection, it is not a Vizier's head that will be demanded as of old, but perhaps a reform, or a constitution. With such prospects the lover of the old turbaned race of Moslem and their characteristic may well despair.

The question, however, is, whether with their ferocity courage has not also declined; whether with their fanaticism their indomitableness has not disappeared; and whether discipline can ever supply the wild valour of the Turkish soldier. Certain it is that in civilian life the rarity of punishment and the cessation of authority to be a dread and an avenging power, have given loose reins to all kinds of corruption and avarice, without their being any longer a check or a remedy. And these constitute the disgusting pictures and personal portraits which this traveller has copied no doubt from the life. Let us hope that the present state is a transition one, and that in time the Osmanlis, in losing the virtues of their own regime, will readily acquire those of that race and creed to which they are fast assimilating in the European portion of the Turkish empire.

THE ORIGIN OF THE TERMS "YANKEE" AND "UNCLE SAM."

THE origin of the term *yankee*, so frequently employed by way of reproach to the American people, and even in the United States, to the inhabitants of new England, is said to be as follows. A farmer, of the name of Jonathan Hastings, of Cambridge, about the year 1713, used it as a cant, a favourite word, to express excellency when applied to anything; as a yankee good horse, yankee cider, &c., meaning an excellent horse and excellent cider. The students at the trans-atlantic *Alma Mater*, having frequent intercourse with Mr. Hastings, and hearing him employ the term on all occasions, adopted it themselves, and gave him the name of Yankee Jonathan; it soon became a cant word among the collegians to express a weak, simple, awkward person; and from college it was carried and circulated through the country, till, from its currency in the six northern states of the union, it was at length taken up and applied to the New Englanders in common, as a term of reproach. It was in consequence of this that a particular song, called "Yankee doodle," was composed by a doctor of the British army to ridicule the Americans in 1755. This is the definition I received while travelling among the *Yankees* themselves. Some suppose Yankee to be an Indian corruption of *English*. *Yenglees*, *Yangles*, *Yankles*, and finally Yankee.

"UNCLE SAM."—Immediately after the declaration of the last war between England and America, Elbert Anderson, of New York, then a contractor, visited Troy on the Hudson, where was concentrated, and where he purchased a large quantity of provisions—beef, pork, &c. The inspectors of these articles at that place were Messrs. Ebenezer and Samuel Wilson. The latter gentleman (invariably known as "Uncle Sam") generally superintended in person a large number of workmen, who were employed in overhauling the provisions purchased by the contractor for the army. The casks were marked E. A. U. S. This work fell to the lot of a facetious fellow in the employment of the Messrs. Wilson, who, on being asked by some of his fellow workmen the meaning of the mark (for the letters U. S., United States, were almost then entirely new to them), said "he did not know, unless it meant Elbert Anderson and Uncle Sam," alluding exclusively, then, to the said "Uncle Sam" Wilson. The joke took among the workmen, and passed currently, and "Uncle Sam" himself being present, was occasionally rallied on the interesting extent of his possessions.

Many of these workmen being of a character denominated "fool for powder," were found, shortly after, following the recruiting drum, and pushing towards the camp, for the double purpose of meeting the enemy and eating the provisions they had lately laboured to put in order. Their old jokes, of course, accompanied them, and before the first campaign ended, this identical one first appeared in print—it gained favour rapidly, till it penetrated, and was recognised in every part of the great republic, and will, no doubt, continue so while the United States remains a nation. It originated precisely as above stated; and the narrator of this article to me distinctly recollected remarking, at the time when it first appeared in print, to a person equally aware of its origin, how odd it would be should this silly joke, originating in the midst of beef, pork, pickle, mud, salt, and hoop-poles, eventually become a national cognomen.

JOHN BYRNE.

LEARNED BIRDS.

An exhibition of a most extraordinary character was opened to private view recently, at Baker-street, under the direction of a young lady named Emilie Vandermeersch. The magical tricks performed by conjurors have always excited wonder and admiration, and it has generally been thought that the force of human skill and ingenuity could no further go. But what shall be said of a young lady under 20 years of age, who has had sufficient industry and perseverance to train a collection of birds in such a manner as to make them do things which are really as surprising as anything we have ever seen performed by an adept in legerdemain. Madlle. Vandermeersch has devoted a considerable portion of her time to the fulfilment of a most laborious task; and she has so far succeeded as really to superinduce a belief that birds have the power of reflection and mental calculation. The performance consists in a variety of most marvellous "tricks" carried out through the medium of cards, and by other means, which are generally adopted in feats of legerdemain. The birds which Madlle. Vandermeersch has trained have been taught to select from a large pack of plain cards one which has been previously marked by a member of the company present. The little feathered performers are confined in a cage, and upon the door being opened, one of them, following the directions of its mistress, jumps upon the cards, which are placed edge upwards, in a sort of tray, and picks out with its beak the identical card which has been marked. In like manner some marvellous feats are performed with playing cards, one of the birds selecting from a large pack several cards in succession which certain of the visitors have previously fixed upon. But by far the most extraordinary feat was that which arises from the mention of a given word by a member of the company. One of the ladies or gentlemen present is requested to pronounce a word, not comprising a double use of any one letter, and one of the little performers immediately forms the word by picking out a number of cards, each bearing a single letter, until the whole word is properly spelt. "Chaise" was the word spoken on this occasion, and each letter being picked out in due order by the bird, was at the same time assigned to its proper place in the formation of the word. It would occupy too much space to dwell upon the details of the various extraordinary feats performed by these "learned" birds; but it is only justice to the young lady to say that she has succeeded in accomplishing a task which cannot fail to produce astonishment amongst all who may witness the exhibition.

PROGRESS.—British revolutionary changes are intellectual and moral. Other countries hope to renovate the intellectual and the moral by means of the physical and the civil, but we improve the physical and the political by means of the intellectual and the moral. They begin in the *body*, we in the *soul*. They work on matter, we on mind. They labour at the surface, we penetrate the immortal spirit. They cleanse the outside of the dish and the platter, we purify the heart. They knock out the brains of their enemies, we teach and civilize our foes, and thus put brains into them. Reformers, with us, carry neither swords, staves, brickbats, blunderbusses, nor cannon. We leave these to the unchristian, inhuman, and barbarian part of the nation. Words are our weapons; reason and equity our power; truth, justice, and philanthropy our shield; and with these we can subdue the world. Here we have victorious instruments which all may wield. Working men and women can arm themselves with these, and achieve conquests which throw your Trafalgar and Waterloo into everlasting disparity. But then, to accomplish this, they must read and think, and reduce their knowledge to practice.

BEAUTIFUL SUMMER.

[By T. K. HERVEY.]

The earth is one great temple, made
For worship, everywhere,
And its flowers are the bells, in glen and glade,
That ring the heart to prayer.
A solemn preacher is the breeze,
At noon or twilight dim—
The ancient trees give homilies—
The river hath a hymn.
For the city bell takes seven days
To reach the townsman's ear;
But he who kneels in Nature's ways,
Hath sabbath all the year.
Oft, then, into her holy ways!
The lark is far on high;
Oh! let no other song than thine
Be sooner in the sky!
If beauty to the beautiful,
Itself be gladness, given,
No happier thing should move than thou
Beneath the cope of heaven.
With thee, 'tis Spring, as with the world—
When hopes make mope sport of fears,
And clouds that gather round the heart
Fall off at once in tears:
And in thy spirit, one by one,
The flowers are coming to the sun.
Away unto the woodland paths!
And yield that heart of thine
To hear the low, sweet oracles
At every living shrine.
The very lowliest of them all
Doth act an angel's part,
And bears a message down from God,
Unto the listening heart.
And thou mayst hear, as Adam heard,
In Eden's flowery shades,
When angels talked, at falling eve,
Amid its silent glades—
The hallow'd rush of spirit wings,
And murmur of immortal strings;
Truths such as guide the comet cars,
On fiery mission driven,
Or in their beauty light the stars
Along the floor of heaven:
One choral theme, below, above,
One anthem, near and far—
The daisy singing in the grass,
As, through the cloud, the star—
And to the wind that sweeps the sky
The roses making low reply,
For the meanest wild-bud breathes, to swell,
Upon immortal ears—
So hear it *thou*, in grove or dell!—
The music of the spheres!

ON LOUGH'S STATUE OF SOMNUS.*

In the possession of Sir M. W. Ridley.

O'ercome with thought or toil, here Somnus lies.
Sleep's leaden touch hath closed those beaming eyes—
Who may declare what shadowy dreams are hid
Behind the dewy curtains of each lid?
Not eyes alone, or every limb doth sleep,
Till, as we gaze, Repose doth o'er us creep:
A sentient languor—a most gentle rest—
A calm which quells the passions of the breast—
A thoughtful quiet, like the rippling flow
Of music heard in dreams—long, long ago.
We speak not—move not—utter not a sound,
The place on which we stand seems hallow'd ground;
The powers of thought and action, soul and sense,
Yield, all submissive to this influence.
But Admiration sleeps not. 'Neath the powers
Of him who wrought this work, the shadowy Hours
Glide into Time unnoted, 'till, at last,
While yet we linger, gazing, Day is past!

Literary Gazette.

R. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

USEFUL RECIPES.

(From the Receipt Book for the Million.)

DEODORISING POWDER.—All metallic salts effect this object more or less when dissolved in water and mixed or poured over the offensive material. The cheapest are the rough sulphate of iron, acetate of lead, and sulphate of zinc; and of these, in consequence of its low price (namely, eight shillings per 112 lbs.) sulphate of iron (or green copperas as it is commonly called) is the most applicable. A shilling's worth (or 14 lbs.) dissolved in plenty of water, and poured down the cesspool, will destroy the bad odour of the worst drain in any house. The salts of iron do not so effectually destroy the odour as those of lead and zinc, but they certainly combine with the poisonous portion of the gases that

are emanated from the decomposing matter, and for this end they are therefore highly valuable. The deodorising powder to be used is composed of 14 lbs. sulphate of iron, 1 lb. sulphate of copper, and 1 lb. sulphate of zinc; the whole to be powdered and mixed. When used, take one pound of the powder to one gallon of water, and pour down the drain.

TO BREAK GLASS IN ANY DIRECTION.—Dip a piece of worsted thread into spirits of turpentine, wrap it round the glass in the direction you require it to be broken; then set fire to the thread, or apply a red-hot wire, a quarter of an inch thick, round the glass, and if it does not immediately crack, throw cold water upon it while the wire remains hot.

TO STRENGTHEN AND CLEANSE THE HAIR.—Distilled rosemary water is one of the best hairwashes that is made. Those who do not possess a still should make an infusion of rosemary precisely in the same way as tea is daily prepared, but of good strength. While in the pot add a teaspoonful of honey or white sugar, and a piece of washing soda, the size of a filbert, to every pint prepared. If it is intended to keep the infusion, add also a wineglassful of rum, or pure spirit; indeed, a little spirit at all times is of service, assisting to stimulate the scalp—rum is considered the best. The wash should be applied with a piece of sponge or flannel. It gives a healthy appearance to the hair, and will be found of essential service when the hair is falling off. The principal ingredient in the celebrated Hungarian Water, which was sold at an immense price, is the essential oil of rosemary.

TO REVIVE OLD WRITINGS.—Boil gall nuts in wine. Then steep a sponge into the liquor, and pass it on the lines of the old writing: by this method the letters which were almost undecipherable will appear as fresh as if newly done.

PORTABLE GLUE.—Boil one pound of the best Russian glue, and strain. Then add half a pound of brown sugar, and boil thick. When cold, the compound may be poured into small moulds, and afterwards cut into pieces. This glue is very soluble in warm water, and is particularly useful to artists for fixing their drawing-paper to the board.

TO TAKE STAINS OUT OF SILKS.—Mix together in a phial, two ounces of essence of lemon, and one ounce of oil of turpentine. Grease and other spots in silks, are to be rubbed gently with a linen rag dipped in the above composition.

TO GILD OR SILVER LEATHER.—Finely-powdered resin is to be dusted over the surface of the leather, then lay on the leaf, and apply (hot) the letters or impression you wish to transfer; lastly, dust off the loose metal with a cloth.

TRACING PAPER.—Mix six parts (by weight) of spirits of turpentine, one of resin, and one of boiled nut oil, and lay on with either a brush or sponge.

ETCHING VARNISH.—Take of white wax two ounces, and of black and Burgundy pitch each half an ounce; melt together, adding by degrees two ounces of powdered asphaltum: then boil until a drop taken out on a plate will break when cold by being bent double two or three times between the fingers, when it must be poured into warm water, and made into small balls for use.

TRANSPARENT VARNISH.—Take of gum juniper eight ounces, Venice turpentine four ounces, mastich two ounces, rectified spirits of wine two pints. Digest till the ingredients are dissolved.

CREMENT FOR JOINING BROKEN MARBLE.—Melt yellow resin, or equal parts of yellow resin and beeswax, then stir in half as much finely powdered plaster of Paris. Apply hot, previously warming the pieces.

TO CLEAN GOLD CHAINS.—A gold chain washed in soap and water with a few drops of heartshorn in it, and afterwards dried in sawdust, will look as when new.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* Letters for the Editor must in future be addressed to 170, Fleet-street.

W. C.—We have written to you by post. In future, let us always have your address, as the *Times* says, "not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith."

S. B. (Cambridge).—We cannot vouch for the truth of the funny story in our last. We are aware that the word should have been *douce* (not *dour*, as printed.) In the *Morning Herald* we find a similar occurrence a few weeks ago took place in Portugal. The Scotch affair, as we have said, happened fifty years ago, indeed we believe it was in 1780: but this event is altogether a modern one, under the reign of Donna Maria, in the year of grace 1850. We quote the words of the correspondent of that newspaper:—"Ballooning in Portugal.—A Frenchwoman, of the name of Bertrand, ascended in a balloon from Lisbon a few days since. In a couple of hours afterwards, Madame prepared to come down. A gentle breeze had wafted her slowly across the Tagus in a S. E. direction, and at 5 p.m., having passed over the Aldegallega, and seeing a village conveniently situated for her purpose, she began

to make her preparations for what she flattered herself would be a quiet and safe descent, little dreaming all the while of what was going on below. The villagers, who had assembled as usual on holidays, were in the thick of their sports, when the terrific apparition presented itself to their view. Great was the consternation among them. Their first movement was a general up-lifting of right hands, with the thumb inserted between the index and fore finger, which, when accompanied, as it was upon this occasion, with a loud proclamation of defiance to the Devil and all his works, may be recommended as an excellent preservative against witchcraft, and all sorts of diabolical devices. As the monster approached, many, losing faith in their specific, took to their heels, and when the fair aeronaut addressed the others through her speaking trumpet, most of them, feeling quite sure it was the Archangel coming to call them to their last account, went down on their knees and roared for mercy. A few stout hearts, however, remained, who, cudgel in hand, stood their ground manfully, determined to do for the witch as soon as she came within their reach. The witch, however, seeing these demonstrations, threw out ballast, rose again, and, with much difficulty, succeeded in effecting a safe landing some miles off."

H. B. S.—We propose to close our first volume when 400 pages are printed. We cannot yet fix the week when the engraving of Shakspeare's "Lover" will appear. The tale will be closed in a week or two.

A Constant Reader.—Under this title we have received four letters, but we have no leisure to reply to them. One of them, who writes to us every week, should consider, that if every body did so, our days and nights would be swallowed up in the perusal of their monster epistles.

A Correspondent.—Such drawings would be readily purchased at any of our picture repositories. We decline, however, giving any special recommendation.

T. M. (Deal).—We have written to you by post.

W. N. R.—Guizot's father perished by the guillotine during the reign of terror. The eminent statesman is now upwards of 66 years of age. He was Professor of History in the University of Paris thirty eight years ago, when Napoleon was in the zenith of his power. He afterwards held a subordinate situation under government. He was a strong supporter of the revolutionary party who, in 1830, expelled Charles the 10th from the throne. It is probable that he yielded obsequiously to the conservative policy of the last King of the French, for he was cradled in the lap of liberal institutions. He is a most voluminous writer, the translator of many works, and the author of some of the most popular books of the time.

D. S.—We answered two of your queries in our thirty-fifth number.

M. A.—It was an error of the press. Dundee is on the banks of the river Tay, about four hundred and eighty miles from London, and contains *seventy* not *thirty* thousand inhabitants.

O. P.—You are feeble to believe in the predictions of a penny almanac. Consider one moment what is meant by "fair" or "rain." Simply ask yourself *where* is it to be fair or where rain. It may rain in Dublin and be aridity itself in London; it may be a downfall of hatchets, oldwives, marrowbones and cleavers in Chelsea while Bow Common may be burnishing in the sun of a clear sky. There is one singular prophecy, or rather a singularly clever interpretation of a dingy doggerel, mentioned by the great Lord Bacon. He tells us that when he was a child in the earlier days of Elizabeth's reign, he often heard a "trivial prophecy," which says:—

"When hump's is spun
England's done."

This threatened ruin from the progress of art and science. The wits of the time, however, discovered that in the word *hump* were five letters which made up initials for the five sovereigns, Henry, Edward, Mary, Philip, Elizabeth. At the death of the last, James came from Scotland, and being crowned King of Great Britain, in effect *England was done*. An almanac-maker in the time of Louis the 14th, prophesied every year that a great star would fall from heaven. The great Louis, knowing that he was pointed at, said merrily, "the fellow, if he lives long enough, must some time be right." Pray be above such weakness.

W. P. M. C.—This journal may be had on Tuesday afternoon, from our publisher, Mr. Vickers. Your bookseller should be made aware of the fact.

T. M.—Since our reply was in print, your letter of the 26th ult. has been received.

PENNY ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

SHORTLY WILL BE PRESENTED GRATUITOUSLY,

A SPLENDID ENGRAVING

OF

THE LOVER,

As described by Shakspeare in his "Seven Ages."

Printed and Published by GEORGE VICKERS,
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{ POST FREE. 2d.



SIR ROBERT PEELE.

SIR ROBERT PEEL—HIS PUBLIC CAREER.

No sooner had this eminent statesman taken his degree at Oxford, than his father secured for him a seat in Parliament, and he was returned, in his 21st year, for Cashel. Upon taking his seat, he adopted the political party of his father, and spoke and voted with the Tory party. He at once displayed great capabilities for debate, and made several speeches of great promise. He spoke without any hesitation, and with taste, clearness, and discretion. Indeed, so highly did ministers regard his talents, that in 1810 he was chosen to second the address to the throne on the opening of the session; and in the same year he was appointed Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies. The official career thus commenced, and fated to lead to the highest offices of the State, did not linger on its early stages. From an Under-Secretaryship in Downing-street, Mr. Peel was promoted, in 1812, to the onerous post of Chief Secretary for Ireland during the Viceroyship of the Duke of Richmond. Having changed his constituency from Cashel to Chippenham, he sat for a few years for the latter borough, when, a vacancy occurring, 1817, in the representation of the University of Oxford, upon the elevation of Abbot to the peerage, his Alma Mater paid him the great complement of electing him to fill the vacancy. Having resigned the Irish Secretaryship, he had more leisure for taking a prominent part in the discussions of the English Parliament; and, on the 17th of January, 1822, his diligent and talented support of his party was rewarded. Lord Sidmouth having retired on that day, Peel was appointed Secretary of State for the Home Department, a post which he held till the advent of Canning, in 1827. When Canning became Premier, Peel and some of his colleagues resigned, but the death of that Minister occurring in August of the same year, caused another change in the position of parties.

The Duke of Wellington being called to the counsels of the King in the ensuing January, 1828, Peel was once more in place as Home Secretary, and held that important post during the troublesome period that preceded the dissolution of the Tory Ministry in 1830. Before he took office with the Duke of Wellington he had staunchly opposed Catholic Emancipation, as it became an University representative in old Tory days to do; but he entered upon his official career in 1828, knowing that the Duke meant to grant relief to the Catholics. His voice and his vote being used against his old friends of the "No Popery party," and in favour of political progress, gave mortal offence to many of his supporters. In vain he declared that his feelings on the subject remained as they had been, but that Emancipation "could not any longer be safely withheld." Oxford would have him no longer: he was opposed and beaten by Sir Robert Harry Inglis, and compelled to find his way into Parliament through the borough of Westbury.

The memorable three days of July, 1830, that gave Louis Philippe a throne, lent an impulse to Europe which, amongst other things, turned the Tories once more out of office in England, and let in the Whigs to carry the Reform Bill.

Whilst these political contests were in progress, Sir Robert Peel, the father, died, leaving his son to succeed to the baronetcy, and to an amount of property that rendered him one of the wealthiest commoners in England. On his parent's demise he gained also the seat for Tamworth, which he occupied till his death.

In 1834 Earl Spencer died, Lord Althorp resigned, the Melbourne Ministry was broken up, and the Duke of Wellington was again sent for. Sir Robert Peel was at the time in Italy with his family, seeking amusement and the improvement of his health. The Duke, by this time, seems to have fully

appreciated the value of the absent statesman to the conservative party, for he despatched, at once, a messenger to offer Sir Robert the premiership. The crowning point of his official ambition was gained. He returned to England, formed a Ministry, and dissolved the Parliament.

It was on the 9th of February, 1835, that the new Parliament assembled. In this parliament Sir R. Peel's government was beaten on more than one question. On the 8th of April, he, and his colleagues resigned, and the Whigs returned to power which they retained until 1839, but with gradually diminishing majorities, until at length they were virtually defeated on the Jamaica Bill, and retired from office. Sir R. Peel was once more entrusted with the task of forming a Ministry. The celebrated bedchamber plot is yet to fresh in the minds of most men to require any detailed notice here. Not succeeding in his object, he came down to the House of Commons, and informed the representatives of the people that he had abandoned the intention of forming a Cabinet, on the ground that he had had the misfortune to misunderstand the wishes of her Majesty on a matter of great importance.

Sir Robert Peel again became premier in 1841. The agitation for Free Trade, however, progressed out of doors and was not long of producing its fruits in Parliament. Shortly after the opening of the Session of 1845, the Government, with Sir Robert as its mouthpiece, proposed one of the most sweeping alterations in the tariff of the country that has ever been effected. The proposal did not touch the great question then at issue between him and the League, but the country was nevertheless taken by surprise at the boldness and comprehensive character of his measure. One morning in December the country was informed that the Peel Cabinet was at an end.

The Whigs did not succeed in forming a Government. After a week spent in vain efforts to reconcile differences, Lord John abandoned the task, and Sir Robert Peel was once more reinstated in his post.

He then formally announced his intention, not of modifying, but of entirely repealing the Corn Laws. From that moment he became the object of unceasing attack, unsparing invective, and bitter reproach, from those who complained that he had abused their confidence and betrayed them. The opposition was strong, bitter, and not ill-conducted, but after a protracted discussion, the policy of the Premier triumphed in both Houses of Parliament. Sir Robert was for but a brief time in office after this. A coalition of Whigs and Protectionists drove him from power on the Irish Coercion Bill. Lord John Russell was again sent for. From that time down to the occurrence of the fatal accident, which has just terminated in his death, Sir Robert Peel, although not in power, could scarcely be said to be in opposition.

AN IMPROMPTU ON THE MELANCHOLY DEATH OF SIR ROBERT PEEL.

Farewell, great statesman, —
Who ne'er to love of power and influence
Didst sacrifice thy good name.
Long will thy honest worth be miss'd
In the councils of the nation:
And when the time of England's difficulty comes,
As come it will, — then will the people truly feel
The patriot they have lost in ROBERT PEEL.

T. G.

THE ART OF ENGLISH POETRY.

CHAPTER IV.—RHYME.

RHYME is a resemblance of sound in the terminations of two words. As the special purpose and office of rhyme is addressed to the ear and not to the eye, a uniformity of sound, not of letters, is required. Thus, *maid* and *persuade*, *laugh* and *quaff*, though they differ in letters, are regarded as very good rhymes. But *plough* and *cough*, though written alike, do not rhyme at all.

In English versification, three sorts of rhyme have been countenanced by our chief poets: namely, single, double, and treble. The single is of two sorts—accented on the last syllable and accented on the last but two.

The words accented on the last syllable, if they end in a consonant or mute vowel, compel the rhyme to depend on the vowel that precedes their last consonant. In a consonant as:—

"Here might be seen that beauty, wealth, and wit,
And prowess to the power of love submit."

In a mute vowel:—

"A spark of virtue by the deepest shade
Of sad adversity is fairer made."

However, if a diphthong precede the last consonant, the rhyme must rest on the vowel whose articulation most prevails:—

"Next to the pow'r of making tempests cease
Was in that storm to have so calm a peace."

If the words accented on the last syllable terminate in any vowel but E mute, or in a diphthong, the rhyme extends only to that vowel or diphthong.

To the vowel as in Waller:—

"So winged with praise we penetrate the sky,
Teach clouds and stars to praise him as we fly."

To the diphthong as:—

"So hungry wolves, though greedy of their prey,
Stop when they find a lion in their way."

The second sort of single rhyme, namely, those that are accented on the last syllable but two are under similar laws to the former. If they end in any of the vowels except E mute, the rhyme is made to that vowel only, as:—

"So seems to speak the youthful deity,
Voice, colour, hair, and all like Mercury."

If they end in a consonant or E mute, the rhyme must commence at the vowel that precedes the consonant, as is shown in the former examples.

There is a peculiarity in this department of the subject which experience has evoked. All words accented on the last but two will rhyme readily and smoothly with those that have the same sound, though their accent is on the last syllable. Thus, *tenderness* rhymes not only to *poetess*, *wretchedness*, and such like that are accented on the last save two, but also to *excess*, &c. that are accented on the last. Dryden gives a specimen in these lines:—

"Thou art my father now, these words confess
That name and that indulgent tenderness."

Those words that are accented on the last syllable but one require the rhyme to begin at the vowel of that syllable. This is double rhyme.

"Then all for women painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand tricks that died in thinking."

In burlesque poems, great latitude is permitted; such as:—

"When pulpit drum ecclesiastic
Was beat with fat instead of a stick."

Here the indefinite article requires a peremptory accent which could not be permitted in regular heroic, pastoral, or lyric verse.

Treble rhymes are of rare occurrence in the better class of poets. Hudibras affords specimens, but they are scarcely graceful, even in burlesque.

"There was an ancient sage philosopher
That had read Alexander Ross over."

is in Butler: still he might have made as merry with the single rhyme.

Dryden was of opinion that even double rhymes ought to be employed with great caution. In all his translations from Virgil he has carefully avoided them, except in such admissible cases as *gignit*, *driv'n*, *tow'r*, *pow'r*, where the make of the word admitted of a legitimate contraction so as, in fact, to avoid the double rhyme.

THE TRUE SABBATH.

[By S. WILKS.]

"The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath."

Oh! how I love to see, when Sunday comes,
The day used truly as "a day of rest,"
The man of toil, with wife and little ones,
Going forth happy, as he feels he's blest
With one day in the seven, wherein to raise
His song of freedom and diviner praise!

To see the thousands pouring from the din
Of the great city, as the "Sabbath-day"
Breaks beautifully with the sunlight in,
To urge the smoke-dried citizen away
Where health, and beauty, freshness, all invite
His steps to haste, where Nature breathes delight.

Oh, 'tis a glorious sight to see the throng,
Like children loose from school sportive and free,
Their laughter pealing with companion songs,
To make, at least, one day go pleasantly:
The music of the heart is there: we find
Rapture with love and happiness combined.

Then why should men in degradation lie,
Such men as labour for their every meal?

Man was not born only to toil, and die;
Without a mind or soul, to think or feel!
No, no! for earth stands welcoming his hand,
And yields abundantly at his command.

Oh, I despise the miserable wretch
Who envails beautiful spots and God's own ground!
Who has a soul no bigger than to catch
Intruders on his solitary round;
Who, as religious earthworm, poor and blind,
Feels not the holier birthright of his mind.

For man was made for pleasure, as for toil;
With heart and head, as well as hands and feet;
He was not made to be the slave of the soil;
To have no sunny spots, no friends to greet:
God made him walk erect, to tread the earth,
Not in grim sadness, but heart-living mirth.

NORWAY.

THE physical conformation of Norway, combined with the severity of its climate, will make it always, what it has always been, an exception to the ordinary progress and condition of the rest of the world. Its population is even now too great, in the sense of being more numerous than the land can feed. But crowded in the way that Ireland and England, and Holland and Belgium are crowded, it never can become. Not only is Norway safe from some of the worst evils resulting from an overcrowded population, but it is also shut out from a great part of the benefits which science is conferring on more level and more temperate climes. Railroads are over-netting the surface, and revolutionising the social state alike of Europe and America. But in Norway there is perhaps only a single place, between Christiania and Minde, that a railroad is either practicable or desirable. Two or three steamers on two or three of her innumerable lakes are the utmost benefits that Norway seems likely to reap from modern science, so far as internal communication is concerned. Nor is it as regards railways alone, but in a thousand other respects, that the influence of modern science upon the condition of the Norwegian people will be, if not absolutely forbidden, reduced to a small fraction of what it must prove in most regions of the globe. Norway has nothing in her favour now, more than she has had from the beginning—the sea, of which her sons were the earliest kings. Even there she must expect to see herself more and more outstripped by nations where there are greater facilities for the accumulation of capital. Her commerce and the navy employed in it are extending and will continue to extend, so far as the construction and employment of certain descriptions of craft are concerned. But steam navigation is more and more engrossing the most profitable departments of the carrying trade; and when can the merchants of Bergen or Drammen hope to grow wealthy enough either to own or to charter such fleets of steamers as crowd the ports of Hamburg and of Hull, of Liverpool and of New York? The causes which made Bergen in days of old the rival of Antwerp were exceptional, and will never return.

A German author says that moralists say the heart of man is the source of all evil. Would it not be more just and correct to assert that this never-dried-up fountain is in the stomach? There is no doubt that if we could get rid of this impetuous, sensual fellow, who at the least three times a day endangers the tranquillity of the most peaceable citizen, thousands of crimes would not be committed on the terrestrial globe. Wherefore, the Persian Sadi is right by saying: If the care for the belly were not existent, no bird would fall into a snare, or rather no sportsman would set snares.



STANLEY GILL.

The sweets of a country life form the theme of every poet ;
Cowley happily says—

" Here let me careless and unthoughtful lying,
Here the soft winds above me flying,
With all the wanton boughs dispute ;
And the more tuneful birds to both replying,
Nor be myself too mute.
A silver stream still rolls his waters near,
Gilt with sunbeams here and there,
On whose enamelled bank I'll walk,
And see how prettily they smile, and hear
How prettily they talk."

Pent up in cities, we forget the ten thousand beauties of nature. The hills, the valleys, the copses, the streams, are, as it were, hidden from us by the vulgarities of the street, the shops, and the shows of the town. The vast mountain range, the thundering waterfall belong to the sublime. In Scotland and in Wales, these, the grand exhibitions of nature, everywhere abound ; but in our own kingdom of England there are landscapes and river scenes which well deserve the especial attention of our sight-seers. We have portrayed one well worth the traveller's inspection. It is called Stanley Gill—a district with which the Whitehaven and Furness Railway has made many familiar of late years. Within a short distance of the river Esk, which flows into the Irish sea at

Ravenglass, a tributary stream has constructed for itself one of the most romantic and picturesque waterfalls of the district. The fall is sixty feet in height, and presents to the eye one of the finest objects in nature. The peculiar indentations of the rock, the subliming foliage of the trees, and the inexhaustible flow of the water dashing onwards in ceaseless fury, present to the spectator a scene of beauty and grandeur not soon to be effaced from the memory. Such pictures as nature quietly exhibits, tend more to the improvement of the mind than the elaborate homilies of the sage. An old poet says—

" Let Art use method and good husbandry,
Art lives on Nature's alms, is weak and poor,
Nature herself has unexhausted stores,
Wallows in wealth and runs a turning mase
That no vulgar eye can trace ;
Art, instead of mountain high,
About her humble food does hov'ring fly,
Like the ignoble crow, rapine and noise does love,
While Nature, like the sacred bird of Jove,
Now bears loud thunder, and anon with silent joy,
The beauteous Phrygian boy
Defeats the strong, o'er takes the flying prey,
And sometimes basks in th' open flames of day,
And sometimes too he shrouds,
His soaring wings among the clouds."



SIR ROBERT PEELE.

SIR ROBERT was born in a cottage near the family residence (Chamber Hall), in the vicinity of Bury, in Lancashire, on the 5th of February, 1798. The author of the "Peersage" says that he descended from Robert Peele, of Hale House, Blackburn, and employs great industry to correct the misconception pretty generally entertained of the humility of his origin. We, however, find that his father, at the time of his oldest son's birth, was possessed of a princely fortune. He was first sent to Harrow, where he met the celebrated Lord Byron, who thus expresses the opinion formed of the future statesman, in a letter to his brother poet Moore. "There were always great hopes of Peel amongst us all, masters and scholars, and he has not disappointed them. As a scholar, he was greatly my superior; as a declaimer and an actor, I was reckoned, at least, his equal; and, as a schoolboy out of school, I was always in scrapes and he never; and in school he always knew his lesson, and I rarely." From Harrow, Peel went to the University of Oxford, when he entered as a gentleman commoner of Christ Church. At college he displayed the same laborious application and thorough proficiency as distinguished him at Harrow.

On quitting college, in 1809, he at once entered on the public career to which we have alluded in our first page. Sir Robert was married on the 8th June, 1820, in his thirty-third year, to Miss Julia, the youngest daughter of General Sir John Floyd, and has had a family of five sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Robert, the present Baronet, born the 4th May, 1822, has been for some years in diplomatic employment; the second, Frederick, born 26th October, 1823, is the member for Leominster; the third, William, born 2nd November, 1824, is a captain in the navy; the fourth, John Floyd, born 4th May, 1829, is in the Scots Fusilier Guards; and the fifth, Arthur Wellesley, is still under age. Sir Robert's country seat was at Drayton Manor, and his town residence, of which we perfix a drawing, is situated in Whitehall-gardens.

This great man, who, in the middle of life has been ruthlessly torn from a once happy home, where his many virtues endeared him in no ordinary degree to his wife and children, was as good and great in private as he was eminent in public life.

He was a kind friend, and a liberal patron of merit. The many half-hidden acts of generosity which his charitable hand performed, say more for the genuine character of the kindness of his disposition than the pompous gifts of many illustrious donors.

Sir Robert Peel has left an imperishable name as a legacy

to his bereaved family. "It may be, Sir," he said in the House of Commons, on his retirement from office a few years ago; "It may be that I shall leave behind me a name sometimes remembered with expressions of good will in those dwellings which are the abodes of men whose lot it is to labour, and to earn their daily bread by unremitting toil—a name remembered with expressions of good will, when they shall recruit their strength with abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter because it is no longer leavened by a sense of injustice." This has been fulfilled. His name is affectionately remembered by the millions of his countrymen whom he has so eminently served at all times with the strongest expressions of esteem.

THE BROTHERS:

AN HISTORICAL TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER X.—continued.

Thus ended this famous siege; and General Lambert was so well satisfied with the conduct of young Falkland on this occasion that he was pleased to make particular mention of him in his despatches to Cromwell.

Shortly after the reduction of Pomfret Castle, Edward began to think of returning to the metropolis, for he burnt with desire to behold his beloved Emma. It is true that he had heard from her more than once since joining the army, but that was not sufficient; he longed to be near her, to clasp her in his arms. Besides, was she quite secure from his unnatural brother? Doubtless she was; but he could scarcely feel satisfied on that point.

Tranquillity having now been completely restored in the north, as well as elsewhere, General Lambert left a few troops to garrison the castle, and, accompanied by young Falkland, marched for London with the remainder of the troops. Cromwell, having stopped on the way, was overtaken by Lambert and Falkland, when the whole army marched to London, and the officers and soldiers were quartered at Whitehall, Durham House, Covent Garden, and St. James's. Young Falkland's quarters were at Covent Garden, and, in the evening of the day on which he arrived in town, he repaired to Lady Langdon's, and was clasped in the fond embrace of his adored wife.

Oh! what joy, what bliss! for poor Emma scarcely dared hope to behold him safe and sound. She would never have consented to his leaving her but for the deplorable state of

their pecuniary affairs; and, although Edward's campaign was short, it had been a brilliant one, and both officers and men were handsomely remunerated. Young Falkland's pay, too, as colonel of a regiment, would be considerable although not on actual service; thus, in the short space of a few weeks, Edward had gained both wealth and distinction, and was now comparatively independent. They, however, continued to reside with the amiable Lady Langdon and her daughter.

We will now pass over a few weeks, during which time Edward was never absent from his young wife unless when on duty, and introduce the reader to Westminster Hall where the trial of King Charles was about to commence. It was on Saturday, January 29; the Hall and approaches thereto were crowded to excess, both by Republicans and Royalists. Our hero was likewise there, and the opposing factions had traced a sort of line of demarcation in the Hall and anti-chamber, and none, by a tacit convention, thought of crossing it, save, however, those who were comparative friends in every respect but politics; they would occasionally advance over to their respective friends on recognising them, and exchange words of civility and even kindness, although the next moment they would, probably, be under the necessity of cutting each other's throats, for, notwithstanding the desperate position of the King and his adherents, many of them assumed as haughty an air as ever. Cromwell, too, was present, but said little.

Suddenly a great tumult arose among the Roundheads. A gentleman had just entered the anti-chamber and unceremoniously mingled with Cromwell's party; but no sooner was he recognised than frightful exclamations were raised against him:

"What do you require here, miserable traitor?" vociferated one. "Coward! Spy! you are not worthy of belonging to our party!"

He to whom these invectives were addressed, and who, pale as death, his attire in disorder, and struggling in the hands which had seized on him, was Sir Alfred Falkland.

"Listen, gentleman," said he, in a supplicating tone; "you despise me, but I have always been faithful to General Cromwell, and the proof is, I have at this moment an important secret to reveal to you. You have doubtless heard that a conspiracy was formed against the life of Cromwell; I am well acquainted with all its details, which I will make known to you, and you can then avenge yourselves on your enemies."

Edward shook with horror and indignation, for, wicked as he knew his brother to be, he could scarcely have believed him so flagrantly base and pusillanimous.

"Further trickery, I presume," observed the insulting voice of a captain of Cromwell's guard. "Gentlemen, let us turn out this Royalist spy, or send him over to his party."

"Yes, yes, send them back this double traitor!" exclaimed a multiplicity of voices; "he will dishonour the general's cause."

The captain of the guards, assisted by another gentleman, seized Sir Alfred and brutally thrust him to the opposite side. Shouts of laughter and applause followed this scene.

"Well! be it so," cried Falkland, foaming with rage, and shaking his fist at the Republicans; "you wish me to be your enemy; I will. 'Brave Royalists!' he continued, addressing the King's party, "henceforth I am at your service, and for ever; I swear that you will not be sorry for having received me in your ranks again should you once more come to blows with those insolent wretches!"

The Royalists regarded him with a calm astonishment, mingled with contempt, for their position was so critical that they could scarcely hope for a turn of fortune; but one of them, an intimate friend of Bishop Juxon, remarked, approaching him:—

"We will have nothing to do with this pertidious man, for I can assert that he is personally odious to the King, Princess, and Bishop Juxon, by his actions."

The Roundheads replied by a hurrah. Falkland strove to justify himself, but in vain.

"We will have no explanation," said the friend of Bishop Juxon; "begone, or we will compel you."

All that hatred, fury, and shame could depict on the countenance of an frascible and proud man was perceptible in that of Alfred. His eyes turned in their orbits and his teeth gnashed with rage.

"Begone! leave us!" vociferated the Royalists, endeavouring to thrust him out of their ranks; "we require not your services."

"If the traitor approaches us he will have his ears pulled," observed the captain of Cromwell's guards.

Falkland thus found himself between the two factions,

foaming with rage, and his eyes glaring like those of a tiger when wounded and surrounded by its pursuers. He gazed around with a ferocious look, as though to detect an enemy for his prey, and his glistening eyes falling on the captain, who had been the most lavish with his taunting epithets, he bounded towards him with the fury of a madman, seized him by the throat, and would doubtless have strangled him but for the interposition of several gentlemen who rescued him from his terrible grasp. Having been foiled in his attempt, he became more furious than ever, and exclaimed, in a low hoarse voice, addressing the captain:—

"Although I have been shamefully insulted, sir, I am still a gentleman, and have the privilege of demanding satisfaction for your infamous conduct."

"You! ridiculous! I could not so beneath myself," said the captain, contemptuously.

"Well! then," continued Sir Alfred, savagely, "I openly declare, in the presence of all, that you are a coward and refuse a legal combat."

A frightful tumult now arose; the friends of the captain insisted on his not accepting the challenge, under pretext that Falkland, by his treachery, had fallen from the position of a gentleman; others maintained that honour imperiously required that the captain should wipe out the insult he had received so publicly in the blood of the knight. The captain appeared to be of the same opinion, for he exchanged a few words in a subdued tone with his enemy; then he continued, authoritatively addressing all present:—

"Let no one insult Sir Alfred Falkland either by word or deed, as we are about to meet this evening to settle our affairs in an honourable manner."

All were immediately taciturn, for, at that period, there were certain privileges connected with a duel which were deemed sacred.

"This evening, then, sir," resumed the captain gravely: "you can now leave without fear."

And he now politely saluted Falkland, who bowed with a gloomy air, and departed.

During that terrible scene, Edward had endured the most excruciating torture, and large tears streamed down his cheeks; but how could he, although a brother, interpose in behalf of one who had outraged, betrayed, and insulted himself and all with whom he had dealings? Alfred had not perceived him, for the former had remained as though transfixed to the spot, and partly concealed from view.

"Such, then," he at length murmured, "is the wretched state to which his mad ambition and dark deeds have conducted him! A prey to the hatred and contempt of every one, nothing now remains for him but to die satiated with disgust and malice. Thank heaven! my poor father is not here to behold his favourite son thus loaded with opprobrium and disdainful epithets."

At this moment young Falkland was interrupted in his gloomy reflections by our old friend Williamson, who, tapping him on the shoulder, observed in an under tone:—

"I have been charged by Bishop Juxon to conduct you to a certain spot which has been selected for you, sir."

"Ah! what you, my worthy friend?" said Edward, pressing the hand of Williamson fervently; "but what is the Bishop's motive in acting thus?"

"That you will learn hereafter, sir," replied Williamson.

Young Falkland smiled and followed Williamson in silence. They traversed the hall and entered a kind of tribune, where they could perceive all that passed during the examination of the king. Besides the sash frames, this tribune was adorned with curtains which could be raised or lowered at will, so that one could either isolate oneself, as it were, from the hall, or behold all that took place therein. This place was usually occupied by ladies of quality who desired to watch the proceedings in secret.

When the two young men entered, the place was plunged in obscurity, and a few seconds elapsed before they could distinguish what kind of place it absolutely was. After having partially raised one of the curtains they perceived that the box or tribune was divided in two, in the farthestmost of which was a masked lady, attired in black, who was gazing into the hall through a slight opening between the curtains.

As it was apprehended that the examination might be troubled by a terrible conflict, it required a courageous lady to venture so near the theatre of the probable struggle; for it was well known that there were many Royalists sufficiently daring yet to attempt to rescue the King, although the latter was surrounded by Cromwell's soldiers. Nevertheless, this unknown lady, without thinking of her personal danger, followed with a singular interest all that passed around her. Such was her preoccupation that she did not remark the

presence of the two young men, only separated from her by a thin partition elbow high.

Williamson, who had doubtless not the same reasons for concealment as she, advanced to the centre of the tribune and thrust aside the curtains. A sudden light penetrated the box, when the young men could perceive that their courageous companion was not alone; for two men, armed to the teeth and enveloped in cloaks, were standing near the door, which was at the back of the lodge, and appeared ready to defend her.

Williamson minutely examined the stranger for awhile, he then motioned Colonel Falkland to advance towards the front of the lodge for the purpose of observing what was taking place in the hall.

By this time the judges and members of the high court of justice had taken their places, and their countenances seemed at once replete with simplicity, grandeur, and majesty, of which our tribunes of the present day give a faint idea. But that which more particularly gave to the court an air of immense authority, was the high dignity and superior merit of a great many by whom it was composed; personages whose names will for ever remain sacred in the annals of English history.

At the moment Edward glanced into the hall, a violent altercation had commenced between the president, one Mr. Bradshaw, a lawyer, and Bishop Juxon. The former irascible, proud, and abrupt in his language, caused the hall to reverberate with his angry expressions; the latter polished, adroit, and insinuating, yet firm, replied to him respectfully, but evidently determined not to yield on the point.

The speakers were suddenly interrupted by a low murmur which ran through the hall. The King had just entered, accompanied by Colonel Tomlinson, under a strong guard, and was delivered over to the Sergeant-at-arms, who conducted him to the bar, where a crimson-velvet chair was placed for him.

On perceiving the King conducted into the Hall as a criminal, and accompanied by a strong escort, the unknown drew a deep, prolonged sigh, her bosom heaved with the most conflicting emotions, and she appeared on the point of succumbing beneath the weight of that excruciating grief which she evidently endured at that awful moment.

The pomp, dignity, and ceremony corresponded with the tremendous transactions; the delegates of a great people sitting in judgment upon their chief magistrate, and judging him for his misgovernment and breach of trust. The solicitor, in the name of the commons, represented that Charles Stuart, being admitted King of England, and entrusted with a limited power, had, nevertheless, from a wicked design to erect an unlimited and despotic government, traitorously and maliciously levied war against the present Parliament and the people whom they represented, and was, consequently, impeached as a tyrant, traitor, murderer, and a public and implacable enemy to the commonwealth. The principal charge against the king was, therefore, that he had created and maintained in the land a cruel war, whereby the country had been miserably wasted, the public treasure exhausted, thousands of people had lost their lives, widows and orphans were deploring the loss of their husbands and parents, and innumerable other evils had been committed, of which he was the chief cause. Having heard his charge read, he refused to plead to it, either guilty or not guilty, until he had been informed by what authority he had been conducted thither, and, the answer not satisfying him, he persisted in that refusal.

The president then maintained that they were delegated by the people, the only source of every lawful power; and that kings themselves acted but in trust from that community, which had invested the high court of justice with its jurisdiction.

It is a remarkable fact that, in calling over the court, when the erier pronounced the name of Fairfax, which had been inserted in the number, a voice from one of the spectators cried, "he is too witty to be here." When the charge was read against the King, "In the name of the people of England;" the same voice exclaimed: "Not a tenth part of them," Axtel, the officer, who guarded the court, giving orders to fire into the box, whence these insolent expressions came, it was discovered that Lady Fairfax was there, and that it was she who had been sufficiently bold to utter them. She was a person of noble extraction, daughter of Horace, Lord Vere of Tilbury; but, being seduced by the violence of the times, she had for a long while seconded her husband's zeal against the royal cause, and was now, as well as he, struck with dismay at the fatal and unexpected consequence of the united victories of Cromwell and Fairfax.

To be continued.

SPIRITUAL MAGNETISM.

THE Paris correspondent of a weekly paper tells us that the mesmeric world has been aroused from its slumbers by the alarming illness of its arch priest Cahagnet, the discoverer of the new science of spiritual magnetism, which, as in opposition to animal magnetism, has been so strenuously combated by the professors of the latter. The discovery, although stigmatised as quackery by the faculty, has hitherto met with success quite as certain as that attending the magnetism and somnambulism with which the world is already acquainted. The triumph of this science of spiritual magnetism consists in summoning the spirits of the dead to the presence of the somnambule, and thereby enabling the consulter to hold communion with the spirit world, and converse with the loved ones who have already departed thither. Religious scruple once set aside, it is a most curious and interesting study. The mastery obtained by the magnetiser over the spirit of the somnambule is mysterious and terrible, and calculated to dissipate the most sturdy disbelief. I have seen during one of these consultations, the imagination of the consulter wound up to such a pitch as to lead to the conviction of having beheld with the physical eye, the dead arise and stand before him. The somnambule describes the spirit as in life, wearing the same attire and bearing the same appearance as in death. As far as my own experience goes, in no one instance has she failed in giving the exact portraiture of the person whose spirit has been called from the vast deep; and the effect produced upon the consulter by the transmission of the answers conveyed in old familiar language, perhaps forgotten since the death of those who spoke the words, is such as to convey an impression of the greatest awe to the mind of the consulter. To those who seek the somnambule from mere motives of curiosity, there is nothing wonderful in the proceeding. The appearance of Napoleon or Hannibal, or the repetition of the words which Cæsar might have used when asked a certain question, could be acquired by practice and experience, even though the somnambule should be ignorant and illiterate in her waking state; but to convey the old household words, the fond expressions of endearment peculiar to one alone, and which have never been repeated by any since the loved one who uttered them was laid low in the grave, seems a wondrous and subduing mystery, and immediately forces conviction of the truth of the experiment, however inexplicable to our weak judgments it may seem. The illness and danger of Cahagnet has given rise to a quarrel among the doctors. It would appear that he has been treated homœopathically, and a *soupeon* an *idee*, a mere whiff of the millionth part of a grain of powdered porcupine's quill has well nigh caused his death! As the medicine is newly introduced into homœopathic practice, of course its non-success in this instance has given rise to the most absurd and ferocious disputes amongst the homœopathic professors, wherein urbanity and courtesy are certainly administered towards each other in the smallest doses admitted in their practice, while harsh and abusive epithets have been exhibited in quantities worthy of the most liberal prescriptions of the renowned Mons. Purgon.

HOW TO TREAT A FOE.

HAVE you enemies? Go straight on, and mind them not. If they block up your path, walk around them, and do your duty regardless of their spite. A man who has no enemies is seldom good for anything—he is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked that every one has a hand in it. A sterling character, one who thinks for himself, and speaks what he thinks, is always sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air; they keep him alive and active. A celebrated character, who was surrounded by enemies, used to remark:—"They are sparks which, if you do not blow, will go out of themselves." Let this be your feeling, while endeavouring to live down the scandal of those who are bitter against you. If you stop to dispute, you do but as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellows talk—there will be but a reaction, if you perform but your duty, and hundreds who were once alienated from you will flock to you and acknowledge their error.

TRAVELLING FOR LADIES.

Two servant girls, who had been to see the trains on a recently-opened railway, were comparing notes: one said, "I thought I could run pretty fast, but they'd beat me—they'd run a mile a minute." "Oh," said the other, "that's nothing; the telegraph goes a deal faster than that; if I was a lady I'd always go by telegraph."

USEFUL RECIPES.

(From the Receipt Book for the Million.)

TO CLEAN WHITE VEILS.—Put the veil in a solution of white soap, and let it simmer a quarter of an hour. Squeeze it in some warm water and soap till quite clean. Rinse it from soap, and then in clean cold water, in which is a drop of liquid blue. Then pour boiling water on a teaspoonful of starch, run the veil through this, and clear it well by clapping it. Afterwards pin it out, keeping the edges straight and even.

TO PRESERVE WATER.—Water may be preserved quite pure, either in long voyages, or in cisterns, by the addition of about 3 lbs. of black oxide of manganese powdered; stir it well together, and the water will lose any bad taste it may have acquired, and will keep for an indefinite length of time.

BUTTER PRESERVED BY BOILING.—Dr. John Forbes, in his work entitled "A Physician's Holiday; or, a Month in Switzerland," gives the following valuable recipe of the mode of preserving butter in Switzerland:—

In looking at the horrid compound sold in England as salt butter, at least the cheaper sorts of it used by the poorer classes, I cannot but believe that its supercession by the boiled butter of Switzerland, would be advantageous both to the comfort and health of a large proportion of our countrymen. It can hardly be believed that such an offensive, briny, and semiputrid mass as the cheaper sorts of our salt butter, can be eaten, without serious detriment to the health of the consumers, any more than the salted meat formerly issued to our seamen was so. The boiled butter, while infinitely more palatable, is neither saline nor rancid, and, consequently, is calculated to be more easily digested, and to produce a more wholesome material for absorption into the system.

Formular.—Into a clean copper-pan (better, no doubt, tinned), put any quantity of butter, say from 20 to 40 pounds, and place it over a very gentle fire, so that it may melt slowly; and let the heat be so graduated that the melted mass does not come to boil in less than two hours. During all this time the butter must be frequently stirred, say once in five or ten minutes, so that the whole mass may be thoroughly intermixed, and the top and bottom change places from time to time. When the melted mass boils, the fire is to be so regulated as to keep the butter at a gentle boil for about two hours more, the stirring being still continued, but not necessarily so frequently as before. The vessel is then to be removed from the fire, and set aside to cool and settle, still gradually; this process of cooling being supposed also to require about two hours. The melted mass is then, while still quite liquid, to be carefully poured into the crock or jar in which it is to be kept. In the process of cooling there is deposited a whitish cheesy sediment, proportioned to the quantity of butter, which is to be carefully prevented from intermixture with the preserved butter. These caseous grounds are very palatable and nutritious, and are constantly used as food.

Every body agrees in asserting that butter so prepared will last for years perfectly good, without any particular precautions being taken to keep it from the air, or without the slightest addition of salt. Indeed, I myself tasted more than once butter so prepared full twelve months after preparation, and found it without the slightest taint.

TO CLEAN WATER-CASKS.—Scour the inside well out with water and sand, and afterwards apply a quantity of charcoal dust; another and better method is, to rinse them with a strong solution of oil of vitriol and water, which entirely deprive them of their foulness.

CIDER.—The following is a most excellent recipe to improve and keep cider:—

Take a pint of pulverised charcoal, and put it in a small cotton bag, then put it in a barrel of new cider, and the cider will never ferment, never contain any intoxicating quality, and the longer it is kept the more palatable it will become.

TO MAKE SOFT POMATUM.—Take what quantity of hog's lard you choose to make, cut it into small pieces, and cover it with clear spring water, changing it every twenty-four hours for eight days. When it is perfectly white, put it into a pan, and melt it over a clear fire. When it is all melted, strain it, and put to it some essence of lemon to perfume it: so keep it for use.

HARD POMATUM.—For hard pomatum, blanch the hog's lard in the same manner, as also some mutton suet, and boil them together with a little white wax. Scent it with essence of lemon or lavender, then make round paper cases, and when cold turn down the other end, and keep it for use.

JESSAMINE POMATUM.—Hog's lard melted, and well washed in clear water, laid an inch thick in a dish, and strewed over with jessamine flowers, will imbibe the scent, and make a very fragrant pomatum.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* Letters for the Editor must in future be addressed to 179, Fleet-street.

A Subscriber.—We cannot find a receipt for purifying oil. Your old patent system should be kept up.

Josephus.—We give two receipts about pure water, but in your case the sediment must be occasionally removed, and no offensive effluvia will arise.

An Intending Subscriber.—The tale was commenced in the 25th number.

T. H., (Radnorshire).—We shall certainly arrange to have the "Schoolboy" published on the page of some weekly number, so as to appear in the monthly parts and afterwards to be bound up in the volume. If possible it shall appear in our next.

R. A.—You are perfectly correct; we do not, in these notes, make the slightest attempt to teach the art. We merely note from observation the mechanical, or, if you please, the literary rules which our most eminent poets have prescribed to themselves. We continue our notes, and will be glad to minister to your guidance. We know as well as you do that poetry is sublimity of thought, but it is only to be realised and recognized in expression. That expression must be in a metrical or measured form, else it is simply eloquent prose. Do not be so hasty in deciding on a new hypothesis, when, since the days of Homer, and if the Chinese are right, fully twelve thousand years before him, metre has been regarded as the only acknowledged shape of poetry, while sublime thoughts and graceful periods were used by orators and authors, but only regarded, as we have said, eloquent prose. The late Mr. Irving, the apostle of the "tongues," spoke his discourses in blank verse. They are published as common prose, but they readily admit of such a section as will convert them into ten syllable lines. Some of Charles Dickens's works, (say some passages in "Nicholas Nickleby"), admit of similar treatment. Still, if even you were asked whether Shelley's "Cloud" and Milton's "Paradise Lost" were in the same category as these very ingenious authors' writings, you would without hesitation say, that the genius who indited the "Cloud," and "He of Eden" were poets, while the preacher and the novelist were simply prose writers.

J. S. T.—We have set down as much about the deeply-lamented Sir Robert as our space will admit. To us, he, like Bacon, Locke, Shakespeare, Pope, Swift, or Johnson, is an object of interest; but simply such as an accomplished scholar, an amiable man, and a patriot. We do not highly estimate him because he was the head of a powerful party. Such we leave to our daily and weekly contemporaries of the stamp. We wish to regard him as a man and a philosopher, as one who countenanced the arts and sciences, and used every means to improve the position of his fellow countrymen. It is impossible to entertain for him, as a politician, these high opinions you express without making very large allowances for the exigencies of party coercion. The purest and most upright statesman cannot, without certain moral gyrations, carry on the business of the State. Perhaps the elder Pitt was an exception, *Clarum et venerabile nomen.*

A Subscriber.—We made no attempt to supply a "Guide to Hampton." We presented you with a picture of Wolsey's Hall, the principal sight to be seen, we gave you some particulars of its contents, and expressed ourselves satisfied with having induced you to pay your shilling to the South Western Railway, because we felt sure you would enjoy yourself. Well, what harm have we done, since, as you confess, you had a good penny-worth of reading, instruction, and amusement in our few pages. You say you would be a regular subscriber if we would make our journal sixteen, instead of eight pages. But we think you will not now, even with its eight, be without it again.

D. S. (Stamford).—There was no necessity to enclose a postage stamp. We write to you in letter press. The sketch is very well fitted for such as the *Family Herald*, who has plenty of space for love scenes and the like. We aim at being somewhat useful, not barely and merely entertaining and amusing. We cannot be annoyed returning any unusable manuscripts. When a slight alteration will improve and fit it for insertion, we correspond with the author; but, as in your case, when the whole performance is based on a wrong principle, we cannot undergo the labour.

J. H. (Ballina).—You Mayo men are all potatoes, and cannot see the use of soaring above the earth like these aeronauts. We gave a drawing of Mr. Bell's balloon because it has come out from the Cremorne exhibition, as a thing not of show, but of science. Now it has been proved that this voyager in the air may be steered, and hence it is now not a child's bauble, but a creature of art, and probably, ere long, of commerce.

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HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

THE deceased Prince Adolphus Frederick, who was the seventh and youngest son of George III., had completed the 76th year of his age, having been born on the 24th of February, 1774. In the 13th year of his age he was, with his two elder brothers, the Dukes of Cumberland and Sussex, sent to the University of Göttingen, where he was entered on the 6th of July, 1786. The Duke of Cambridge remained at Göttingen only three years, at the end of which period he became an officer in the British Army, having been gazetted an ensign in the sixteenth year of his age, but it was not until 1793 that he came to reside in England. In the same year that he came to England, he served for a short time with the British forces before Dunkirk. In 1794 he attained the rank of Colonel, and on the 24th of August, 1798, that of Lieutenant-General, being then only twenty-four years of age. It was not, however, till the 27th of November, 1801, that he obtained his peerage, when he was created Duke of Cambridge, Earl of Tipperary, and Baron of Culloden. In the year 1803 he was sent, at the head of 8,000 Germans and 6,000 English, to defend the electoral dominions of his father. The Hanoverians, however, did not appreciate the honour and advantage of a connection with England, and the Duke found, when he arrived in Hanover, that the interest of his family there was at an end, and he therefore requested his recall. The English minister, however, told him that his duty was to remain at his post; but after publishing a manifesto to the Hanoverians, calling on them to rise *en masse*, which produced no effect, he returned to England, leaving the army under the command of Count Walmoden, who was soon obliged to capitulate. Immediately on the formation of the German Legion, the Duke of Cambridge was appointed to its command, having been raised to the rank of General on the 25th of September, 1803, and appointed Colonel of the Coldstream Guards on the 5th of the same month, in the year 1805.

As soon as the French were expelled from Hanover the Duke of Cambridge was appointed Viceroy, and in the possession of that Government he remained till the year 1837, when Ernest Duke of Cumberland, succeeded to that kingdom as eldest male representative of the House of Guelph. In the government of that little state the Duke of Cambridge displayed the moderation and kindly feelings by which he has, during the present reign, been so favourably known in this country, and within four years after his accession to office he effected considerable and salutary reforms. He not only very much reduced the army, but made the nobles liable to share in all the public burdens; and thus matters went on in Hanover for about fifteen years, when the general movement throughout Europe, which expelled Charles X. from the throne of France, rendered it necessary for the Sovereign of Hanover to bestow upon that kingdom a constitutional form of government. This was not, however, a very happy experiment, and it was one of the earliest acts of King Ernest, after his accession in 1837, to withdraw it.

On the 26th of November, 1813, the Duke of Cambridge was raised to the rank of Field-Marshal in the Army, and, in consequence of the death of the Princess Charlotte, he, like many other Members of the Royal Family, contracted a matrimonial alliance. At Cassel, on the 7th of May, and in London on the 1st of June, 1818, he was united to Augusta Wilhelmina Louisa, the third daughter of Landgrave Frederic of Hesse-Cassel, a Princess then in the 21st year of her age, who now survives him. By this marriage he had one son and two daughters. On the accession of her present Majesty, the Duke of Cambridge transferred his residence from Hanover to this country, and renewed the friendly relations in which he had always stood with the higher classes of society in this country, and with almost every public body. Although, like the Duke of Sussex, he took a prominent position in the support of charitable institutions, he differed greatly from that Prince in the management of the duties of that position, and his interpretation of those duties. He was not to be found always in smooth water. He did not think it his sole duty to preside over turtle and venison, or to angle for Banknotes. He did not seek solely to dignify that which was harmonious, or to give grace and solemnity to the administrative skill of others. On the contrary, wherever there was difficulty or dispute, there was the Duke of Cambridge in the midst of it. If a close committee of some charity in which he was interested became split into parties or torn by professional rivalry, he would suddenly make his appearance on a committee-day, take the chair as president of the charity, without notice or ceremony, and, in a very short time, either compose the quarrel, or, what was equally important, put the burden and disgrace of the dispute on the right shoulders. This

habit of rushing into the breach was strongly shown in 1847, when the very existence of the German Hospital at Dalston was periled by dispute amongst its officers and still more successfully exhibited in the same year at Middlesex Hospital, where, from similar causes, a disturbance had taken place. Such were the habits and conduct of the Duke of Cambridge as a member of the Royal Family, and as a public man. In private life he was equally irreproachable; and that Prince must indeed be considered fortunate who leaves behind him a fairer reputation than the Duke of Cambridge.

THE BROTHERS:

AN HISTORICAL TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER X.—continued.

The King was then remained till Monday, 22nd January, and conducted back to Colonel Cotton's residence.

During the greater part of this time, the unknown lady had buried her masked face in her delicate hands, and was now sobbing violently. Williamson leaned towards young Falkland, and remarked in an under tone—

"Mr. Falkland, do you not recognise that lady who is near us, and who appears to have taken so lively an interest in what has just taken place here?"

"And how should I? You are no doubt aware, Williamson, that I have had no occasion to visit many of your London ladies; besides"—

"You must, nevertheless, speak with her," interrupted Williamson, with a mysterious air, "for, to speak truly, it is on her account I have brought you hither."

At that moment an incident occurred, the importance of which absorbed the attention of all.

The most profound stillness had pervaded the whole Court during the few moments which had elapsed since the departure of the King, whom Bishop Juxon had accompanied into the street, doubtless to address to him a few consolatory words, when, suddenly, cries the most frightful were heard in the direction of the hall door, at the same moment a Royalist entered, exclaiming in a lamentable voice:—

"Help! help! they are assassinating the Bishop!"

That news caused every one to bound from his seat. The most terrible imprecations were heard in every direction. The unknown, too, rose and raised her eyes towards heaven. People rushed towards the door, some cursing, and others shouting; and, at that moment, poniards and swords were glittering in every part of the hall.

"They have slain him!" cried the masked lady, joining her hands. "It is for me, for our service, he has suffered. Flee, gentlemen," she continued, addressing the two individuals who had remained standing at the door of the tribune; "flee to his aid! Avenge him at any price!"

One of the individuals rapidly approached, and spoke to her in a low ardent tone.

Young Falkland was not less astounded by that frightful news which had spread through the hall with the rapidity of lightning. He uttered a piercing cry, and darted to the box door, exclaiming with terrible indignation:—

"The Bishop! my friend! my benefactor! The generous individual who braved everything to assist me! Open, open," he continued, violently striking the door with the pommel of his sword.

Williamson sprang after him, and held him by the arm.

"Where are you going?" said he, in an under tone.

"Think of the cause you have espoused, and allow me to take your place."

"The cause I have espoused!" vociferated young Falkland. "What care I of the cause or even my life when that of my noble friend, my protector, is at stake. Did he think of cause or danger when he rescued me from the fury of the Princess and her vile Ministers?"

"I intreat you to be calm, sir," returned Williamson, "and permit me to flee to the aid of the Bishop, if there be really any great danger."

"Open, open," repeated Edward, attacking the door, the keeper of which had vanished, alarmed at the frightful tumult.

"You have neither any one to deliver or avenge," suddenly exclaimed Williamson, gazing into the hall, "here is the Bishop."

"Who?" hastily demanded Colonel Falkland

"The Bishop!"

Edward rapidly resumed his place, and perceived the Prelate entering the hall, leaning on the arm of the President's son. He was ghastly pale, and had evidently been

in great danger. Sir Alfred Falkland, goaded to desperation by the insulting epithets which had been directed against him, had returned, determined to be revenged on some one, and deeming the Bishop one of his greatest enemies, had taken the cowardly opportunity of pouncing upon and grasping him by the throat, like a wild beast eager for its prey, as he returned from the street to the antechamber. His gripe was so terrible, that he would have choked the Bishop had not the President's son rushed to his rescue.

On beholding the Prelate safe and sound, the mysterious lady uttered a slight exclamation, and young Falkland, in his joy, frantically embraced his friend Williamson. But, from this moment, the masked lady did not appear to solely direct her regards and attention in the direction of the hall; from time to time she turned towards young Falkland, and more than once attached on him her piercing eyes.

By this time the Bishop had arrived in the midst of the Court, and waving his hand, as though to enjoin silence—

"Mr. President," he observed, with a penetrating accent, "heretofore I regarded you as my enemy, but the immense service your son has just rendered me, proves how greatly I was mistaken, and I publicly declare that I am indebted to him for the preservation of my life. Yes, gentlemen," he continued, "the dastardly Sir Alfred Falkland would have strangled me had not your son arrived so opportunely, for which I sincerely thank him."

"A murmur of indignation ran through the whole Court, for the Bishop was alike esteemed by Cavaliers and Roundheads. Poor Edward, who until now had been ignorant of the author of this outrage, was almost annihilated by this announcement: he turned deadly pale, and trembled violently, murmuring:—

"Great God! what madness—what villainy! He cannot surely be sane?"

The President now announced that the sitting was suspended for that day, when a general movement followed that declaration, and people began to leave the hall in groups. Edward and his companion rose for the purpose of joining the Bishop in the hall, and they had now no difficulty in making their egress from the box, for the door-keeper had returned to his post so soon as the tumult had subsided. Nevertheless, Williamson gazed with an air of disquietude into the adjoining box, and appeared loth to leave.

On passing the door of the other box, they found it was still guarded by several men, enveloped in large cloaks, one of whom placed his hand on the shoulder of young Falkland, and remarked, in an abrupt voice:—

"A moment, Mr. Falkland; here is a person who desires to speak with you."

Edward recognised in the speaker Colonel Astley, and, his cloak being partly drawn aside at that moment, he could perceive several pairs of pistols attached to his belt, of which he would not have failed to avail himself, had circumstances required his having recourse to them.

"Is it indeed you, Colonel?" said young Falkland, taking him by the hand and ardently pressing it; "how delighted I am to again meet with so generous a friend, one whom I owe so much gratitude for the protection he afforded me in the hour of need."

"Rest assured, my young friend," returned the Colonel, in a low voice, "that I was equally pleased to behold you, and learn that you had reaped distinction and renown by your gallant conduct under Cromwell; for, although I am a staunch Royalist myself, and ever shall remain so, I like every one to follow the dictates of his own conscience; besides, you certainly had sufficient cause for opposing us; but let us not, at this moment, awake painful reminiscences. There is," he continued, pointing to the adjacent box, "a lady who has a desire to see you."

"What! that masked lady?" demanded Edward.

"Are you ignorant who she is?"

Then only young Falkland guessed what the reader has doubtless divined, that the masked lady was the Princess.

But, without giving him time to reply, Astley introduced him into the obscure lodge. The Princess was enveloped in a long black veil, and seemed a prey to the most intense grief. Colonel Falkland was about to bend on one knee before her, but she immediately observed:—

"Remain standing, sir, for I have only a few moments to devote to you. My chief object in summoning you hither was to inform you that, having duly reflected on past events, I deeply regret having countenanced the plot whose execution you were to have accomplished, and which would have been handed down to posterity as a stain on our character; but, I thank God, it was not carried into execution. I must now crave your indulgence for having treated yourself, and, as

I have learned from Bishop Juxon, Lady Falkland, so harshly. We are now, alas! entirely powerless; and my displeasure or friendship is of little consequence, but, were it otherwise, you would receive our full pardon."

"Despite the state to which your cause is reduced, madam," replied young Falkland, "and to which I am opposed, I sincerely thank you; for I always believed it was through evil advice your Highness acted as you did."

"That is certainly true, sir," said the Princess, "and yet they deemed it a duty—a sacred one. As a last request, I beg you will inform Lady Falkland, that I sincerely regret having treated her in the manner I did, for I have since ascertained that the statement relative to the Duchess of Cleveland was strictly true."

Edward wished to again thank her, but the Princess interrupted him by a sign.

"Your arm, Colonel," she said, in a tremulous tone, addressing Astley.

And she immediately left by a secret outlet, followed by the two or three individuals who served as a guard.

At this moment Bishop Juxon had left the hall, and approached young Falkland sufficiently near to tap him on the shoulder.

"Young gentleman," said he, "I am glad the Princess has had an opportunity of expressing to you her regret for her treatment towards both yourself and Lady Falkland. She is too, now quite sensible of the heinousness of the crime of which you were to have been the perpetrator; but I greatly fear that the eyes of Cromwell's party will not be open to that of shedding the blood of the King. I must admit, however, that there is a vast difference in shedding blood traitorously and secretly in opposition to the nation's will, and in shedding that which the majority deem absolutely necessary for the salvation of the state; but God grant that such will not be the case."

"Although I am now of Cromwell's party, my lord," replied Edward, "your Grace is well aware that I am not one of those who desire the King's death; no, God forbid! but I consider that his Majesty was greatly to blame in refusing the conditions on which the Parliament would have acceded to his resumption of power, and which, too, would have prevented the second civil war. Because, however, they were of a liberal tendency, the King flatly refused to accept them."

Aware that Young Falkland was right, the Prelate spoke no more on the subject, but cordially shook him by the hand, after which they separated. The Bishop departed for Lambeth Palace, accompanied by Wilkinson, and Edward for Lady Langdale's.

Three times was Charles I. produced before the Court, and as often declined their jurisdiction. On the fourth, the judges having examined some witnesses, by whom it was proved that the King had appeared in arms against the forces commissioned by the Parliament, they pronounced sentence against him. Whereupon Bradshaw made a long harangue in vindication of the Parliament's proceedings, grounding his discourse chiefly on this principle, that the people were sovereign, and the members of the House of Commons having been elected by them, were, as a matter of course, invested with supreme power. At the conclusion of this speech, the charge was recited, and the sentence delivered as follows:—"For all which treasons and crimes, this Court doth adjudge that the said Charles Stuart, as a tyrant, traitor, murderer, and public enemy, shall be put to death by the severing his head from his body."

Accordingly, a committee was appointed by the High Court of Justice to inspect the locality about Whitehall for a convenient place for the execution of the King. Having made their report, it was resolved that the scaffold should be erected near the banqueting-house for that purpose, and it was ordered to be covered with black.

Three days were allowed the King between his sentence and execution. This interval he passed with great tranquillity, chiefly in reading and devotion. All his family that remained in England were allowed access to him. It consisted, however, as we have before stated, only of the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Gloucester; for the Duke of York had made his escape.

Every night, during this interval, the King slept sound as usual, and on the morning of the fatal day he arose early, calling Herbert, one of his attendants, and desiring him to employ unusual care in dressing and preparing him for so awful a solemnity. Bishop Juxon assisted him in his devotions, and paid the last melancholy duties to his sovereign.

On the 30th of January, 1648, about eight o'clock in the morning, his Majesty was, with a guard, brought from St. James's, through the park to Whitehall, the street before

which being destined for the place of execution; for it was intended, by choosing that place, in sight of his own palace, to display more manifestly the triumph of popular justice over royal majesty. About two hours had elapsed since the King's arrival at Whitehall, during which the people had arrived from every quarter of the great metropolis to witness the awful spectacle. Disconsolate widows and broken-hearted parents were there ready to catch the first glimpse, and curse the memory of him who had been the chief cause of their wretchedness and misery. In short, persons of every class and denomination had assembled and thronged the approaches to Whitehall; but the immediate vicinity of the gallows was occupied by dense masses of troops. Presently the King was led forth from a window of the banqueting-room, when a low prolonged murmur ran through the crowd. As he was preparing himself for the block, Bishop Juxon called to him:—"There is, sir, but one stage more, which, though turbulent and troublesome, is yet a short one. Consider it will soon carry you a great way. It will convey you from earth to heaven, and there you shall find, to your great joy, the prize to which you hasten—a crown of glory."

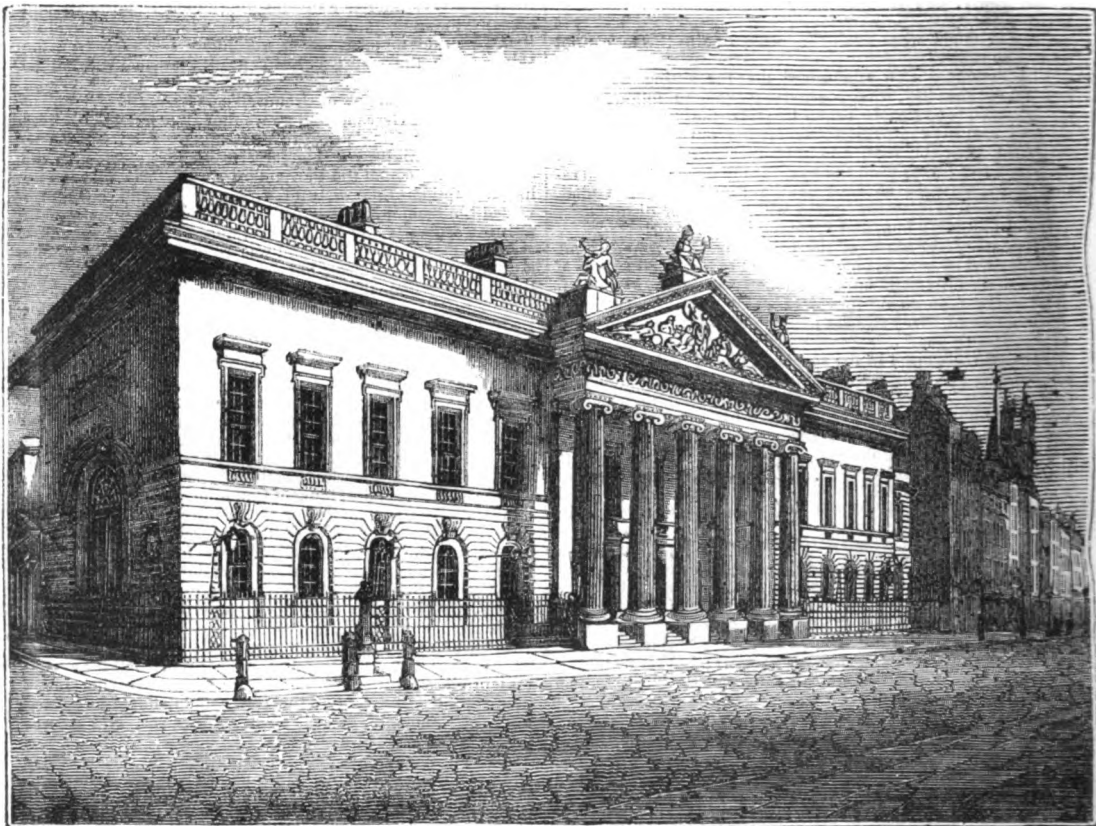
A death-like silence followed these words, and, for a while, not a sound, not even the half-suppressed respiration of the crowd was heard, for all were breathlessly awaiting the awful catastrophe. Presently the long booming of a gun struck on the ears of the spell-bound multitude, and drew them from their momentary apathy; the King then delivered his George to the Prelate, pronounced the word "remember," laid his head

on the block, stretched out his hands as a signal, and one of the executioners severed his head from his body at one stroke, while the other, holding it up and exhibiting it to the spectators, exclaimed, "This is the head of a traitor!"

Charles was executed in the forty-ninth year of his age, and the twenty-fourth of his reign. He was of a middling stature, robust, and well-proportioned. His visage was pleasing, but melancholy; and it is probable, that the continued troubles in which he was involved might have made that impression on his countenance. With regard to his character we will say little, but we cannot here refrain from mentioning that his greatest fault was an inordinate desire to tyrannise over his subjects; yes, the rock on which he foundered was an immoderate desire of power, beyond what the constitution permitted. His reign, both in peace and war, was a continual series of errors. He was out of measure bent on following his humour, but unreasonably feeble to those whom he trusted, especially the Queen.

It is commonly presumed that Cromwell was chiefly concerned in the death of the King, but we believe that Ireton, his son-in-law, principally influenced these proceedings. Be that as it may, it was a glorious triumph for the cause of liberty; a victory whose salutary influence has since been experienced in every part of the world, more or less. It has taught tyrants a terrible lesson; it has shown them that the liberties and rights of a people cannot be trampled on with impunity.

(To be Continued.)



THE EAST INDIA HOUSE

Is a noble edifice, having a projecting portico, supported by six fluted Ionic columns, of great magnitude. The pediment is enriched by representations emblematical of the protection of the interests of the company by George the Third. Britannia and Liberty appear united. On one side is Mercury, accompanied by Navigation, introducing Asia: and on the other appear Order, Religion, and Justice, attended by Integrity and Industry. In the angles are the emblems of the Ganges and the Thames. On the apex of the pediment stands Britannia, having on her right a figure of Asia, seated

on a drummedary, and on her left Europe, on a horse. The interior contains, besides its numerous offices, a museum of eastern curiosities; a library, containing a great variety of Oriental manuscripts, embellished with mythological drawings, and statues and portraits of such as have distinguished themselves in the Company's service abroad. In the library are many of the trophies taken at Seringapatam by General Harris; many curious specimens of Chinese ivory work, and Indian paintings, forming, on the whole, a collection of deep interest.

THE HORSE GUARDS.

THIS building was erected in 1753, by Vardy, after a design furnished, it is said, by Kent. The archway under it forms a principal entrance to St. James's Park from the east; but the *entree* for carriages is permitted only to royal and other personages having leave. At each side of the entrance facing Whitehall two mounted cavalry soldiers do duty every day from 10 to 4. The guard is relieved every morning at a quarter to 11. The sovereign of this country had no standing army before the reign of Charles II., the band of Gentlemen Pensioners forming the only body guard of the sovereign before the Restoration. In 1676, King Charles II. had four regiments of foot, and four of horse. The "King's Regiment of Foot" consisting of twenty-four companies, commanded by Colonel Russell, (the Colonel Russell of De Grammont's

Memoirs); the "Duke of York's Regiment" consisted of 720 men, commanded by Sir Charles Lyttelton, (another of De Grammont's heroes); "The Third Regiment" consisted of 600 men, commanded by Sir Walter Vane; and "The Fourth Regiment" of 960, commanded by the Earl of Craven. These were the four Foot Regiments. The "Regiment of Horse" was commanded by Aubrey de Vere, Earl of Oxford, (another of De Grammont's heroes, from whom the "Oxford Blues," now the Life Guards, derives its name.) A portrait of Lord Oxford in armour adorns the mess-room of the regiment. "The King's Troop of Horse" commanded by the Duke of Monmouth; the "Queen's Troop" by Sir Philip Howard, son of the Earl of Berkshire; and the "Duke of York's" by the Marquis of Blaquemont, afterwards Earl of Feversham.



THE HORSE GUARDS.

THE ART OF ENGLISH POETRY.

CHAPTER V.—VERSIFICATION.

IN order to secure a pleasant and harmonious versification, it is necessary to avoid the continuous concourse of vowels. The *hiatus*, or gasping, articulation is strictly avoided, and the sharp accented word for word measure is attained. The Romans were so scrupulous in this particular, that even in prose, to avoid it, whenever a word ended in a vowel and the next began with one, they designedly lost the first in pronunciation. The *e* in the particle *the* ought always to be cut off before words commencing with a vowel. See Dryden:—

"With weeping eyes she heard th' unwelcome —"

Waller blunders in this line:—

"Restrain'd awhile by the unwelcome night."

He is equally unhappy but still more inextricable in his verse:—

"Should thy iambs swell into a book."

Here similarity of sound wreck the intonation of the verse.

The preterperfect tense of all verbs admitting of it must be contracted. All the regular verbs, except those that end in *d* or *t* or *de* and *te* come under this rule. The second person of the present and preterperfect tenses of all verbs ought to be contracted in a similar manner.

It is indispensable, in order to secure right versification, that in one verse several words should not, unless for a particular purpose, begin with the same letter. See even in Dryden a specimen of this fault:—

"The court he knew to stir in storms of state,
He in those miracles design discerned."

Yet in certain circumstances such may be effectually employed. The same poet, in a translation of Virgil, says happily:—

"Till then a helpless, hopeless, homely swain."

Such is his peculiarly felicitous echo of the Latin lyric:—

"Nec spes libertatis erat, nec cura pecul."

But in general these repetitions are carefully to be avoided, so that the nerve and bone of the verse may be retained.

A line must not be ended by an adjective, whose substantive begins the following: see

"Some lost their quiet rivals some their kind
Parents," &c.

Nor by a preposition when the case it governs begins the verse that follows, as in Waller:—

"The daily less'ning of our life shows by
A little dying how outright to die."

In verse it is indispensable to avoid the use of words of many syllables. There is a weight about them which altogether disqualifies them for the regions of verse. Even in prose the *sesque pedalia* are of a burdensome nature; but in verse, say *undutifulness*, there is no arranged room for its expectation. Good taste and a tuneful ear will guide to the avoidance of such.

BENEFITS OF EDUCATION TO THE LABOURING CLASSES.

EDUCATION tends to exalt the character, and in some measure to correct and subdue the taste for gross sensuality. It enables the possessor to beguile his leisure moments (and every man has such) in an innocent, at least, if not in a useful manner. The poor man who can read, and who possesses a taste for reading, can find entertainment at home, without being tempted to repair to the public house for that purpose. His mind can find employment where his body is at rest. There is in the mind of such a one an intellectual spring, urging him to the pursuit of mental good, and if the minds of his family are also a little cultivated, conversation becomes the more interesting, and the sphere of domestic enjoyment enlarged. The calm satisfaction which books afford puts him into a disposition to relish more exquisitely the tranquil delight

of conjugal and parental affection; and as he will be more respectable in the eyes of his family than he who can teach them nothing, he will be naturally induced to cultivate whatever may preserve, and to shun whatever would impair, that respect.

THE SINEWS OF WAR MADE TO SERVE THE PURPOSES OF PEACE.

A poor parson was in the habit of every Saturday borrowing of a friend a five dollar note; this was invariably returned, with wonderful punctuality, every Monday morning. What astonished the lender more than all, was the singular fact, that he was always repaid in the very same bill he lent. Being a very curious man, this puzzled him amazingly. He felt sure that the parson could not want the money for household expenses, because the note was never changed. After a time, he resolved to seize the first opportunity of begging for an explanation of so unaccountable a proceeding. Shortly after, the parson himself came on Saturday evening, and asked for the loan of a ten dollar note. His friend seized the opportunity of demanding the solution of the mystery. After a pause, the borrower said—"You must know, my dear Smith, that my income is so small that I never have at the end of the week one cent. I can call my own. Now, some cannot preach or pray on an empty stomach; I am one who cannot do so on an empty pocket. When I have nothing in them, I feel miserable, and afraid to look my congregation in the face, much less to denounce their wickedness; but with a five dollar bill in my pocket, I feel a man and a Christian, and I preach with great eloquence and force. Now, as the President is coming to hear me to-morrow, I intend to try the effect of the double money power, and I shall feel obliged by your lending me a ten dollar bill to put in my pocket for this grand occasion!"

LEIGH HUNT'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

THIS gifted writer has now been nearly fifty years known to the public. In that time he has passed through many vicissitudes of fortune. He has been the friend of Lamb, Byron, Shelley, Moore, Hazlitt, Campbell, Hook, Wordsworth. He was a successful journalist, and a martyr for his political opinions. Though born and bred in London, which he has scarcely left except for a visit to Italy, he has seen and known in this microcosm specimens of all that is worth knowing of humanity. If he were as dull as he is lively, as ignorant as he is learned, as unacquainted with English as he is a great master of our speech, using it in its easiest and simplest and most pleasing forms, it would be impossible for such a man to call back his recollections of his friends and describe his communications with them, to trace the formation of his own thoughts, to describe his own doings in the world, in short, to write his autobiography, and snatches of the biographies of many great men, without producing a delightful work. What if some of the anecdotes and stories have already been published; what if the death of Shelley and the quarrel with Byron have been told over and over again,—the latter is now told in a different spirit from formerly, and with some contrition;—it is good to have all these *historiettes* and a number of others collected together and bound up with the reminiscences of one in whom they must live as long as life remains. Mr. Hunt has much to boast of. He has outlived many of his antagonists as well as many of his friends, and has yet many happy bookwriting years before him. Mr. Ward was almost as old as Mr. Hunt before he began to write his novels, and it would be rather dishonourable to literary pursuits if they should blunt sensibility more than the daily routine of office, politics, and parliament. The present work, though it looks like the last, may be only the successful precursor of others. It will undoubtedly be much read, and may induce Mr. Hunt to look back to his "*reminiscences*" for other entertaining anecdotes of men and things.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

WE trace back the line of our Sovereigns for two hundred years, and are arrested by a massive and mysterious being who is a veritable King. We trace the line downwards from the Norman Conquest, and are arrested by the same colossal form, wearing the impress of Royalty, without its titles or its robes. Bold, massive, severe, it towers above the rank of Monarchs, in a dignity of its own. It is as if the stream of Royalty, flowing uninterruptedly for ages, were suddenly lost in a subterranean abyss, or turned aside by a bold, huge mountain, to emerge again, ruffled and discoloured, in the valley below. It is as if a torrent of fire had swept through a verdant embankment, leaving a huge, black, charred chasm

to mark its course. What means this chasm, this breach, this apparition? Why is it that Cromwell thus breaks in upon the line of Royalty, with no forerunner; and departs leaving no successor? That strange figure has been blackened and begrimed with dust and filth. Yet there it stood unshaken, and there it shall stand. Royalty in England was a different thing in his day from what it was before. Men's ears and noses are worth something too in England now. There he stands, to frown upon usurpation, to guard the consciences and liberties of England. Shall this man have a statue? That question is not to be decided by a vote of the British Parliament, but by the grateful acclamations of two nations, speaking the language of Milton, and honouring the religion of Baxter and Howe.

THE LOSS OF FRIENDS.

THE sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget: but this wound we consider a duty to keep open, this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. The love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has its delights likewise; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection—when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness—who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? No; there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is the remembrance of the dead to which we turn, even from the charms of the living. Who can look down upon the grave, even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him? But the grave of those we loved, what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy—there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn and awful tenderness, of the parting scene.

ABSENCE OF MIND.

WE find in Lord Dudley's memoirs many tales of his extraordinary absence of mind, and his unfortunate habit of "thinking aloud." It is a fact that when he was in the Foreign Office, he directed a letter, intended for the French to the Russian Ambassador, shortly before the affair of Navarino; and, strange as it may appear, it attained him the highest honour. Prince Lieven, who never made any mistakes of the kind, set it down as one of the cleverest *ruses* ever attempted to be played off, and gave himself immense credit for not falling into the trap laid for him by the sinister ingenuity of the English Secretary. He returned the letter with a most polite note, in which he vowed, of course, that he had not read a line of it, after he had ascertained that it was intended for Prince Polignac, but could not help telling Lord Dudley at an evening party that he was "trop fin," but diplomatists of his (Prince Lieven's) standing were not so easily caught. Lord Dudley was afflicted with what may not be improperly termed the disease of thinking aloud—that is, of unconsciously giving utterance to involuntary thoughts, which other men confide to the secret depository of their own breasts. An amusing anecdote of this singular failing of the mind is related of his lordship:—Lord Dudley had been invited to the house of a friend upon the occasion of some great *fete*, but being a man of early habits, had ordered his carriage at a certain hour, having some miles to travel before he could obtain his accustomed repose. To his great mortification, after repeated inquiries for Lord Dudley's carriage, it had not arrived, and his lordship, as well as others, imagined that some accident had happened to it. One of the guests, seeing how much his lordship was disconcerted by the event, very politely offered him a seat in his. The gentleman in question had to pass his lordship's house on his return home, and though he was almost a stranger to Lord Dudley, his rank and position in the country were, of course, well known to him, and the civility was no more than one gentleman would, under similar circumstances, have offered to another. Nevertheless, they had not been seated in the carriage more than twenty minutes when the peer, who being tired, had up to that moment maintained a most perfect silence, observed in a low, but distinctly audible tone of voice,—"I'm very sorry I accepted his offer. I don't know the man. It was civil, certainly; but the worst is, I suppose I must ask him to dinner. It's a deuce of a bore!" He then

relapsed into his former state of taciturnity, when, after a few minutes, the gentleman, pretended to be afflicted with the same failing, and imitating his lordship's tone, observed—"Perhaps he'll think I did it to make his acquaintance. Why, I would have done the same to any farmer on his estate. I hope he won't think it necessary to ask me to dinner. I'll be hanged if I accept his invitation!" Lord Dudley listened to him with earnest interest, immediately comprehended the joke which he had himself provoked, offered his hand with much hearty goodwill to his companion, making every proper apology for his involuntary rudeness—and from that night the travellers became inseparable friends.

HOPE.

Hope is the most celestial feeling of the mind—the indication of practical confidence in the goodness of the Creator. How beautiful have the poets sung of the charm which Hope infuses into the heart. Her steps are over enamelled meads, and her blue eyes are ever turned on the lucid arch of her own congenial heaven. If Hope be confined to earth, it sheds a rosy hue on every thought and thing; and if it soars to heaven while life is ebbing fast, it will whisper peace over the dying couch, and render the sting of death painless.

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

The success of individuals in life is greatly owing to their early learning to depend upon their own resources. Money, or the expectation of it by inheritance, has ruined more men than the want of it ever did. Teach young men to rely upon their own efforts, to be frugal and industrious, and you have furnished them with a productive capital which no man can ever wrest from them.

ARTIST'S MILL-BOARD.—It is a fact that many artists cannot afford to pay the high price charged by colourmen for prepared mill-board, and they, therefore, purchase the rough mill-board at a wholesale stationer's, and prepare it themselves. The mill-board commonly sold by stationers is made from old tarry ropes, consequently there are to be observed on the surfaces a great number of black spots, which the artists remove by sizing with thin glue and water, and subsequently spreading a coat of white lead over it. At first the mill-board so prepared will look very well, but in about six months the whole picture will be destroyed by the re-appearance of the black spots, which this time cannot be got rid of without rubbing out the drawing. The best plan to be adopted to prevent this evil is to size the board with thin glue as usual, and when dry to brush it over with a solution of one ounce of shell-lac in eight ounces of wood naphtha; let this dry and then lay on the white lead. On mill-board prepared in this manner no spots will ever come out. This process can also be applied with advantage in "renovating pictures." The artist before re-touching should apply a film of the above varnish, when the spots will disappear.

THE HEART AND ITS FUNCTIONS.—The heart is one of the simplest organs of the body, composed of muscular fibres, and divided into four cavities, namely, a right auricle and ventricle, and a left auricle and ventricle. Red blood is sent from the left side of the heart into the aorta or large pipe leading from it, which soon forms the arch of the chest, and descends to carry blood to the abdomen and lower limbs; other vessels being given off from the arch itself, which supplies the upper limbs and head. Losing its florid colour in its course, the blood is brought back of a dark hue to the right side of the heart, by the veins; and before it again passes to the left side of the heart, it is driven through the lungs, in them to be reconverted, (by the action of the inspired air, into its florid or arterial state; after which it is again propelled into the aorta, to travel through the arteries as before. Just before the blood in the veins of the head and neck is transmitted to the heart, it receives, from a peculiar duct, a supply of chyle, which has been brought upwards along that duct from the organs of digestion, in a state to be mixed with the blood; and in the lungs the mixture becomes complete.

SECOND MARRIAGES IN IRELAND.—The Irish do not hold it strictly right for either man or woman to marry again; and if a woman does so, she prefaces it with an apology—"It's a father I was forced to put over his children, because I had no way for them, God help them; and this man, ye see, says, 'Mary,' he says, 'I have full and plenty for them, and the Lord above he knows it's justice I'll do them, and never hinder your prayers for the man ye lost, or anything in reason, or out of reason either;' and troth he kept his word

wonderful." And the neighbours of the married widower apologise for him after this fashion:—"Well, to be sure! we must consider he had a whole handful of soft children, and no one to turn round on the floor, or do a hand's turn for him; so it's small blame to him after all." Or they condemn—"Yarra hasih! to see an old *struckown* like that set himself up with a young wife, and grown-up daughters in his house! To think of the hardness of him—passing the churchyard, where the poor heart that loved him and his children is powdering into dust—passing the grave where the grass isn't yet long, with the slip of a girl in the place of her with the thoughtful head and the heavy hand. Oh, be dad! she'll punish him, I'll engage; and I'm glad of it." They are more angry with a woman for a second marriage than with a man, and certainly never consider a second union as holy as a first.—*Mrs. Hall's Ireland.*

WINTER'S NIGHT.—A SKETCH.

The soldiers of darkness encompassed the vale,
With the banners of night on the breath of the gale;
See! winter and midnight are ruling supreme
O'er the waves of the prairie, the lake, and the stream.
There's chill in the valley, and snow on the mountain,
With frost on the forest, and ice by the fountain;
All dark are the clouds as the tempests roll by,
Not a moon in the sphere, not a star in the sky!
In the garb of the snow-storm is nature's domain,
The streets of the city, the stores of the swain;
Who gazed on the glen might not tell from that view
The waste from the vale where the yellow-corn grew,
Where the shriek of the bittern was borne on the blast,
Or the track where the wain of the husbandman passed.
As well might you learn from the scycphant's smile,
What the heart of the smiler was brooding the while.
Still falling the sleet, but it fell on the ground,
With the silence of death when he marches around;
The cattle are housed in their straw-pillowed shed,
And mortals are resting their care-throbbing head.
Oh, would that their dreams were as dreams of a child,
On the breast of its mother, to slumber beguiled—
Ere dawn shall awake them to joy or to sorrow,
As it mar or make good the few hopes of to-morrow.

C. M. B.

THE DAISY.

Hail, gentle little unassuming flower,
Sweet harbinger of lovely spring, all hail!
Again dame Nature 'gins to deck the fields
With flow'ry gems and tints of fairest hue;
First in her train thy gentle stem is seen
To lift its head where late the drifted snow,
In frozen heaps, lay scattered o'er the plain,
In simple guise, in garb of purest white,
Thy little petals open to the sun,
And pearly drops of morning dew therein
Outshine the clearest crystal.

Thou tiny flower
Come to my bosom, there I'll treasure thee,
Thou bid'st my mien'try trace again the days
Of happy childhood, now for ever fled.
Many an infant foot that trod with mine
The village playground, now for ever rest
Within the silent grave—many a heart,
Then full of youthful hope, now silent lies,
And the cold turf which laps their lifeless clay
Is cover'd with thy modest gentle flower.

T. C.

MORNING.

BY MRS. H. R. SANDBACH.

Delicious Dawn! up from her cradle-bed;
Rocked by old Ocean with low-lulling care,
Away she soars, her angel wings outspread,
That softly beat the dusky-dreaming air.
Before the world his drowsy eye uncloses
She at her guardian's fountain fills her urns,
And while the mighty sleeper still reposes,
To the glad East her course snerring turns.
Hail to thee, chaste Aurora! See, she flies,
The morning star shines pale upon her brow;
Hers is no dazzling glory: from her eyes
No glances flash, no streams of brightness flow.
Calm, holy, steadfast, clear, and yet more clear
The pearly light around her sweetly lies,
And the grave heaven their virgin child revere,
And silent welcome smiles along the skies.
Serene she moves—but in that silence deep,
She hears the unquiet earth beneath her stir;
And meets the thousand eyes, half-roused from sleep,
That slowly turn their dreamy gaze on her,

USEFUL RECIPES.

(From the Receipt Book for the Million.)

ELECTUARY FOR A COUGH.—Take of spermaceti two drachms, tragacanth powder one drachm, syrup of poppies two drachms, syrup of tolu two drachms, confection of roses six drachms, and nitre half a drachm. Dose, size of a nutmeg, frequently.

HOOPING COUGH.—A plaster of gum galbanum applied to the chest will in most cases give relief, if not completely cure the cough.

TO MAKE SIZE.—Half an ounce of common glue, one ounce of isinglass, half a pint of water; let it boil till dissolved, then strain through a piece of muslin.

GILDING ON GLASS.—First well clean the glass to be operated upon, and then apply thinly a size prepared by dissolving a quantity of amber or copal in its own weight of boiled linseed oil, adding a sufficiency of oil of turpentine. When this is done, the glass must be placed in an oven until quite heated. Then take it out and apply leaf-gold in the ordinary manner, sweeping of any superfluous gold. The gold may be burnished when the article becomes quite cold by placing a piece of Indian paper between it and the burnisher.

TO SOFTEN HORN.—To one pound of wood ashes, add two pounds of quick lime; put them in a quart of water. Let the whole boil until reduced to one third; then dip a feather in, and if, upon drawing it out, the plume should come off, it is a proof that the mixture is sufficiently boiled. When it is settled, filter it, and then put in shavings of horn. Let them soak for three days, and, having anointed your hands with oil, work them into a mass, and print or mould it into any shape you like.

ROCK CANDY.—Have some shallow square tins, two inches deep, made to hold a quart of clarified sugar; boil the sugar to a blow; fill the pans with it, and put over it while hot, picked corn flowers, stocks, or jouquilles, to cover. Put in a very hot stove of one hundred and twenty degrees heat; let it stand three days. When hard at top, break a small hole in the candy, set it to drain one day and break the candy out of the tins; when wanted, place one piece on the other of different colours, sticking it together with a little thick gum-arabic water, and dry them. Or it can be made without the flowers, and will be perfectly white.

ASTHMA.—Take of sulphuric ether one drachm, tincture of opium five drops, syrup of orange peel one drachm. Camphor mixture to make an ounce and a half draught; to be taken every four or five hours.

TO PURIFY BAD WATER.—Five drops of sulphuric acid put into a full quart decanter of bad water will cause the noxious particles to fall to the bottom. Twenty drops of diluted vitriolic acid will answer the same purpose. The water should stand two hours, and then pour off about three fourths for use, the rest throw away.

MYRRH GARGLE.—Infusion of roses seven ounces and a half, add tincture of myrrh half an ounce. Mildly astringent and cleansing.

TO PRESERVE WOOD.—Mix at the rate of five pounds of chloride of zinc to twenty-five gallons of water. This is the most effectual solution to steep wood in to prevent the dry rot, even preferable to wood that has been Kyanised.

GOLD VARNISH.—Take gum lac, and having freed it from the bits of wood with which it is mixed, put it into a small linen bag, and wash it in pure water, till the water becomes no longer red, then take it from the bag and suffer it to dry. When it is perfectly dry, pound it very fine, because the finer it is pounded, it will dissolve the more readily. Then take four parts of spirits of wine, and one of gum, reduced, as before directed, to an impalpable powder, so that for every four pounds of spirits you may have one of gum; mix these together, and having put them into an alembic, graduate the fire so that the gum may dissolve in the spirits. When dissolved, strain the whole through a strong piece of linen cloth; throw away what remains in the cloth, as of no use, and preserve the liquor in a glass bottle, closely corked. This is the gold varnish which may be employed for gilding any kind of wood. To use it, employ a brush made of the tail of a vari, and wash over gently, three times, the wood which has been silvered. Every time you pass the brush over the wood to let it dry; for, in so doing, the work will be extremely beautiful and have a resemblance to the finest gold.

FURNITURE POLISH.—Varnish for rubbing Furniture, Door and Window cases, and Metals.—Sandarach twenty-four parts, mastic six parts, liquified turpentine twelve parts, ground glass twelve parts, and alcohol one hundred parts.

TO GIVE WOOD A GOLD, SILVER, OR COPPER LUSTRE.—

Grind about two ounces white beach sand in a gill of water, in which half an ounce of gum arabic has been dissolved, and brush over the work with it. When this is dry, the work may be rubbed over with a piece of gold, silver, or copper, and it will in a measure assume their respective colours and brilliancy. The work may be polished by a flint burnisher, but should not be varnished.

LEECHES.—An extremely simple method of preserving leeches clean and healthy is as follows:—At the bottom of the jar containing the leeches, place a layer, about half an inch thick, of common sand (such as is used for domestic purposes), after washing it in several waters to remove any soluble or extraneous matter.

WASHBALLS.—Shave thin two pounds of new white soap into about a teacupful of rose water, and then pour as much boiling water on as will soften it. Put into a brass pan a pint of sweet oil, two ounces of oil of almonds, half a pound of spermaceti, and set all over a fire till dissolved. Add the soap, and half an ounce of camphor that has first been reduced to powder by rubbing it in a mortar with a few drops of spirits of wine, or lavender water, or any other scent. Boil ten minutes, and then pour it into a basin, and stir it till quite thick enough to roll up into hard balls, which must then be done as soon as possible. If essence is used, stir it in quickly after it is taken off the fire, that the flavour may not fly off.

SYMPATHETIC INKS.—With a clean pen write on paper with a solution of muriate of cobalt, so diluted with water that the writing, when dry, may be invisible. On gently warming the paper, the writing will appear of a blue or greenish colour, which will disappear again soon after cooling. A solution of muriate of copper in like manner forms a yellow sympathetic ink, and acetate of cobalt a rose or purple. If a landscape be drawn representing in its natural state a winter scene, the paper being overlaid in the places where the foliage should be with the green sympathetic ink, then, on very gently warming the drawing, it will represent summer. Sky and water may be represented with the blue, and standing corn, or the thatch of cottages, with the yellow sympathetic ink.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**Letters for the Editor must in future be addressed to 179, Fleet-street.*

C. A. G., (Ecclestone).—The engraving of the "School Boy" will appear in the pages of our next weekly number so as to admit of being stitched in the part for this month, and of being bound up in the volume.

A Well-Wisher, (Wolverhampton).—You should desire your bookseller to order the PENNY ILLUSTRATED NEWS to be sent down with his London parcel on Tuesday or Wednesday or Thursday. We always go to press on Tuesday morning. If you give such an order, you will be sure of it. The "School Boy" was given away with every copy that week.

J. H. S., (Brighton).—If you desire your bookseller to inquire at his London correspondent in the trade, you will get a much more correct reply than we can give respecting publishers and their prices. We meet your wishes with a portrait of the Royal Duke and a short memoir of his virtuous happy life.

H. C.—You quote the proverb wrong. There is no such saying unless your own, "Necessity makes the man to go;" it is "Need makes the old wife trot." The French and the Italians have one literally the same. "Besoin fait vieille trotter," and "Besoin fa trotter le vecchia." The meaning is plainly the irresistible power of necessity. There is another saying, "money makes the man to go," which we presume has got mixed up in your mind with the former.

D. S.—Sir Robert Peel was in the sixty-third year of his age at the time of his decease. He was tall, stout, not corpulent, of an easy gait, and, if not handsome, his appearance was rather pleasing. He was of fair complexion and wore his hair just as the many pictures of him have displayed.

Hyde Park.—We take no part in the fierce controversy. If the Exhibition of all Nations is to be one half the benefit predicted by its promoters, let Hyde and Regent's Park be sacrificed without remedy. Lord Brougham is an opponent; but this facetious lord would have been easily gained over if appointed a member of the commission. He does not like being left out and overlooked where his peculiar versatility would have found a fitting employment.

PENNY ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

SHORTLY WILL BE PRESENTED GRATUITOUSLY,
A SPLENDID ENGRAVING

OF
THE LOVER,
As described by Shakspeare in his "Seven Ages."

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SERPENT CHARMERS.

THE wisdom of the serpent is an attribute which it has obtained in the East. We, of a cooler climate and a less familiar experience, feel inclined to associate with the vile reptile less respectable ideas. We, in subserviency, to the better knowledge of Africa and Asia, admit that it is cunning in its way, cautious, designing, deep; but we cannot hinder the thought that it is all for one unhallowed purpose the destruction of any living creature that opposes it or that may minister to its appetite. Eve was flattered, befooled, and ruined, through the instrumentality of this creeping thing—

though, at the time of the waste of Eden, Milton says he made his way to Eve,

“not with indented wave
Prone on the ground, as since; but on his rear,
Circular base of rising folds, that tow’rd,
Fold above fold, a sarging mass, his head
Crested aloft, and carbuncles his eyes,
With burnished neck of verdant gold, erect
Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass
Floated redundant.”

Even thus erect, in all the longitude of a May-pole, with every element of vermin beauty, he is to us hyperboreans an unsightly, unseemly, unpleasant beast.

The East is equally fruitful of the strange influences that the

serpent tribe exert, and the equally strange effects of influences on them. It is said that if they fix an eye on an object of prey, the wretched victim flies to the jaws of its destroyer: This ocular fascination if directed to a bird safe on the yielding branch of a tree it will drop within the serpent's fangs. Music is an omnipotent tamer of the most fierce, most famished of the tribe. There is an adder which "stops his ear let the charmer charm never so wisely"—but all, even in their most succumbing attitude, seem to us of the North insidious, tentatious, and destructive.

The Londoners have been astonished by the composure of two Arabians, who, at the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park, have been playing familiarly with these venomous reptiles. They are professed serpent charmers. The old gentleman has been known for fifty years as a most fearless manipulator of the stinging creatures, but the younger one is the principal operator at these our modern public exhibitions.

As it was to be expected, these Arabs tell us they have a very mysterious secret, by the right incantations of which they exercise their marvellous power. According to their account, it is an ancestral piece of knowledge. The tribe to which they belong has transmitted the hidden knowledge, through countless generations, from father to son, so that they are of the whole human race elected to immunity from the bite of this venomous creature.

We leave the myth for their own entertainment, but it must be confessed that the creatures they exhibit perform all the various serpentine evolutions—irritation, rage, and full dire destructive intent—and are again, and in an instant, soothed, mollified, and pleased. Such things, "overcome us like a summer cloud, without our special wonder."

CAPITAL PUNISHMENTS.

IN Bavaria confession must be made by the criminal before the infliction of capital punishment takes place. In Britain execution may follow the decision of the court, though, to the latest moment on the fatal drop, the convict denies his crime with all the solemnity of the confines of another world, adding its force to his asseveration. So great and striking a diversity in the administration of justice has its characteristic effects on the conduct of criminals under trial. Here they feel that falsehood may enable them to escape from the brand which confession would stamp on their memory and on their families, in the fond imagination that many would regard them as the victims of legal technicalities or martyrs of legislative error; but in Germany falsehood saves their lives, and must, to a great extent, blot capital punishments out of the anticipated fate of one daring enough to encounter the trial of the law, by the commission of the more atrocious offences.

But the peculiar mode of trial, and secondary punishments to which the German is exposed to a great extent, assimilate the result to what is more directly attained in England. Lady Duff Gordon, in her preface to Fenerbach's "Remarkable Criminal Trials," says, that very few confess from remorse, some from inability to evade the searching interrogations of the judge, some from indifference to their fate, others from a desire to put an end to a state of anxiety and suspense; but by far the greater number from dislike to the severe discipline and compulsory silence of a Bavarian prison. A criminal after three days' imprisonment confessed. He said, "that he could no longer hold his tongue; that he had been accustomed to social pleasures, and would rather tell all than be condemned to perpetual silence." Such are the ordinary and very operative motives of confession, where confession seals the criminal's fate.

Here is another practical proof of the doctrine in modern jurisprudence that capital punishments are not the bitterest that can be inflicted on sensitive social man. Our great criminals, such as Rush and Maria Manning, by one sudden though fearful plunge in the dark, escape from the retribution that their fellow citizens had an unquestioned right to inflict upon them. They should have been "caged, cribbed, and confined" for life in one unbroken dreary solitude, with the memory of their deeds, like the vulture which eternally devoured the criminal in the ancient mythology, preying on their hearts and wasting them with woe.

THE BROTHERS:

AN HISTORICAL TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER XI.—(Conclusion.)

RETURN we now to Colonel and Lady Falkland, both of whom had received an invitation from Cromwell, on the first morning of the King's trial, to dine at his quarters at Whitehall, with a numerous company of persons of distinction, which invitation they had accepted. Accordingly, about four o'clock in the evening, Cromwell's carriage might have been seen stationed before the residence of Lady Langdon, in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. Presently, the young people were seen to descend the steps in front of the house; Lady Falkland looked transcendently beautiful, oh! more lovely than ever, if possible; her pure countenance shone with the glow of health, and her sylph-like form which, when we first introduced her to the reader, was, perhaps, somewhat too slender, had ripened into the exquisite proportions of womanhood. She was leaning on the arm of her adored husband, and seemed to gaze in his handsome, manly countenance with a degree of admiration mingled with the purest love. Edward, too, was not unmindful of the sweet regards of his angelic wife, for he replied to that look with a smile replete with love and joy.

They had now reached the carriage, into which Edward handed Emma, then, taking his seat beside her, it dashed off in the direction of Charing Cross. On arriving opposite Whitehall, the carriage drew up, and young Falkland became deadly pale, for, in looking out at the carriage window, he perceived the Captain of the Guards, with whom his brother had made an appointment, rapidly crossing the street from the park. He immediately leaped from the carriage, ran and tapped the Captain on his shoulder, and remarked in an under tone:—

"One word, Captain, if you please!"

The Captain immediately turned round, and, recognising Edward, shook him by the hand.

"Captain," continued Colonel Falkland, "excuse my indiscretion, but you were evidently proceeding to General Cromwell's when I accosted you; and may I ask whether the interview which you desired with him had reference to a certain duel?"

"It had, Colonel," responded the Captain gloomily; "but how could you have learned anything of the matter?"

"I was present this morning at the King's trial."

"Indeed! I did not perceive you."

"Probably not, Sir," returned Edward; "I had reasons for evading certain regards."

"You knew all, then?" said the Captain.

"Too well, Sir," replied young Falkland bitterly; "but where—where is my brother?"

"Not far from hence, and it was on his account I had determined to proceed to the General, to inform him of what had occurred, not knowing where you resided; for your brother, Sir, is dying!"

"Dying!" repeated Edward in a tone of anguish.

"Yes, unfortunately, such is the case; but follow me."

"Where is he then, pray?" demanded young Falkland, hastily.

"There," replied the Captain, pointing to a carriage stationed on the opposite side of the street.

Edward slowly followed his guide, and he trembled so violently that his legs could scarcely perform their functions: he had now forgotten all his brother's crimes, and was a prey to the most poignant grief. The Captain mounted the carriage steps, and remarked, in a soft voice:—

"I have complied with your request, Sir Alfred; here is your brother."

"My brother!" repeated a feeble, though still imperious voice, which emanated from the interior of the carriage; "is it indeed Edward Falkland who has come to assist at my dying moments?"

The Captain bowed, alighted from the carriage steps, and motioned Edward to take his place, while he himself retired a few paces, in order not to trouble that sad interview.

"Yes, yes, it is I, brother," said Edward, sobbing, "it is your brother, who implores you to pardon him for any misconduct of which he may be guilty towards you, as he entirely forgives you for your conduct towards him."

Sir Alfred was taciturn for a moment.

"Well, well!" he replied, as though speaking to himself, "these are almost the words I wished to hear from his mouth before expiring, when I requested my generous adversary to fetch him! Well, Sir," he continued in a different tone, and with the most profound bitterness, "the son of Lady Falkland, the daughter of an obscure attorney is at length about to become Sir Edward Falkland by my death! I was desirous of being the first to congratulate you on your newly acquired title—for my end is rapidly approaching—and this is surely the desire of an affectionate brother!"

These words were pronounced in so strange an accent that young Falkland could not suppress a shudder.

"Sir Alfred," observed Edward with grief, "wherefore impute to me sentiments which are so foreign to my heart? Besides, your wound perhaps, is not mortal, and if you will permit me to have you conveyed to Whitehall, I feel confident that General Cromwell will have every care taken of you, and procure the best advice."

Alfred groaned frightfully, and his sufferings must have been most excruciating.

"No, no," he at length murmured, "the night is already too dark for you to perceive; the palar of my cheek, or probe the profundity of my wound! But rest assured that, in a few moments hence, you will be at perfect liberty to appropriate to yourself the heritage. The physician has told me that I may expect every moment to be my last, that no human skill can save me, and I wished to profit by my last moments to behold and to speak to you once more. You doubtless consider that I have been ungrateful towards you, and guilty of the basest actions, but remember that you have not been less so with regard to me, at least, in my opinion. I had only beheld you thrice in my life, I scarcely knew you; you were the son of a woman whom I detested, and whose origin I despised; I had nourished you with my bread and had right to deem you my vassal. Judge then of the efforts I made to, in appearance, treat you with kindness and affection, while I considered you necessary to my projects. Think of the anger I must have felt when I found you were determined to oppose my will and destroy my fondest hopes! That wish which had been the dream of my life, and for which only I cared to live. Yes, yes," he continued, as though suddenly recollecting himself, "there is another; that too, has been snatched from me! What were you, poor serf, to refuse to sacrifice yourself for the welfare of your elder brother? Judge what my feelings must be at this moment, when I am compelled to bequeath to you that fortune and name to which I have not been enabled to add a new lustre by your assistance! You, however, probably feel more particularly aggrieved at my conduct with regard to the Countess Elliott; but are you aware how fondly, how passionately I once loved that angelic being? She spurned my advances with the most sovereign contempt, and that contempt stung my very soul; yes, it almost drove me mad! Despite, however, my ill success, and the apparent indifference I afterwards evinced, I was determined to possess her at any price; hence my reason, in a great measure, for striving to engage you in that dark affair, feeling convinced you would be for ever confined in the Tower, in case of refusal, or have perished in the enterprise. But I have been foiled in every respect!"

These sinister words were accompanied by the most terrible imprecations, and Edward dared not reply, lest he should irritate the already wavering reason of his brother.

"Yes, yes, be happy," resumed the dying man, "Since I shall not be here to witness your happiness; my mansion is not far from hence, you can go and take immediate possession of it; go, too, and instal yourself in Falkland Castle, the vassals know you; they have beheld you their equal and will see you their lord and master. Take my estates and fortune, but with them I bequeath to you the desire of augmenting and the inability to do so!"

He again paused, and the imprecations became more horrible.

"But I had forgotten," he continued in a tone of infernal joy, "that you could not peaceably enjoy your good fortune. You are a prisoner in the Tower; yes, notwithstanding your fine conscience, your path of life is not solely strewn with flowers; you cannot espouse the Countess, for she is condemned as well as you. Yes, yes! although you are heir to the estates, miserable cadet, born for wretchedness, you cannot profit by the chance which protects you, and that consoles me."

Edward remained immovable and silent; for how could he reply to that frightful fit of delirium—for such it was—and shed bitter tears.

At this moment Emma, who had become alarmed at

Edward's prolonged absence, rapidly approached, and, desirous of knowing who Edward's mysterious interlocutor was, she gazed into the carriage, when her regard met the cold and ardent look of the knight.

"Good evening, Miss Elliot," observed Alfred with terrible irony, for, despite the sad state of his mind, he appeared to recognise her; "you are then about to espouse my brother now that I can no longer oppose your union?"

"We are already united," observed Emma, blushing deeply.

"Wedded! wedded!" murmured Sir Alfred. "Would to God I had died before hearing this! No matter," he continued wildly, for his reason was again leaving him, "since a state prison awaits the bridegroom, and a convent the bride!"

He then gave vent to a wild hysterical laugh, whose unearthly sound almost petrified Emma with alarm and horror; she regarded Edward with an expression of the greatest astonishment, for she scarcely knew whether Alfred was sane or insane, but he only replied by a motion of the hand.

"Are you indeed so seriously ill Sir Alfred?" said she, sorrowfully; "we should be so delighted to consecrate our lives to your happiness and welfare, now that we can be happy ourselves!"

"And whither are you going in that splendid equipage?" he demanded, having caught a glimpse of Cromwell's carriage, and without appearing to notice the observations of Lady Falkland.

"We were proceeding to General Cromwell's quarters, having been invited to dine with him," replied Edward mildly.

"Malediction!" exclaimed the dying man; "it is then true that you have gained greater advantage and more favours by your accursed virtue, than I with all my wisdom and experience; like that Jacob of whom my preceptor used to speak to me, you have robbed me of my birth-right! You are about to become rich and powerful; honours and favours will doubtless be lavished on you, and I shall die despised and repulsed by all. Well! adieu J——"

The words expired on his lips, and he could not conclude his malediction: his spirit had fled!

The two young people remained for a moment as though transfixed to the spot, so great was their terror; at length Edward alighted from the carriage step, and, taking Emma by the hand, remarked in a tremulous voice:—

"Come, my love, this is no place for you," then turning towards the Captain, who had remained a few paces distant during that awful scene, asked him to see that the deceased was safely conveyed to his mansion, with which request he complied. Edward then conducted Emma back to the carriage, into which they both stepped, when he requested the coachman to drive back to Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, and having arrived there, desired him to return, and inform General Cromwell of all that had occurred, which would account for their absence.

Such was the wretched end of Sir Alfred Falkland, and little more need be said, save, that after his interment, Colonel and Lady Falkland paid a visit to Bishop Juxon, their kind protector, handsomely remunerated their kind deliverer, Williamson, and having thanked both for the services rendered them, took their leave. They likewise had an interview with General Cromwell, to whom Colonel, now Sir Edward Falkland, signified his intention of resigning his command of the regiment—to which step he was induced partly through a desire to live calm and retired at his castle in Warwickshire after so many sad events, and partly from the displeasure and sorrow he experienced for the death of the King—which was received by the General with the greatest reluctance, for he well knew that it would require months, and perchance years, before the country could be entirely tranquilised, after the momentous events which had so recently, and with such rapid succession, taken place.

A few weeks subsequent to the events just related, Sir Edward and Lady Falkland were comfortably installed in Falkland Castle, whose quaint old halls rang with the joyous shouts of their domestics and tenantry. Yes, that was, indeed, happiness for the young couple to receive the greetings, and tend to the joy and comfort, of the surrounding peasantry, by whom they were so much beloved. Lady Langdon, too, and her charming daughter, were there—they had accompanied them for the purpose of staying awhile—and contributed not a little to the general enjoyment.

Never, perhaps, were two mortals more happy in each other's love; they were blest with two sweet children, a boy and girl, and lived to a good old age; beloved and respected by every one—young, old, rich and poor.



COBHAM HALL.

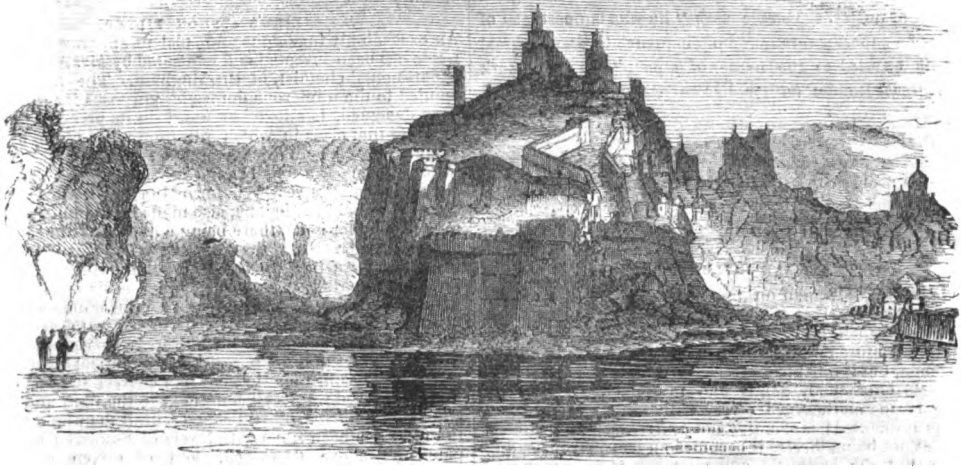
COBHAM HALL, the seat of the Earl Darnley, is about five miles west of Rochester. The village stands on rising ground nearly in the centre of the parish, and the church is on an eminence on the south side of it, from which there is an extensive view. It contains many interesting monuments of the Cobham family, one of so early a date as 1354. In the middle of the chancel there is an altar-monument, on which are two full length effigies, with several children around them, in a kneeling position. This monument was erected to the memory of George Lord Cobham, who had been governor of Calais, and died in 1558, in the reign of Elizabeth. About fifty years ago a Mausoleum of the Doric order was erected in the park for the reception of members of the Darnley family. In 1867 a grant was obtained for holding a weekly market, but it has been long since discontinued.

The present hall is described by Hasted, in his "History of Kent," as a noble and stately building, consisting of a centre and two wings; the former being the work of Inigo Jones, and the latter having been made uniform, cased with brick-work, saashed, and otherwise modernised, about sixty years ago. The park is extensive, but it was formerly much more so, and is finely interspersed with wood and stately trees.

In the fifteenth century the manor and estates of Cobham were in possession of Joan, grand-daughter and heiress of John Lord Cobham. She is said to have been married five times, and one of her husbands was Sir John Oldcastle,

who assumed the title of Cotham. The freedom with which he was disposed to view spiritual matters drew down upon him the bitter spirit of persecution which distinguished the times of Henry V. The clergy charged him with harbouring the Lollards and supporting their opinions, and motives of personal safety induced him to retire to his castle of Cowling, in Kent. Ultimately he was taken and executed, being accused, though apparently on no just grounds, of being concerned in some insurrectionary movements. His widow kept the estates. In 1603, Henry Lord Cobham, with his brother and some others, was accused of having been engaged in Sir Walter Raleigh's conspiracy. The Cobham estates having come into possession of the crown, James I. granted them to the Duke of Lennox, one of his own kinsmen. In 1714 they came by marriage into the possession of an Irish family of the name of Bligh, one of whom, in 1725, was created Earl of Darnley; and Cobham Hall continues to be their seat.

In 1362 a perpetual chantry or college was founded in the parish church by the then Lord of Cobham. At the dissolution it was refounded, and the funds employed in providing a residence for twenty poor persons, with a quarter of an acre of land for each, and a small monthly stipend. The lord of the manor of Cobham names one of the inmates of these houses, who is always the warden; the wardens of Rochester bridge nominate a second, and the neighbouring parishes select the rest of the inmates. In the church are some interesting specimens of tilting armour of the reign of Henry V. (1418—1422.)



BADAJOZ.—VIEW OF THE TOWN, CASTLE, FORTIFICATIONS, &c.

BADAJOZ being the key to all offensive operations by the allies, and to take it was an indispensable preliminary. Yet, how to take it? By regular or irregular operations? For the first, a certain time was required, which, from the experience of former sieges, it was not to be expected that the enemy would allow. What then would have been the result, if thus, year after year, the allies showed they were unable to give battle to their enemies, much less to chase them from the Peninsula? How was it to be expected that England would bear the expense of a protracted warfare, affording no hope of final success. How were the opposition clamours to be replied to in parliament? How were the secret hopes of the continental Governments to be upheld, if the military power of England, Portugal and Spain united, were unable to meet even a portion of the secondary armies of Napoleon, while, with 400,000 men, he stalked a gigantic conqueror over the wastes of Russia? To strike irregularly was then Wellington's only resource. To strike without regard to rules, trusting to the courage of his men and to fortune to bear him through the trial triumphant. Was such a crisis to be neglected by a General who had undertaken on his own judgment to fight the battle of the Peninsula? Was he to give force to the light declamation of the hour, when general officers in England were heard to say, that every defeat of the French was a snare to decoy the British further into Spain. Was he, at such a time to place the probable loss of a few thousand men, more or less, in opposition to such a conjuncture, and by declining the chance offered, show that he despaired of success himself? What if he failed? he would not have been, save the loss of a few men, worse off than if he had not attacked it. In either case, he would have been a baffled General, with a sinking cause. But what if he succeeded? The horizon was bright for the coming glory of England!

"The coming glory of England!" such is the conclusion of Napier's 4th volume of the Peninsular War—has it come yet in the year of grace 1860? Thirty-seven years ago these events were enacted. Has not England, and has not France, has not Spain, and Portugal, and America, and India, and China; has not nearly every nation of Europe and of Asia had similar "glory?" but what has it cost them? Our national debt of 800,000,000*l.*, is but a fraction of what such glory has cost us. We know not how much richer we might have been, if these "glorious wars" had been settled in a different manner. Blood! intelligence! the human fabric built up to be shot at by thousands! Oh! holy religion; where are your voices, ye priests and patriots, are ye all silent? you surely cannot be in 1860; but there is a greater struggle in store yet—it is speaking out in blood and thunder ont he Continent. France and Germany are not asleep; but where is the "coming glory of England," with its millions of debt, and millions of paupers in England, Scotland, and poor unhappy Ireland?

THE ART OF ENGLISH POETRY.

CHAPTER VI.—PECULIARITIES IN RHYME.

THE rhyme must not be too perfect. *Light and delight, vice and advice*, are rhymes, but they are also to the ear simple repetitions. On the principle, where there is identity of sound, though disparity and even opposition in sense, there is no legitimate rhyme. *Leaves*, part of the verb, as *he leaves*, is no rhyme to a tree's *leaves*. This objection is equally applicable to rhymes consisting of words of precisely the same sound as *maid and made, prey and pray*. We subjoin a change in sense and in spelling, yet the rhyme is objectionable:—

"How gaudy fate may be in presents sent,
And creep insensibly by touch or scent."

Of course all compounds of their simples, as *move, remove*, are inadmissible. Dissimilar compounds are in the same category, as *disprove, approve*. In fact, the consonants that commence the rhyme must not be the same in sound.

We have advisedly termed these Essays a help to the mechanical "Art of English Poetry," because the remarks which apply to it have no reference to the principles of German, French, Spanish, or Italian verse. In all of these, but more particularly the three last, in their best poets, we find reiterated use of rhymes by words of the self-same sound, the same spelling, with a variety of signification, and compounds with their simples and compounds with each other. Against such we have protested, in the name of *English* verse.

In some of our best authors a laxity is also observable, which is not to be imitated but avoided. Where a verse (a line) contains its own rhyme—

"I bring fresh show'rs for the thirsty flow'rs."

it is a distinct and bargained for understanding between the poet and his reader: but, as in the following very tender verses, the offence almost cancels their worth:—

"Farewell, she cried, my sister, thou dear part
Thou sweetest part, of my divided heart."

it is a downright jingle, and mars the prettiest sentiment that ever was uttered.

Even Waller, who, Pope says, was so smooth, has a very offensive couplet under this class of abuses:—

"Her passion sways; but their the muse shall raise
Eternal monuments of louder praise."

Had he used the word *reigns* for *sways* the solecism would

have been happily avoided. We thus fence the prerogatives of rhyme against the very great liberties taken with it by many of our correspondents. We do not discourage, we merely warn them, and anxiously wish them success in the great avocation of poetry. Horace says "he who is possessed of genius, of a superior mind, and of eloquence to display great deeds, is entitled to the name of a poet." This remark of the great Roman author has been beautifully verified thus:—

"Creative genius, and the power divine
That warms and melts th' enthusiastic soul,
A pomp and prodigality of phrase,—
These form the poet."

FEMALE INFLUENCE.

THE influence of woman on man is all powerful, for better or for worse. Whether it become an antagonist or a helper, depends as much on the manner in which it is used, as it does on the nature of the influence itself. It must not merely be virtuous, but it must be exercised virtuously (as becometh the female character), gently and indirectly, for its very essence is *maneuverism*. Its very nature and power (which God has implanted) is *winning not controlling*; immediately it aims at not being *direct*, it becomes an usurper, instead of an ally; but the energetic and mistaken woman may well wonder why her influence is not so agreeable and useful to the sovereign she herself dethrones, as is the mild, friendly, and genial sway, the less intellectual but more gentle possesses over her lord. This arises from the relative position of man and wife, which can admit of no other influence than that which nature has constituted, and revelation sanctioned; and punished in the consequences will be that woman who forms any austere and mistaken notions of duty, or from natural disposition, attempts to exercise an influence incompatible with her position as a wife, and her nature as a woman. The experience of all must have led them to observe among their acquaintances the pernicious effects of the one kind of influence, and the joyful consequences of the other. Mr. R. and Mr. S. were both young men of promising talent, pleasing manners, and good temper; they both possessed sufficient energy, and modest confidence, to battle with the difficulties of life, and they were both equally looked up to by their companions as possessing sound opinions, and clever judgments. In short, they were both in the path to virtuous fame. But they married, and mark the difference of their fate. Their wives were both intellectual women, but how different were their dispositions and manners, and how widely different has been their influence on their husbands. Mr. R. retains all the activity and energy of his youth: his face beams with happiness and hope; his heart is light, and his temper unruffled. His commercial enterprises are brilliant with success, for his resolves are never weakened, his intentions thwarted, his hopes never dampened by opposition at his own fireside. His debates in the Senate (to which he has risen) are marked by nobleness of conception, by firmness of purpose, by benevolence of attention, by happy expectations, which bespeak the genial atmosphere in which he lives. The fact is, his home is peace and concord; he never hears there the language of opposition, but only of suggestion; the tone of rebuke and insinuation never ruffles his spirits, and he leaves his house to enter the world of commerce, or the hall of legislation, with all the kindly feelings which the encouragement and confidence and co-operation of a gentle and confiding wife are so eminently calculated to inspire. But how is it now with the equally sensible and deserving Mr. S.? Alas, how despirited he seems! How lost at times in abstraction! With what hesitation he now acts and speaks. How careful, and almost fearful, he is, lest what he says should be opposed. How seldom now are we benefitted by anything from his pen. How seldom invited to hear his once cheerful and instructed converse at his own fireside. How lethargic in business; how fearful of action; and how infirm of purpose; how unsettled and unhappy; and yet this man is still in himself as wise, and amiable, and courageous, and talented as ever; but his wife assumes a direct influence. She unintentionally prostrates him, by vainly endeavouring to raise herself. Her constant opposition to his views creates in him a fear of advancing his own. The contentions that occasionally arise irritate his feelings. He perceives how lightly she estimates him by her constant dissent from his judgment. His spirits are depressed—his

pride wounded—his heart made sad. His love holds contest with his judgment, and as a man (a moral, independent, noble man) he sinks. His wife, in foolishly endeavouring to "make him" (him who was already so nobly made) has undone him.

BIRD'S SYPHON FILTER.

AN exceedingly ingenious and efficient apparatus for filtering water has been invented and registered by Mr. Alfred Bird, an experimental chemist, of Birmingham. The instrument, as applied to the numerous domestic purposes for which it has been designed, is altogether novel in its principle, and belongs to that class in which filtration takes place by ascent. It consists of a cylindrical metallic vessel of great strength, which has an opening all round it at the base. The internal surface of the vessel is formed of two hollow truncated cones of equal dimensions, also made very strong, and united at their smaller ends, there being a free communication from one to another. Into the narrow part of this double cone, which occupies the whole interior of the filter, some finely powdered quartz is compressed by hydraulic power, the crystals, before being powdered, having been boiled successively in nitric acid and caustic potash, in order to destroy their ferruginous and argillaceous matters, which process reduces them to a condition of porosity and chemical neutrality. A layer of the same material, but in a coarser state of division, is then pressed into each cone, next to the first, and after this a layer of a third kind still coarser, until the whole interior of the filter has been filled with layers of powdered quartz, prepared as above described, and of eleven different degrees of fineness, the finest being in the middle, and the coarser ones succeeding each other in order towards the top and bottom of the instrument, where it is coarsest. The intention of this arrangement is, that there shall be a filter for each particle of foreign matter held by the water in a state of mechanical suspension, the smaller ones being stopped by the finer silica, and the larger ones by the more coarse. An elastic tube of gutta percha, or other suitable material, conducts from an orifice in the upper part of the vessel, and hangs down from it in the requisite length, terminating in a tap of electro-silver metal for domestic purposes. The instrument being plunged into a cistern or tank at the smaller elevation of level above that of the tap sufficient to convert the instrument and tube into a syphon, upon suction being produced at the tap, the water of the cistern will pass from the cistern within the vessel, through the powdered silica, up the ascending and down the descending portion of the tube, after having been completely filtered in its passage through. The operation of cleansing is readily performed by inverting the order of detail in the above operation, that is, by putting the instrument on the low, and the metal tap on the high level, the tube having been kept filled with water in the meantime.

USEFUL RECIPES.

(From the Receipt Book for the Million.)

CEMENT FOR BROKEN CHINA.—An excellent cement may be made from a mixture of equal parts of glue, white of an egg, and white lead.

TO CLEAN PAPER HANGINGS.—First blow off the dust with the bellows. Divide a white loaf of eight days old into eight parts. Take the crust into your hand; beginning at the top of the paper, wipe it downwards in the lightest manner with the crumb. Do not cross or go upwards. The dirt of the paper and crumbs will fall together. Observe not to wipe above half a yard at a stroke, and after doing all the upper part, go round again, beginning a little above where you left off. If not done very lightly, the dirt will adhere to the paper. It will look like new if properly done.

TO PROTECT IRON, &c., FROM RUSTING.—This method consists in mixing, with fat oil varnish, four-fifths of well rectified spirits of turpentine. The varnish is to be applied by means of a sponge; the articles varnished in this manner will retain their metallic brilliancy, and never contract any spots of rust. It may be applied to copper, and to the preservation of philosophical instruments; which by being brought into contact with water are liable to lose their splendour, and become tarnished.

BLUEING AND GILDING STEEL.—The mode employed in blueing steel is merely to subject it to heat. The dark blue is produced at a temperature of 600 degrees, the full blue at 500 degrees and the blue at 550 degrees. Steel may be gilded by the following process:—To a solution of the muriate of gold, add nearly as much sulphuric ether; the ether reduces the gold to a metallic state and keeps it in solution, while the

muriatic acid separates, deprived of its gold, and forming a distinct fluid. Put the steel to be gilded into the ether, which speedily evaporates, depositing a coat of gold on the metal by dint of the attraction between them. After the steel has been immersed, it should be dipped into cold water, and the burnisher should be applied, which strengthens its adhesion. Figures, flowers, and all descriptions of ornaments and devices, may be drawn on the steel, by using the ether with a fine camel-hair pencil or writing pen.

TO INLAY MOTHER-O'-PEARL WORK.—Manufacturers, to save time, cut the fragments of pearl into shapes with press-tools. Tortoise-shell is softened by soaking it in hot water—the design arranged, and placed between flat dies, under a heavy press, to remain till the shell is cold and dry. It is thus embedded in the shell. Those vivid colours on paper trays, &c., are fragments of the Aurora shell, pressed in the same way, while the paper is damp, when dry the design is painted, varnished, baked, and polished.

TO MAKE RED SEALING WAX.—Take of well powdered shell-lac two parts, of resin and vermilion, powdered, each one part. Mix them well together, and melt them over a gentle fire, and when the ingredients seem thoroughly incorporated, work the wax into sticks. Where shell-lac cannot be procured, seed-lac may be substituted for it.

The quantity of vermilion may be diminished without any injury to the sealing wax, where it is not required to be of the highest and brightest red colour, and the resin should be of the whitest kind, as that improves the effect of the vermilion.

Black sealing wax is made by substituting the best lamp-black for vermilion.

TO FIX DRAWINGS.—For pencil drawings a thin solution of isinglass answers the purpose. It should be allowed to run over the drawing, or be very carefully applied with a soft camel-hair pencil. For chalk drawings, make a thin solution of size, put it in a flat dish, pass the drawing from one side to the other under the liquid, taking care that the liquid comes in contact with every part of it. The friction of a camel-hair pencil would injure the drawing. When it is completely wetted, fasten it to the edge of the table or to a string, by means of two or three pins, until dry. Crayon or charcoal drawings would be spoiled by this process, and for fixing them the paper should be washed over with a solution of size in the first instance. When quite dry, the surface is in a good state for making the drawing—after which it should be inverted and held horizontally over steam. The steam melts the size, which absorbs the charcoal and crayon, and when it has again become dry the drawing is fixed. This process may be repeated several times during the progress of a drawing, the effect being increased each time.

GILT FRAMES.—The best and safest method of cleaning gilded picture-frames, when soiled by flies and other causes, is the following:—When the gilders have finished laying the gold on a frame, they varnish it all over with a thin coating of very pure gum arabic (dissolved in water), with a camel-hair pencil. Whatever dirt collects is, therefore, on the gum, and not on the surface of the gold, and it may be removed by moistening the gum with a camel-hair brush; any other article would be too rough, and damage the gold underneath. The proper way to do is, after dipping the brush in clean water, to wet a small portion of the frame with it, so as to dissolve all the gum in that part; then wash your brush in the water, and draw it between your finger and thumb, or between the fold of a sponge, to take out the superfluous water. With the brush thus prepared, you may carefully sweep off the gum and dirt together, without injuring the gold. When you have finished the whole frame, let it stand till next day; you must then varnish it all over with a thin coating of the palest gum arabic you can procure, dissolved in clean water, else the gold will neither be protected, nor clean again.

MACCASSOR OIL.—Take of olive oil one pound, oil of origanum one drachm, oil of rosemary one scruple. Mix.

KALYBOE.—Blanch half an ounce of bitter almonds, bruise them in mortar, with five grains of corrosive sublimate, then add half a pint of distilled rose-water gradually, briskly rubbing altogether, and strain through a very fine piece of muslin.

coffee of the shops. He said "It is not for Parliament to interfere with private enterprise as between tradesmen and their customers. *Caveat emptor.*"

E. M., (Birmingham).—This journal is also sold in monthly parts. We quite agree with you regarding the matter which should be inserted, but for a time we are constrained to conform to the tastes of a majority of our readers. "Our address," to which you refer, announced rather what this journal will be than what it now is; but, as you will remark, it is in a state of progress, if not transition, towards the aim with which we set out some months ago, when we published "The Address to our Readers."

T. W., (Thirsk).—Your bookseller should desire his London agent to enquire among his neighbours for the number of this journal with which he neglected to supply you. He may find one in London somewhere.

A. L. (St. Peter).—We have extracted a recipe for "protecting steel from rusting," which will appear this or next week in this paper. It may serve your purpose in some way.

Atlas.—We cannot at present specify the time when the "Lover" will be given to our readers. We gave the "School-boy" not very long ago, and you overestimate our profits if you think we can sustain a close successive fire of expensive gifts. We willingly give our subscribers all we receive from them, and a little more.

Francis.—Have we not told you that an editor, like the chief of a party, must actually follow, while he ostensibly leads, the masses. Old Seneca says, "He deserves praise who considers not what he may do, but what it is becoming in him to do." If you are fond of Latin, here is the original for you—"Id facere laus est quod deceat, non quod licet."

J. G. S.—You will find all your queries replied to in the answers given above to others.

Thesis.—You misunderstand us. We never said that the socialist view of master and servant is a correct one; we merely pointed to the fact that many use their power oppressively. Some are so fond of masterdom, so meanly proud, of possibly a recently acquired position in society, that its worst features are always exhibited in prominent relief. Those who are highly born and well-bred are almost uniformly frank, free, easy, sociable, and kindly to such as depend upon them. As long as Nature causes differences in the species, so long will there be employers and employes; so long will there be higher classes and lower classes. No levelling doctrines, taught and harangued about at meetings of uneducated philosophers, will overturn the natural effect of an Omnipotent cause. The Scotch poet Burns says,

"Rank's but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold for all that."

But he don't mean that unstamped gold is as freely received in the current transactions of society as the gold which is stamped. The man is the gold, but the stamp is the acknowledgement of universal society, that he is of distinguished eminence. You ask "Would Lord Brougham not be as great without his wealth and his title?" You afterwards add, "His accomplishments are his true dignity." The latter answers the former. His accomplishments got him his wealth and his title. Those that are far beneath him in accomplishments may succeed to equal honours; but it would be merely one of those accidents to which all human affairs are so especially obnoxious.

Ergo.—You write of many matters to which on some future occasion we may allude if you refresh our memory. There is a bill now before Parliament for the purpose of enabling a man to marry the sister of his deceased wife; but it is very questionable if that bill will become an act. It appears to us to disturb the feelings, it may be the prejudices, of the nation, and would not confer a franchise on any great number of the Queen's subjects. There is, however, no natural objection to such a marriage. The only objection is one arising from the conventional opinions of our British population.

W. Young.—In America there are none but official titles. Senators are called "the honourable Mr. So and So." In America, however, there is even greater stringency in the matter of rank than in the old monarchies of Europe. In a preceding answer to a correspondent we have shortly defended the opinion we formerly expressed.

P. B., (Norwich).—Tantalus is not the name of a river—it is the name of a man. We may tell you shortly his history. He was a King of Phrygia, who discovered the secrets of the Gods to his fellow men—that is, he was, like Faustus and Galileo, a first-rate chemist, astronomer, and natural philosopher. The poets tell us he was sent to Hades, and there tormented with insatiable hunger and thirst, while he is immersed in water up to the chin, and the branch of a tree of pleasant fruit waves almost within his reach. The legend tells us that when he stoops the water sinks, and when he stretches out his hand in the hope of grasping the fruit, the leafy branch recedes. We have the word "tantalise" from this unhappy monarch.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* Letters for the Editor must in future be addressed to 170, Fleet-street.

S. T.—The phrase you find in the advertisement signifies let the buyer beware. The Chancellor of the Exchequer lately employed it when opposing a motion in the House of Commons, which was designed to prevent the mixing of chicory in the ground



THE PENNY

ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

No. 41.—Vol. I.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1850

{ ONE PENNY.
POST FREE, 2d.



THE NEPAULESE AMBASSADORS—GENERAL JUNG BAHADOOR KOORMAN RANAGEE AND HIS BROTHERS.

On the 25th of last May these illustrious foreigners arrived in Great Britain as an embassy to the Court of St. James's. They, however, have dedicated their time more to pleasure than politics, and are now preparing to return to their mountain

home, after making the tour of the sight-seeing world of Great Britain. Had the aim of this General been a political one, we think a visit to the Governor of India would have been productive of more consequences than can possibly result

from kissing the fingers of Victoria. But they came, they saw, and they are pleased with the wonders of British commerce, art, science, refinement, and national grandeur.

We do not enter into the views which may have suggested this visit. Many years ago, the Nepanleese were coerced into certain measures by the army of India: they may have regarded Britain, as in the map, less powerful than her branch possessions in the Peninsula: determined on knowing whether the strength of the empire lay here or abroad, when an opportunity of invasion should arise, they would be able to calculate the exact powers of the Presidencies. Their purpose may have been one of a more peaceful complexion. They may have come to witness for themselves the omnipotent martial powers, the luxurious refinement, the unparalleled commercial enterprise of the British nation.

The General is a handsome and most intelligent person. He is thirty-two years of age, very dark, with long jet black hair. Although so young, he has been a great and successful warrior. On a former occasion we took an opportunity of referring to the peculiarities of the religious ritual to which the Ambassador and his Suite are vigorous adherents. At the public feasts—such as the Lord Mayor's—which were held in honour of the Nepanleese, they invariably refused any of the luxurious entertainment provided for them. They ate, in a separate apartment, what those of their own religion cooked for them, and afterwards joined the public assembly.

There is no question that our manners and ways must have struck astonishment to these, the natives of another hemisphere. Mr. Addison has given us, in the usual quaint humour of his pen, the opinions of the Ambassador of Bantam, who visited this country in the reign of the second Charles. In his first letter to his sovereign, he says, "one told me on my arrival, that *he should be glad to do me any service that lay in his power*. I desired him to carry one of my portmanteaus for me; but, instead of serving me according to his promise, he laughed, and bid another do it. I lodged the first week at the house of one, who desired me to *think myself at home, and to consider his house as my own*. Accordingly, I the next morning began to knock down one of the walls to let in fresh air, and had packed up some goods of which I intended to make them a present." Very probably the Nepanleese will be equally facetious, when at home, about our national peculiarities.

REVENGE:

OR, REGINALD AND ANGELINA.

AN HISTORICAL TALE OF ROME.

By the Author of "*The Brothers*," an Historical Tale of the Seventeenth Century, &c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

THE COMBAT.

OUR tale commences in those dark ages when tyranny and persecution reigned triumphant, and the privileged few treated the many with such supreme contempt, and persecuted them so unremittingly, that they were frequently driven to desperation, and rose *en masse* to chastise their cruel, despotic masters. When, too, the lordly debauchees deemed it an act of gallantry to dishonour a beauteous and virtuous young wife, or the lovely, artless daughter of one of the lower or middle classes of society. In fine, he would not pause were it an equal, if less powerful; and if perchance a father, brother, husband, or lover, dared raise his voice against the heinousness of the crime, woe to him! The very next morning nothing would be heard of him, otherwise, he would be found basely assassinated in some secluded street, or on the highway, by the hired ruffians of the nobles. It was, however, more especially in Rome and the different Italian States that these atrocities were of such frequent occurrence.

It was during the pontificate of Sixtus V. that a young nobleman, whose name was Reginald Tregaldi, resided in Rome. This young man was extremely handsome—we may

even assert beautiful: his dark limpid eyes shone with unusual brilliancy, his hair was jet black, his nose slightly aquiline, and his countenance open and expressive; in fine, never before, perhaps, had nature been so lavish with her gifts; added to which, he was as brave as a lion. Thus it is not matter of surprise that many were the sweet glances directed at him by the lovely Roman maidens; but his heart had hitherto remained proof against their all-bewitching smiles. He belonged to one of the most illustrious families of Parma, being a cousin of that unfortunate Baptist, John Tregaldi, on whom the iron hand of Gregory XIII. fell with such terrible effect a few years previously. At the period our history commences, several Italian noblemen, true friends of liberty, amongst whom was the Count Tregaldi, were arrested for political offences—as the Pope and his hypocritical Cardinals were pleased to designate them—and dragged before the tribunal; but the judges would never have dared to condemn persons of their rank, and for such a cause, had not a certain agent arrived at the moment when they were consulting relative to the mode of disposing of the accused, and informed the judges, with that brevity of tone which admits of no response, that it was the express desire of the Pope the nobles should be condemned to die. The judges were petrified with horror and alarm; but sentence of death was pronounced.

This cruel judgment produced an indescribable sensation of anger and indignation, the victims being regarded as martyrs to freedom; and it required all the energy and decision of the tyrannical successor of Gregory XIII. to prevent a popular outbreak. This inhuman sentence was not, however, carried into execution with impunity; for Reginald, whom the most devoted friendship attached to his relative, assisted by a considerable number of staunch friends and devoted adherents of the unfortunate nobles, made a desperate effort to release them from the gripe of their executioners.

Early in the morning of the day on which the execution was to take place, these brave young men, to the number of from ninety to a hundred—the flower of the Italian nobility, had assembled in an obscure dwelling, which was situated in one of the most narrow, tortuous, and deserted streets of Rome, near to the entrance of which the gallows had been erected. Reginald was unanimously declared the leader of this chosen band, from his known valour and devoted attachment to the sacred cause of liberty. He, therefore, suggested, that one of the party should reconnoitre, and bring intelligence when the procession was advancing to the place of execution. Accordingly, one of the band was despatched, and in the mean time, each prepared, armed to the teeth, for the approaching conflict.

Scarcely had they made preparations when the messenger abruptly entered the room and informed them that the *cortege* was advancing.

"Now, my brave friends!" exclaimed Reginald enthusiastically, "we will sell our lives dearly; bitterly shall the tyrants rue this day! Forward!" he continued, rushing out of the house, followed by the whole band, "forward! and death to the tyrants! Yes, we will teach them that tyranny and persecution shall not always predominate, although supported by foreign brigands!"

The moment they arrived at the end of the street the procession had reached the foot of the scaffold. Not in the least undaunted on perceiving that the condemned were escorted by a whole battalion of Swiss guards, they rushed on with redoubled fury. Astounded by the audacity of this handful of assailants, the guards were panic struck. Terror spread from soldier to soldier like an electric spark. Consternation was visible on every face, the alarm was universal, and the brave, compact little band, profiting by the confusion, dealt death in every direction. Suddenly a pause ensued, for, at that moment, our hero had contrived to reach the captain of the guards, with whom he engaged in deadly strife. Yes, there was a pause, and nothing was heard at that awful moment, save the clashing of the swords of the opposing chiefs; for it seemed as though the issue of the conflict, despite the advantage gained by Reginald's band, depended on the superior skill of either chief. It was a terrific hand-to-hand encounter, and both were equally brave; it was, however, of short duration, for, taking advantage of a false step made by his opponent, Reginald gave a vigorous thrust, and buried his sword to the hilt in the body of the captain, when he fell a corpse at his feet. A terrible shout of joy now rose in the air from the whole band, on perceiving that their leader had slain the captain of the Swiss guards; but alas! when fortune appeared to have crowned them with success, the guards were reinforced by another battalion. Nevertheless, their courage increased with the impending danger

and, forming themselves into a square, they braved the enemy's legions with the greatest intrepidity; but, being reinforced, and having recovered themselves from their momentary dismay, the guards, in their turn, fought furiously, and the carnage became horrible. Each soldier, seizing one of Reginald's band, left not his hold until the cry of death, proclaiming his triumph, caused him to pass to another victim. At length, the phalanx was broken, and the entire band almost annihilated.

Thus, despite the heroic resistance of that chosen few, the unfortunate patriots were dragged to the scaffold by the Swiss guards and hanged amidst the hootings and execrations of the lower classes of society, while the middle class preserved a sullen silence: that taciturnity was, however, more dangerous in reality than the wild shouts and gesticulations of the rabble; for beneath that seeming apathy it was easy to perceive the scowl of indignation and hatred, engendered by the horrible tyranny and persecution under which they were writhing, and to which they had been reduced by the aid of foreign bayonets. Poor Rome! once the envy and admiration of the world. Alas! thou art scarcely a remove from the period of which we write. What! in the nineteenth century tyranny is still upheld by the aid of foreign bayonets, and the accursed inquisition permitted to be brought into requisition, to gratify the caprice of a vacillating old man, and his hypocritical, despotic, merciless cardinals, who, beneath the garb of religion, are guilty of the most atrocious acts of tyranny and persecution, as we have seen by the recent treatment of Dr. Achilli and numberless others, a list of whose names would occupy too much space. God grant that this horrible state of affairs may not be of long duration, for it is heart-rending to contemplate! Yes, the idea of persecuting persons who are adverse to their hypocritical, fantastic persuasion, is infamous, atrocious!

But to return to our story. The greater part of those who had not fallen in the conflict were secured and hanged, and our hero only avoided a similar fate by escaping, with a solitary companion, to Ultranto castle, which belonged to a wealthy uncle of his, and was situated near Parma. The name of this young man was Antonino, whose father was the Pope's apothecary. Antonino was the most eccentric character imaginable but beneath that frivolous exterior was concealed one of those vigorous diluted minds which never bend under any yoke; he was, too, handsome as an Apollo.

CHAPTER II.

A MIDNIGHT ENCOUNTER.

It was in the evening of the third day after the events recorded in the preceding chapter that the Chevalier Aladino was seated in front of his strongly-fortified castle, on a wooden form, whose back was the antique wall. He was engaged in earnest conversation with several of his vassals, who were armed to the teeth, for, at this time, every noble trained, paid, and fed, a certain number of daring, robust young men, for the purpose of repelling any unforeseen attack or encroachment of his lordly neighbour. The whole exterior of the Chevalier Aladino indicated that he could not have been more than forty-five or six years of age, although, at the same time, a certain gravity of countenance and a few wrinkles that furrowed his high, open forehead, showed that his life had not always been passed in repose and pleasure, but frequently in the perilous exercises of the chase, or other dangers, perchance more real, and certainly more glorious. His eyes, short bushy hair, moustache, and beard, were all of an auburn colour; his teeth were magnificent, his figure noble and regular; a certain expression of sweetness predominated over a shade of *hauteur*, and his well-proportioned frame announced great strength: such was the physical portrait of the Chevalier Aladino, uncle of our hero, Reginald Tregaldi.

The appearance of the eight or ten individuals who were conversing with their master, was at once frank and soldier-like. One only was distinguishable from the others, as much by his costume as his arms, which were similar to those of the Chevalier. His name was Valentino; he was the son of a respectable tradesman in the neighbourhood, and the Chevalier's lieutenant. Although not precisely the flower of gentlemen, he was not to be despised. He was a most irritable character, hence it was that he had plunged into so many turmoils and quarrels, from which, however, he had invariably contrived to escape, if not without glory, at least without a stain on his honour. He had led a strange life, principally roaming in the surrounding forests and fastnesses, with the parents of death continually at his feet, but always rendering a good account of those who approached too closely, otherwise harming no one. At length, the outlaw had found in the Chevalier a powerful protector, who, in return con-

sidered Valentino a most valuable acquisition. With regard to his appearance, little need be said; he was one of those fine military-looking men on whom a uniform is exhibited to the best advantage, and his age was about thirty.

The castle was constructed with Gothic magnificence, upon the summit of a lofty, dangerous rock. Its high towers still frowned in proud sublimity, and the vastness of the pile stood in record of the ancient influence and importance of its possessors. The rock was surrounded by a deep moat, over which were two drawbridges, one on the north side the other on the east. That on the north conducted to the front of the castle, where the proprietor and his band had assembled, that on the east to a small watch-tower, which, however, was always drawn back. In short, it was so defended by nature and art, as to be almost impregnable.

Although the Chevalier was accustomed to the magnificent landscape which presented itself to his view, he could not repress a murmur of admiration at this moment, for the scene was truly enchanting. So far as the eye could reach, scarcely anything was perceptible save rich verdant plains, interspersed with dense woods and forests. The sun, too, was rapidly declining, while its brilliant rays shed a soft, rich lustre o'er all around.

For the last few moments, a solemn silence had been preserved which was now interrupted by the Lieutenant.

"What think you honour of the approaching danger?" he remarked, addressing the Chevalier.

"I think very little of it Valentino, unless it be that we shall give the wretches a warm reception should they dare attempt to carry their infamous design into execution," was the reply.

This allusion was made to a certain Count Montralto, whose castle was situated about a league from that of the Chevalier. The name of the Count was a terror to the surrounding inhabitants; his sanguinary band was composed of the most desperate brigands from all parts of Italy, men who had escaped from the hands of justice after having been condemned to the galleys for the worst of crimes, and who found in the Count a powerful protector.

And let it not be presumed that the universal hatred which this demon in human form inspired in every breast was unjust; no, independent of the misdeeds and insults of his satellites, the conduct of the Count was even more infamous and base. If, perchance, any widow, wife, or daughter of the surrounding district, struck his fancy; woe to poverty! Dishonour, and, frequently, even worse was the recompense of those charms which had captivated him.

His last fancy was the lovely, and only daughter of the Chevalier himself, whom he had a short time previously beheld in her hunting costume, accompanied by her father and several of his attendants in the chase. He had subsequently been heard to speak of her surpassing beauty, and boast of his intention of carrying her from the paternal roof, which had reached the ears of the Chevalier, as also the night on which the attempt was to be made; hence the remark made by Valentino. This, however, was not known to the Count, for he well knew the men with whom he had to deal; but he hoped to take them by surprise.

At this moment two horsemen were descried in the distance, galloping towards the castle, and every eye gazed steadfastly in that direction.

"Who can they be?" observed the Chevalier, "they ride as though the devil was at their heels."

"They bode no good, I fear," said one of the band.

The travellers had now arrived within a hundred paces of the castle, and all were silently watching them approach; suddenly this taciturnity was interrupted by a voice exclaiming:—

"It is my cousin Reginald."

It was the sweet melodious voice of the Chevalier's daughter, who for some short time had been standing on the terrace in front of the castle, attended by her maid, a lovely young girl, about nineteen years of age, who was the house-keeper's daughter, and had almost from infancy been the companion of the beautiful Juliana, her young mistress.

Scarcely had the words died on the lips of the young girl when the travellers drew up in front of the castle, and dismounted from their foaming steeds. Yes, they were our hero and his companion, just arrived from Rome.

"Welcome, welcome, my nephew!" cried the Chevalier, fondly pressing the young man to his breast; "and you too, Sir," he continued, addressing Valentino, "welcome to the Castle of Ultranto."

The horses were given to one of the attendants, who led them to the stable, and the Chevalier, accompanied by his young friends, entered the castle, after having given some

instructions to the Lieutenant. Scarcely had they entered when the beauteous Juliana came skipping along the hall, to meet her father and his guests; Reginald caught her in his arms, and imprinted a kiss on her fine polished forehead, whose whiteness would have rivalled the drifted snow. It would be difficult to imagine, and still more so to delineate, the irreproachable features of that angelic being, and the divine expression with which they were animated. It will be sufficient to state, that her hair was black, fine, and glossy as silk, and exquisitely adjusted; her large, dark, sparkling eyes seemed sufficiently penetrating to pierce the inmost soul, and the alight shade of carnation which was perceptible on her lovely cheeks rendered her truly enchanting. The first transport of joy over, she was introduced to Antonino, whom her surpassing loveliness had completely bewildered; he, however, contrived to suppress his emotion, and gallantly saluted her; but during that short moment she had already made a profound impression on the handsome stranger; he, too, had doubtless produced a somewhat similar effect on the young girl, for she blushed deeply.

They now proceeded along the hall, and arrived at a flight of steps, where a page was standing, who conducted them to the first storey and into a spacious room, where the supper was already laid. But let us now leave them for a moment, with the page in attendance, to partake of their repast, and follow the Lieutenant who, with his companions in arms, had entered an immense apartment on the ground floor, in the centre of which was a large oak table, or form, at whose head the worthy housekeeper was already seated, and which was covered with plates, dishes, jugs, and glasses: from the ceiling above was suspended a lamp, which shed a faint light over all below. At a sign from the matron each seated himself at the table; the Lieutenant took his seat on the right of the old lady, whilst her daughter sat on the left, and many a sly, loving glance was exchanged between Valentino and Jeannetti, such was the name of the young girl.

For a few moments after they had seated themselves at table not a word was pronounced by any one; presently, however, the house-keeper observed in a low, agitated tone:—

To be continued.



STERNE'S MARIA.

STERNE is still unrivalled. Fielding, Smollett, Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray are great; but the author of "The Sentimental Journey," and of "Tristram Shandy," is alone in his walk of quaint plaintive sedate humour.

The story of Maria is a sad sorrowful episode in the tale, She, poor girl, has a blighted heart,

"Her words are loose
As heaps of sand; and scatt'ring wide from hence."
"She hems and beats her breast,
Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense."

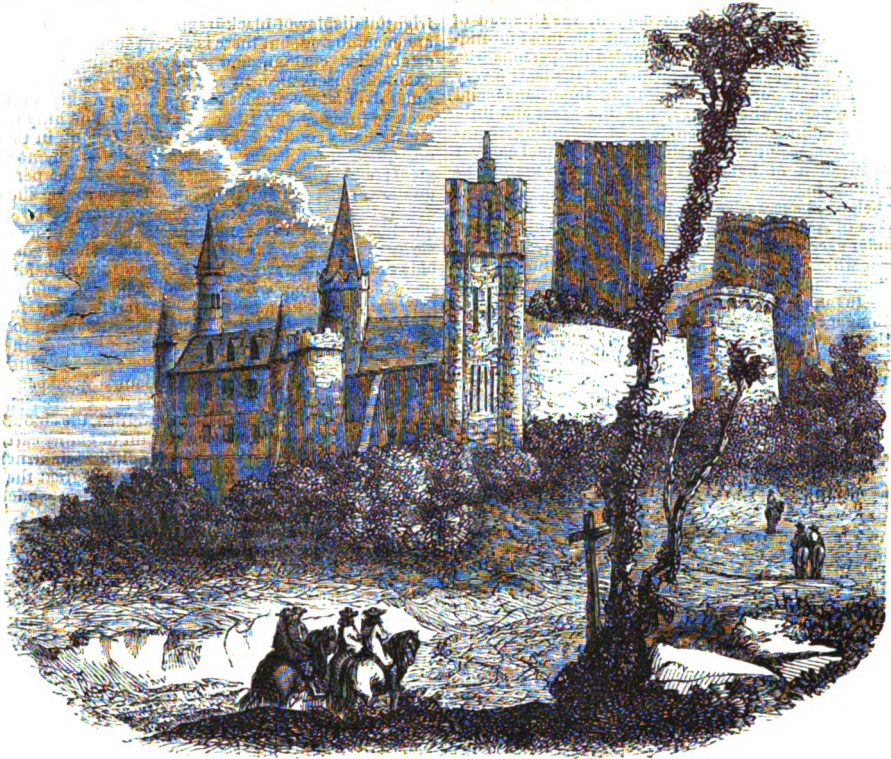
The author tells us that on his way to Moulins, at a little opening in the road leading to a thicket, "I discovered Maria seated under a poplar—she was sitting with her elbow

on her lap, and her head leaning on one side, within her hand; a small brook ran at the foot of the tree."

"She was dressed in white and her hair hung loose. Her goat had been as faithless as her lover: and she had got a little dog in lieu of him, which she had kept tied by a string to her girdle."

Here our artist has sketched this French Mary the Maid of the Inn.

"Adieu! poor luckless maiden! (says the graceful artist) imbibe the oil and wine which the compassion of a stranger, as he journeyeth on his way, now pours into thy wounds—the Being who has twice bruised thee (by the loss of thy lover and thy parent) can only bind them up for ever."



THE CHATEAU OF LOCHES.

At the entrance of that fine and smiling Touraine, which has long borne the title of the *Garden of France*, we meet with the Chateau of Loches, which is connected with such great historical reminiscences. The foundation of this chateau dates in the earliest times of the French monarchy. It is built on the summit of a somewhat lofty hill, whence the view extends over the whole town of Loches, and whence we perceive vast parties, forming a magnificent carpet of verdure, watered by the river Indre, and bounded in the distance by a luxuriant amphitheatre of forests. The rocks, which shut in the prairies on each side, are like shadows thrown into the picture to heighten all its bright beauties.

The Chateau of Loches was enclosed by two loop-holed walls, of about two metres in thickness. These walls were flanked by ramparts and ditches, and commanded by platforms furnished with heavy arbalests.

The principle entrance was protected by four outer turrets, and by a drawbridge, *a bascule*. These being passed, you found yourself beneath a spacious arch, closed by a second gate with a portcullis. On the platform of the vault were a *corps de garde* and sentinels (*quériles*); and the approach to this entrance of the chateau was still farther protected by *machecoulis*, which were arranged around the platform. A covered way extended from the principal entrance to the fort Saint Ours.

The most remarkable portion of the chateau was the donjon, which rose majestically above all the rest of the edifice. "It is very difficult to fix the date of the fine donjon, which is still to be seen and admired here. Some learned antiquaries, however, have attributed this remarkable building to Foulques Nerra, Count of Anjou, in the former half of the eleventh century, although, by its character, full of eloquence, and by its contre-forts, ornamented with cylindrical half-columns, it seems rather to belong to the twelfth century, a period at which military architecture was already considerably advanced.

"The donjon still rises a hundred and twenty feet above the ground. It may be divided into two parts, viz., a principal entrance tower, in the form of an oblong square, being about twenty-five metres from east to west, and about fourteen metres from north to south; and, secondly, another tower, also oblong, but much smaller, which leans against the first, and serves as an out-work.

"This out-work, or addition to the principal body of the

donjon, was at first of the same height as that. At present it is rather less elevated; its dimensions are about half those of the principal tower, for it is thirteen metres by seven. It may be considered as the vestibule of the donjon.

"On entering this second tower we notice the vestiges of a staircase, the steps of which, no longer remaining there, rested upon a double wall, in which were formed arched passages. That staircase, which received light from very small windows, terminated spirally near a door corresponding to the first story of the great donjon; it served, at the same time, to give access to a spacious chamber, the pavement of which rested upon an arch of stone. This chamber was provided with a great chimney, placed between two windows, the openings of which were visible on the outside.

"On the second story there was a chapel, the altar of which was placed in a niche at the eastern extremity. A third room, which is no longer in existence, was over this oratory.

"The principal body of the donjon had only the door that opened at the height of the staircase in the northern wall. A corridor, formed in the thickness of the same wall, extended itself into the eastern wall, and terminated below the floor of the first storey. It was by a narrow issue at the top of the staircase that entrance was obtained into the great hall on the ground floor—so much pains had, for what reason is unknown, been taken to render the access to that hall difficult.

"The entire height of the donjon was divided into four parts by three floorings. The various storeys which were thus formed were reached by means of little staircases winding very rapidly, and formed in the thickness of the walls.

"The windows, which were very numerous, were all considerably widened inward, but presented only extremely narrow openings on the exterior. It was to be remarked, however, that on each floor there was one window wider than the others, which, according to all appearance, was intended to give admittance to munitions, provisions, and all that was necessary for the supply of the fortress, such articles being hoisted up by means of pulleys.

"At the upper part of the building projecting beams of wood supported a sort of balcony or footway, also of wood. This addition to the building must have been very useful in case of attack, as affording facility for hurling down stones, or other projectiles, upon the assailants."

Thanks to its lofty ramparts, its deep moats, its high walls, its loop-holed towers, its drawbridges, its iron portcullises,

its *machecoulis*, its covered ways, its double range of fortifications, and, especially, its gigantic donjon, the Chateau of Loches, was, beyond contradiction, one of the most formidable fortresses in the kingdom. It afforded the persons who inhabited it, if not an agreeable residence, at the least a very secure retreat. Such fortresses had their importance and their utility at a period when kings, like the great and little feudal lords, were incessantly occupied in defending themselves, in the absence of the English, than in mutual combat for the gratification of hate or rivalry, or even merely to keep their hands in.

Having belonged successively to the king of the first race, to the Dukes of Aquitaine, and to the Courts of Anjou, this fortress, under each of its possessors, was the scene of those events of war which feudal disorder rendered so numerous in France. Being included in the confiscations put in force by Philip Augustus upon the King of England, John Lackland, at the commencement of the thirteenth century, it was attached to the crown of France; but to hoist the flag of the Lilies there it was necessary to subdue it by force of arms. A serf, the son of French serfs, of the name of Girard, who had, with his good sword, cut his way to a captaincy, and who held the chateau in the name of the widow of Richard-Cœur de Lion, to whom this chateau had been given, refused to yield it up, and for a long time defended it with obstinate courage against the troops of the King of France.

THE ANGLO SAXONS.

IN 1620 the Anglo-Saxon race numbered about six million, and was confined to England, Wales, and Scotland; and the combination of which it is the result was not then more than half perfected, for neither Wales nor Scotland was half-Saxonised at the time. Now it numbers 60,000,000 of human beings, planted upon all the islands and continents of the earth, and increasing everywhere by an intense ratio of progression. It is fast absorbing or displacing all the sluggish races or barbarous tribes of men that have occupied the continents of America, Africa, Asia, and the islands of the ocean. If no great physical revolution supervene to check its propagation, it will number 800,000,000 of human beings in less than 150 years from the present time—all speaking the same language, centred to the same literature and religion, and exhibiting all its inherent and inalienable characteristics. Thus the population of the earth is fast becoming Anglo-Saxonised by blood. But the English language is more self-expansive and aggressive than the blood of that race. When a community begins to speak the English language it is half-Saxonised, even if not a drop of the Anglo-Saxon blood runs in its veins. Ireland was never colonised from England, like North America or Australia, but nearly the whole of its 7,000,000 or 8,000,000 already speak the English language, which is the preparatory state to its being entirely absorbed into the Anglo-Saxon race, as one of its most vigorous and useful elements. Everywhere the English language is gaining upon the languages of the earth, and preparing those who speak for this absorption. The young generation of the East Indies is learning it; and it is probable that within fifty years 65,000,000 of human beings of the Asiatic race will speak the language on that continent. So it is in the United States. About 50,000 emigrants from Germany and other countries of Continental Europe are arriving in this country every year. Perhaps they cannot speak a word of English when they first land on those shores; but in the course of a few years they master the language to some extent. Their children sit upon the same benches in the common schools with those of native Americans, and become, as they grow up and diffuse themselves among the rest of the population, completely Anglo-Saxonised. Thus the race is fast occupying, and subduing to its genius, all the continents and islands of the earth.

FUNERALS.

THE custom has long existed, of getting up a great display in trappings of woe, as though persons really took delight in making the most of a melancholy occurrence, and were resolved to render everybody about them as gloomy as possible. It seems to us that the ostentatious display we speak of is not only uncalled for, but that sound sense, good taste, and propriety, are violated by such worldly vanity. It would be better if, instead of making a gloomy parade of death, we were to endeavour to render its aspect less appalling. Why not introduce at funerals the use of flowers? would there be any impropriety in adopting white roses for funeral emblems as well as for hymeneal? Supposing they were to be used in decorating the pall, either in garlands or rosettes, the effect would be both suitable and pleasing. Let the white rose denote the corpse of the unmarried, and the orange blossom the

married. We might further suggest a diminution in the frightful display of black trappings with which the mourners are encumbered, but there is always such a dread of infringing established custom, and so strong a prejudice in favour of external observance in the getting up and performances of funerals, that we almost fear we are Quixotic in attempting even to propose any improvements. The only persons unquestionably entitled to a display of pomp in their funeral obsequies are those who have rendered themselves really great; and when the deceased is a private person utterly unknown, it seems almost a mockery to make such person's death the occasion of a pageant. It may be reasonably questioned whether a funeral display is any proof of the sincerity of friends in the matter, besides which, good taste forbids that private sorrows should be blazoned before the public eyes. Hence it is, that all who can afford the extra expense, prefer the use of a coach in attending funerals, to the exposure of parading through the streets on foot, and yet these very people will not scruple to render the *cortège* a sight to be stared at by the imposing effects of plumes, velvet trappings, and characteristic attendants. What can the drivers of the coach and hearse care about the deceased that they should wear cloaks and scarfs, as well as the mourners, and what meaning can there be in a train of empty carriages with the servants of the proprietors attending as mourners in their masters' stead? The absurdity seems so great that it would almost excite a doubt whether such a strange mode of showing respect was entitled to any credit for sincerity, inasmuch as a mere semblance of grief by deputy looks very like an apology for the want of it.

TALENT AND TACT.

TALENT is serious, sober, grave, and respectable—talent is a that and more too. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch. It is the interpreter of all riddles; the surmounter of all difficulties. It is useful in all places and at all times. It is useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way through the world. Talent is power; tact is skill. Talent is weight; tact is momentum. Talent knows what to do; tact knows how to do it. Talent makes a man respectable; tact makes a man respected. Talent is wealth; tact is ready money. For all the practical purposes of life, tact carries it against talent ten to one.

THE RADIANT APPARITION.

MR. BURKE, in his "Anecdotes of the Aristocracy," tells the following singular incident in the life of the Marquis of Londonderry (Lord Castlereagh), the ill-fated minister of George the third, and lastly of George the fourth. Nearly fifty years ago, his Lordship was, for the first time, on a visit to a gentleman in the north of Ireland. The mansion was such a one as spectres are fabled to inhabit. The apartment, also, which was appropriated to Lord Castlereagh, was calculated to foster such a tone of feeling, from its antique appointments; from the dark and richly-carved panels of its wainscot; from its yawning width and height of chimney, looking like the open entrance to a tomb, of which the surrounding ornaments appeared to form the sculptures and entablature; from the portraits of grim men and severe-eyed women, arrayed in orderly procession along the walls, and scowling a contemptuous enmity against the degenerate invader of their gloomy bowers and venerable halls; and from the vast, dusky, ponderous, and complicated draperies that concealed the windows, and hung with the gloomy grandeur of funeral trappings about the hearse-like piece of furniture that was destined for his bed. Lord Castlereagh examined his chamber; he made himself acquainted with the forms and faces of the ancient possessors of the mansion, as they sat upright in their ebony frames to receive his salutation; and then, after dismissing his valet, he retired to bed. His candles had not long been extinguished when he perceived a light gleaming on the draperies of the lofty canopy over his head. Conscious that there was no fire in the grate—that the curtains were closed—that the chamber had been in perfect darkness but a few minutes before, he supposed that some intruder must have accidentally entered his apartment; and, turning hastily round to the side from which the light proceeded, saw, to his infinite astonishment, not the form of any human visitor, but the figure of a fair boy, who seemed to be garmented in rays of mild and tempered glory, which beamed palely from his slender form, like the faint light of the declining moon, and rendered the objects which were nearest to him dimly and indistinctly visible. The spirit stood at some short distance from the side of the bed. Certain that his own faculties were not deceiving him, but suspecting he might be imposed on by the ingenuity of some of the numerous

guests who were then visiting in the same house, Lord Castlereagh proceeded towards the figure,—it retreated before him:—as he slowly advanced, the form with equal paces slowly retired:—it entered the gloomy arch of the capacious chimney, and then sunk into the earth. Lord Castlereagh returned to his bed, but not to rest; his mind was harassed by the consideration of the extraordinary event which had occurred to him.—Was it real? Was it the work of imagination?—Was it the result of imposture?—It was all incomprehensible.

WATCHFULNESS.

Thou comest when the fading day
Hath its deep shadows cast before
Far on the rocky shore;
When one faint star is in the sky,
And from some mountain peak or distant isle
Flashes a sudden ray,
Like the bard's check at midnight, or a smile
From beauty's eyes when love alone is nigh.

Thou broodest o'er the waves
When sleep and silence, as a fetter's fold,
Bow down the strong and bold;
Thou from the pilot's helm or dizzy mast,
Thine own and honour's lofty pinnacle,
Dost mark the coral caves
Where lurks a foe more fatal than the blast
In Ocean's pearly shell.

Thou wakest when the bond
Of mind and flesh their weary wrappings close.
Earth's Pilgrim seeks repose
From vital pain, from scorn perchance more dread;
And in thy pitying eye
Shines the redeeming angel Charity,
Lingering and weeping o'er another's woes,
Companioning the dead.

Softly thy whisper'd words
Breathe from a curtain'd chamber vast and proud,
Its queenly mistress o'er her harp-strings bow'd,
Is she not passing fair?
Yet o'er the lonely chords
She tires the stars, she wakes before the morn
For one who fleeth and returneth not—
Hark! as a ringing shot
Thrilling the breathless heart that listeneth there,
A call like some sweet bird's, a silvery horn
Sounds from the turret stair.
Ah, fond and secret bride,
Taught is the lesson—love to pain allied.

T'by gentle footsteps fall
Noiseless as sorrow's tear, where faint and dim
Young eyelids close beneath the mother's hymn.
A glimmering light steals o'er the whiten'd wall,
And fitful shadows, like to cherub wings,
Her trembling soul dismay.
Yet still to hope she clings,
Steaming the torrent's strength that bears her all
Battling alone, the death foe from his prey.
Sleep, drooping flowers, the fearful clouds arise,
To break in sunny smile from morning skies.

Art thou victorious still,
Angel of peace, earth sees thee worn and spent,
Pale is thy saintlike brow with sorrow bent,
Save where the grief-drops leave their crimson stain.
Far o'er a lonely mount that doleful cry,
"Father, oh hear me yet, if such thy will,
Might but this cup pass by,"
Saddeneth the fearful night of mortal pain.
And none may tread with thee the weary way,
Alone to suffer, and alone to pray,
These the eternal words of love and power—
"Sleeper, could'st thou not watch with me one hour?"

MARIAN.

USEFUL RECIPES.

(From Dippel's Receipt Book for the Million.)

CLEANING BOOKS AND PRINTS.—The worm and moths are inveterate spoilers of books. They are attracted by the paste used for binding, but where alum is used in the paste the vermin are not so numerous. Russia leather will keep them away, and as all libraries now contain Russia bindings, the evil is lessened. Still, there is little protection for boarded books, except a few Russia shavings. Ink spots may be removed from books or prints, by citric or oxalic acid dissolved in water, and carefully applied with a hair pencil. Cleaning or restoring prints had better be left to a professed artist in those matters; but oil or grease may be removed by carefully softening the spot by heat, and taking up as much of the oil

as blotting paper with the heated blade of a knife over it will absorb; after which apply spirits of turpentine with a hair pencil, and the original whiteness of the paper may be restored by spirits of wine in half its quantity of ether.

TO DYE STRAW AND CHIP BONNETS BLACK.—Boil them in strong logwood liquor three or four hours, occasionally adding copperas, and taking the bonnets out to cool in the air, and this must be continued for some hours. Let the bonnets remain in the liquor all night, and the next morning take them out, dry them in the air, and brush them with a soft brush. Lastly, rub them inside and out with a sponge moistened with oil, and then send them to be blocked.

TO CLEAN GOLD LACE AND EMBROIDERY.—For this purpose alkaline liquors are not to be used, for while the clean gold they corrode the silk, and change or discharge the colour. Soap also alters the shade, and even the species of certain colours. But spirits of wine may be used without any danger of its injuring either colour or quality—in many cases proving as effectual for restoring the lustre of gold as the corrosive detergents. But though spirits of wine is the most innocent material employed for this purpose, it is not in all cases proper. The golden covering may be in some parts worn off, or the base metal, with which it has been alloyed, may be corroded by the air, so as to leave the particles of gold disunited; while the silver underneath, tarnished to a yellow hue, may continue a tolerable colour to the whole; it is then apparent that the removal of the tarnish would be prejudicial, and make the lace or embroidery less like gold than it was before.

TO DYE GLOVES.—Leather gloves may be dyed to resemble York tan, Limerick, &c., by the following method:—Steep saffron in boiling soft water for about twelve hours; sew up the tops of the gloves, to prevent staining the insides, and then wet them with a sponge or soft brush dipped in the above liquid. The quantity of saffron must be varied according to the colour required.

TO FLOWER MIGNONETTE DURING WINTER AND SPRING.—To flower in November sow August the 10th. To flower in January and throughout February, sow August the 25th. To flower in March, April, and May, sow September the 5th. Sow in forty-eight sized pots, with their bottoms safely drained in a compost of two-fourths mellow loam, one-fourth leaf mould, and one-fourth clean sand. Plunge in frames within a foot of the glass, give the frame a good elevation, and thin the plants out to six or seven in a pot. Give all the air possible when not frosty, but mat up well in severe weather. It is advisable to stop the middle shoot from the two latter sowings. At all times, except when flowering, give water with caution.

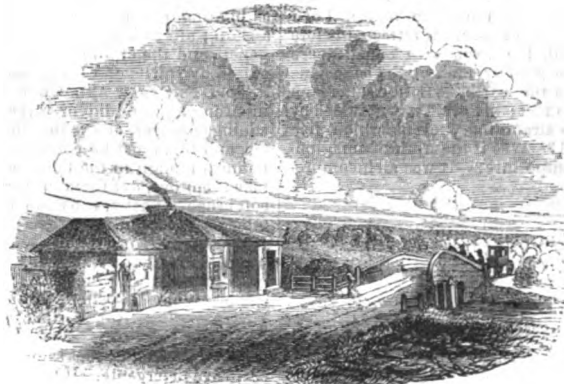
MANAGEMENT OF FLOWERS IN ROOMS.—Few flowers last longer than twenty-four hours in water. Some may be revived by changing the water, but nearly all may be restored by being placed in hot water, deep enough to cover about one-third of the stem. By the time the water has become cold, the flowers will have become reset and fresh; then cut off the end of the stem, and put them into cold water. A few grains of salt dropped into the water in which flowers are kept, likewise tends to preserve them from fading.

To preserve flowers throughout the winter, pluck them when half blown, and put them in a close covered earthen vessel, dipping them, with the stalks downwards, in equal quantities of water and verjuice, mixed, sprinkled with a small portion of bay salt. The vessel must be kept closed, in a warm place, and, on the coldest day in winter, if the flowers are taken out, washed in fair water, and held before a gentle fire, they will open as if in their usual bloom.

To encourage the flowering of bulbous roots, take three ounces of nitre, one ounce of salt, half an ounce of potash, half an ounce of sugar, and dissolve them in one pint of rain-water. Keep the glasses near the fire, and change the water daily, each time putting in about half a teaspoonful of this mixture.

The time to put bulbous roots in glasses is from September to November, and the earliest ones will begin blowing about Christmas. The glasses should be blue, as that colour best suits the roots. Keep them moderately warm, and near to the light. A parlour window is a very common place for them, but is often too warm, brings on the plants too early, and causes them to be weakly.

Flowers in water, and living plants in pots, greatly injure the purity of the air during the night. On this account they should never be kept in bed-rooms; there are instances of persons who have incautiously gone to sleep in a close room, in which there has been a large growing plant, having been found dead in the morning, as effectually as if there had been a charcoal stove in the room.



GRETHA GREEN TOLL-BAR.

THIS celebrated scene of clandestine marriages, situated in Dumfries-shire, near the mouth of the river Esk, nine miles north-west from Carlisle, is thus described by Pennant:—"At a short distance from the bridge is the little village of Gretna, the resort of all amorous couples, whose union the prudence of parents or guardians prohibits. Here the young pair may be instantly united by a fisherman, a joiner, or a blacksmith, who marry from two guineas a job to a dram of whiskey. But the price is generally adjusted by the information of the postillions from Carlisle, who are in the pay of one or other of the above worthies; but even the drivers, in case of necessity, have been known to undertake the sacerdotal office. This place is distinguished from afar by a small plantation of firs, the Cyprian grove of the place, a sort of landmark for fugitive lovers. As I had a great desire to see the high priest, by stratagem I succeeded. He appeared in the form of a fisherman, a stout fellow in a blue coat, rolling round his solemn chops a quid of tobacco of no common size. One of our party was supposed to come to explore the coast; we questioned him about the price, which, after eyeing us attentively, he left to our honour. The church of Scotland does what it can to prevent these clandestine matches, but in vain; for these infamous couplers despise the fulfilment of the Kirk, and excommunication is the only penalty it can inflict." The first person that twined the bands of Hymen at famed

Gretna, is supposed to have been a man named Scott, who resided at the Rigg, a few miles from the village, about the year 1750. He was accounted a shrewd crafty fellow, and little more is known of him. George Gordon, an old soldier, started up as his successor, and after him came the noted Joseph Paisley, who first obtained the name of the "blacksmith," allusive to Vulcan's employment as the celestial priest of matrimony. On more than one occasion he earned the handsome fee of one hundred guineas. Lord Westmoreland, Lord Deerbury, and one or two others, paid fully that sum, and many of the inferior fees were so large that the "priest," had he been prudent, might have lived merrily and yet died rich. But he liked his bottle too well for that, and the same remark applies to his successors. After the decease of old Joseph Paisley, the field lay more open for competition in the trade, and at present there are, we believe, two or more rival practitioners at Gretna. The marriage of Lord Westmoreland with the great heiress of Mr. Child, the banker, is remembered for one circumstance. The fugitive pair being closely pursued, and nearly overtaken, when within a few miles of "the border," the Earl, to gain a start of ten minutes, drew a pistol and shot the leading horse of Mr. Child's carriage. The eldest daughter of this Gretna wedding, Lady Sophia Fane, inherited the great fortune of her grandfather, including Child's bank, at Temple-bar, and having married Lord Jersey, became mother of the Lady Adela Ibbetson.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*. Letters for the Editor must in future be addressed to 170, Fleet-street.

A. *Joiner Clerk*.—You should conform with the rules of the bank. It is not imperative on you to exhibit your book, still it enables the officials to satisfy themselves of the regularity of the affairs of the establishment, and depositors should afford them the facilities they require.

N. W.—You will find we had anticipated your advice—the drawing has been in hand for a week. We never saw your manuscript.

X. C. M. W.—Your questions should be put to a professed attorney. We, however, always understood that where no purpose of deception was designed in assuming the father's name no penalty was incurred. We know a family, consisting of three brothers (legitimate), who each has a different surname. The patronomic of the family is G—; the oldest is Mr. W—, the second is Mr. R—, and the youngest is Mr. G—. They are the undisturbed possessors of large fortunes. Any one dying intestate, without legal heirs, leaves his property to the Crown. You should ask the *Weekly Chronicle* their opinion. We think they have a lawyer on their staff.

G. H.—The Exhibition of 1851 will be opened on the 1st of May. We understand the building will be finished before the close of this year.

Question.—You do not believe that gas can be employed in cooking? We do. Have you not heard of the cooking of the master joint at the late agricultural meeting and dinner at Exeter? The weight of the joint was 335 lbs. It was roasted by gas. The apparatus was placed in the centre of the castle yard to enable the crowd to witness the operation; it rested on a dripping-pan with bricks all around, surrounded with 216 jets of gas. It took five hours to roast, consuming only 700 feet of gas, at a cost of four shillings and sixpence. Had gas been at the contemplated price of four shillings a thousand cubic feet, the charge for roasting this huge joint would have been only two shillings and ninepence. This fact will, we think, begot belief in you. It was a well-known matter long ago, that if the price of gas was lowered many household applications of it would come into play. Mr. Clegg, in giving his evidence before a committee of the house of Commons, said, "that four shillings was the turning point at which people would cook by gas instead of coals. Some cook," he said, "at seven shillings, but at four everybody would employ it."

A. Z.—The term Jacobite, which you find in a religious treatise, does not refer to the parties referred to every day in our novels. The Jacobite of the novelist is a partisan of James the Second. The Jacobite of the theologian is a heretic of an early age, deriving his name from Jacob, a Syrian enthusiast.

D. W.—Knight signifies a servant. There is no degradation in the term. A Minister also signifies one who serves; but Lord John Russell, in effect, rules. There is no such title among the Romans. *Equus* we translate into Knight; but it means a man on horseback. We cannot tell you how many Knights there are—they are very numerous.

Woolwich.—You are evidently scholar enough to know that Zeno was the chief of the Stoics. Perhaps you are less hypocritical in saying you can see no connection in the word Zeno and Stok. There is none; the latter word means a porch, and is employed to designate the sect, because the great philosopher taught in a common porch, in the city of Athens. We should all be Stoics, but, as Sancho says, "we are just as we were born, and some of us a little worse."

A. Peelite.—We do not object to having monumental testimonials in Latin. The English of William the Conqueror is altogether unintelligible; but the Latin of Tully is still the language, to a letter, in this the nineteenth century. The Saxon is a sore study to many, when a Latin sentence occurs in their grotesque orthography one feels relieved from perplexity. Our English may not be readable five centuries hence, but Latin is enshrined, and cannot be altered. Alteration is branded as error; so hedged and guarded is that classical tongue.

PENNY ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

ON AUGUST 31, WILL BE PRESENTED, GRATUITOUSLY,
A SPLENDID ENGRAVING

OF
THE LOVER,
As described by Shakspeare in his "Seven Ages."

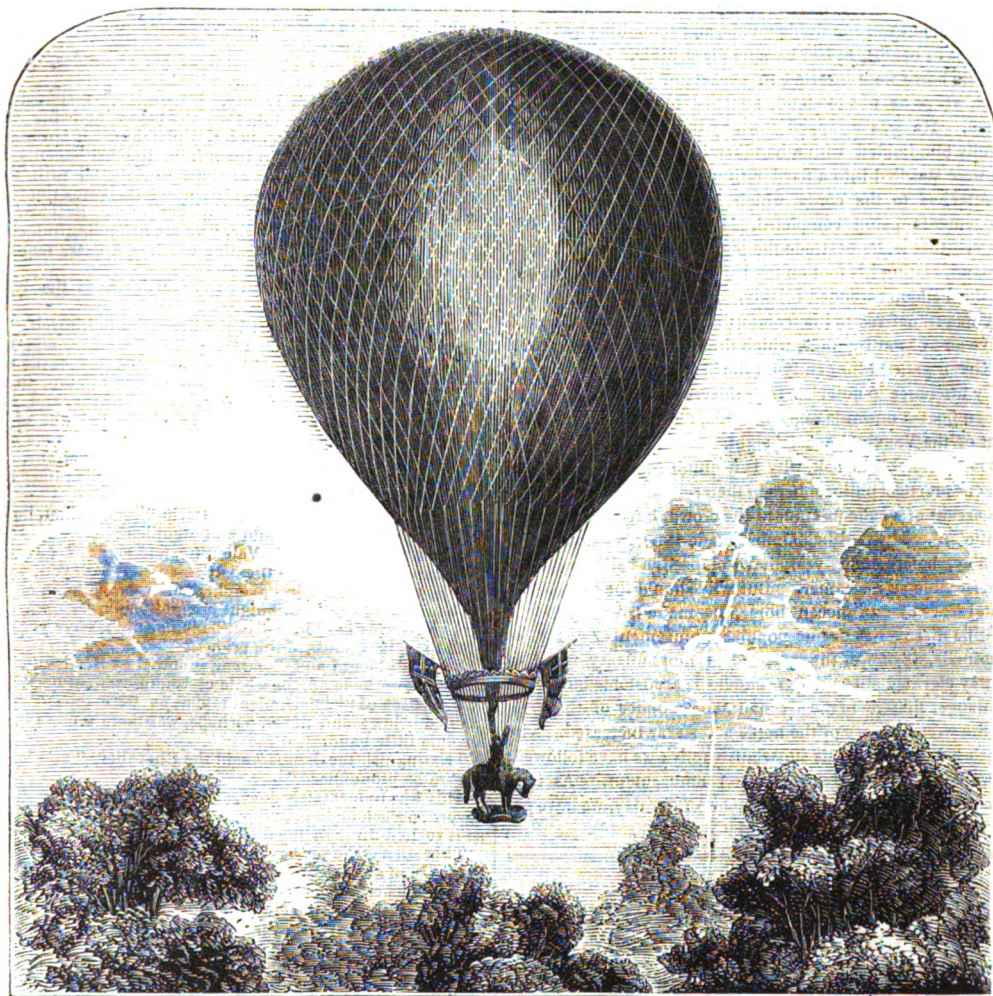
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THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED NEWS

No. 42.—Vol. I.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1850.

{ ONE PENNY.
} POST FREE, 2d.



AERIAL EQUESTRIANISM.

THE supply of dangerous adventures proves that there is a popular demand for them. The fearful conflicts between the gladiator and the untamed beast of the forest, which the Roman classics so vividly portray, and the barbarous bull-baiting, still a national sport of the Spaniard, have been standards for British abuse and British execration. How much better are we now than the martial Roman and the sleepy Spaniard?

Ascents by balloons have been signalised by dangers and disasters innumerable. Every ascent is of the most problematical safety. The dauntless aeronaut knows well that death may ensue from the best arranged machinery with which he may have provided himself. But our illustration this week proves that the public taste is wearied with the hitherto comparative bloodlessness of these exhibitions, and that a new element of danger, the restiveness of the horse,

stimulated by an unwonted attitude, must be added to the unenumerated casualties of an ascent among the fickle winds of heaven and its thunder-charged clouds.

"When on their march embattled clouds appear
What formidable gloom their faces wear!
How wide their front! How deep and black their rear!"

A society instituted for the prevention of cruelty to *animals* made an application to the magistrate of the district to save the *horse* from the Phaeton-like fate that awaited the "Flying Dutchman" of the car. Why did they not include the reasoning animal that was to bestride him? Let *Green* take his chance, but apply the conservative law to *Gaffer*. We subjoin an account of the novel exploit.

This "extraordinary novelty in aerostation" was announced to take place at Vauxhall Gardens on Wednesday week. The crowd was excessive, the interest displayed profound. "Where is the horse" was the universal cry. A microscopic horse, weighing about two hundred pounds, and something less than three feet in height, at last became discernible. The feet of this little horse were inserted in sockets of the wicker work basket, where he was to stand, attached to the hoop of the balloon. He was strapped down by the fetlocks. He was carefully blindfolded with a handkerchief, and his head and neck were steadied into a fixed attitude by a sort of nautical reef attached to the cords which held the balloon. The arrangements being completed, Mr. Green mounted his charger—that is, he bestrode the pigmy Pegasus like a Colossus—and, resting his foot on the ballast bags, gave the order, and the balloon ascended briskly. Although it appeared the pony was transfixed to his comfortless post, yet he managed to give an awkward plunge, which threatened a tragical result. Mr. Green patted him gently on the back, and probably used kindly utterance to quiet his truly miserable underling. The balloon floated onwards and upwards, until a cloud received it out of the Vauxhall gazers' sight.

It is reasonable to ask, why is a dumb animal associated with our practical philosophers in their scientific experiments? The ascent of a balloon amuses the crowd, but it also informs the student. Mr. Bell has almost made it a messenger, and, probably, before many years have elapsed, a balloon will be as serviceable as a steamer. But why should the nerves, the mental fears of an innocent horse, be made tributary to our scientific discoveries or our popular amusements? He, of all animals, is one of the foot, and is most uneasy when in any way elevated above the ground he is accustomed to tread. The danger thereby to the aeronaut, the wonder of the mob, and the wretchedness of the horse are so far increased. The French led the way to this superlative folly: we have followed; but we won't receive it as a national amusement. As it is probably the last aerial equestrianism of our day, we have put it in the hands of our artist.

REVENGE:

OR, REGINALD AND ANGELINA.

AN HISTORICAL TALE OF ROME.

By the Author of "*The Brothers*," an Historical Tale of the Seventeenth Century, &c. &c.

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

"Do you think, Valentino, that these brigands—for they are no better—will make their atrocity as attempt?"

"I do, indeed, Dame Velasco," returned the Lieutenant, "but we will make them repent their temerity."

"At what hour do you suppose they will arrive?"

"About midnight, no doubt, for they will presume all here are soundly sleeping; but, thank God, we have been informed of their infamous design."

"Great God! what wretches, what monsters!" exclaimed Dame Velasco, indignantly; "surely the judgment of heaven will one day overtake them?"

"It strikes me that it will to-night," said Valentino, warmly, placing his hand on the hilt of his sword, "for the tyrant is not likely to lose his prey without a desperate effort."

This conversation was suddenly interrupted by the abrupt entrance of the Chevalier, followed by his guests.

"Yourself and daughter can now leave," observed the Chevalier, addressing the old lady; "my daughter has already retired, and desires you will follow her to her apartment: she is greatly alarmed, and may require your attendance."

We will leave the reader to divine the rage and indignation the young men felt on hearing of the Count's infamous project; the Chevalier, too, was scarcely less indignant on hearing the cause of their unexpected arrival from the Eternal—the more appropriate designation would be Infernal, City.

"Now, my brave fellows," continued the Count, "let the drawbridge remain in its present position, for it will lead our enemies to suppose that we are still ignorant of their designs, and render them less cautious; see, however, Valentino, that the entrance-door be double barred and securely barricaded, for the ruffians will, doubtless, fight desperately when we have once laid a few of their comrades dead at their feet, which we shall be able to do from the loop-holes and battlements before we are even recognised."

Valentino, assisted by several of his comrades, quickly barred and barricaded the door.

"Our force numbers twenty, I perceive," resumed the Chevalier, "ten of whom must remain below and fire from the grated window and loop-holes, whilst the other ten ascend to the tower and fire upon them from the battlements and ramparts; we shall thus be enabled to contend with them with a degree of success, notwithstanding their superior force, which will, doubtless, far outnumber ours. Besides," he continued, in an animated tone, "we are defending innocence and virtue from the contaminating touch of a base, remorseless villain!"

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed every voice, "death to the tyrant and his vile brigands!"

"Base villain!" murmured the Chevalier to himself, "I'll tear thy wicked heart from that polluted carcass, and spill thy life's best blood. What! dare to attack my castle with thy hired ruffians, in the dead of night, and attempt to rob me of my only child, the sole consolation left me, and without whom life were as a desert. God! the thought of her falling into the hands of that demon almost drives me mad. But no, it cannot be: 'twould be too monstrous, too atrocious, and I would brave a thousand deaths rather than it should be so."

Then, by a desperate effort, mastering his emotion, he observed in a tone at once calm and dignified:—

"You, my nephew, with Valentino, and eight of our brave little band, will mount to the battlements. I, with you, young friend, and the remaining eight, will remain here, and no time must be lost, for midnight is rapidly approaching. Conceal yourselves behind the battlements, and reserve your fire until they have crossed the bridge."

Reginald bowed and departed, followed by the Lieutenant and eight of the band, the whole of whom were armed with a rifle, a brace of pistols, and a rapier, as were those who remained below; and never, perhaps, was there a more brave, resolute little band.

"Extinguish the lamps," said the Chevalier, "and let not a word be pronounced."

This was immediately done, and the most death-like silence ensued, occasionally interrupted by the moaning of the wind, as it rushed through the different loop-holes.

This silence, however, was not of long duration, for after the lapse of a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes the sound of footsteps crossing the bridge was distinctly heard.

"Hark! they approach," murmured the host.

"Yes, I hear them crossing the bridge," whispered Antonino.

"I see them," added one of the band, who was peeping through a loop-hole; "they cannot be less than thirty or forty, and approach cautiously."

"Now, my lads," resumed the Chevalier in a low but animated tone, "let us to business, and we will teach those brigands to remain within their own territories."

At this moment a loud crash was heard, like to a heavy blow of some ponderous machine against the entrance-door, which made the old halls ring; then, quick as the lightning flash after the last peal of thunder, the heavy roll of a volley of musketry from the ramparts, which was as quickly followed by the dying shrieks of several of the assailants, the whole of whom were completely dumbfounded by this unexpected attack. The Chevalier and his men now poured forth their fire from the grated window and loop-holes, with terri-

ble effect and precision. Despite, however, the horrible havoc made in their ranks, at the head of which was the terrible Count himself, they rallied and redoubled their efforts to gain ingress to the castle, during which time the firing was maintained by the assailed with the same deadly precision; it was, too, briskly returned by the besiegers, but without effect. They had, however, nearly forced an entrance, when young Antonino, throwing aside his musket, dashed to the door with sword in one hand and a pistol in the other, followed by the Chevalier and his men. The first he encountered was quickly disposed of by shooting him through the heart with the pistol he held in his left hand; the second was the Count's Lieutenant, whom he immediately engaged in a terrific hand-to-hand encounter, and by this time the confusion and uproar were horrible; for, at this moment, Reginald arrived with his party, when the assailants were quickly driven back. But they combated desperately and disputed every inch of ground with the greatest animosity. They now fought hand to hand in a gloomy silence, which was only interrupted by the clashing of sword against sword, the dull sound of the inanimate bodies as they fell prostrate on the ground, and the terrible shout that occasionally rose from the Chevalier's little band, which fell like a death-knell on the ears of the assailants, who were compelled to give way by degrees.

During this horrible *mêlée* the Chevalier had several times sought his hated enemy, but in vain; at length he perceived him striving to rally a number of his men, who were on the point of fleeing, as they presumed, over the bridge; but what was their dismay when they perceived that the bridge was drawn back! The most frightful tumult ensued, and horrible imprecations were showered on the head of their leader for having conducted them into so terrible an enterprise without due reflection and precaution. They had, however, but little time for giving vent to their fury. At that moment the Chevalier, followed by our hero and several others, dashed up to the group and commenced the work of death. The Chevalier sprang before the Count, exclaiming in a terrible voice:—

"Defend thyself coward, tyrant, robber! I'll teach thee to carry off innocent and defenceless females, assassinate mothers and fathers for raising their voices against thy infernal deeds, and attack the dwellings of peaceable people in the dead of night! Defend thyself, I say, villain!"

Their glaives crossed each other,—an equal fury animated the combatants. The worthy Chevalier displayed his superior skill and heroic intrepidity, and nothing could resist his formidable blows. Yes, it was a terrible spectacle, for each countenance seemed to glow with the most implacable hatred! that of the villainous Count appeared truly diabolical, and their eyes glared on each other with the ferocity of wild beasts. The Count, too, had at this moment received a wound in the left side, which, although not mortal, was excruciatingly painful, and rendered him furious. Foaming with rage and pain, he made a desperate lunge at the Chevalier, which the latter skilfully evaded by stepping aside, at the same moment he gave a vigorous thrust and pierced the Count through the heart, who fell dead at his feet. Both the Chief and his Lieutenant were now slain, the former by the Chevalier and the latter by Antonino, and those who had not fallen cried for quarter, which was immediately granted; the vanquishers deeming them mere tools of their late tyrannical master. Accordingly, the bridge was let back and the survivors permitted to carry off their dead and wounded. The Chevalier, Reginald, and Antonino, had now met near the entrance door and were congratulating each other on their signal victory, when a cry from behind struck upon their ears, and the next moment the beautiful Juliana rushed into the arms of her father, half dead with terror.

"Father, dear father!" she murmured in a faint voice, whilst the tears rapidly coursed each other down her lovely cheeks, "I would not, could not, remain in my chamber longer, when every moment might have been your last. Oh! no, the thought of your being sacrificed by those wicked men filled me with grief and dismay, and I had resolved to save you or perish in the attempt."

"Courageous girl, my own dear child!" cried the Chevalier, clasping her to his bosom; "but it was extremely rash on thy part, my daughter."

But, without appearing to notice the remarks of her father, she continued, fondly placing her arms round his neck:—

"But have you sustained any injury, dear father?"

"Not the slightest, my child, thank God. But you, my nephew," he continued, addressing Reginald, "how have you fared?"

"Admirably, uncle," answered Reginald gaily, "consider-

ing what desperate brigands we had to deal with, and thank God, that I and my friend Antonino arrived so opportunely; for, thanks to the skill and courage of your little band, added to our assistance, we have given the villains so terrible a lesson, that they will not easily forget it."

"Thou art right, my brave boy," said the Chevalier. "And you, my young friend," he continued, turning to Antonino, "have received no injury, I trust?"

"A slight wound in the arm only, sir Chevalier," replied the young man, smiling.

But the palor of his cheek appeared to belie his words, which was doubtless perceived by Aladino, for he quietly disengaged himself from the fond embrace of his angelic daughter, approached Antonino, and examined his wound. It was a terrible gash, the sword of the Count's Lieutenant had passed through the fleshy part of his arm between the elbow and shoulder, and the pain must have been most excruciating. Nevertheless, his handsome countenance betrayed no symptoms of weakness, and a sweet smile played on his lips as he gazed on the lovely being, whose look appeared replete with commiseration and—love; yes, a holy and divine love, her first and only love! As Antonino's fond, steadfast gaze met the eye of the young girl, she trembled violently. The dazzling beauty of his features equalled the majesty of his mien. He was more perfect than an ancient model, and something more than fancy ever dreamt of, or enthusiasm ever painted to itself. We need not, therefore, feel surprised that he had made a profound and lasting impression on the heart of the sweet girl.

"You must seek Dame Velasco," resumed the Chevalier, "she is very skilful in matters of surgery; and, unhappily, she will have sufficient to occupy her for some time."

"Oh, yes," added Juliana in a tone of solicitude, "go sir, go, she will dress your wound."

"Now, my child," observed Aladino, "you must retire to rest, for this is no place for you, and you require repose."

The young girl then embraced her father, gracefully saluted the young men, and retired, doubtless to dream of the handsome stranger.

They now entered the room on the ground floor, followed by the baid, many of whom were wounded, and some severely. The worthy housekeeper soon dressed the wounds of the sufferers, administered to their wants, and prepared their beds, when each bade the other good night and retired to rest.

CHAPTER III.

THE DECLARATION OF LOVE.

On the following day the news of the defeat of the accursed baron and the death of their formidable Chief spread through the whole district with the velocity of lightning, and was hailed with delight, for the Count was as much, and as universally hated and feared as the Chevalier was beloved and respected.

It was near midnight of the third day after the attack on the castle, that Antonino might have been seen standing on the terrace of the castle with his arm in a sling, and silently gazing on the scene around; the first time, too, he had left his chamber since the night on which they arrived from Rome. The night was beautiful and serene, fleecy clouds floated on the horizon, and the moon's full orb, in cloudless majesty, hung high in the air. Exquisite harmony, borne on the wings of the tranquil air, floated in varying murmurs: it sometimes died away, and then again, swelling louder in melodious undulations, softened to enrapture the listening ear. The young man suddenly turned himself round as though to seek from whence those enchanting sounds emanated, but no object struck his view; he, however, fancied they came from the other end of the terrace, and resolved to ascertain whether such was the case, by proceeding thither. Accordingly, he slowly bent his steps in that direction, when the sound ceased; he paused and wondered who it could be at that hour of the night; for he had presumed all, save himself, were soundly sleeping. It was, too, in opposition to the wishes of Dame Velasco that he had issued from his apartment; but the love-sick swain could not sleep, and he thought that the refreshing breeze of the night air would cool his feverish brain. Again the sound broke upon his ear; the solemn strain particularly engaged his attention, and he again advanced, when he soon heard the sweet voice of a female performing the midnight hymn to the virgin, and accompanied by a lute, which was touched with the most affecting and delicate expression. Oh, what bliss! what rapture! he now beheld the beautiful Juliana: he stood for a moment entranced, and scarcely daring to breathe lest he

should lose a note of that meek and holy strain which seemed to flow from a devotion almost saintly. She had been seated on the parapet of the terrace, from which she now rose. The glow of devotion still shone upon her angelic countenance as she raised her eyes, and with a sweet smile fixed them on the heavens. She still held in her hand the lute, but no longer drew from it those enchanting strains, and appeared lost to everything around. Her magnificent tresses played on her neck and around her beautiful countenance; the light drapery of her attire, her whole figure, air, and attitude, were such as might have been copied for a nymph.

Antonino was greatly perplexed and agitated, between the

desire of pleading his love and the fear of intruding, at so sacred an hour, upon her retirement; but, while he thus hesitated, he heard her sigh, and then, with a sweetness peculiar to her accent, pronounce his name. During the trembling anxiety with which he listened to what might follow the mention of his name the young girl turned round, and they found themselves face to face. She stood for a moment as though transfixed to the spot, so great was her agitation and astonishment on beholding the handsome stranger, and her countenance changed to an ashy paleness.

(To be continued.)



CHOISY LE ROI.

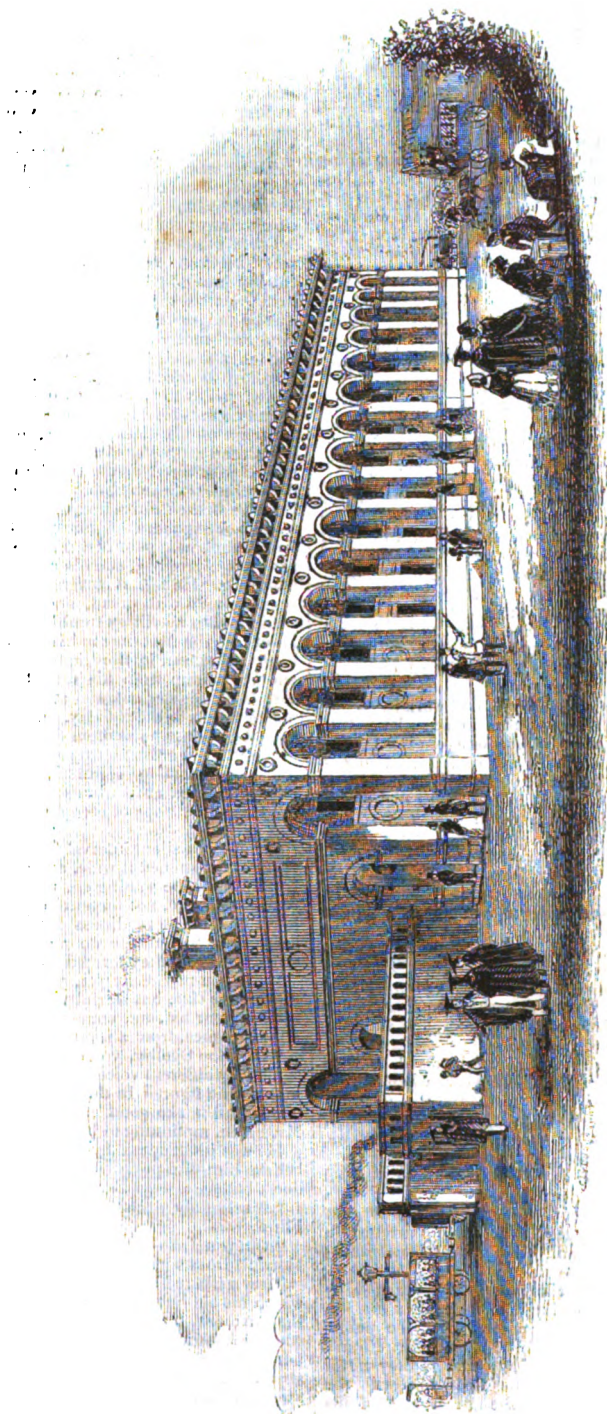
THE Chateau of Choisy was situated at two leagues to the south-east of Paris, in the village of the same name. It was built about the year 1764, by Mademoiselle de Montpensier, the *grande Demoiselle*, as she was styled by her contemporaries—the grand-daughter of Henry IV., daughter of Gaston d'Orleans, niece of Louis XIII., and cousin-germane of Louis XIV.

Placed upon the banks of the Seine, amidst plantations of trees of every description, surrounded by numerous walks and avenues of yews, willows, and poplars, her new residence was in perfect harmony with the suffering state of her heart. Le Notre, whom she sent for to consult with her on the very spot, that he might give her some advice relative to the laying

out of the park, and the arrangement of the buildings which were to be added to it, was of opinion that all the plantations should be cut down, as he alleged that they obstructed the walks and avenues, and made them too dark. But those leaves, with their luxuriant foliage, those bower-like walks, and that semi-obscurity which were so distasteful to Le Notre, were, on the contrary, extremely congenial to the situation and feelings of Mademoiselle. And accordingly she dismissed the great architect of Louis XIV. to draw his straight lines and stiff squares in the gardens of Versailles, and fully resolved to subject her fairy domain to no plans but those which she had herself formed. Built in exact accordance with her own ideas, the Chateau de Choisy was,

during her whole life, the object of her dearest predilections. Looking upon it as the production of her own genius, she felt for it the affection of a mother for her child. She was continually adding some new ornament to it; she would even have it

bear her name, and thus it was that it was always called *Choisy-Mademoiselle*, until the time of Louis XV., when it changed to *Choisy Le Roi*.—*Mysteries of the Old Castles of France*.



CAMBRIDGE STATION OF THE EASTERN COUNTIES' RAILWAY.

SKELLIG NIGHT.

BY FRANCIS O'SULLIVAN.

Old maids and bachelors, and it was the case in all ages, are undeservedly held to ridicule, by young people, who omit no opportunity of informing them that a dutiful obligation is neglected. These hints are always acutely felt, let the individual feel ever so happy in celibacy, or should the motives for disregarding parental obedience be even praiseworthy. A useles member of society, who injures no one, scarcely meets with general censure; but all ranks, without distinction, seem to join in the uproar against the wight, who, exiled from matrimony, is sure to defraud a second individual of those comforts auxiliary to domestic happiness. Dreading that they are to be similarly wronged, by permitting such an avaricious tendency to extend itself throughout the community, the young in particular lift up their voices against the old bachelor or maid, for the purpose of warning their own circle of the unpopularity arising from this callous neglect. In addition to the jargon of abuse, they also describe the fictitious modes of punishment or places of durance, as the final consequence of determined obduracy; but as the purgatory varies according to the custom of every nation, we shall here be content with selecting one of moderate antiquity, from the usages of Southern Ireland.

The Skelligs are insular rocks situated in the Atlantic Ocean, a few leagues distant from the coast of Kerry. They are bleak, barren, and precipitous, and remind the spectator, even when the surrounding waters are hushed to a smooth and gurgling swell, of some place of banishment, where the convicts are to be excluded for ever from worldly intercourse. When viewed at sunset by the sea, if nothing disturb the silence, the mind actually thrills with dread to behold sublimity of prospect and depth of exclusion so awfully blended together; but when the ocean rises in its rage, they sink their dark heads nearly to the white foam; and though their bases are perdurably fixed, to the dizzy sight they seem to tumble about playfully in the huge billows, that break into vast fields resembling snow, rise high into the air, and descend upon the hollow-sounding rocks like thundering cataracts.

This is the place selected by young persons, and admitted for the sake of good old custom by those advanced in life, as the retreat of individuals who eschew the married state. Thither they are said to repair, when fully resolved upon celibacy, where a certain penance is also inflicted on them, so that idleness should not endanger the virtue of their declining years. But strange is that penitential work! Whatever may be chosen for the male recluses, in accordance with their natural bent of mind, there is but one choice left for females—that of repairing men's old warbles, particularly an unmentionable article of apparel! At this work there is to be unceasing employment, rendered the more distressing inasmuch as it is compulsory, until death effects a release from misery, when their unburied bones will be exposed amongst the thousands of bleached skeletons that whiten the cliffs.

As a few may still be bold enough to remain in society, a certain night is appointed annually for compelling them to set out and join their isolated friends. This is the evening preceding Ash Wednesday, which is proclaimed in the streets by boys sounding cow-horns, beating old kettles, and producing a horridous combination of discordant sounds. They pour in gangs through the thoroughfares, knocking loudly at those doors were unmarried people are found, and shouting in various accents, "Come to Skellig."

However bachelors and maids may be disposed to treat this summons on any other night in the year, when Shrove Tuesday arrives they seem extremely timid, and will not venture near the street; and some even go so far as to close their shops, and extinguishing all lights in their front windows, to repair to the back part of their premises.

In a town where this custom is still in vogue, there resided an old gentleman named Maurice Flinn, who resolved on a certain anniversary thereof, in consequence of the annoyance he received, that should he pass over that occurrence in health, he "never, never" again should be in danger of going to Skellig. That he made this promise, be it rash or conciliating, was given to public knowledge in a whisper, by a widow housekeeper whom he kept to look after his domestic business. When the time passed over, the public looked out anxiously for the performance of Mr. Flinn's promise, which, though he pretended to forget, they never for a moment lost sight of; but he floated down the stream of the succeeding year, quite regardless of his good resolution, until the dreaded hour was just at hand again. With terror he watched its approach, and regretted

the favourable opportunity elapsing, if he had but the courage to propose, of effecting a redemption from the threatened condemnation. He canvassed his heart, pointed at some sedate partner, trembled, sighed and sank again to lethargy, whilst the slightest fortitude might have made him successful.

On the morning of Shrove Tuesday, he opened his hall-door in a melancholy mood, and looked up at the sky, full of gloomy reflections at his unfortunate condition. He was noticed by a lady living opposite, of similar circumstances, somewhat younger than he was, who experienced very great annoyance also, but bore it with more resignation. Whilst, in her morning gown, she opened her window, and reached out to button the shutters against the wall, she looked smilingly towards him, contrary to the usual manner, caused perhaps by a dread of the event, and asked engagingly, "Mr. Flinn, are you ready to go to Skellig?"

"The weather will be favourable, I believe," she observed imitating him in taking sky observations.

"It does look pretty favourable, too," he remarked whilst a sigh almost choked him.

From words of common import, such as adjust the intimacy between acquaintances, in a hurried meeting, they entered into lengthened conversation; and Mr. Flinn stepped lightly across the street, tiptoe in his slippers, to render their sorrow the less by awakening mutual interest in their kindred grievances.

Night came on clad in terrors, and the first sound of some cow-horn re-echoed in his heart. He removed to a little back parlour, so as to be as much out of hearing as possible; but it was no use, for the terrific serenades of old kettle-bands, the noise of whistles, the firing of squibs and crackers, and the direful oft-repeated summons, "Come to Skellig," accompanied with a *row-do-dow* on the knocker enough to awaken the entranced, reached his ears so distinctly, that once or twice he wished himself in the condemned island, without the trouble or exposure of going thither publicly. Every gang that rushed past poor Mr. Flinn's house reminded him of his broken promise, and his unpardonable neglect during the past year. He felt it severely, poor man! as he sat down, overwhelmed with dread, and endeavoured to drown his anxiety with a solitary tumbler of hot grog. He pined Miss Moore for the first time in his life; and as his spirits were being influenced by the liquor, he resolved on purchasing another pardon from his tormentors, by expressing public sorrow for his neglect, and solemnly promising to enter the married state without delay. Often did he arise with this bold intention, and as often did he fail, sinking into confused thought, until a thundering repetition of knocks, that shivered the door almost to splinters, made him courageous; and fixing his mind at its utmost force, he arose, tremulous with joy, that some hope of escaping from such annual torment was in view.

He chose a silent interval for coming to the door, and in the dark he opened it wide, and stood boldly on the threshold. Not long was he waiting so, when a gang of boys and girls rushed up, who, not forgetful of him, were about to arouse him to a state of readiness for his journey; but they were astonished to find the door open, and without suspecting any opposition, they formed a half circle round him.

"Are you not ready yet, you old fool?" asked a boy of diminutive size, but fearful voice, on this occasion.

"Get your hat, and come to Skellig, you old rogue!" cried a louder voice, from a more formidable summoner.

"Come to Skellig, you old rogue!" was then shouted by some fifty different voices, the crowd swelling by new accessions, who figured in this nocturnal carnival.

"I shall make good my promise, I solemnly——" cried Mr. Flinn, motioning to be heard.

He was interrupted by different exclamations of "Don't believe him—he promised the same last year, the old liar!"—don't believe a word he says—pull him along!"

"I solemnly declare I shall——" endeavoured poor Mr. Flinn.

"Oh, you liar—you old rogue—you deceiver—bring him along!" from some hundred excited bosoms.

They gathered around him, and forced him from the door, which his old housekeeper watched, as she silently enjoyed the fun; and like the Lilliputians and the man-mountain, what was wanting in personal strength was supplied by numbers, until they had him amongst them, in the middle of the street. He begged, struggled, and promised, but it had no weight on his furious captors, who pushed him across to Miss Moore's door, where they called to demand her presence in like manner.

It may be imagined from this, that Maurice Flinn was a man of small stature, and as such was easily managed by the juvenile gang; but it will astonish to state, that he was one of the largest men in the province, whose simple prostration in any direction would crush like a tower many of the surrounding foe. He was laid in the cradle with the bones, and strength of Hercules, but there it ceased; and as he grew up, he became weaker in proportion to increasing bulk, until at last he had scarcely the power to move himself forward, unless propelled by some great inward impulse. If by leaning against a wall or a pillar, either might tumble to the ground, so it may; but if the pulling down required the additional force of another pound, the object might stand in his way for ever, and Maurice would not strive to remove the obstacle.

Such was the man who solicited pardon of the young enemies to celibacy, declaring that he was "more sinned against than sinning," whilst they declared him to be a notorious sinner. In this condition he might have remained longer, had not something of more importance than the request of the crowd caused Miss Moore's door to be opened, by which opportunity Mr. Flinn quickly profited, and hastened into the maiden lady's presence, pale with terror.

She knew the cause of his alarm, and made him be seated when they entered into a long desecant on the annual visitation, the negligence of the authorities, and the most rational mode of putting an end to the nuisance. He hinted, in which he was ironically seconded by the lady, the necessity of writing to the lord-lieutenant about it, and said he would do the same before the termination of the current week.

"By this means," he observed, "all sheriffs, bailiffs, and other officers will be aiding, at their peril for refusing, in protecting unmarried people."

He called frequently during that week, to receive some hints concerning the mode of proceeding; but lo! it finally turned out to be a different matter of consideration. The change was gradually effected, and both resolved to come within the pale of public respect by uniting their hands and hearts. And it came to pass, that on the ensuing Shrove Tuesday night, Mr. and Mrs. Flinn, in their dotage, were the most vociferating amongst those who terrified old bachelors and maids by that thrilling summons—"Come to Skellig."

THE IRRIGATION OF EGYPT.

In Mr. Curzon's *Visits to Monasteries in the Levant* we find the following interesting account of the ceremonies observed on the Nile when the embankments are cut to permit it to flow over the soil. We extract the following paragraphs from the traveller's description of the scene:—

"At length the Nile rose to the desired height; and the 6th of September was fixed for the ceremony of cutting the embankment which keeps back the water from entering into the canal of the Khaliq. This canal joins the Nile near the great tower which forms the end of the aqueduct built by Saladin, and through it the water is conveyed for the irrigation of Cairo and its vicinity. Accordingly, early in the morning, men, women, and children, sallied forth to the borders of the Nile, and it seemed if no one would be left in the city.

On entering the tent we found the Cadi; the son of the sheriff of Mecca, and several other high personages, seated on two carpets, one on each side of a splendid velvet divan, which extended along that side of the tent which was nearest to the river, and which was open. Below the tent was the bank which was to be cut through, with the water of the Nile almost overflowing its brink on the one side, and the deep, dry bed of the canal on the other; a number of half-naked Arabs were working with spades and pickaxes to undermine this bank.

About 9 A.M. the firing of cannon and volleys of musketry, with the discordant noise of several military bands, announced the approach of Habeeb Effendi. He was proceeded by an immense procession of beys, colonels, and officers, all in red and gold, with the diamond insignia of their rank displayed upon their breasts. This crowd of splendidly-dressed persons, dismounting from their horses, filled the space around the tent, and opening into two ranks, they made a lane along which Habeeb Effendi rode into the middle of the tent, all bowing low and touching their foreheads as he passed. Quantities of rockets and other fireworks were now let off in the broad daylight, cannons fired, and volleys of musketry filled the air with smoke. The naked Arabs in the ditch worked like madmen, tearing away the earth of the embankment, which was rapidly giving way; whilst an officer of the Treasury threw handfuls of new pieces of five paras each

(little coins of base silver of the value of a farthing) among them. The immense multitude shouted and swayed about, encouraging the men, who were excited almost to frenzy.

At last there was a tremendous shout: the bank was beginning to give way; and showers of coin were thrown down upon it which the workmen tried to catch. One man took off his wide Turkish trousers, and stretching them out upon two sticks, caught almost a handful at a time. By degrees the earth of the embankment became wet, and large pieces of mud fell over into the canal. Presently a little stream of water made its way down the declivity, but the Arabs still worked up to their knees in the water. The muddy stream increased, and all of a sudden the whole bank gave way. Some of the Arabs scrambled out and were helped up the sides of the canal by the crowd, but several, intent upon the shower of paras, were carried away by the stream. The arches of the great aqueduct of Saladin were occupied by parties of ladies; and long lines of women in their black veils sat like a huge flock of crows upon the parapets above. They all waved their handkerchiefs, and lifted up their voices in a strange shrill scream as the torrent increased in force; and soon, carrying everything before it, it entirely washed away the embankment, and the water in the canal rose to the level of the Nile.

The desired object having been accomplished, Habeeb Effendi, who had not once looked round towards the canal, now rose to depart; he was helped up the steps of the red horseblock, and fairly hoisted into his saddle; and amidst the roar of cannon and musketry, the shouts of the people, and the clang of innumerable musical instruments, he departed with his splendid train of officers and attendants."

THE TRAINING OF CHILDHOOD.

"THE commonest mistake," says Miss Martineau, "is to indulge the child's self-will, as the easiest course at the moment. Immediately peace and quiet are sought by giving the child whatever it clamours for, and letting it have its own way. We need not waste words on this tremendous mistake. Everybody knows what a spoiled child is; and nobody pretends to stand up for the method of its education. I think quite as ill of the opposite mistake, of the method which goes by the name of breaking the child's will; a method adopted by some really conscientious parents because they think religion requires it. When I was in America, I knew a gentleman who thought it his first duty to break the wills of his children; and he set about it zealously and early. He was a clergyman and the President of a University; the study of his life had been the nature and training of the human mind; and the following is the way he chose, misled by a false and cruel religion of Fear, to subdue and destroy the great faculty of will. An infant, about 11 months old, was to be weaned. A piece of bread was offered to the babe, and the babe turned away from it. Its father said it was necessary to break down the rebellious will of every child for once; that, if done early enough, once would suffice; and that it would be right and kind to take this early occasion in the instance of his child. The child was therefore to be compelled to eat the bread. Of course the bit of bread became more and more the subject of disgust, and then of terror to the infant, the more it was forced upon its attention. Hours of crying, shrieking, and moaning were followed by its being shut up in a closet. It was brought out by candlelight, stretched helpless across the nurse's arms, its voice lost, eyes sunk and staring, its muscles shrunk, its appearance that of a dying child. It was now near midnight. The bit of bread was thrust into the powerless hand; no resistance was offered by the unconscious sufferer; and the victory over the evil powers of the flesh and the devil was declared to be gained. The affair made so much noise that he was, after some time, compelled to publish a justification of himself. This justification amounted to what was well understood throughout, that he conscientiously believed it his duty to take an early opportunity to break the child's will for its own sake. There remained for his readers the old wonder, where he could find in the book of 'glad tidings' so cruel a contradiction of that law of love which stands written on every parent's heart."

PAPIER-MACHE.—Papier-mache is made of cuttings of white or brown paper, boiled in water, and beaten in a mortar till they are reduced to a kind of paste, and then boiled with a solution of gum arabic or of size, to give consistency to the paste, which is afterwards formed into different shapes by pressing it into oiled moulds. When dry, the articles are coated with a mixture of size and lampblack (or any other colour desired), and afterwards varnished.

SHAKSPEARE'S VIOLETS.

"Like the sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets
Stealing and giving odour."
SWEET VIOLETS—the morning bids
Ye ope your silken eyes,
And shake the moisture from your lids,
That thus as sparkling lies
As star of dew
On heaven's blue,
Oratom of the skies!—
Unclose those velvet lids, and see
Who comes by Avon's stream;
The light of whose divinity
Would break an angel's dream—
'Tis Shakspeare dips
Your purple lips
In inspirations beam!—
Oh! gifted flowers, oh! glorious hues,—
The golden morning saith—
Oh! magic of the poet's muse
That triumphs over death,
And keeps the mind
Of all mankind
Still listening to his breath!—
The altars of great Jove are gone,
So earthly idols bend;—
The pyramids shall one by one
Beneath the sands descend;—
But ye, sweet flowers,
Shall wreath the hours
Of man,—till Nature end!
Wake violets, ye virgin throng!
Awake, renowned to claim;—
New married to immortal song
New linked to Shakspeare's fame;
The world shall bless
That loveliness,
Which shrines so dear a name!

CHARLES SWAIN.

USEFUL RECIPES.

(From Diddle's Receipt Book for the Million.)

TO GILD WRITINGS.—Letters written on vellum or paper are gilded in three ways: in the first, a little size is mixed with the ink, and the letters written as usual; when they are dry, a slight degree of adhesiveness is produced by breathing on them, upon which the gold leaf is immediately applied, and by a little pressure is made to fasten with sufficient firmness. In the second method some white-lead or chalk is ground up with strong size, and the letters are made with this by means of a brush. When the mixture is almost dry, the gold is laid on and afterwards burnished. The last method is, to mix up some gold powder with size, and to form the letters of this by means of a brush. It is supposed that this latter method was that used by the monks in illuminating their missals, psalter, and rubrics.

TO WRITE ON GLASS BY THE RAYS OF THE SUN.—Dissolve chalk in aquafortis to the consistency of milk, and add to it a strong solution of silver. Keep this liquor in a glass decanter well stoppered. Then cut out from a paper the letters you would have appear, and paste the paper upon the decanter, which is then to be placed in the sun in such a manner that the rays may pass through the spaces cut out of the paper, and fall upon the surface of the liquor. The part of the glass through which the rays pass will turn black, and that under the paper will remain white. The bottle is not to be moved during the process.

PAINTING ON GLASS FOR THE PURPOSE OF MAKING A MAGIC LANTHORN.—Take a good clear resin, any quantity, melt it in an iron pot; when melted entirely let it cool a little, and before it begins to harden, pour oil of turpentine sufficient to keep it liquid when cold. In order to paint with it, let it be used with colours ground in oil, such as are commonly sold in colour shops.

COLD CREAM.—Take ten ounces of fresh lard, free from salt, four ounces of oil of almonds, two ounces of spermaceti pounded. Put these together in an earthen pan, and place it on the hob, or in a water bath, and when completely melted, stir in gradually (with a piece of clean wood) six drachms each of distilled rose, cinnamon, and orange flower waters, and, when nearly cold, add two drachms of essence of bergamot (or any other perfume you may prefer.) This cold cream will keep.

TO ENGRAVE ON GLASS.—Cover a plate of glass with a thin coat of wax, surrounded by low edges of the same substance. Sketch the figures with a sharp pointed instrument, pour on a quantity of fluoric acid, and expose the whole to the sun's heat. The strokes made in the wax will be soon observed

covered with a white powder, arising from the solution of the glass. At the expiration of four or five hours, take off the wax and wash the glass. By these means an intelligent artist may engrave on the hardest glass or crystal anything that can be engraved on copper.

PERMANENT INK FOR MARKING LINEN.—Take of lunar caustic one drachm, and weak solution or tincture of galls two drachms. The cloth must be first wetted with the following liquid, viz., salts of tartar one ounce, water one ounce and a half, and must be perfectly dry before any attempt is made to write upon it.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* Letters for the Editor must in future be addressed to 170, Fleet-street.

T. C., Junior.—"Hope" is not up to the mark. The old poet Cowley, has so fully, so gorgeously, described this pleasant mental pastime, that even the pretty poem, "The Pleasures of Hope" seems second-hand. Cowley, in a facetious line, says: "Thou pleasant, honest flatterer; for none flatter unhappy men but thou alone."

As you know a critic does not follow the track of Hope in his manners.

A. W. (Guernsey).—To carry out your views would entail on us an enormous expense. As we can lay hands on specific drawings we may execute the engraving; but to send and employ artists to unmeasured distances would be by no means an easy adventure.

W. S. (Shrewsbury).—You will find the "Schoolboy" in the August part, just published.

H. V.—In your praise of the snowdrop, do not call the rose a pert flower. Dr. Garth says of it:—

"The bashful rose

Its virgin blushes to the morn disclose."

Be a little more compressed in your future verses. Your "wish" is like every other persons.

H. B.—We have read your views as to Kew. We cannot assist you in procuring the number containing an account of the Coal Exchange.

T. P.—Either in this number or in that of next week you will find in our *Recipes* column, a method for preparing the paint used for glass.

J. Smith.—Our pleasant correspondent at Charing Cross should instantly become a subscriber to the "Mirror of the Time"—transferring his really too active friendliness from us to the new adventure. The editor of that journal will, of course, learn much wisdom from Mr. Smith's carefully elaborated opinions.

Edward.—We design closing the first volume when 400 pages have been published. You will observe the tale of "The Broken" was brought to an end in our fortieth number. "The Lover" will be given away on the 31st of this month. Each subscriber will be left to bind the volume in accordance with his own particular taste.

B. X. D.—Washington, renowned alike for his administrative talent, his bravery, and his success, was the first President of the United States. He was elected in 1788, and served twice the quadrennial period of that official. Why the President is such for four, and not for one, two, or six years is entirely to be attributed to the arbitrary decision of the first Assembly. In effect, the American President holds office for eight years. The following statistics prove it by the few exceptions occurring. Washington governed from 1788 to 1796; John Adams from 1796 to 1800; Jefferson from 1800 to 1808; Madison from 1808 to 1816; Monroe from 1816 to 1824; Adams from 1824 to 1828; Jackson from 1828 to 1836; Van Buren from 1836 to 1840. General Harrison was elected in 1840; but he died after being only a few months in office. Mr. Tyler the then vice-president, merely completed the quadrennial term. Mr. Polk was in power from 1844 to 1848. Since then General Taylor has died in office, and the vice-president is again *locum tenens*. We cannot answer your other question.

Fide.—*Hon soit qui mal-y-pense*, is not the motto of England. It is *Dieu et mon Droit*, (God and my right). It is recorded that Richard the First employed the phrase to stimulate his army in encountering his enemy, the French. Richard gained the victory, and retained the words on the English banners.

S. P.—You will find a reply in another page. To answer you here would have filled up too much of the space devoted to correspondents. You will find, we think, Pope is not fairly interpreted.

Arthur.—The lines you quote we think are in Campbell. They were applied by Mr. Gladstone, to the character of Sir Robert Peel.

PENNY ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

ON AUGUST 31, WILL BE PRESENTED, GRATUITOUSLY,
A SPLENDID ENGRAVING

OF
THE LOVER,
As described by Shakspeare in his "Seven Ages."

Printed and Published by GEORGE VICKERS,
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THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1850.

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CALIFORNIA.

CAPTAIN SUTTER was the proprietor of a water-mill in California. One afternoon in September, 1847, while seated quietly in his parlour, Mr. Marshall, who was superintending some alteration in the water-course, suddenly entered the room in a paroxysm of emotion. Captain Sutter confessed he

looked for his rifle; as he considered him mad, when he impulsively exclaimed that he had discovered a mine of gold! "I frankly own," says Sutter, "that when I heard this I felt sure his brain was touched, when suddenly all my misgivings were put an end to by his flinging on the table a handful of scales of virgin gold." In this manner was this astounding discovery made. Previously, California was, in the map, one

vast unexplorable wilderness, the residence of the beasts of the forests and the field, and the hunting ground of a few scattered marauding wild Indians. Since that day of September, 1847, this wild waste has become the world's mint, its El Dorado, the ground of hope and wealth to hundreds of thousands of our fellow-creatures.

The details of the progress of the discovery are of the most exciting interest. We learn that Mr. Marshall, being engaged in widening the channel of the mill-dam, a mass of gravel and sand was thrown up upon the bank. He, noticing a glittering particle in the heap, assumed that it was a portion of those bright stones with which California abounds. It was, however, a scale of the finest gold. Mr. Marshall at first supposed that it was part of some buried treasure, but finding, on examination, that the whole soil, in every variety of combination, teemed with the precious ore, he could no longer doubt that he and his partner, Captain Sutter, were the fortunate proprietors of unmeasured riches. They wisely, but not well, attempted to conceal the discovery. A cunning Kentuckian, who was employed by them as a labourer, carefully watched their proceedings, and, following their example, he picked up several flakes of the metal. The report rapidly spread, and in an incredibly short time a crowd was around the mill, each with his handful of gold. Mr. Marshall tried to jeer and persuade them that it was a mere counterfeit metal of little value, but an old Mexican Indian miner knew it well, and reassured his neighbours by exclaiming, "Oro! Oro!"

We have given this account from Captain Sutter's description, as more reliance can be placed on him than on the other narrators. The rumour soon spread everywhere. The inhabitants of San Francisco left their homes and swarmed to the "diggins"; the Mormons crossed the Rocky Mountains, and in a few days upwards of 1,200 men were diligently at work with all appliances of tools, spades, and baskets, shovels and buckets, in quest of

"Gold, yellow, glittering gold!"

Gold that will make black white, foul fair, wrong right,
Base noble, old young, coward valiant."

REVENGE:

OR, REGINALD AND ANGELINA.

AN HISTORICAL TALE OF ROME.

By the Author of "The Brothers," an Historical Tale of the Seventeenth Century, &c. &c.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"Pardon me, sweet lady," exclaimed Antonino, throwing himself at her feet, "but those heavenly sounds attracted my attention, and drew me to this spot; and, oh, how happy, how supremely happy, will a kind word or a smile from those sweet lips render me!"

"I cannot listen to this discourse, Sir," murmured the young girl, averting her head, "at such an untimely hour, too."

"I implore you to hear me, lady," cried the impassioned lover, seizing her hand, which she did not attempt to withdraw. "Since I first beheld you I have loved you fondly, devotedly, and this passion is consuming me: say then, adored of my soul, that my presence is not displeasing to you. Oh, speak, lady, speak! for this suspense is horrible," continued Antonino, pressing her hand to his lips, and covering it with burning kisses.

Juliana made no reply, but gazed on the handsome youth with a look so replete with a pure artless love, that it revealed more eloquently the secret impulses of her young heart than the most impassioned language could have done.

This sweet look emboldened the lover, who rose, clasped her in his arms, imprinted a kiss, a long, long, kiss—a kiss of youth, love, and beauty, on her ruby lips. The lovely girl wished to upbraid him. Vain defence. The impotent reproach rested on her lips, which a thousand enraptured kisses immediately effaced.

It was the moment of weakness. Bewildered, intoxicated, almost swooning, she fell on the bosom of her lover, whose fond embrace seemed to envelop her like a devouring flame.

They thus remained, clasped in each others embrace, for several moments, unconscious of all around, when the young girl suddenly recollected herself, and whispering a few words in the ear of her lover, he gently disengaged himself, still, however, retaining her hand. They then walked

back along the terrace, reiterating vows of everlasting attachment and affection, and, after having arranged that Antonino should make their love known to the Chevalier and demand her hand, they separated, and retired to their different apartments, each supremely happy in the prospect of the delightful, smiling future.

Six months have elapsed since the events just chronicled, during which the inmates of the castle, and, in fact, the inhabitants for miles around, had enjoyed the most perfect tranquillity, and were, too, extremely happy. Since the death of the infamous Count and the extirpation of his lawless band, the peasantry had resumed their wonted gaiety, and their previously sombre, melancholy countenances were now radiant with joy. Antonino, too, was completely recovered from the effects of his wound, had demanded the beautiful Juliana in marriage, and was cheerfully accepted as her future spouse. Our hero was as much pleased as the Chevalier with his cousin's selection, well knowing his friend to be worthy of her in every respect, and they had ever loved each other as brother and sister; hence it was that he felt so lively an interest in her welfare and happiness.

Reginald, being born with the soul of an artist, felt a penchant for the fine arts. He had, indeed, practised both painting and sculpture with some degree of success. The latter art had become his ruling passion; he embraced it with enthusiasm, and thus passed a great portion of the six months since his arrival at the castle, while Antonino devoted his time to the chase or the company of Juliana.

In the meantime, the Pope, whose chief object in the death of the nobles was a desire to inspire terror by a terrible example, far from extending his cruelty to the relatives of the unfortunate victims, had, on the contrary, sought to appease them. Skillful policy! Sixtus felt that it would be to his interest to humour a family at once so rich and powerful, and who, moreover, were so highly esteemed by a large portion of the population. A means now presented itself, and he eagerly embraced the opportunity, by raising to the dignity of Cardinal the nearest relative of the late Count Tregaldi. This flattering distinction on the part of a Pope, as miserly with his favours as his predecessors had been, sufficed to assuage, in some measure, the hatred and thirst for vengeance which still fermented in the breast of every member of that family.

The newly appointed Cardinal quickly obtained his cousin Reginald's pardon, to whom he immediately transmitted the welcome intelligence; at the same time requesting him to return to Rome. Reginald was greatly pleased with the news, and he resolved to lose no time in departing for the Eternal City, where he could pursue his favourite occupation with greater advantage. Not so with his friend, Antonino; oh, no, for he was supremely happy at the castle, where he passed so much of his time in the society of his affianced, and from whom it would be death to part, at least, for any length of time. It was, however, necessary that he should return to Rome and obtain his father's permission to espouse the beautiful Juliana, for he had not yet obtained his majority by about three months.

Accordingly, it was arranged that they should leave together, and at the expiration of three months pay them another visit, when Antonino and Juliana were to be united. Alas! they little thought what sad calamities were in store for them; but we must not anticipate.

The day following their arrival in Rome, they met with several old acquaintances, many of whom were very gay, and belonged to some of the best families in Rome. Naturally of a lively disposition, Antonino was soon prevailed on to adopt their gay licentious mode of life, and he endeavoured to persuade Reginald to follow his example. Nothing, however, could direct him from his favourite occupation; and, in order to elude as much as possible the importunities of his friend, he would repair to some Roman ruin or church, where he was secure, and remain from morn till night.

One evening, when he felt more disposed than usual for inspiration, the society of his friend became intolerable, and he selected the Church of Santa Maria for an asylum.

At that hour the sacred edifice was almost deserted. The sun's rays, which penetrated through an aperture of the cupola, rested on those antique pillars, glorious remains of the City of Emperors, and rendered the scene almost sublime. The religious silence and majestic solitude which reigned in that holy structure were of a nature well calculated to strike the imagination and exalt the ideas.

At that moment the creaking sound of a door noisily closing seemed to reverberate through the whole extent of the church. The young artist trembled, and gazed in the di-

ection from whence the sound emanated. It was a lateral chapel, situated in an obscure angle, at the extremity of which he perceived the confessional, and a young girl issuing forth. Whilst endeavouring to bring forward the veil which was thrown back, she proceeded towards the spot where Reginald was standing, but the veil having caught the point of a pin, did not obey the delicate hand which was striving to release it, so rapidly as the young girl could have desired. She, consequently, paused to repair that trivial disorder, and, without being perceived, Reginald could contemplate her at leisure, having concealed himself behind a pillar. She was of the middle height, and somewhat fair for an Italian; her lovely features were the most striking type of that antique beauty which the imagination so much delights in dreaming of; her dark sparkling eyes had an indefinable expression, and shone with a kind of magnetic fire, whose transcendent brilliancy was not lessened by the long velvet lashes. Never before had Valentino beheld any object so dazzlingly beautiful; and, as this divine being passed him, he was enchanted, bewildered, intoxicated, and his heart beat so violently, that he could scarcely retain his position.

The next day saw him in the same position and at the same hour; but this time he carried with him neither velvet nor pencil. In vain did he wait hour after hour, the beautiful stranger appeared not that day or the following. Sunday came, and he ardently hoped she would be there. Vain hope! she did not arrive. From that moment a gloomy sadness took possession of Reginald. His enthusiasm for the fine arts evaporated, and the image of the lovely penitent was ever uppermost in his mind.

What heavenly delight! One day as he was slowly, and almost unconsciously, proceeding along one of the streets of Rome, he suddenly found himself in her presence, and his emotion was so great he could not suppress a piercing cry. The young girl, whose heart beat violently, raised her eyes, and regarded the young artist with lively interest; she then resumed her way, and after a few minutes walk, stopped before the door of a small, though elegant looking dwelling. Before entering she turned her head, and not far distant perceived Reginald who had followed her.

On the following morning Angelina—for that was the young girl's name—rose early; she was pensive and had slept but little, and on opening her window to inhale the morning breeze, the first object which presented itself to her view was Reginald. Concealed in the recess of a doorway, he was watching for her appearance. She wished to withdraw, but by an involuntary movement her glance met that of the young man, which was replete with an eloquent tenderness. A few hours subsequently she repaired to the church. Reginald was again there, and when she departed she passed so near him that her dress came in contact with the seat on which he was resting. Their regards again encountered each other, but this time they were still more expressive, more eloquent: they had understood each other, and from that moment they loved passionately and fondly.

The mother of Angelina was a Sicilian by birth; her husband had been a small shipowner, and traded with the Ionian Islands. In the last voyage he made he was accompanied by his wife, and had not proceeded far when a Tunisian corsair gave chase and captured their vessel, after a severe engagement, in which the husband lost his life; but the next day the corsair was boarded by one of the Pope's galleys, and she was restored to liberty at Civita-Vecchia. The only article left her was a splendid diamond—the vessel having been sunk by the first shot from the galley—the disposal of which furnished her with the means of repairing to Rome, where she intended to seek an honourable employment.

This history, related with apparent good faith, and by so pretty a mouth—the Signora Morosini was very beautiful at that time—afforded her easy access to several houses of note, and particularly to that of the Cardinal Orlando. This high functionary, touched by the misfortunes of the heroine, took compassion on, and espoused her, and Clarissa was the only offspring.

After the death of the Cardinal, the Signora, whose fortune was now pretty considerable, was solely engrossed with the education of her lovely daughter. Angelina was possessed of every good quality, and her beauty, as it daily developed itself, was the pride and joy of her mother.

An entire month had elapsed, during which time the lovers had seen each other daily, either at the church or elsewhere. It was at this time that Reginald presented himself at the Signora Morosini's, to whom he made known his titles and position, and concluded by demanding the hand of Angelina. But, to his utter astonishment, she refused for a son-in-law the Chevalier Reginald Tregaldi, the cousin of a Cardinal.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CARNIVAL.

THE Carnival of the year 1590 had just commenced in Rome, and the day was hailed with every demonstration of joy by the inhabitants of the Eternal City.

It was late in the evening; the Corso was crowded with gay masks and carriages, and processions of musicians; it was lighted up with innumerable flambeaux, and resounded with heterogeneous clattering of wheels, the music of serenaders, and the jokes and cries of the revellers, as they sportively threw about their *bon-bons*.

The scene contrasted cruelly with the feelings and position of a certain individual, who, at this moment was crossing the Corso on foot; torn, as it were, from her he so fondly loved, and uncertain whether he should ever behold her again. His heart beat violently, and he sickened as he gazed upon the splendid equipages, the ladies in their gala costumes, and courtiers in their fantastic dresses. This melancholy individual gave a long deep sigh, and struck into a street which conducted to the Tiber. The day had already begun to disappear; the street was solitary and gloomy, and not the slightest noise disturbed the profound tranquillity which reigned around, save the distant shouts of the maskers from the Corso. The young man, without appearing to notice these distant cries and rejoicings, proceeded slowly, occasionally pausing as though the better to consider upon a grave idea which manifestly absorbed his sole attention.

Arrived at the extremity of the street, he paused for the fifth or sixth time, perhaps, since entering it. He again reflected for a few moments; then, hastily raising his head, he attentively regarded the sky. The moon, which was in her first quarter, shone with a soft trembling light, whose vague rays faintly lighted up his pale, though handsome, countenance.

After having remained in silent contemplation for a few minutes, the young man cast his eyes downwards, and violently struck his forehead, murmuring:

"God! to die thus is certainly horrible to contemplate; and yet it were perhaps better so than to drag on a wretched, miserable existence; for of what value is life now that the only being in this world whom I ever really loved is snatched from me? Yes, it must be so, I cannot survive this cruel blow!"

On concluding these incoherent words, the individual, doubtless impelled by a resolution which a greater delay might have shaken, darted towards the river, from which he was only separated by a short space. It chanced, however, that at the same instant a group of four or five individuals, masked, and armed with blazing torches, were rapidly proceeding along the river side, and about to enter the street from which the young man was emerging. He fell amongst them with the suddenness of a bomb.

To be continued.

THE THREE MEETINGS.

I saw her 'mid the festive throng,
Where love and beauty met;
Her large, dark eyes were filled with scorn,
And passionate regret.
Bright graceful beings fitted by,
Rich music breath'd around,
But in her worn and tortur'd breast
Woke no responsive sound.

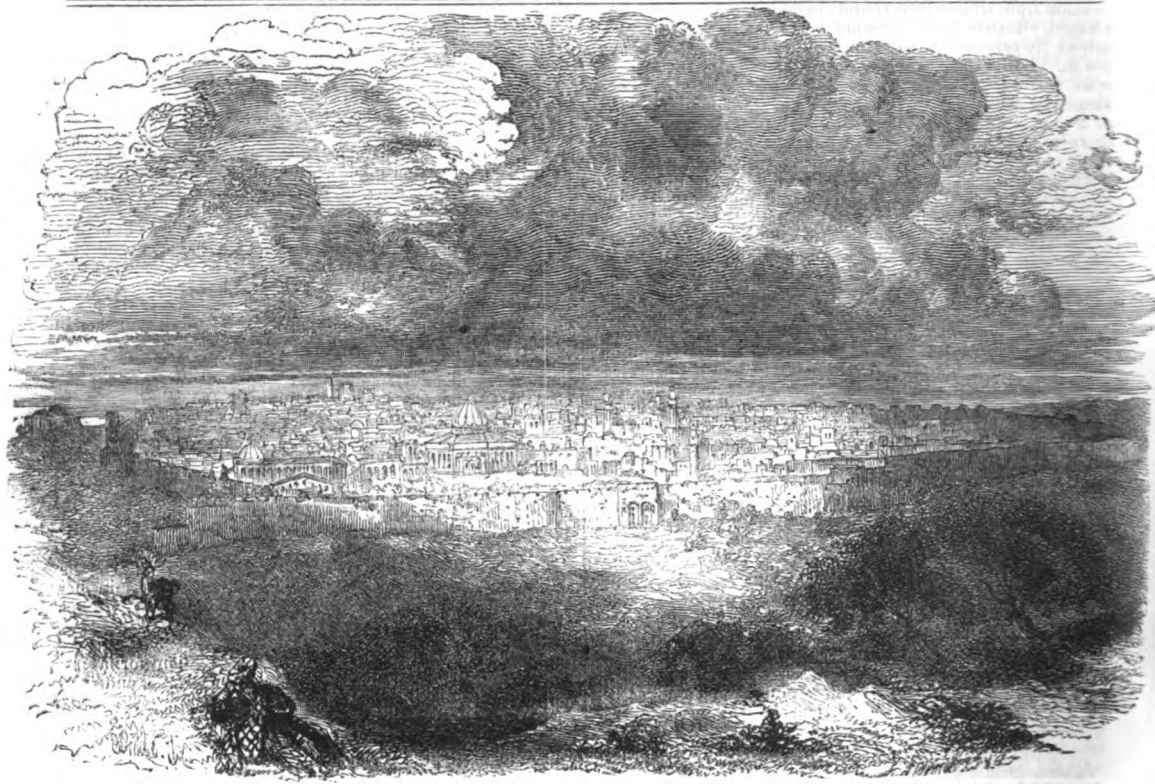
She turned aside, and from her cheeks,
The hot tears dash'd away;
It were not meet, her griefs should cloud,
A beauty's bridal day.

'Twas only when he breathed farewell,
A slight convulsive start,
Spite of her studied calm, betray'd
The anguish of her heart.

Few years elapsed—we met again—
Her brow was scath'd with care,
The hectic flush upon her cheek
Reveal'd her soul's despair,
Those speaking eyes, downcast and dim
With agony, were rife;
Sorrow had wrought the work of time,
And, this, the world call'd life.

Once more I gas'd upon that form,
Pale, motionless, it lay.
Genius flash'd not from those dark orbs;
E'en love had passed away.
No anguish dwelt upon that pure brow,
On those pale lips no breath;
But heavenly lasting Peace was there,
And this, the world call'd death.

ADA.



JERUSALEM.

JERUSALEM is interesting from its high antiquity, but far more so from its intimate connection with the history of the Jews, and the eventful life of our Saviour while on earth. In the reign of Adrian the old city was razed to the ground, and on its ruins a Roman city erected, called *Ælia Capitolina*: but in the time of Constantine it resumed its name. In 1519, it was taken by the Turks, who have ever since had possession of it, calling it *El Goutz*, or *El Koudez*, (*i. e.* the holy). The modern city, built about 300 years ago, is surrounded by walls barely $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles in circuit. Though under that people it has gradually declined, yet Dr. Clarke describes it as having the appearance of "a flourishing and stately metropolis, presenting a magnificent assemblage of domes, towers, palaces, churches, and monasteries; all of which, glittering in the sun's rays, shone with inconceivable splendour;" but other

travellers agree that this description is overcharged. It is surrounded with lofty hills, which give it the appearance of less elevation than it really has. The streets are narrow, and, as the houses are lofty, with no windows in any of the lower stories, and those above latticed, the passage appears as if between two blank walls. "The bazar, or street of shops," says Mr. Robertson, "is arched over, dark, and gloomy; the shops are paltry, and the merchandise exposed for sale of an inferior description. This is the only part of Jerusalem where any signs of life are shown; and even here the pulsations of the expiring city are faint and almost imperceptible, its extremities being already cold and lifeless. In the other quarters of the town you may walk about a whole day without meeting a single creature."

THE HERO OF THE CAUCASUS.

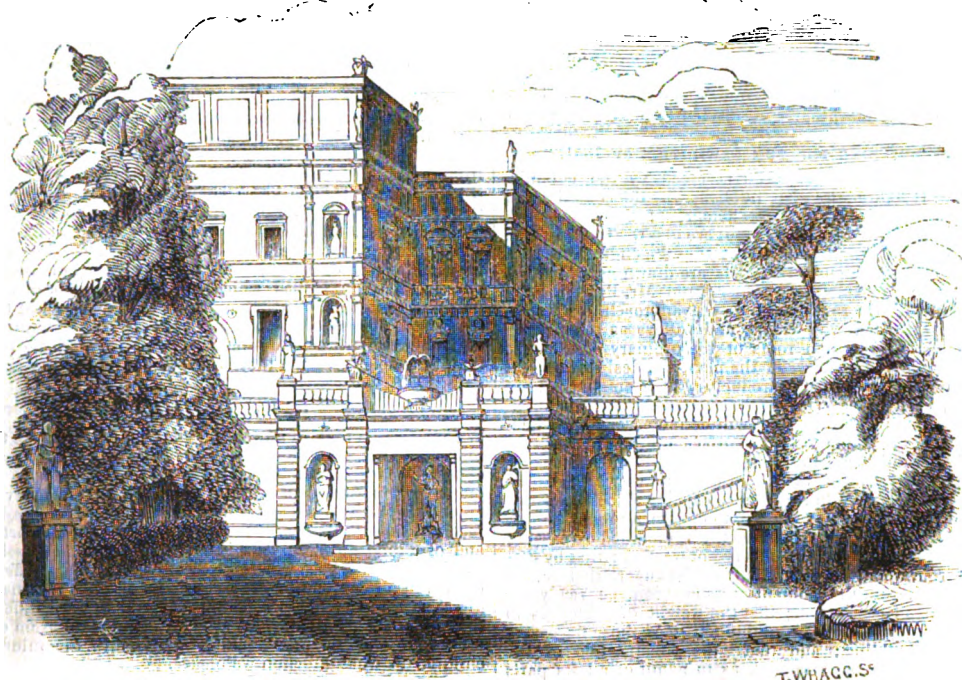
SCHAMYL is of a middle stature; he has light hair, gray eyes, shaded by bushy and well-arched eyebrows, a nose finely moulded, and a small mouth. His features are distinguished from those of his race by a peculiar fairness of complexion and delicacy of skin; the elegant form of his hands and feet is not less remarkable. The apparent stiffness of his arms, when he walks, is a sign of his stern and impenetrable character. His address is thoroughly noble and dignified. Of himself he is completely master; and he exerts a tacit supremacy over all who approach him. An immovable stony calmness, which never forsakes him, even in the moments of the utmost danger, broods over his countenance. He passes the sentence of death with the same composure with which he distributes the "sabre of honour" to his bravest Murids after a bloody encounter. With traitors or criminals whom he has resolved to destroy he will converse without betraying the least sign of anger or vengeance. He regards himself as a mere instrument in the hands of a higher Being; and holds, according to the Sufi doctrine, that all his thoughts and determinations are immediate inspirations from God.

The flow of his speech is as animating and irresistible as

his outward appearance is awful and commanding. "He shoots flames from his eyes and scatters flowers from his lips," said Bersek Bey, who sheltered him for some days after the fall of Achulgo, when Schamyl dwelt for some time among the princes of the Djighetes and Ubiches, for the purpose of inciting the tribes on the Black Sea to rise against the Russians.

Schamyl is 50 years old, but still full of vigour and strength. It is, however, said that he has for some years past suffered from an obstinate disease of the eyes, which is constantly growing worse. He fills the intervals of leisure which his public charges allow him in reading the Koran, fasting, and prayer. Of late years he has but seldom, and then only on critical occasions, taken a share in warlike encounters. In spite of his almost supernatural activity, Schamyl is excessively severe and temperate in his habits. A few hours of sleep are enough for him; at times he will watch for the whole night, without showing the least traces of fatigue on the following day. He eats little, and water is his only beverage.

According to Mohammedan custom, he keeps several wives. In 1844 he had three, of which his favourite was an American, of exquisite beauty.



VILLA PAMFILI DORIA, ROME.

We have this week the pleasure of presenting our readers with a sketch of the Villa Pamfili Doria, situate in the most beautiful vicinity of Rome, and at about a mile from the ancient Aurelian gate, now of San Pancrazio.

From the beauty of its situation and gardens, the Villa Pamfili Doria is also known by the title of "Belrespiro," one of the beautifully poetic expressions of Italy; it is built on Mount Janiculum, and, as we have already observed, at a short distance from the gate of San Pancrazio.

With its delightful wood of pine trees, which bestow the most delicious shade in that sunny clime without intercepting the light; with its lake, yielding a perpetual freshness; with a prospect which extends as far as the sea; with its grottoes, its "casini," its cascades and ancient marble fragments, this villa offers a combination of grandeur and beauty

superior, perhaps, to any of the Roman villas. In a hemicycle is a marble fawn, playing on a pipe and an organ, set in motion by water. It was designed by the Chevalier Algardi, and was commenced about the year 1644, under Pope Innocent X., of the Pamfili family. In the palace were several antique busts, bas-reliefs, the statues of Euterpe, Maecenas, and of an Hermaphrodite; several tombs and columbaria well preserved, with numerous interesting inscriptions, were discovered about ten years since, and now form a picturesque little cemetery surrounded by a wood.

Where now are all these beauties of nature and of art?

This villa is the property of the daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury, wife of the Prince of Doria, by whose liberality it has been most beautifully decorated.

PRESIDENT FILLMORE—SUCCESSFUL INDUSTRY.

MR. MILLARD FILLMORE's career is one uninterrupted lesson of the value of intelligent perseverance, strict integrity, and unswerving consistency.

His parents were in the humblest, the poorest ranks of American citizenship. Old Nathaniel Fillmore, at the time of his son's birth, was a small farmer in the State of New York. He is still alive, and is now the occupant of a few acres in Erie County. The boy received his elementary training at the Parish School, and at fifteen years of age (in 1815) he had seen no authorship beyond the little tales contained in the English rudimentary school lessons. For four years he was occupied as a wool-carder in the village where his father resided, but was happily favoured with books from a small library in the place. He grasped at the fruit of the forbidden tree of knowledge, he earnestly devoured it, and in his mind were engendered the elements of that correctness and precision of thought, that care and exactness in reasoning, and those unadorned graces of style, which for some years have made him one of the most distinguished legislators of the great western Republic. In 1819 we find young Fillmore a humble artisan in a wool factory—in 1850, the political chief of the greatest nation in the western hemisphere.

"Can such things be, and overcome us like a summer cloud,
Without our special wonder?"

In his twentieth year young Fillmore was lucky enough to make the acquaintance of the late Judge Wood. This acute

lawyer soon saw under the unpolished exterior of the wool-stapler's boy mental powers that only required development to raise their possessor to usefulness, if not to destruction. Judge Wood received him into his chambers, and there he remained for two years, a laborious student of forensic and literary lore.

In 1821 Mr. Fillmore removed to Erie County, and in 1822 he entered a solicitor's office in Buffalo. There he sustained himself by teaching a school until the spring of the following year, when he was admitted to the Common Pleas, and commenced practice in the town of Aurora, where he remained for seven years. In 1830 he again domiciled himself in Buffalo.

Such are the outlines of the private life of this industrious individual. We are not told of his self-devotion to general study, the sciences and the arts, nor of his elaborate performance of a country solicitor's avocation; but it may be assumed that the most untiring exertion was every day in constant exercise, and that though he did not garner up a fortune, he had successfully persuaded his neighbours that he had the ability, if not the will, to do so.

His first entrance into public life was in January 1829, when he was elected for Erie County. His talent, his integrity, his assiduity in the discharge of public business, soon marked him out as one of whom it was commonly said, "If Fillmore says it is right, we will vote for it."

Lord Bacon says—"Overt and apparent virtues bring forth praise; but there be secret and hidden virtues that bring forth fortune, certain deliveries of a man's self which have no

name." These nameless powers of pleasing were largely possessed by Mr. Fillmore, for though no great sound was made in his praise, he has been regarded during the last twenty years as one of the most honest and useful members of the American Congress.

Born in a home of comparative poverty, he manfully overcame difficulties that would have appalled and prostrated a man of less indomitable perseverance, and now he is the successor of George Washington—President of the United States.

THE BUILDING FOR THE EXHIBITION OF 1851.

Mr. Paxton's design has been accepted by the commissioners. It follows the plan published by the committee to the extent of being a long parallelogram: the frame-work is of iron, the sides, ends, and roof are glass. It is in three stories, one behind the other, so that the ends show as a pyramid of three steps: the roofs are drawn as if flat, but according to an explanatory letter from Mr. Paxton, "the construction of the roof does not even approach to flatness, but is so arranged with ridges and valleys as to carry off water much quicker than roofs of the ordinary kind." In setting forth the advantages of the plan, the designer says, it gives an opportunity of introducing, at a small cost, six galleries, each 24 feet wide, of the entire length of the building, by which the floor-surface will be increased above one-third; that the whole outside surface of the roof will be covered with unbleached canvass, which will render breakage from hail impossible; that there will be a very large extent of surface fitted with luffer-boards, capable of being opened and shut as occasion may require, to ensure a proper supply of pure air, the amount of which may be modified by passing through canvass, kept wet in very hot weather; that by employing iron, wood, and glass only in the superstructure, the building will, from the moment of its erection, be ready for decoration and occupation; that the weight of materials in this structure will not exceed one-fourth of those necessary for a brick building; and that "the construction of this building has been so arranged, as to admit of all its parts being prepared and delivered ready for fixing in place, and being put together and taken down far more easily than an ordinary brick building, which will greatly reduce all the constructive operations on the ground, lessen the number of labourers employed, and any amount of possible inconvenience to the neighbourhood." The total height will be 100 feet, sufficient to inclose the highest of the trees on the ground, and Messrs. Fox and Henderson have taken the contract for its execution, to be completed in the present year, for the sum of 85,500*l.*, the materials remaining their property.

A LITTLE LEARNING NOT A DANGEROUS THING.

POPE's maxim, "a little learning is a dangerous thing," is by no means to be understood, as too many do understand it, as implying that unless the people can be thoroughly educated they should be left in their ignorance—which is comparatively bliss. The little learning against which the satirist levels his shaft is, the ill-grounded pretensions of certain wiliings, who, with a few words of Latin and Greek, and a jargon of metaphysical phrases, lay a claim to the title and distinction of scholarship. In these offensive apes a little learning is painfully experienced by every unfortunate auditor to be, if not a very dangerous, a peculiarly disagreeable thing.

A little education to those who cannot command more—a little knowledge when opportunity of acquiring more has not been had—a little of anything, whether food, or health, or information, are good, so far as it goes. In fact, the greatest possible amount of knowledge or learning is the best estate of man: while a little learning is much better than no learning—the worst estate of man.

This line of the poet has been readily turned from its original bent by that large portion of society which has suffered from the impertinence of the vain and foppish, who obtrude the more recondite portions of their learning on those who may not have especially devoted their attention to certain select studies. It is terse, and almost suits the purpose; but it appears that the poet's meaning has been damaged by the necessity of the case.

FIRMNESS.

FIRMNESS is a very important quality, whether of the mind or of the body. We all admire it more or less: those who do not comprehend its full value will often wonder at and respect it. We like to see firmness in a Government, because it assures us that the ordinary course of our political

and social life is not likely to be disturbed, and we feel that the continuance of many of our most esteemed privileges depends on it. Sailors like to sail with a captain whose firmness may keep them in proper control in fine weather, and provide for their safety in storms. Workmen generally prefer a master who keeps firm discipline, before one who is always uncertain of his intentions. Children are happier under firm management, than when left to alternations of severity and indulgence, or to a take-care-of-yourself system. Animals, too, are affected by firmness: it is well-known that lions or tigers have sometimes been prevented from making their attacks by those they threatened showing a bold front. Horses know when they have a firm rider on their back, and will very often throw off a weak one. We prefer firmness in buildings also: it gratifies us to look on some old tower that has withstood the shock of time for a thousand years or more; and we shrink from trusting ourselves in an edifice which has the character of being unsound or unsafe. On all hands, then, it appears that firmness is a desirable quality: it partakes of the nature of decision, and, if people would but exercise it a little more than they do at present, they would find good account in so doing.

MENTAL TRAINING.

WE may assert that, in a hundred men, there are more than ninety who are what they are, good or bad, useful or pernicious to society, from the instruction they have received. It is on education that depends the great difference observable among them. The least and most imperceptible impressions received in our infancy have consequences very important, and of a long duration. It is with these first impressions as with a river, whose waters we can easily turn, by different canals, in quite opposite courses, so that, from the insensible direction the stream receives at its source, it takes different directions, and at last arrives at places far distant from each other; and with the same facility we may turn the minds of children to what direction we please.

PRIDE.

PRIDE emanates from a weak mind. You never see a man of strong intellect proud and haughty. Just look about you. Who are the most given to this folly? Not the intelligent and talented, but the weak-minded and silly. Some of the proudest men are those who have nothing to look back to, but poverty and rags—whose parents, if they were now living, would pass them without being noticed. One of the haughtiest men we ever knew sprung from a poor fiddler, another from a dancing-master, and a third from a notorious villain. As we look at the young men in our cities, we find the most proud and haughty of them are those who were born in the country. When they first left their homes, they had scarcely two shirts to their backs. Now they would seem to speak to those who make as sorry an appearance as they did, when, with heavy shoes, felt hats, and homespun jackets, they were first brought from the country.

THE COMPOSITION OF LONDON CREAM.

DISEASED and putrid brains often, from the knackers' yards, form the foundation of London "good milk" and cream. The manufacturers rub these brains in their hands with a little warm water, when "a milky looking emulsion" is produced, which forms the basis of the composition. Treacle, salt, whitening, sugar of lead, size, and annatto, according to the particular taste of the chemist. This last-named substance is itself much adulterated. It gives a yellowish tint and rich-looking appearance of cream on the top of the milk. It is the colouring matter of cheese. The size is manufactured at the tanyard from the scrapings and clippings of raw hides. The composition thus produced is sold for 4*d.* a quart of milk, and 2*s.* or 3*s.* a pint of cream, according as it is "single" or "double"—that is, according as it has more or less brains in it. Mr. Rugg calculates that the dairyman makes 4*l.* profit out of the original outlay of 3*s.* for a dozen pounds of bullock's brains, which he makes up into thirty pints of double or forty pints of single cream. This is certainly a good per centage for his filthy trade! The remedy which Mr. Rugg proposes for all these horrors is strict government supervision of the trade. As it is a notorious fact that a most hurtful and disgusting adulteration of an article of food in universal use is systematically carried on, under our very eyes, the only course left open to us is to put a stop to these atrocities as soon as possible. Surely, there never was a stronger case for that legal interference and control which are the legitimate expression and result of a well-grounded popular alarm, and a just popular indignation.

ANCIENT PRICE OF LABOUR.

In the year 1852, 25th Edward III., wages paid to haymakers were 1d. a day. A mower of meadows, 2d. a day, or 5d. an acre. Reapers of corn in the first week of August, 2d.; in the second, 3d. a day, and so on till the end of August, without meat, drink, or other allowance, finding their own tools. For threshing a quarter of wheat or rye, 2½d.; a quarter of barley, beans, peas, and oats, 1½d. A master carpenter, 3d. a day, other carpenters, 2d. A master mason, 4d. a day, other masons, 3d., and their servants, 1½d. a day. Tilers, 3d., and their "knaves," 1½d. Thatchers, 3d. a day, and their knaves, 1½d. Plasterers, and other workers of mud walls, and their knaves, in like manner, without meat or drink; and this from Easter to Michaelmas; and from that time less, according to the direction of the justices.

THE OPIUM TRADE.

OPIUM is a production of the plant *papaver somniferum*, in English, poppy. The poppy was originally a native of Persia, but it may now be found growing as an ornamental plant in gardens throughout the civilised world. It is cultivated somewhat extensively in Turkey, and most of the opium used for medical purposes in Europe and America is produced in that country. But India affords a far more extensive field for its cultivation. It is estimated that more than 100,000 acres of the rich plains of central India, as well as the alluvial valley of the Ganges, are now occupied for this purpose. Formerly these same grounds were used for the production of sugar, indigo, corn, and other grain; but these useful crops have yielded to the more profitable culture of the poppy. In India many thousands of men, women, and children are employed in poppy cultivation, which is throughout a simple process. The seed is sown in November, and during a period of about six weeks, in February and March, the juice is collected.

THE GOAT A POOR MAN'S HELP.

EVERY cottager almost, now-a-days, drinks tea—though frequently he cannot procure milk with it. What a luxury then to him and his little ones would be the milk of a goat or two! This milk, besides a kid (or perhaps twins) from each of them every year, would surely be a very beneficial recompense for the inexpensive and easily-procured food which would support them. The quality of goat's milk, too, is good. Invalids know that is excellent; its lightness on the stomach and nutritiveness makes it suitable to them. The hair, skin, fat, and horns of the goat are useful for many purposes. The hair is convertible into wigs for judges and barristers; the skin is used for making gloves: the horns for knife-handles and snuff-boxes, and the suet for candles. If the skin be not stripped of the hair, it is a capital material for a working man's winter coat or for a gentlemen's shooting-jacket. Vast numbers of men wear such coats in France (as some of the Scotch wear deer-skin dresses handsomely prepared) as a certain protection against rain and cold. It is not worn by them, however, as the celebrated Brien O'Lynn, wore his sheep-skin, viz., "with the woolly side in"—for, its refreshing coolness in summer, but with the hair outwards. It throws off water as the feathers of a duck would discharge it, and is a very durable garment also. Goat skins also are much used in the north of Scotland as a protection to carpets, in the same way that matting is used in England.

HUMAN PROGRESS.

PERSONS in general look at the magnificent fabric of civilised society as the result of the accumulated labour, ingenuity, and enterprise of man through a long course of ages, without attempting to define what has been owing to the different branches of human industry and science; and usually attribute to politicians, statesmen, and warriors, a much greater share than really belongs to them in the work;—what they have done is in reality little. The beginning of civilisation is the discovery of some useful arts by which men acquire property, comforts, or luxuries. The necessity or desire of preserving them leads to laws or social institutions. The discovery of peculiar arts gives superiority to particular nations; and the love of power induces them to employ this superiority to subjugate other nations, who learn their arts and ultimately adopt their manners, so that in reality the origin, as well as the progress and improvement of civil society, is founded in mechanical and chemical inventions. No people have ever arrived at any degree of perfection in their institutions who have not possessed in a high degree the useful and refined arts. The comparison of savage and civilised man, in fact, demonstrates the triumph

of chemical and mechanical philosophy as the causes not only of the physical, but ultimately even of moral improvement. Look at the condition of man in the lowest state in which we are acquainted with him. Take the native of New Holland, advanced only a few steps above the animal creation, and that principally by the use of fire, naked; defending himself against wild beasts, or killing them for food only by weapons made of wood hardened in the fire, or pointed with stones or fish-bones; living only in holes dug out of the earth, or in huts rudely constructed of a few branches of trees covered with grass; having no approach to the enjoyment of luxuries or even comforts; unable to provide for his most pressing wants; having a language scarcely articulate, relating only to the great objects of nature, or to his most pressing necessities or desires, and living solitary or in single families; unacquainted with religion, government, or laws, submitted to the mercy of nature or the elements. How different is man in his highest state of cultivation! every part of his body covered with the products of different chemical and mechanical arts, made not only useful in protecting him from the inclemency of the seasons, but combined in forms of beauty and variety; creating out of the dust of the earth, from the clay under his feet, instruments of use and ornament; extracting metals from the rude ore, and giving to them a hundred different shapes for a thousand different purposes; selecting and improving the vegetable productions with which he covers the earth; not only subduing but taming and domesticating the wildest, the fleetest, and the strongest inhabitants of the wood, the mountain, and the air; making the winds carry him on every part of the immense ocean; and compelling the elements of air, water, and even fire as it were to labour for him.

AGE AND YOUTH.

[By N. P. WILLIS.]

I love to look on a scene like this,
Of wild and careless play,
And persuade myself that I'm not old,
And my locks are not yet gray;
For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
And it makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walked the world for four-score years,
And they say that I am old;
And my heart is ripe for the reaper Death,
And my years are well nigh told.
It is very true—it is very true—
I'm old, and "I bide my time"—
But my heart will leap at a scene like this,
And I half renew my prime.

Play on! play on! I am with you there,
In the midst of your merry ring;
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
And the rush of the breathless swing,
I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
And I whoop the smothered call;
And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,
And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall come,
And I shall be glad to go,
For the world at best is a weary place,
And my pulse is beating slow;
But the grave is dark, and the heart will fall
In treasuring its gloomy way;
And it wiles my heart from its dreariness,
To see the young so gay.

USEFUL RECIPES.

(From Dipple's Receipt Book for the Million.)

FOOD FOR SINGING BIRDS.—Well mix or knead together three pounds of split peas ground or beat to flour, one pound and a half each of crumbs of bread and coarse sugar, the fresh yolks of six raw eggs, and six ounces of unsalted butter. Put about a third part of the mixture at a time in a frying pan, over a gentle fire, and continually stir it till it be a little browned, but by no means burnt. When the other two parts are thus done, and all are become cold, add to the entire quantity six ounces of maw seed, with six pounds of bruised hemp seed separated from the husks. Mix the whole together, and it will be found an excellent food for thrushes, red, robins, larks, linnets, canary birds, finches of different sorts and most other singing birds, admirably preserving them in song and feather.

COURT PLASTER.—Bruise a sufficient quantity of fish glue, and let it soak for twenty-four hours in a little warm water; expose it to heat over the fire, to dissipate the greater part of the water, and supply its place by colourless brandy, which will mix with the gelatine of the glue. Strain the whole through a piece of open linen; on cooling, it will form a trembling jelly. Now extend a piece of black silk on a wooden frame, and fix it in that position by means of tacks or pack thread. Then, with a brush made of badger's hair, apply the glue, after it has been exposed to a gentle heat to render it liquid. When this stratum is dry, which will soon be the case, apply a second, and then a third, if necessary, to give the plaster a certain thickness; as soon as the whole is dry cover it with two or three strata of a strong tincture of the balsam of Peru. This is the real English court plaster: it is pliable and never breaks—characters which distinguish it from so many preparations sold under the same name. When used for small outs, from sharp instruments, bring the lips of the wound together, and lay over it a piece of goldbeater's skin; then fix this with a piece of court plaster. The wound will generally heal without further trouble.

TRANSFER PAPER.—Make a strong solution of each of the following articles, separately, in hot water:—Starch, three oz., gum arabic, one oz., alum, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz., then mix, and apply it while still warm to one side of the leaves of paper with a brush. When dry, a second and a third coating may be given; press it to make it smooth. In using it, moisten the back of it, and evenly press it on the stone, when a reversed copy of the drawing, &c., will be obtained.

CEMENT FOR BROKEN GLASS.—Broken glass may be cemented so as to be as strong as ever, by interposing between the parts, glass ground up like a pigment, but easier of fusion than the pieces to be joined, and then exposing them to such a heat as will fuse the cementing ingredient without melting the pieces to be united. A glass for cementing pieces of broken flint-glass may be made by fusing some of the same kind of glass, previously reduced to powder, along with a little red-lead and borax, or with borax only.

TO TAKE STAINS OUT OF IVORY.—Make light paste of sal volatile, prepared chalk, and oil; rub on the ivory with leather; afterwards put a little more on and leave it to dry, then brush it off.

TO WHITEN IVORY.—Boil alum in water; into this immerse your ivory, and let it remain in an hour; then rub the ivory with a cloth, wipe it clean with a wet linen rag, and lay it in a moistened cloth to prevent it drying too quickly, which causes it to crack.

GLUE FOR EARTHENWARE, &c.—Put a piece of white flint stone into the midst of a fierce fire; when it is red, or rather white hot, take it out with a pair of tongs, and suddenly drop it into a pan of cold water, which should be ready placed for the purpose. This will destroy the power of adhesion in the flint, and precipitate the stone to a fine powder, from which you must carefully pour of the water. Now melt white rosin in an iron pot or earthen pipkin, and stir the flint stone powder into it till it is of the consistence of a thick paste. When you use this glue, warm the edges of the glass, stone, china, or earthenware, and rub it thereon, then carefully and neatly place them together. When quite cold, with a knife scrape off as much of the cement as remains outside.

TO WELD TORTOISESHELL.—Provide a pair of pincers, the tongs of which will reach four inches beyond the rivet. Now file the tortoiseshell clean to a lap joint, carefully observing that there be no grease about it. Wet the joints with water, apply the pincers hot, following them with water, and the shell will be found to be joined as if it were originally the same piece.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

. Letters for the Editor must in future be addressed to 170, Fleet-street.

M. K., (Bristol).—You will find in another column a receipt for a "nutritious food for singing birds." It is the only one we find in either of the volumes. Our attention having been frequently called by our correspondents to the instability of the health of their parrots, we shall next week give some directions, which if followed may tend to the comfort of those tender exotics. If your bird is of that species, of course the receipts referred to will not be of any service.

D. C. L.—That is not our meaning. You err like the old bachelor in the story, "am I not a little pale?" said a very stout lady, in some anxiety, respecting her complexion. "You are more like a big tub," was the ferocious reply. We did not say, in our remarks on the delight which some evince in the dangers incurred by our Cremorne and Vauxhall ascendants, that no risk should be incurred even in the promotion of science. The recent

invention and daring adventures of Mr. Bell had our heartiest approbation. We published a full description of the machinery employed by him as a steering apparatus and we had a drawing of his balloon as soon as his endeavour to aid "in the promotion of science" was made public. But the mere pleasure of gazing at a large globe, inflated with gas, seemed too costly a sight if the sacrifice of human life is to be part of the entertainment. The fearful experience of Mrs. Graham very recently, is quite enough to satisfy our Greens and our Gales that the risks encountered of dreadful death are sufficient in the mere ordinary features of an aerial ascent without increasing them with the society of the lion or the horse. Such was the purpose of our remarks. As the stout lady under other circumstances may have acknowledged that she was more of the shape of a tub than a pale, so we readily agree with you that great dangers even must be encountered in the pursuit of science. The lava of the volcano two thousand years ago destroyed the philosopher, because he approached too near nature's convulsions, and the frigidity of the arctic regions may seal up the life's blood of our modern explorers, but only fame and honour is the portion of these victims. A death at Cremorne would be a crime.

F. H., (Ashburton).—If you have now received our Monthly Part for August you will find the "Schoolboy" engraved on one of its pages.

W. L.—The picture of Sterne's Maria would have been somewhat better designed, had the faithless goat been seen at a much greater distance than he is represented. His entire absence would have left too much for the letter-press to supply. You do see the break which "ran at the foot of the tree." The paper that week was considerably inferior to what is now used for this journal, and the artist's designs were not so easily distinguishable as they are now.

L. P.—Our friend at Long Preston is requested to read our reply to **F. H.** You will find that the part containing five numbers has forty pages. We quote the concluding portion of your letter to show certain subscribers that our system merits the approbation of many of our readers:—"I admire the work very much, it is both interesting and instructing. I am nearly 300 miles from London, and hope it will be gratifying to you to hear your little periodical has found its way to the northern mountains of England, and I hope it will not only be found in England but all over the world. I was glad to find your reply to W. N. Willis regarding puns, rebuses, &c.; for myself, I would rather have something similar to the account of Nepaul, Goodwood House, &c., and accounts of or lives of eminent statesmen. But it is not for me to choose the subjects for all your readers. Wishing success to the PENNY ILLUSTRATED NEWS, I remain, yours, truly, L. P." We have quoted a great portion of your letter, not that we are without many of a similar tone, but your's is selected, being well expressed and free of any literary blemish. We have universally found that the lovers of rebuses, puns, &c., sense, are universally ungrammatical and very indifferent to style.

C. S. G. (Ecclestone).—We beg to refer you to our answer to **F. H.** The "School Boy" was presented in a separate sheet to our many thousands of weekly subscribers, and we put it in a page, that those who bought the monthly part might be enabled to bind it up in the volume. Although we had no desire to dis-appoint our monthly subscribers in any form, it seemed rather a fly-sheet for the weekly number than a cumbersome addition to the Part.

Decon.—We gave as much space to the Nepauls and Assamites as circumstances permitted. There is a long letter published in one of the daily papers from a Calcutta correspondent, which is very tragic, and, we believe, fabulous anecdotes of the early career of the Himalaya chief. We are told he was a near relative, then prime minister, that the king was so awed by the fearful atrocity of the deed, that he instantly appointed the assassin to the high office of his victim, &c. We are not sure of the gross improbabilities for the entertainment of our readers.

A. P. (Plymouth).—Mr. Vickers, of Holywell-street, Strand, is our publisher. He has this journal every Tuesday, and if your agent gives proper attention, you should have it on Thursday morning at the latest. See that your orders are attended to.

H. V. (Liverpool).—Don't be angry. In your letter received to-day, (Monday), you spell correspondents, correspondents—important, important—two, two—pieces, pieces—poetry, poetry—rich, rich—please, please—penny, penny—Our terms for publishing in this book, as you term it, are simply sound sense, strict grammar, and correct spelling. If you favour us again, pray don't expose us to the letter carriers, as "The Editor of the Penny Illustrated News." We blushed to say the letter was for the Editor.

PENNY ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

ON AUGUST 31, WILL BE PRESENTED, GRATUITOUSLY,
A SPLENDID ENGRAVING

OF
THE LOVER,
As described by Shakespeare in his "Seven Ages."

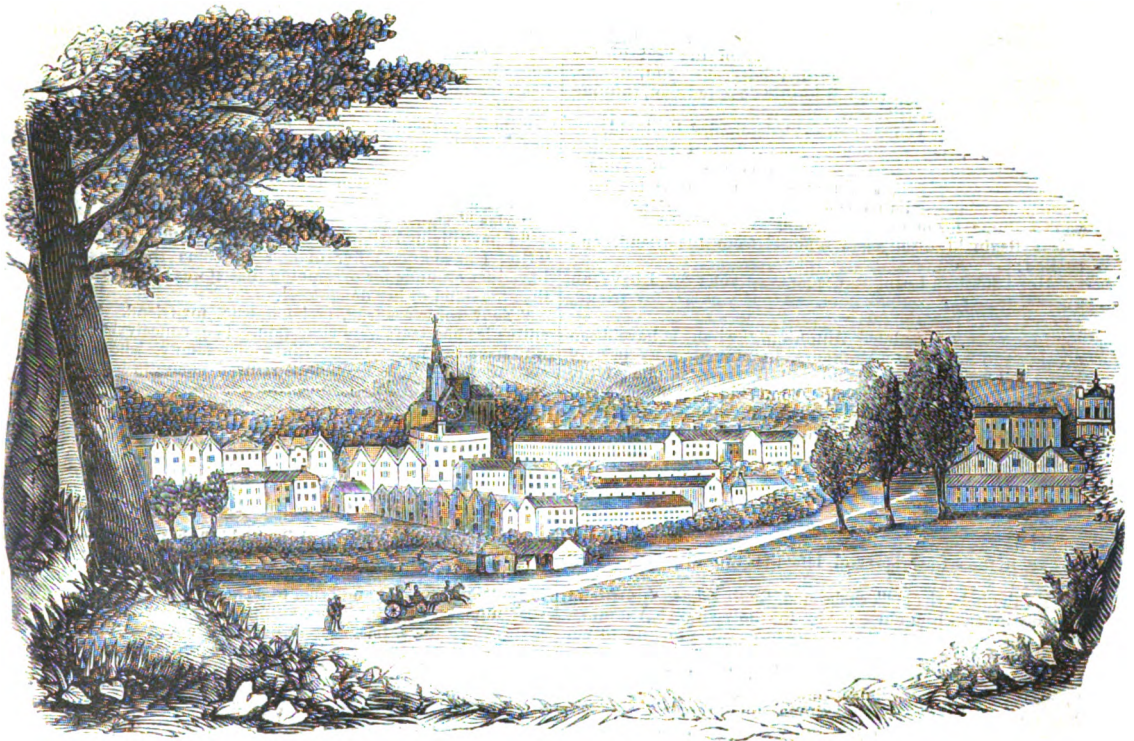
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THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED NEWS

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1850.

{ ONE PENNY.
POST FREE, 2d.



LEAMINGTON.

THE virtues of the mineral waters have within these thirty years made Leamington one of our most fashionable resorts for the gay and the debilitated. The once rustic village has been transformed into a handsome town, and no expense has been spared to make its public buildings at once commodious and elegant.

The public spring is enclosed in a handsome stone edifice. The baths are of elegant architecture, and fitted up in the most tasteful manner. The original spa contains a large proportion of common salt, sulphate of soda, muriate of magnesia, and sulphate of lime. There are also chalybeate and sulphurous springs. For the last fifty years, when the peculiar qualities of these waters first became generally known to the medical profession, their reputation has been steadily

extending. Although they are most celebrated for the cur cutaneous diseases, they are found of the greatest service in abating glandular obstructions, bilious and dyspeptic complaints, and other internal maladies.

Among the public buildings recently erected for the convenience of the crowds of visitors who annually resort to Leamington, the Assembly Rooms form a conspicuous object. They are constructed in a style of grandeur and elegance rarely excelled. They comprise ball rooms, billiard rooms, card rooms, reading rooms, and a refectory. There is also a new suit of concert and ball rooms. In 1814, a handsome theatre was erected. Two public libraries, a spacious picture gallery, a museum, and Ranelagh gardens, contribute largely to the amusement of the visitors.

REVENGE: OR, REGINALD AND ANGELINA. AN HISTORICAL TALE OF ROME.

*By the Author of "The Brothers," an Historical Tale
of the Seventeenth Century, &c. &c.*

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"May the tyrannical Pope hang and quarter thee!" ejaculated one of the group, whom the violence of the shock had prostrated on the ground; "he is not masked either, and dares to arrogate to himself the right of felling people to the ground! Blood and furies," he continued in a savage tone, "he must be a robber—a murderer—arrest him! arrest him!"

He was immediately seized, and, at the same time, the speaker rose and advanced towards them, doubtless with the intention of handling the stranger rather roughly; but the light of a torch had no sooner illumined his countenance, than the former, hastily disembarassing himself of an enormous mask, exclaimed:—

"May the devil take me if it isn't my friend Reginald!"

"Myself, Antonino," said Reginald, for it was he.

"Ah! it is you whom we have been seeking the last two hours—you, who are thus depriving us of the best of the sport—who have failed to be at the *rendezvous*—you, in fine, whom we have at length found in this deserted spot, running about like a madman!"

"Have I injured you, Antonino?" demanded Reginald.

"Not much," replied the young man, "and I freely pardon thee. But let us not forget that this is the most brilliant moment on the Corso, and that every instant is precious. Come," he added, "let us be quick, for you must exchange your costume, for one more befitting the carnival."

But Reginald disengaged himself from his friend, and replied:—

"No, Antonino, I cannot accompany you; for I have an important matter to settle here, and, if you are my friend, you will leave me."

"Leave you," ejaculated Antonino, "when I have been seeking you these last two hours, in almost every part of Rome! I would rather behold you figuring at one of the estrapados of the Corso. Come, come," he continued, again seizing Reginald by the arm, and forcing him along in spite of himself: then, turning towards his companions, mute spectators of this scene:—

"You, my friends," he added, "will repair to our carriage quick as possible, with which you will rejoin us at Angelo Videtto's, the tailor; and may the devil take me if I won't compel him to attire my friend in that brilliant costume which he has made for him."

The friends departed and left the two interlocutors together.

"By the holy virgin!" exclaimed Reginald, as his friend forcibly hurried him along; "by the holy virgin! Antonino, allow me to return, for it is utterly impossible for me to accompany you."

"Impossible!" repeated Antonino, "you are joking, surely? The Pope, who formerly kept swine in a poor village, asserts that nothing is impossible to man."

"It is wrong of you to jest thus, Antonino, for you augment my sorrow and despair."

"Be it so, then, returned Antonino, and, since such is the case, I will laugh no more. Let us, therefore, speak seriously. And, in the first place, where were you proceeding with such impetuosity when we came in contact with you?"

"I had determined to drown myself."

"What! resolved to drown thyself?"

"I had," responded Reginald in a gloomy tone.

"Oh! oh! you are jesting my friend, surely."

"I was never more serious in my life."

Antonino, however, hurried his friend on, and would not listen to anything he had to say. On arriving at the tailor's, they found that the carriage had already arrived, in which were seated Antonino's friends. The worthy Angelo Videtto, too, was at home and waiting to receive them with the splendid attire which he had made for Reginald, spread on the table. It was a superb costume of the God of Folly, consisting of blue and yellow satin, covered with small silver bells. Reginald regarded it with an indifferent look and permitted Antonino to undress him, for he appeared lost to everything around. When he had denuded him of all save his shirt and drawers, Antonino observed to him:—

"Come, my friend, relate to me what motive could have

inspired you with the sad resolution of committing suicide. Surely Reginald, you must be mad! Have you then forgotten our pledge? Did we not promise to return to your uncle's at the expiration of three months? God! much, fondly as I love thy angelic cousin, I could not—dare not—have returned alone, and with such awful news, too. Oh! no; it would have been their death-blow. You well know, Reginald, that they both love you sincerely; thy uncle with the fondness of a father, and his daughter with that of a loving sister."

"Ah! my dear friend, you are happy, supremely happy," murmured Reginald, "you love, and it is reciprocated; you have the consent of your father and that of my uncle to espouse the object of your attachment, but my love is hopeless; I have been flatly refused the hand of an amiable, a lovely being, whom I love more than my life, and without whom I have no desire to live; in fine, my friend, life would be a burthen to me, a barren waste."

"Ah! you love, then?" returned Antonino.

"Yes, fondly, devotedly."

"And with whom are you so deeply in love, pray?"

"Signora Morisini's lovely daughter," replied Reginald.

"Indeed!" said Antonino, in astonishment; "that is most unfortunate, for I have heard she is in an arrant coquette, and, if that be the case, she will only make sport of thee."

"Heavens! Antonino," exclaimed Reginald, "you must be mistaken. Oh! yes, for Angelina loves me as much as I adore her; she has sworn it; and her soul is too pure—her heart too noble, too impassioned, for me to disbelieve her vows."

"Be it so, then," returned Antonino, "and if you have nothing with which to reproach Angelina, who, I acknowledge, is the most beautiful young girl in Rome, I must come to the conclusion that thy grief and despair are the work of her mother."

"Alas!" sighed Reginald.

"I have divined rightly, have I not?" continued Antonino. "Oh! I have known her mother for some time past, and have just grounds for presuming that it was she who refused thee the hand of her daughter."

"Your words are true, oh! too true, my friend. Yes, my entreaties and tears were alike vain. Is it conceivable that I who have the name of an illustrious family, who am the cousin of a cardinal, should be refused as son-in-law by the Signora Morisini?"

"Faith, yes," replied Antonino, "for although the cousin of a cardinal, thou art not the nephew of a pope."

"What do you mean, Antonino?"

"That the Seigneur Francesco Colletti, the Pope's nephew, is passionately in love with Angelina, and will no doubt carry her off by force if he cannot obtain her otherwise."

"By heavens!" exclaimed Reginald, "that cannot—shall not be, so long as I have life and strength to protect her!"

"God forbid, certainly," said Antonino, "but I believe he is sufficiently base and cruel to be guilty of any deed, however monstrous. But," he continued in a tone of encouragement, "an idea has just struck me, and I think there is a means of compelling the Signora Morisini to listen to thy entreaties."

"Oh! speak, speak, I implore you," cried Reginald.

"The project presents great difficulties."

"No matter, so that they be not insurmountable," returned the impassioned youth.

"It will probably lead thee to the inquisition, or at least to the galleys," resumed Antonino.

"I think thou knowest me sufficiently well, Antonino, to be aware that I fear not danger. Speak, then, and whatever it be I will act, for without her I neither value life nor liberty."

By this time Reginald had, almost unconsciously, attired himself in his carnival costume.

"Come," observed Antonino, "our companions are waiting; let us depart."

"No," replied Reginald, "I wish to know thy project before I leave."

"I have my plan, I tell thee, and we can execute it to-night; come then."

This assurance rendered Reginald comparatively tranquil and happy; he accordingly followed Antonino, and immediately afterwards they took their seats in the carriage, which rapidly proceeded in the direction of the Corso.

At the moment they arrived the Corso assumed a still more brilliant appearance than ever. The number of masks had become so considerable, the incidents and scenes so multifarious, and the brilliant equipages so numerous, that the

carriage of our two friends and companions could scarcely make way through the compact masses, which, at every few paces, impeded their progress. Presently they were compelled to come to a stand-still, for, on a sudden, a horse, doubtless frightened by the noise and tumult, began to kick violently, and broke a portion of the harness to which he was attached; the impetuosity of his movements quickly caused a general disorder. In the confusion which ensued, the carriage, which was small, jammed on one side by one that was considerably heavier, could not resist the violence of the shock; the wheel broke, it fell on its side, and, incapable of movement, immediately became a greater embarrassment amidst the general confusion. Frightful screams emanated from the interior of the carriage; two men masked suddenly burst open the door, when three dominos sprang from the carriage, one of whom, from his tall figure, and the care he appeared to take in protecting his companions, was evidently a man.

Far from being made calm by this incident, the tumult had increased tenfold. The frightened animals snorted and bounded, the crowd jostled and pressed forward, and, in short, the scene was now truly alarming. For a moment, among that myriad of heads, one might have seen the little group formed by the three dominos and the two masked men who had burst open the carriage door. But, by a sudden movement in the throng, they were immediately separated, and the confusion was at its height, for the carriage which had overturned that of the three dominos, and which the reader has doubtless recognised as that of the two friends, suddenly disengaged itself, dashed off at the risk of crushing everything in its rapid course, and disappeared in one of the streets contiguous to the Corso.

When calm was re-established, thanks to the intervention, somewhat slow, of the authorities, of the three dominos of whom we have spoken, two only remained. One was the Signora Morisini, who was sobbing pitiably, and demanding justice on the wretches who had dared to carry off her daughter Angelina; the other was the Seigneur Francesco Colletti, who vainly strove to appease her.

After having traversed several gloomy, deserted streets, the carriage of the two friends stopped before the dwelling of Reginald. The young man alighted, and assisted by Antonino, hastened to transport a fainting lady into the house. Reginald then thanked the friends of Antonino, who had so ably seconded him, and the door of the house closed on him at the moment the carriage disappeared at the corner of the street.

Although Reginald had an apartment in the palace of his cousin, the cardinal, he had been persuaded by Antonino to take, like almost all the young noblemen of Rome who desired to keep their gallantries a secret, apartments in one of the least frequented quarters of the city. The house in which Reginald had apartments was occupied by a kind-hearted honest widow and her children. Reginald, who was greatly esteemed by them, doubtless owing to some trifling service, quickly obtained their assistance. He delivered Angelina to them, as a young lady whom he had rescued from the most imminent danger, and whose state required prompt succour. The good people were quite satisfied with this explanation, and hastened to attend to the young girl, who was still in a swoon, and stretched on a bed, wherein she had been laid by Reginald and Antonino. Perceiving that the hostess and her daughter quickly began to undress and cause her to inhale some kind of perfume, which rendered her respiration more free, the two friends left to disembarass themselves of their carnival costume.

After the lapse of a quarter of an hour Reginald returned, when he found that Angelina was recovering consciousness. As she opened her eyes they rested with astonishment on the surrounding objects, which were utterly unknown to her; then a deep sigh escaped her breast, and she cried out in a pitiably faltering voice:—

"Great God! where am I? Oh! my mother! my mother!"

Reginald, who had remained at a distance, now advanced towards her.

"Be calm my Angelina," said he imploringly, "you are perfectly safe here."

At that well known voice, Angelina bounded up in the bed; then fixing on him her haggard regard, with the utmost alarm, exclaimed:—

"Heavens! Reginald, what does this mean? Is it you Reginald?"

"It is I, Angelina," replied the lover in a voice of emotion.

"O God!" she cried, raising herself as though she wished to flee: but perceiving, for the first time, that she was in a bed and divested of her garments, an indescribable

alarm took possession of her soul—a vague suspicion flashed across her mind, and without fully comprehending the sentiments which oppressed her, she fell backwards, concealed her face in her hands, and wept bitterly.

Reginald understood this artless instinct of alarmed modesty:—

"Fear nothing, my Angelina," he observed in a soft, penetrating voice: "you are quite safe here."

"Safe!" she replied, "but wherefore am I here, and alone with you?"

"Angelina," responded Reginald, trembling and confused by the avowal he was now constrained to make, "I must implore your forgiveness."

"Forgive you," she murmured, placing her hand on her fervid forehead as though to collect her ideas; "ah! what then has taken place? that noise, that tumult—and then those two women in masks—who stifled my cries! Heavens! it cannot be, surely?"

And as though she feared to divine the truth, her eyes rested with a scrutinising regard on Reginald, who was still trembling violently, and dared not raise his eyes. He, however, at length hazarded a reply:—

To be continued.

ON SEEING A BUTTERFLY IN THE STREETS OF LONDON.

What brings thee here,
Thou little flutterer, 'mid this busy scene?
Hast thou no fear
Of urchin captor? or that rash hath been
Thy venture hither from the meadows green?

Ah! some there be
Amidst this hurly-burly, worn in heart,
Who gaze on thee,
To whom wilt thou a deeper gloom impart,
As thou recallest life's most sunny part.

Here on the wing,
Where day to toil surrenders all her hours,
Methinks thou'lt bring
sions to many of green fields and flowers,
d grassy dells and wild woods' leafy bowers.

Bold rover thou,
If, revelling where rose-nettles quaffing down,
Hast made a vow
Unto thy fellows, all their deeds to crown,
By daring thus the passage of the town.

Or it may be,
A captive thou of urchin's country roam,
And here set free
'Midst smoke and din beneath a murky dome,
To seek, alas! thy far-off flowery home.

Alas, for thee!
Thy flight is feeble, weary is thy wing,
And thou wilt be
Bewildered, lost, thou little fluttering thing:
Amid the myriad spires that round thee spring.

It must be so,
And fate to thee by this huge labyrinth saith,
"Thou ne'er shalt know
Again the rose and honeysuckle's breath:
These streets to thee shall be the ribs of death."

JOSEPH ANTHONY.

GENERAL WILLISEN.

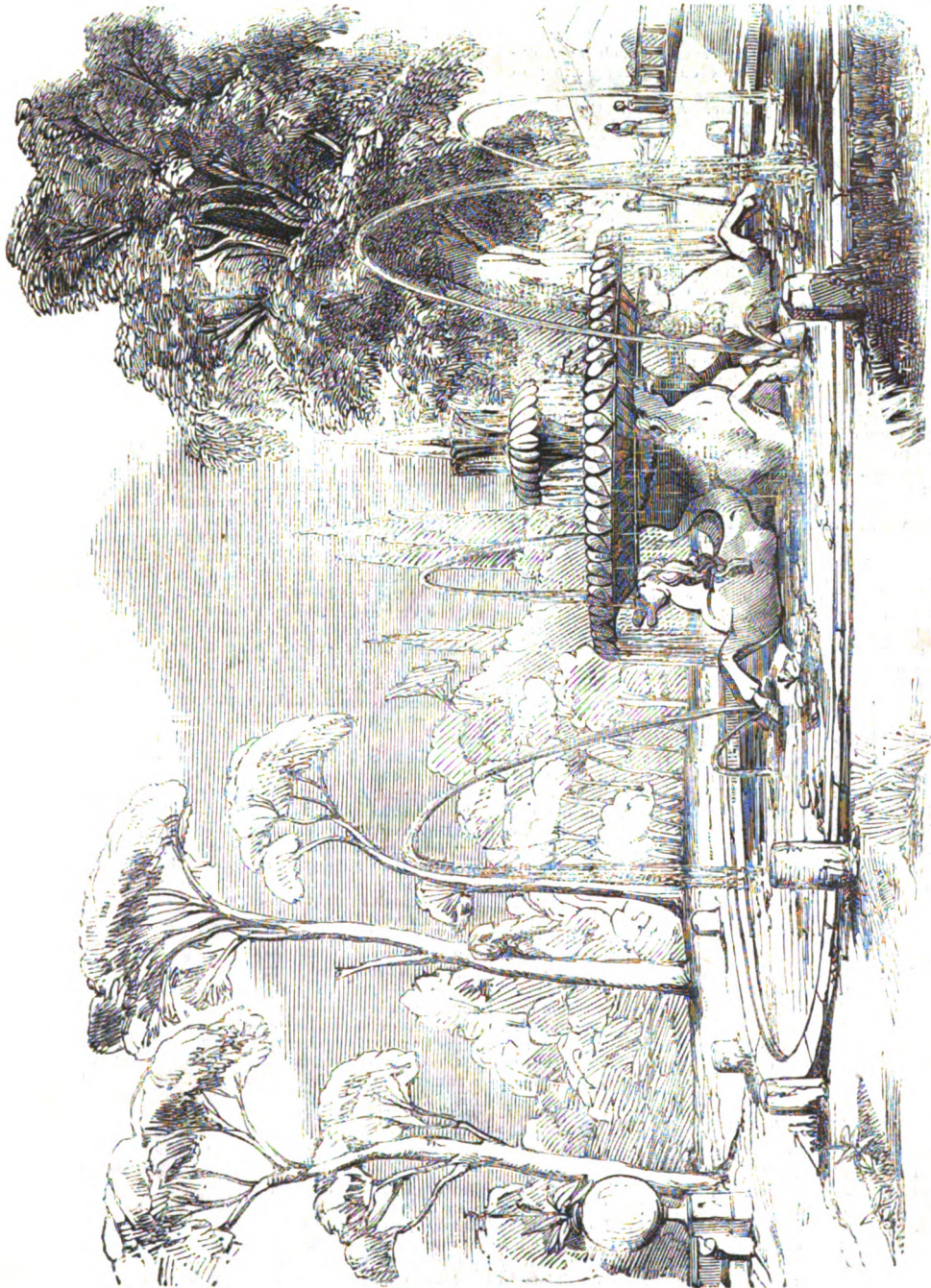
GENERAL WILLISEN, Commander-in-Chief of the Schleswig-Holstein army, is about sixty years of age. Descended from a noble Prussian family, he was early destined for a military career, and in the campaign of 1806 served as cadet in an infantry regiment. After the disasters of Jena and Auerstadt, he returned to the University of Halle, where he spent the next few years in the retirement of study. From 1813 to 1815 we find him attached to the general staff of Field-Marshal Prince Blücher. Willisen remained in this position for a certain time after the conclusion of peace, and at the end of twenty years' experience, he was appointed to give instruction in military history in the General Military School of Berlin. For several years before 1848 Willisen was stationed at Posen, with the office of chief of the general staff of the 5th army corps, and afterwards as commander of a brigade. The plenipotentiary powers in the duchy of Posen in 1848 are part of the history of the commotions of March. In the autumn of the same year he was present with Radetzky at the siege of Malghera, and observed the progress of the Italian campaign, whose history he has since written. In the promotions of the spring and summer of 1849 Willisen's name was omitted, and this circumstance may have induced him to apply for the dismission which was granted him in the spring, with the title of lieutenant-general.



THE WOODEN DOORWAYS OF OLD LONDON.

We engrave this week a fine specimen from Sherborne-lane, King William-street, City. It forms the entrance to an ornamental brick building, which was formerly occupied by the Draper's Company. The mouldings of the door are highly enriched and boldly executed. A grotesque head forms the

centre of the well-carved beautiful frieze. A double shell lines the circular head—a very common mode of filling it. We shall publish another of this kind hereafter. There is a somewhat similar specimen in Water-lane, Thomas-street.



FOUNTAIN AT THE VILLA PAMFILI DORIA, ROME.

MARY BAX:
A TALE, FOUNDED ON FACT.
 By THOMAS MILLS.

CHAPTER I.

THE night was tranquil and serene, the mighty waters of the ocean slept, and the bright luminous beams of the moon were reflected upon their clear and glossy surface. The majestic ships, with sails unfurled, ready to catch the forthcoming breeze, lay anchored in the Downs, and the fishing boats of Deal and Kingsdown, with their miniature sails and diminutive pendants, might be observed slowly sailing

towards the Goodwin Sands, whilst, ever and anon, the gentle breeze wafted across the sleeping waters the gay sounds of music, proceeding from a boat returning with an excursion party from Ramsgate.

"How beautiful!", exclaimed a maiden, as she stood on the sea shore, gazing with admiring eyes on the lovely prospect before her—"How great is God!—how grand and wondrous all his works!"

"Grand and wondrous, indeed," exclaimed a voice near her.

She started, for she fancied she was alone.

"Maiden," said the speaker, "'tis a late hour, and a lone

place for reflection. "These sandhills," turning to a desolate track of waste land near to them, lying northward of the town of Deal, and stretching towards the town of Sandwich, "these sandhills are but gloomy even on such a glorious night as this; methinks fear may be no stranger to your breast."

"It is as strange to me as you are. A pure heart and clear conscience knows no fear. An innocent life has the protection of the Almighty ruler and disposer of all things."

"True; and yet, since proud Harry's time, the founder of yon castle, those sombre-looking walls, and these smuggler-hiding hills have made many a stouter heart than thine or mine to tremble."

"Virtue is strong, crime is weak. The former leans for support on the arm of its Divine origin, and receives help in the time of need; the latter, trembling often at its own shadow, finds ease only in the grave. Every man it sees it fancies the minister of justice, the stern avenger of the law. Every house contains a foe, every spot a lurking enemy. I have no such fears as these. These walls, these hills, inspire me with no dread. I am equally safe in the night as the day; but, farewell, Sir; I have a long distance yet to walk, and the night advances."

"Good evening, Miss," he said, "perhaps I may sometime have the pleasure of seeing you again."

Before proceeding farther, it will be as well, perhaps, to inform the reader who these persons were. The maiden was Mary Bax, the heroine of our tale. She was the daughter of a small innkeeper, in the ancient town of Sandwich. Her features, though regular, were not beautiful; they were pretty and interesting—the more you looked on them, the more pleasing did they become. When serious, her wild blue eyes added a sweet serenity to her countenance; but when excited, they kindled into vivacious brilliancy, and sparkled with diamond-like lustre. She was about the middle height, of faultless figure, and symmetrical proportions. She had received many offers, for of lovers she had plenty; but the preference was given to a young sailor, who was now on a voyage to the burning clime of India. The stranger went by the name of Martin Lock. By birth he was a Spaniard, but the greater part of his life had been spent in England. He had travelled through nearly every country, and spoke the English language with great fluency. His occupation was that of a pedlar. He had seen and knew so much of life, that he could effectually mask the villain under the easy grace and accomplishments of the gentleman. He could act the character of the hypocrite to perfection, and, under a rather prepossessing exterior, could pass in society as a respectable and intelligent man. His height was about the average size, and his age might be thirty.

CHAPTER II.

"WELL, Mary, my girl," exclaimed old John Bax, the landlord of the Lord Nelson Inn, Sandwich, to his daughter as she entered their little parlour, "how late you are, where have you been so long? I was thinking of coming to meet you."

"Oh father, said Mary, as she kissed his venerable forehead, wrinkled with the cares and sorrows of sixty summers, I have been so delighted in watching and admiring the sea, moon, ships, and a variety of other things too numerous to mention. I could have stayed all night, and I wished for some one you know to be with me to—"

"No doubt, no doubt," quoth Ben, "he is sure to be needful to complete your happiness. We old men soon get pushed aside when young ones are in the question."

"But, Father, you forget."

"Oh no I don't, you would tell me you loved me none the less, though you loved him more. Ah! ah! ah! I was once so myself. I remember when I was in love I could have gone anywhere or done anything. You know I was once a sailor—yes, and to purchase a single smile from my lovely Sue, thy sainted mother, I would have braved death 'een in the cannon's gaping mouth, jumped on the deck of a Frenchman, American, or Spaniard, bid defiance to the hundred gleaming swords that should flash destruction o'er my head, and never once give way till I had lowered their colours and hoisted the Union Jack in their stead. By the powers," he continued, in this enthusiasm, "I believe I am young again, my sinews seem to swell, my muscles regain their wonted strength, my arms their vigour, my eyes flash, my bosom burns, my blood boils. I am once more a British sailor."

"Bravo, bravo!" exclaimed the merry voice of Mary, as she playfully tapped him on the back.

"Oh, Mary!" he said, as he quietly resumed his seat, from which, in his burst of enthusiasm, he had risen, "Oh, Mary! we Englishmen are tigers in fight, but lions in love."

"I should then," said Mary, "vastly prefer your room to your company, one embrace would not need a repettition."

"Ah! ah! ah!" laughed Ben, "you young mermaid—taking advantage of my years, but never mind, let us have the brown loaf and pot of stout; away with dull melancholy, and then to rest in the arms of Murphy."

"Morpheus, you mean."

"Ah! well Morpheus if you like. I shall rest just as quietly and contentedly in the arms of one as the other."

Mary laughed at his drollery, and prepared their humble evening meal.

CHAPTER III.

WE will now return to Martin Lock, as he paced along the sea shore, meditating on the lovely creature he had just parted with. Who, and what was she, and where did she reside, were questions he repeatedly asked himself. Every now and then he watched with straining eyes her receding figure, and somewhat to satisfy himself as to the locality in which she resided, he determined to follow slowly in the distance. He saw her pass the only house then on the sandhills, and felt assured her home must be at Sandwich. He returned to Deal, and sought to banish her vision by sleep, but his dreams were of her, and unable to obtain either rest or refreshment, he rose at an early hour, and started across the hills for Sandwich, with a firm resolution not to desist in his search till the fair object of all his hopes and wishes was once more in his presence.

Behold him, now, as he wanders through the almost deserted streets of Sandwich, scarce a creature meets his view. He paces along one street and then another, traverses the most frequented walks, anxiously looking in every nook and corner, and peering into every face, in the vain hope that it may be the one he is in search of. But, alas! futile are all his endeavours. Night comes on. Footsore, hungry, and tired, and without arriving, as he thinks, any nearer the conclusion of his search, he seeks the nearest public-house, which happens to be the "Lord Nelson," to procure refreshment, and a night's rests. But why does he appear so astounded, so riveted to the spot? why do his eyes look so wildly, and yet so bright? why does he stand motionless as a statue?

"Walk in Sir, please," exclaims a rich musical voice.

"Good evening, Miss," said Martin, as he regained his composure, "I little thought we should meet again so soon."

"The gentleman, I presume, who was pleased to address me last evening on the sandhills."

"The same; to me I confess it is a great pleasure to be brought thus singularly and early into your presence and society, for you have created a sentiment of esteem in my breast, which I might faint hope you will allow to kindle into a more endearing name."

"You speak in strange language, Sir."

"It may be so at present, and perhaps I am wrong thus abruptly to mention the state of my feelings. Changing the conversation, then, my object in coming here was to obtain a supper and bed."

"Both of which we can accommodate you with," said Mary Bax, for it was her, as the reader has doubtless guessed.

Old John Bax now entered, and the conversation soon commenced on the old sailor's favourite topic. He indulged his patient listeners for more than an hour with an animated and enthusiastic description of his perilous adventures and hair breadth escapes. How once on a rocky shore, a seaman's fear, when the elements raged in tempestuous fury, and night veiled the earth in pitchy darkness, British daring and bravery had been completely successful, and now the French were defeated. How he assisted in the capture of Belleisle; fought in more or less important battles; suffered from wounds, shipwrecks, and famine, but, in spite of them all, give him his life over again, he would be a sailor still.

Martin listened with apparent interest and gratification to his narrative, applauded his courage and skill, and vowed that such a life he would like to live.

Several days thus passed away. Martin manifested no desire to leave the house, he now almost regarded it in the light of a home. He became wonderfully domesticated, and seemed to enjoy the happiness and pleasure of the social circle. The gay and festive scenes of the larger towns offered no inducement to him to leave the quiet homely hearth—he thought the dullness of Sandwich congenial to his feelings. But there was something more that protracted his stay—a powerful magnet whose irresistible influence caused him to linger yet awhile—a magic charm under whose potent spell he found himself invincibly bound. A fair face bloomed upon him; bright eyes flashed in his presence, and

a voice, soft and thrilling as music played on seraph's harps intoned its mellifluous cadence on his willing ear. He was, in fact, in love, deeply, perhaps sincerely; and though he gathered sufficient from Mary's conversation to convince him she was engaged, still he hoped by shrewdness, cunning, and hypocrisy, to overthrow her previous engagements, and transfer her affections to himself.

CHAPTER IV.

"Miss Bax—Mary," said Martin Lock, as they were seated by themselves in the little parlour of the Lord Nelson, "hear me. Believe me, I am truly sincere. There is not a promise I have made but I will gladly, willingly perform—my whole life shall be devoted to make you happy—all your wishes and desires shall be gratified, only say that you will love me, that you will be mine."

"I tell you, Sir, once more, that such a thing can never occur while life exists. I am engaged to another by my own free will and choice, and by my father's consent, one whom I truly love and who is worthy of my love."

"He cannot love you more fondly, more devotedly, than I do—he cannot adore you more intensely, more madly. Oh, Mary, condemn me not to despair, blight not the happiness I fondly hope to be mine, banish me not to eternal misery!"

"My resolution is fixed; I cannot, will not change—did you offer me the brightest prospects of life—did you place before me wealth, honour, distinction, title—did you bring to my view a beautiful fairy land of happiness, a land where sorrow and misery are unknown, a paradise upon earth—not for these, tempting as they may be, would I change. No. I will not be the first to deceive—so long as he remains true to me will I be true to him. The changes of life will produce no change—no vicissitudes in life's varied phase shall destroy one atom of my affection for him. Does the sun of prosperity shine brightly on us, or do the storms and clouds of adversity hover over and darken our career, still shall I remain equally his fond and loving Mary."

"You refuse—scorn my offers then."

"Not scorn them. I thank you for your kind intentions and offers, but respectfully and positively decline them."

"Be it so, Mary. Miss Bax, once more, before leaving this room, perhaps for ever, I offer you my heart and hand—reflect before you cast away eternally one who would esteem it his greatest pleasure, his proudest prerogative to serve you as a friend and protector—one who would risk limb and life in your behalf, and who would esteem a smile from you an ample recompense for any service he could render you."

"I have reflected and decided—the conversation now becomes painful to me, and if you wish to retain even my esteem you will condemn your lips to eternal silence on the subject."

"Since, then," said Martin ironically, "the conversation is painful, doubtless my presence is not required. I wish you good evening, Miss Bax; the next time we meet again," he continued, his eyes gleaming with rage, "it will be under different circumstances—we shall see who will be the suer then."

It would be difficult to say which preponderated most, the rage of Martin or the consternation of Mary. There seemed something so indescribably desperate and fearful in his appearance that alarmed and terrified Mary in no small degree; her features were blanched with fear, her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth—she seemed rooted, transfixed to the spot. How long she would have remained in this terrified position we know not, but her father happening to enter at the moment, recalled her scattered senses.

(To be concluded in our next.)

AN EMBLEM.—A LONELY CLOUD.

"Sermons in Stones, and good in everything."

A lonely cloud, as eve began,
Its quiet rest did take,
As graceful as a sleeping swan
Upon a moonlit lake;
One star, companion of the west,
Shone 'mid that cloudy sphere,
Like hope, within a human breast,
When sorrow darkens near!

And Oh, methought, for all our woes
A lesson here is given:
Could man but thus his griefs repose
Upon the breast of heaven—
Look upward to that realm afar
When worldly cares have birth,
And rest his hope on God's own star—
And take his heart from earth!—

COMPARISONS OF CONSTANCY.

Long has old Ocean—hushed his foamy wrath,
By night on the forsaken beach shall sob:
Long as men like and like not, or the mob
With shouts pursue the conqueror's homeward path—
While Summer flowers, and harvests Autumn hath;
While blackbirds pipe their song at noon, or rob
Our fruit-trees:—chiefly while this heart shall throb,
(Albeit its joys are as a lattermath):
So to the sea of my desires the shore
Thy love shall be; thy praise my best reward;
Thy smile my summer, and thy lips my store;
Thy gentle voice shall bring to disregard
All that I've suffered for thy sake before,
Sweeter to me than ever bird's to hard!

Q.

THE FASTIDIOUS.—Fastidiousness, when unaffected—which it is not always—is very generally a mark of weakness. Persons of exalted virtue are never reputed to be fastidious, and why? not because they are constituted differently from others, but because great objects, noble aims, occupy the soul and thoughts, to the exclusion of whatever might interfere with them. If a man who has devoted himself to the highest pursuits which can engage the attention of mortals, finds fastidious habits in his way, they will be the first sacrifice he will lay upon the altar of duty. But it may be questioned whether these habits will not often be beforehand with us, effectually preventing any hearty devotion to duty. Questioned, did we say? Alas, does not every day's observation show us that they are the hindrance in too many cases, especially of feminine goodness. In the care of the poor, and especially in an attempt to reform the vicious, is not this conspicuously the difficulty, even to the extent of subjecting a woman to the charge of coarseness, if she is found able to bear the presence of the squalid and the degraded? We have heard ladies observe, calmly, and with obvious self-complacency, that they could not endure the very atmosphere of the poor, and must leave the care of them to those who could! And we could not help feeling that the daring required for such an avowal might have served an excellent purpose, if turned in the right direction.

SUNRISE.—On one side piles of rich crimson clouds recline upon a bed of brilliant purple; on the other the sky, of the most delicate blue that ever canopied the heavens, is shaded with a delicate pink; while splendid arches, in form like heaven's own radiant bow, seem to encircle earth and sky. Two lovely stars, though rendered paler by the glare around, shine like diamonds in the azure sky.

USEFUL RECIPES.

(From the Receipt Book for the Million.)

THE VINEGAR PLANT.—The vinegar plant is very common in Yorkshire amongst tradespeople, farmers, and cottagers, as by making use of it they are able to obtain a good useful vinegar, at the cost of about one penny per quart. The process is as follows. Dissolve half a pound of moist sugar, or, for highly-coloured vinegar, half a pound of treacle, in three quarts of soft water. Put this mixture into a wide-mouthed jar, and the vinegar plant with it; cover the mouth of the jar either with white paper, pricked full of holes with a pin, or with a thin piece of gauze. Let it remain in a warm room or corner of the house for about five weeks, when the process will be completed, and the vinegar fit for use. During the process the plant, if it is a good sound one, will grow considerably both in diameter and thickness, floating on the surface of the liquor, and when taken out a young plant will be found adhering to the under surface of the old one. This young one will be nearly as large as the old one, but much thinner; and must be carefully separated from its parent, and set to work by itself in a separate jar. The old plant, also, may be safely set to work once or twice more, and will produce a young plant each time.

Note.—When the vinegar plant is used, it should have a small wooden raft, made of deal, in the form of a cross, to float on, for if it sinks it will perish.

TO MAKE A VINEGAR PLANT.—Take four ounces of sugar, and half a pound of treacle; simmer them in three quarts of water till dissolved. Then put the mixture in a large basin or jar, cover it over, and set it in some warm corner, in about six weeks look at it, and a thick, tough, fleshy substance will be found floating on the top, which is the vinegar plant. Take it and put it on the mixture, as recommended in the above recipe. The first mixture will turn to vinegar, but it

will not be so good as it would be with a plant put on it at first. The young plant, which will be found adhering to the old one, is the scum arising from the fermentation of the mixture, and in this way thousands of plants might be made, and as many hogsheads of very good vinegar. The vinegar is better if bottled and kept for some time.

IVORY PAPER.—The superiority of ivory paper to ivory itself, consists, firstly, in the colours laid on not being liable to get injured from the effects of the transudation of the animal oil, as in the case of ivory; secondly, the possibility of obtaining superficial dimensions, much larger than the largest ivory, the colours being washed off the ivory paper more completely than from ivory itself; and the process may be repeated three or four times on the same surface, without rubbing up the grain of the paper. It will also, with proper care, bear to be scraped with the edge of a knife, without becoming rough. Traces made on the surface of this paper by a hard black lead pencil are much easier effaced by means of Indian rubber than from common drawing-paper; and, thirdly, it is superior to ivory itself, in the whiteness of its surface, in the facility with which it receives colour, and in the great brilliancy of the colours when laid on. Owing to the superior whiteness of the ground, together with the extremely fine lines which its hard and even surface is capable of receiving, it is peculiarly adapted for the reception of the most delicate kind of pencil drawings and outlines.

TO BRONZE BRASS, &c.—To six pounds of muriatic acid add two pounds of oxide of iron, and one pound of yellow arsenic. Mix all well together, and let it stand for two days, frequently shaking it in the meantime, when it is fit for use. Whatever may be the article which requires bronzing, let it be perfectly cleaned and free from grease, immerse it in the above solution and let it stand for three hours, or rather, till it will turn entirely black; then wash the spirits off and dry it in sawdust, which has been found the best. After the article is perfectly dry, apply to it some wet black the same as used for stones, and then shine it up with some dry black-lead and brush, and it is ready for lacquering.

TO MAKE ICE IN SUMMER.—Numerous experiments have been tried by operative chemists for producing cold. Nearly all salts, when dissolved in water, lower its temperature. A mixture of five parts sal ammoniac and five of nitre, well powdered, with nine parts of water, will reduce the temperature 40 degrees; when Glauber salts (sulphate of soda) are dissolved in muriatic acid, the temperature is lowered 50 degrees. Ice may be produced thus:—Procure a jam jar, which fill with powdered Glauber salts and muriatic acid, till the whole is of a pasty consistency; then fill a test-tube, the size of a little finger, with water, with which stir the mass; in a few minutes the water will be frozen in the tube.

TO SILVER COPPER.—Precipitate silver from its nitric solution, by the immersion of polished plates of copper. Take of this silver twenty grains, superacetate of potash two drachms, common salt two drachms, and of alum half a drachm. Mix the whole well together. Then take the article to be silvered, clean it well, and rub some of the mixture, previously a little moistened, upon its surface. The silvered surface may be polished with a piece of soft leather. The dial-plates of clocks, scales of barometers, &c., are plated thus.

LEMONADE.—Rub off the yellow rinds of two lemons on a piece of sugar; scrape this off, and put it into a jug with the juice of three large or four small lemons; add a quart of water, and half a pound of loaf sugar, broken small including the sugar that has imbibed the oil from the lemons. When the sugar is dissolved, strain through a fine sieve, or piece of muslin, for use. The lemonade will be much improved by the white of an egg beaten up in it.

RONDELETIA.—This excellent perfume for the handkerchief is thus made:—Pure proof spirit, one quart; oil of lavender, four drachms; oil of caraway, half a drachm; oil of orange peel, half a drachm; otto of rose, one drachm. Put the spirit in a stoppered bottle, and to it add the essential oils, well agitate the mixture, and allow it to stand twelve hours; if not quite bright, add a teaspoonful of magnesia, and filter through white blotting paper—the rondeletia is then fit for use. The otto of rose, when pure, being expensive, may be omitted without injury to the fragrance.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

. Letters for the Editor must in future be addressed to 170 Fleet-street.

J. M. (Tickhill).—The Nelson statue is erected at Charing-cross, (now Trafalgar-square,) London. It is not yet completed. Only two of the four bas-relievo devices of the pedestal have been

finished. Why the monument of our greatest naval hero should have been so laggard and so disgracefully slow in erection is a confirmation of the truth of Mr. Bright's bitter remark, that "statues were placed over the ashes of more worthless than good men." The Duke of York has long been conspicuously ensnared, while the great Nelson, who has been dead nearly half a century, has an unfinished column, almost denying his right to the honour.

E. J. E. (Wells).—We shall see after the matter, and try to meet your wishes in a future number.

F. B.—We make merely a selection from Mr. Dipple's Receipt Book. We cannot pledge ourselves to insert the thousands of articles in the two volumes, neither have we any wish to do so, as the natural sale of the book would thereby be superseded by our weekly publication of its contents.

A. R.—We have already on more than one occasion replied to your question, but in again repeating that it is evident the days (for the present) of the *legitimate* drama are numbered, we could not hazard a prophecy that within the century a new era will not commence, to be followed by ages of popularity for the tragedy, the comedy, and the fame of "the days when we were young, when George the Third was king." Every attempt at prediction is absurd. In what page of the wisest sage can be discovered any foresight of the present phases of society? Who anticipated the steamer, the railway, the telegraph? Who can tell what the next half century will produce? Some new power or some new application of the known powers of nature may wholly revolutionise the present arrangements of life. Forty years ago a calculation of the time when the mines of coals would be consumed was submitted to a philosopher of calm but retrospective wisdom. He was not alarmed for the comforts of the species two thousand years hence, "Long ere the last bushel is burned (said he) a fresh element of fire will be discovered." You prefer the old stage play to the modern opera; but the million think otherwise, and they, not you, pay for the spectacle. As to your dictum of the respectability, classicality, and refinement of the drama, when compared with the mere sensual delights of the ballet and the orchestra, we simply enter the protest *de gustibus nil disputandum*.

P. R. (Nottingham).—These three letters P.P.C. mean *pour prendre congé*—that is, to take leave. The fashionable, before leaving a place, leave their cards with these hieroglyphics attached. We cannot decipher your other query.

S. T. P.—Your letter was mislaid, but we now readily give you our opinion of your position, and what you should do. It is plain that you cannot with any conscience hold a situation, the duties of which are not in consistency with your principles. You fear you tempt Providence by abandoning a post which provides for you. This is Jesuitism; the benefit does not warrant the deed. If you sacrifice your present income for conscience sake, you do not tempt, you trust Providence, as you are pleased, and as many do interpret life. It is much to be regretted that the forms or the fashions of society should so often run counter to the natural fruits of that very society's educational arrangements. A young man, as we assume you to be, is taught that Sunday is in all its hours sacred; yet he is appointed to a situation from which his livelihood is derived that claims his attendance every evening at eight o'clock. What is he to do? Your difficulty points a moral to which our space will not admit of a full discussion.

Veritas.—The cartoon in *Punch* was an illustration of the old English maxim, "Penny wise and pound foolish"—careful at the tap but careless at the bung the wine runs speedily away. Although you have not asked for any of our peculiar wisdom on the topic we cannot resist the remark that those who are penurious in the ordinary and necessary expenses of life, and lavish and profuse in mere personal unnecessary gratification, are, in the strongest sense of the term, foolish. They feel and flatter themselves that they are wise because the curb is frequently felt drawing their purse strings close. But it were better for them that the purse were open when the pence were going out than when the pounds were escaping. Our spendthrifts are often narrow misers: a blinding selfishness leads them to injustice, while they fondly imagine they are as honest as others, because they spend money largely, but it is on themselves only.

Isaac.—We agree with you that the Jews are the aristocracy of the earth. The prejudicial opinions of different nations are amusing. The English abuse the Scotch, and the French are fiercely sarcastic against the English, but good common sense readily admits the judicious sagacity of the northern and the frankness of the southern Briton, let the critics bluster as they may. The Jews are a great people, separate and apart from us all in blood, language, and religion, and to them the world at this day is under the heaviest obligation for its morality and the purity of its religious creed.

PENNY ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

ON AUGUST 31, WILL BE PRESENTED, GRATUITOUSLY,
A SPLENDID ENGRAVING

OF
T H E L O V E R,
As described by Shakspeare in his "Seven Ages."

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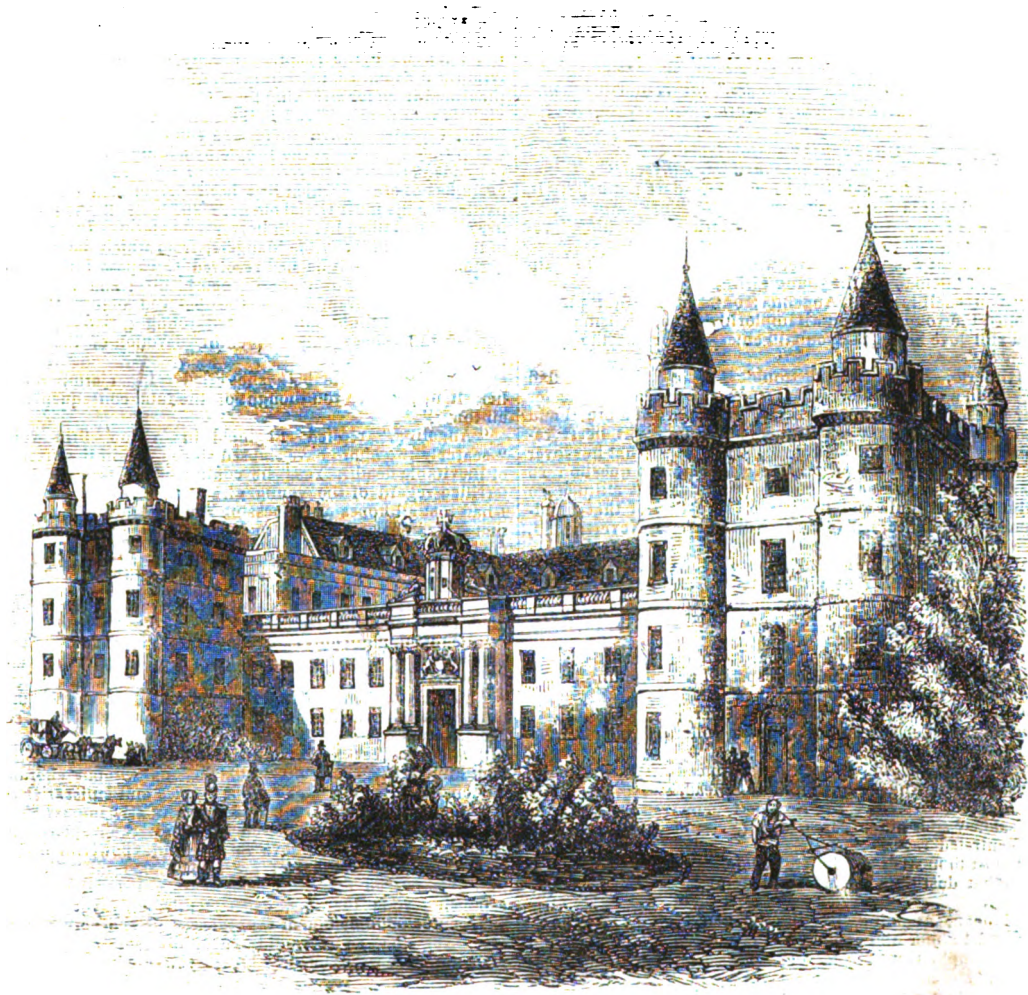
THE PENNY

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HOLYROOD HOUSE.

THE Palace of Holyrood is a large quadrangular edifice of polished stone, with a central court surrounded by piazzas. At each angle of the western front are circular towers, and in the middle is a portico with four doric columns, surmounted by a cupola in the form of a crown.

Such is the palace which her Majesty, for a short period, this week is to honour by her presence. George IV. is the only other monarch of the House of Brunswick who ever visited Edinburgh. The First and Second Georges could with difficulty suppress the insurrectionary spirit of the

Scotch, and George III. had his hands filled with American and continental wars. Peace at last spread her olives everywhere. The first Napoleon was a prisoner, the most unquestionable loyalty became the characteristic of the Britons, north of the Tweed, and George IV., soon after his accession, held his court at Holyrood. A still farther evidence of the loyal affection of the Scotch is afforded by the fact, that in the very heart of the once disaffected Highlands Victoria has her autumn home.

Holyrood became the residence of Louis XVIII. and of

Charles X., when the first and second revolutions forced these sovereigns respectively from the inhospitable soil of France.

Within the precincts of this palace there are many relics of the ancient monarchs of Scotland. The bed-chamber of the luckless Queen Mary is in the north-west tower. The furnishings of the room is crimson damask; but the hand of time has stripped them of every beauty. In the cabinet adjoining this room her favourite Rizzio was found by his murderers. The pictures of the Kings of Scotland, from Fergus I., are not portraits; they are modern drawings of what these dauntless chiefs may have been like.

Holyrood was originally a monastic foundation. The chapel founded by David I., in the twelfth century, is now, however, a ruin—the walls only remain. Charles II. built the whole of the present palace, with the exception of the north-west towers, which were erected in the previous century.

REVENGE: OR, REGINALD AND ANGELINA.

AN HISTORICAL TALE OF ROME.

By the Author of "The Brothers," an Historical Tale of the Seventeenth Century, &c. &c.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"Yes, Angelina, one of those men was—myself."

"What! you Reginald! oh! I cannot—dare not believe it, Tell me that it is not true!"

"It was I, my Angelina, and my friend Antonino," returned Reginald in a voice of greater assurance.

"And what was your motive, what did you hope to gain thereby?" demanded the young girl.

"You shall learn all, Angelina; but, in the first place," replied the young man in an imploring tone, "tell me that you still love me—that you still entertain for me the same respect."

Hitherto, uncertain and troubled, the young girl had floated in a chaos of ideas from which it was impossible for her to escape. On fancying herself the victim of a brutal and unmanly action from which her pure, innocent heart recoiled with horror and alarm, she began to fear that her lover was unworthy of her—of her love. But at that question so simple, that accent so soft and penetrating, that attitude so calm and tranquil, and the noble expression of that handsome countenance, her fears were dissipated. Nevertheless, she thus replied:—

"You have asked me a similar question before, Reginald, but certainly under different circumstances, and I recollect what was my reply; but here, at this hour, alone in your presence, and after all that has occurred, I cannot answer that interrogatory."

"Thanks my love, my Angelina, I am quite satisfied; but do not tremble so, you shall be respected as something holy, divine, and my love is your surest safeguard."

"Then conduct me back to my mother, Reginald."

"Your mother is with the Seigneur Colletti, dost thou wish to rejoin her?"

At these words, which were pronounced in a cold, dissatisfied tone, Angelina dropped her head, and a faint blush suffused her lovely cheeks. Reginald perceived this; a flash of jealousy shot into his eyes, and he resumed in a voice of concentrated rage:—

"Dost thou wish to rejoin the Seigneur Colletti?"

"What dost thou mean?" she demanded, rising up with dignity.

"I mean, Angelina, that the Seigneur Colletti loves you."

"And I abhor him as much as he loves me," she replied, with a simplicity which completely disarmed Reginald. "It is true," she added, "that that young man has made certain overtures to me, which, however, I have repulsed with indignation. That promenade on the Corso I also refused; but my mother accepted, and compelled me to accompany them."

"And it is to that mother you would return!" exclaimed Reginald indignantly, "the mother who is unworthy of her daughter! No, Angelina, you shall not leave this abode until morning."

"You have sworn my ruin then," cried the young girl, alarmed by this resolution, "oh! Reginald, Reginald, have you forgotten that to-morrow all Rome will know that the Chevalier Reginald Tregaldi has carried off a young girl, that she has passed a whole night without the maternal roof, and that that young girl will be dishonoured in the eyes of the world?"

"To-morrow, Angelina," returned Reginald, "the Chevalier Reginald Tregaldi will repair to the abode of thy mother and demand her daughter in marriage, when she will no longer dare to refuse him; and there will be nothing dishonourable in this proceeding."

By this response, the project of her lover became clear and lucid to the young girl. In the rash act, which she had at first condemned, she only saw another proof of that ardent, devoted love which she so much shared. She, therefore, observed in a voice almost resigned:—

"I believe the intention which has guided thee to be both loyal and pure, Reginald; but, presuming that your designs succeed, to what sacrifices will you not condemn me? I, a poor girl, hitherto so happy in her obscurity, whom the turmoil of the world has always alarmed; I, whose calm tranquil life will become the object of the most odious investigations; I, in short, whom you will cause to blush with shame before each peering eye."

"Is your love for me, then, so insignificant, in face of those trivial obstacles?" interrupted the lover in a tone of reproach, "and do you not suppose that I shall have to confront great and real dangers?"

These words caused the young girl to shudder. She was not ignorant of the accursed cruelty of the Pope and his tyrannical satellites, the cardinals, whenever an opportunity presented itself for wreaking their vengeance on certain individuals who were opposed to their monstrous form of government, especially when there was some kind of pretext by which they could blind the people by adding falsehood to the pretended crime. The recollection of numerous and recent examples of cruelty which had been perpetrated on certain parties for the most trivial offences suddenly flashed across her mind and filled her with horror and alarm. In presence of those real and terrible dangers, from which he did not shrink, and to which he had resolved to expose himself, she felt ashamed of her own puerile complaints; and no sooner did she begin to tremble for the beloved object, than the scruples of the timid and reserved young girl disappeared, and left in her heart only that entire devotion of the ardent impassioned lover.

"Reginald! Reginald!" she cried in alarm, raising herself up; "have you thought of the fatal consequences of all this?"

"Angelina," replied Reginald in a low firm voice, "scarcely two hours have elapsed since I was in the presence of inevitable death. Yes," he continued, on perceiving the terrified regard of the young girl at that revelation; "yes, I had lost all hopes of possessing you, and do you suppose that it was possible for me to live without you, Angelina? Oh! no; death were far preferable. But at that supreme moment, the idea of snatching you from the hands of that man was suggested to me by my friend Antonino; and the moment I saw there was a chance of succeeding, I abandoned the idea of committing suicide."

"Reginald, flight only can save you from incarceration, and, perchance, torture; let us flee, then; I will follow you any, and everywhere."

And the young girl, with a resolute air, had endeavoured to rise, but Reginald retained her, and observed in a soft caressing tone:—

"Thanks sweet girl, my own Angelina, for your devotion and kind offer, but flight would lose us without affording any chance of safety. The Pope's spies and emissaries are so numerous, that I fear it would be utterly impossible to evade them. Leave me, therefore, to bear the responsibility of this affair myself: I have relatives and powerful friends whose influence will be of great service to me. Besides, this outrage, as they will designate it, I shall repair by espousing you; there is, consequently, only your mother who can demand or obtain vengeance, and she dare not refuse, Angelina, as it would reflect discredit on her. It rests therefore with you, my love; you are the arbiter of my life."

"And mine!" cried the young girl, extending her hand to the amorous youth; "does not mine belong to you, Reginald? I am yours, my Reginald; proceed therefore as you will."

"Oh! Angelina! Angelina! my own sweet girl," cried the impassioned lover, pressing with transport his lips on the delicate hand which was abandoned to him; "your love for me is no longer a doubt; and, from this moment, life to me is most precious. Leave to me the care of this business, my love; I have great hopes of succeeding; but it is growing late, and I must leave you with those good people, who will administer to your wants, and pay you every attention. Early to-morrow morning I will conduct you to your mother, unless," he added, "I should be arrested before that time

but be not alarmed, Angelina, my friends are already devising means to prevent such a proceeding, should it be in contemplation. If, however, matters come to the worst, you can repair alone to your mother's residence."

"Oh! Reginald," sobbed the young girl, "I have a presentiment which seems to tell me that harm will befall you."

"Mere fancy, my love," replied the young man gaily, "but I must now leave you, for it is near midnight."

He then clasped her in his arms, imprinted a kiss on her ruby lips, and departed. But how different were his feelings to what they had been a few hours previously, when repairing in gloomy silence towards the Tiber, with a firm determination to put an end to his miserable existence, for he then regarded life in the light of a barren waste wherein he should be compelled to wander, wretched and miserable, and death appeared to him far preferable. But now he was happy, oh! supremely happy.

CHAPTER V. TREACHERY.

EARLY on the following morning the Signora was seated in her small, but neat apartment, a prey to the most intense grief. She had not had a wink of sleep, and, what was still worse, had received no tidings of her lost child. On mature reflection, she asked whether her conduct had not been unworthy of a mother? Whether her high pretensions were not most blameable, and her treatment of Reginald, her daughter's choice, most flagrant; whether, in a word, she had not herself to reproach for this sad calamity?

At this moment an individual entered; it was the Seigneur Colletti. This young man, whose figure was almost athletic, was elegantly, nay, sumptuously attired; but far from aiding his appearance, it formed a striking contrast with the vulgar expression of his features and the little distinction of his manners. At the sound of his footsteps the Signora hastily rose, and on perceiving him observed with vivacity:—

"Well! Seigneur, how are matters progressing?"

"I have just come from the Vatican," responded the young man, "and several of the Cardinals were there, but the Pope refused to see them; and I, Signora, his nephew, have not been more successful. But he knows all, for he has had a conference with the Barigel. Do not, therefore, despair, for severe orders have doubtless been given to that magistrate, and you will soon behold your daughter."

At this moment the door flew open, and Angelina rushed into her mother's arms, murmuring:—

"My mother! my mother!"

The emotion of the Signora on perceiving her beloved daughter, prevented her from remarking that she had not arrived alone. Reginald, followed by Antonino, and a number of friends, entered at the same moment. When the effusion of the first moment had subsided, Reginald, whose eyes had first rested on the Seigneur Colletti with a look of contempt, advanced towards the Signora.

"Signora," said he, "you see before you a guilty person, who has come to crave your pardon. The insult I have offered you is great, and the reparation ought to be still more so. Thus then, in the presence of all these Seigneurs of the best families of Rome, in the presence of the Seigneur Colletti, another witness, whom chance has thrown in our way," and in pronouncing these last words he fixed a sardonic regard on young Colletti, who trembled with rage, and could scarcely refrain from rushing on Reginald sword-in-hand—"I, Reginald, of the noble family of the Tregaldis, declare my intention and desire to espouse the Signora Angelina."

Scarcely had he uttered these words when a great hum was heard from without; almost the same instant the Barigel entered, followed by a numerous staff of armed sbirri.

"Chevalier Reginald Tregaldi," said he, advancing towards our hero, "in the name of our Holy Father the Pope, I arrest you."

At this brief formula, which was always heard with horror and disgust when pronounced by the lips of the inhuman minister of Papal justice, or rather injustice, Reginald's friends drew their swords, and would have defended him to the last drop of their blood; but, thinking no doubt that he could satisfy the minister, the young man turned towards his friends and observed:—

"Replace your swords, my friends, and let no blood be shed, for I think I can exonerate myself in the eyes of the minister."

The Signora Morisini, confounded, knew not how to act; Angelina was pale as death, and trembled violently; but young Colletti smiled satanically.

"In the first place," resumed the Barigel, "you are ac-

cused of publicly and violently carrying off a young girl from her mother. Do you plead guilty to this accusation?"

"I do, Sir," rejoined Reginald; "but appeal to the Signora, and ask her whether I have not come hither for the purpose of repairing my fault."

"What reparation do you intend offering?" continued the Barigel.

"The only one possible," returned Reginald; "I have publicly compromised the honour of a young girl, and offer publicly, and in the face of Heaven, to espouse her whom I have outraged."

"Signora," said the minister, turning to Angelina's mother, "do you accept the Chevalier Reginald Tregaldi's proposition?"

The Signora hesitated to reply; but the supplicating regards of her beloved daughter, the absence of any valid reason for refusing the reparation which was offered her, and the infamous part which a refusal would have caused her to play in the presence of so many witnesses, caused her to reflect; when, therefore, the Barigel reiterated his demand, she replied: "I accept."

Then, turning towards Angelina, whose eyes, at the reply of her mother, brightened up with a ray of hope and joy,

"And you, young lady, do you consent to become the husband of the Chevalier Tregaldi?"

"I consent," she responded, blushing deeply and casting down her eyes.

"In that case, then," resumed the Barigel, "you are free Chevalier Tregaldi;" and bowing he departed, followed by his whole troop.

Such a termination of this unpleasant affair was a subject of the most profound astonishment to every spectator of the scene. Never, since the despotic Pope had assumed the tiara, had any one seen that rigid justice, represented by the Barigel and his sbirri, so easily relax its prey. Each, therefore seemed struck with a kind of stupor, which continued for several seconds; presently Reginald observed joyfully: "Let us now think of my marriage, gentlemen; I invite all and each of you to that happy event."

Then finding himself face to face with the nephew of the Pope, who was in the act of leaving:

"The Seigneur Colletti," he added, in a sarcastic tone, "will probably do me the honour of assisting at our nuptials."

"I accept your invitation," rejoined the Seigneur Colletti, striving to suppress the anger which caused a trembling in his voice, "I shall likewise probably present you with a wedding gift."

He then departed, and as he did so, cast a look of defiance and hatred at his rival, which, however, was met by the proud, piercing look of the latter.

Scarcely three days had elapsed since that remarkable event, when, Reginald's affairs—to all appearance—were progressing most gloriously. The permission for the marriage ceremony had easily been obtained from the vicar of Rome, and the day was fixed for the morrow. The Cardinal Tregaldi had generously undertaken to defray the expenses of the nuptials and the splendid repast which was to crown the sacred ceremony. Angelina, proud of her happiness, was still more loving and beautiful, if possible; her mother, who, in reality, was not one of the worst of mothers, had insensibly become delighted with the happiness of her daughter. Thus everything appeared to conduce to the felicity of the lovers, and no chance of any obstacle to their bliss seemed possible. Alas! would to heaven it had been so.

(To be continued.)

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

THE fickleness of fortune is axiomatic in this world of strife and impreviidence; but she is evidenced and even personated in the history of this luckless prince.

"Upon a wheel of amethyst she sits,
Gives and resumes, and frowns and smiles by fits."

Born and bred a prince, expatriated, crowned, banished, Louis Philippe is the most singular man of the age. The rise, the eminence, and the fall of Napoleon during the first quarter of this century was the natural and foreseen results of familiar causes, but the latest, perhaps the last, King of the French, stood within a category of legitimacy and election which seemed to warrant an uninterrupted reign of peace. Napoleon, the soldier of fortune, became the consul of the republic and the emperor of a people's enthusiasm, but Louis Philippe carried in his veins the blood of Orleans while he represented the spirit of republicanism. Yet here he has fallen an exile on these, to him, the safe hospitable shores of Britain.

Our illustrious exile was the oldest son of the famous Duke

of Orleans, who, during the fervour of the first revolution, assumed the democratic title of Egalite. His mother was Marie Adelaide de Bourbon Penthièvre. He was born October 6, 1773. His first title was Duc de Valois, but he is better known in that dark period of history as the Duc de Chartres. At nine years of age he was put under the instruction of the celebrated Madame Genlis, in whose care he continued for eight years.

At the early age of seventeen he was provided with a separate establishment and a handsome allowance was allotted to him out of his father's princely revenue.

Louis Philippe for some time honourably fought the battles of the Republic, with energy and success, until he was exiled by the frantic rulers of the National Convention. We are told that he made his escape from the soil of France with less than a hundred louis-d'ors. He was accompanied by one faithful valet, but the peculiar penury of his circumstances soon compelled him to part with him, for even on feast days he could not command more than fifteenpence a day. On the departure of his servant, which was about the end of the year 1793, he heard of a vacancy in the professorship of ma-

thematics at Reichenau, a college of the Grisons, and, with others, he became a candidate for it, under a borrowed name; he satisfactorily replied to the questions of the examiners, and obtained the appointment. The name he assumed was Corby. About this time Robespierre succeeded in obtaining the death of the Duc d'Orleans, and consequently the Duc de Chartres succeeded to his father's title.

In the college of Reichenau, the Duc d'Orleans taught mathematics in the German language, besides geography, history, and the French and English languages; and so won the affection of the pupils by his kindness, and the respect of the masters by his intellectual attainments, that M. de Salis, who had persecuted him as Duc d'Orleans without having known him personally, entertained great respect for the good sense and merits of the young professor of Reichenau, whom he only knew as M. Corby, and invited him to become the preceptor of his sons. The death of Robespierre removing his apprehensions, he relinquished his professorship, with an honourable certificate of the services and abilities of M. Corby from the authorities of the college.

In October, 1796, the Duke of Orleans arrived at Philadel-



LOUIS PHILIPPE.

phia, where, in the course of a few months, he experienced the pleasure of a most affectionate meeting with his brothers, the Duc d'Angoulême and the Count de Beaujolais, on their landing from France. They kept one servant, and, attended by him, made an extensive tour, in which they visited General Washington, who cordially and hospitably received and entertained them at Mount Vernon.

In February, 1800, the Duke of Orleans, with his brothers, arrived in London, and was formally introduced at the Court of St. James's. The three brothers took up their residence at Twickenham, and lived in retirement. His brothers afterwards died of consumption.

At a visit of the Duc d'Orleans to the court of Sicily, he had become attached to the Princess Amelia, daughter of Ferdinand IV. At Palermo the marriage between the duke and princess was solemnized in November in the same year.

On the recall of Louis XVIII. to France, by the operations of the combined army, the Duc d'Orleans proceeded to Paris alone, where he made a short stay, and then returned to Sicily for his family. Shortly after their arrival, Louis XVIII. appointed him colonel-general of the hussars. On the news of Napoleon's landing from Elba, in March, 1815, the king ordered the duke to Lyons; but effectual resistance could not be made to that quarter, and the duke hastened back to Paris. On the 16th the king appointed him to command the army of the North, with the Duke of Treviso (Mortur).

When the Duc d'Orleans settled in France, after the Hundred Days, he quietly retired within his domestic circle, until he was called to that throne from which he has been so recently ejected.

Louis Philippe closed his chequered life at Claremont on Monday last.



W. RACE

OLD DOORWAY IN QUEEN'S SQUARE, WESTMINSTER.

MARY BAX:
A TALE, FOUNDED ON FACT.
By THOMAS MILLS.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"Why, Mary," said he, as she burst into a torrent of tears, "what is the matter with you—what has occurred thus to discompose you?"

"Oh, father, that man, Martin Lash,* he has again been pressing his suit. I could not do otherwise than refuse him, and he has left the house in anger, perhaps for ever, hinting at something, which, by the terrible expression of his features, I dread to think of. He doubtless intends me harm."

"Oh no," said her father, endeavouring to appease her agitated feelings; "he was vexed; your just refusal hurt his

* Misprinted *Lock* in our last.

vanity, and caused him to say that which, in his calmer, more reflective moments, he will repent of. So, my good girl, let no melancholy reflections banish your happiness; let no visionary fears prey on your mind and disturb your peace. Forget that there ever was such a person—cast him away from your sight and presence for ever."

"Would that I could—however, I'll try."

She did try, but for a long time all her efforts were useless. The more she endeavoured to forget him the more did his image cross before her. Sleep brought her no comfort—the terrible features haunted, mocked her. The dread apparition of Martin stood at her bedside, and, as it slowly departed said, "Mary, we shall meet again, remember me." She awoke in a cold perspiration, but the phantom was gone. She endeavoured to calm her excited fancy—it was but a dream. imagination. This time she was successful; she slept calmly and sweetly, as a new-born babe.

CHAPTER V.

TIME rolled onwards. Days, and even weeks, passed in rapid succession. Nothing had been seen or heard of Martin Lash by Mary or her father, and both fondly hoped he had crossed their threshold the last time for ever. Mary gradually regained her wonted spirits and composure, and as the time drew near on which she expected her absent lover to return, her vivacity and sprightliness increased, her eyes sparkled with their accustomed brilliancy, her cheeks vied in colour with the rose, and her lips assumed their carnation hue. Alas! how vain is man—how fleeting his hopes—how short the span of his life! Whilst Mary was indulging in joyous anticipations of years of happiness in store—while her imaginative mind was engaged in aerial visions, picturing all the delights and felicity of connubial bliss, little did she think that the sword of the destroyer hung suspended, by a thread, over her devoted head—nay, was even about to descend, to snap the link of her existence asunder.

It was on a delightful morning in the month of August, the sun shone in unclouded splendour in the azure sky, dispensing life and animation to all beneath its potent and benignant influence. The gentle gale wafted the sweet smelling odour of harvest fields, and the little forest warblers sung in vigorous and lively strains; the cattle sought the cool refreshing shade of a pellucid stream, and the labourers threw aside their coats and sat beneath the cover of umbrageous trees, to screen them from the burning rays of the sun.

It was on such a day as this, that Mary Bax was proceeding across the sandhills to Deal, full of lively anticipations and joyous hopes—hopes, alas! soon to be clouded in death. She had almost forgotten Martin Lash; but as she was thus crossing the hills for the first time since his departure, memory reverted to the period, and threw a gloom over her happiness and joy. Again did she think on him, and fancied she saw that fierce and grim smile; those terrible sounding words echoed in her ear. A dimness came over her sight, her brain seemed to reel, and she fell fainting to the ground. The gentle breeze shortly revived her, and she looked up only to realise her worst fears and alarms, for she beheld the features of the pedlar, Martin Lash. With a wild scream, she sprang erect on her feet.

"Mary!" he calmly exclaimed, "said I not we shall meet again?"

"Monster!" she shrieked, "begone, nor haunt my presence with your hideous form."

"Not till our account is settled," he replied. "Miss Bax, before I go you shall hear what I have to say; perhaps more will ensue."

"Villain! what mean you?"

"Cease such unavailing epithets, they only the more effectually stamp your doom. Listen: Once I loved you fervently and devotedly, you was the fair object of all my hopes and wishes, your smile to me was heaven. I watched as a mother would her child every look and feature, and what joy was it to be near you and listen to your voice, to touch the flowers you touched, to breathe the same air, to gaze with you on the broad expanse above, and tread the sylvan glade; everything when with you became more beautiful, every object more sacred. Such was the intensity of my love. The most ardent devotee that ever knelt at the altar's shrine never worshipped his Maker more sincerely and fervently than I worshipped thee. But all this has passed away for ever. I am not now what once I was. Since that eventful evening when you bade me to eternal silence, your words have rankled like a thorn in my breast, and produced a fierce desire for vengeance."

"On whom?"

"On whom but you?"

"For what, not returning your love? Was I not engaged to another, and would you have me break the vow I had registered in heaven?"

"'Twas a childish vow."

"Never. It was made when years had rendered me capable of judging and acting for myself, and I would die to preserve it inviolate and untainted."

"I too, have made a vow, solemn, sacred, fervent, as your own—a vow which shall be performed. I have sworn that if you would not be mine, you shall never be another's."

"Wretch! how could you prevent it?"

"The means are simple and easy. Your life," he added, with a sarcastic grin.

"Monster! you dare not do it. I defy you, I'll call for help."

"And who will hear or regard you. You dare defy me to do it. Ah! ah! ah! Mary," and he advanced nearer to her.

"Mary, I am desperate now. Hatred as burning, intense, and bitter as once my love was fervent, now usurps my soul. The demon reigns in my heart, hell rages in my breast—prepare to die!"

"No, I cannot die," she shrieked. "Pity me, relax your hatred; by the love you once bore me, by your hopes of happiness here, and of heaven hereafter; spare me for my aged father's sake, bring not his grey hairs in sorrow to the grave."

"Pity you; you pitied me; never, never. To me 'twill be happiness to see you die, to watch every quivering motion, to see you linger on in agony, to hear you sigh, breathe out your life. This have I wished for, my dreams have been of this, and thus, thus do I accomplish my vow," he exclaimed, as he rushed fiercely upon her.

"Hands off, stand back. Oh God!" she cried, as his hands clenched her throat, "strike, strike the murderer dead!"

For a moment his hands relaxed their hold, only to obtain a tighter grasp. Fearfully she struggled; once, twice did she escape from him; but, determined not to be disappointed of his prey, he renewed his efforts. Blacker did his victim become; still she struggled on,—blacker still becomes her face. The murderer presses tighter and tighter; a gentle tremor of the frame now follows, the eye-balls glare horribly, the hot blood starts from the ears, the nose, and mouth; she sinks in death to the earth, but, in her fall, drags her murderer with her. He now releases himself from her death-grasp, and, to prevent all possibility of her returning to life, he pushes her head into a dyke half filled with water.

For a moment he stood and looked at his victim. His work of crime was done; his deed of iniquity accomplished. He was now a murderer; he had destroyed, what he could not give—life. Henceforth he was a doomed man—a Cain, a fugitive and vagabond. He looked around to see if perchance any eye was upon him, he felt assured there was one, and he trembled. But there was one he knew not of. Some one had witnessed the contention and murder, and, though too young to prevent, was old enough to observe, and give evidence as to the murder.

Fancying that no human eye was upon him, he hastily left the spot, and hurried in the direction of Deal. We will not attempt to describe his feelings. What must a murderer's feelings be?

CHAPTER VI.

NO sooner has Martin left the spot than a youth emerges from behind one of the hills, whither, unobserved, he had heard and witnessed all. He hastened to the body, to see if life was quite extinct, but all was silent as the grave. Her eyes were closed, the pulse had ceased to beat, the heart to throb, the hands, the limbs were motionless; death had claimed her as his own. With a sigh the boy left the spot to give alarm and procure assistance.

Meanwhile, Martin is in Deal; but, thinking it unsafe to remain there long, he slowly proceeded through Walmer and Ringwood to Dover, where he determined to wait, at least for a time, to see how affairs went on.

The murder is soon known. Deal and Sandwich reverberate with the cry; search is made in all parts of both towns, but no trace is discovered of the murderer. The day and night pass, but still no news. From the description given of the murderer, Old Bax rightly judges who he is, and proclaims his name. Poor old man, he little thought that so soon he was to be childless; inscrutable are the ways of Providence! He slept not, nor rested, but was unceasing in his search.

Two days have nearly passed since the murder, ere news are obtained of him; but, at last, traces are discovered, and when he thought himself most secure, he was captured wandering through a churchyard in Dover. In vain did he protest his ignorance of the deed, his innocence of the crime imputed to him; his looks betray, his actions condemn him: his blanched cheek, his faltering tongue, his trembling limbs silently, but eloquently, bespeak his guilt.

As he was being conveyed through Deal to Sandwich, the populace of both towns could scarce refrain from taking a summary retribution, and had not the police protected him from their rage, too surely he had not reached the latter place alive. As it was, they vented their anger in maledictions and execrations, hissing and howling with all the frenzy of demoniac fury.

We will not prolong the scene. He was condemned, and on the hills where the crime was committed, his bones were left to blanch in the sun.

CONCLUSION.

LITTLE more remains to be said. The spot where Mary Bax was murdered was long regarded as sacred. Hundreds of persons visited the place, and some friendly hand cut out in the turf, "Here Mary Bax was murdered," and if at any time a letter was defaced, some visitor made it perfect. Years have rolled away since then; time has not erased it from the memory of the living—the record of the deed still remains.

Some few years back, a London traveller, hearing the sad tale of her death, had a stone erected on the hills, which bears this inscription, "On this spot, August 25th, 1782, Mary Bax was murdered by Martin Lash, a foreigner."

"A stone marks the spot where she fell,
And the earth her life blood suck'd in;
The traveller sees it, and thinks with a sigh
On poor Mary, the Maid of the Inn."

And, as if to verify the old proverb, that "grass never grows where human blood has been shed," the earth yields not her fruits, but is barren as the high road on the spot where the deed was done, though all around the herbage, tinged by the golden beams of the summer's sun, lifts up its smiling head to heaven, giving a cheerful promise to the hope of industry.

THE CELEBRATED ENGRAVER RYLAND.

THE last century was fruitful of extraordinary speculations, though they were less numerous than those of our own times. A passion to possess shares in flourishing concerns led many astray. Opulence, comfort, and character, were sacrificed in the pursuit of boundless wealth.

It would seem the engraver Ryland was one of these. His story is a melancholy one. Enjoying high celebrity, admired for his affability, and generally lauded for his good conduct, the public were astounded on the 5th April, 1783, at seeing an advertisement in all the public papers, stating him to have been charged before the Lord Mayor with falsely making, forging, and counterfeiting an acceptance to two bills of exchange for payment of 7,114*l.*, and offering a reward of three hundred pounds for his apprehension.

On the 15th of the same month, he was apprehended at Stepney. On seeing the officers, he seized a razor, and inflicted a severe wound on his throat, which caused him to lose so much blood that he could not be removed from the small house, in which he was taken till the following morning. On the 27th July, he was tried at the Old Bailey. In his defence he set forth that he was rich. Besides 200*l.* per annum which he received from the king, he was proprietor of shares in the Liverpool water-works to the amount of seven thousand pounds, his stock in trade was worth ten thousand pounds, and the profits of his business produced two thousand pounds a year. He had been a bill discounter, and the bill charged to have been forged he stated had come to him in the way of trade. All this had little weight with the jury, who, after deliberating on the case about thirteen minutes, brought in a verdict of guilty with intent to defraud.

He suffered on Friday the 29th of August 1783. His last moments were tranquil. An eye-witness thus describes them:—

"The morning this unhappy man yet great artist was to set forward towards 'that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns,' he appeared in the press-yard with the utmost composure, and took leave of a few respectable acquaintances; and after the usual ceremony of those geniuses who are properly qualified in such sort of business was over, he went towards the door, where a person with a stentorian voice called out 'Mr Ryland's coach,' with as much vociferation and self-satisfaction as if he was calling out at the playhouse. Mr. Ryland, before he went into the coach which was to convey him to his everlasting home, with the tenderness of a father took leave of a little girl, who was unconscious of what was intended. Those who pretend to have any knowledge of Mr. Ryland's affairs do not hesitate to say it was his natural daughter. Having got into the fatal vehicle, he proceeded to the place of execution amidst a crowd of spectators such as had hardly been seen before. And indeed it might tax the memory of two ages at least to find a similar example, where one of the first artists in the world, favoured by his sovereign, applauded by the best judges, and more particularly indulged by fortune, made so great a mistake in his understanding, and came to be hanged. Mr. Ryland at last arriving at the place of execution, though not at the desired part, waited rather longer than his fellows in sorrow wished to do. This is apprehended to be more owing to the indulgence of the sheriffs than any superior merit in the culprit, his crime being equal to the best or the worst of them. But the horror of the scene cannot be

described. The tremendous Author of all things at this awful period bade His thunders roll, His rain to descend, and His lightnings to flash conviction on those who act contrary to the laws of God and man. The violence of the storm suspended the awful ceremony for upwards of an hour, during which time Mr. Ryland and his unhappy fellow sufferers remained in the coaches allotted to them; while the miserable wretches who had no friends were exposed to all the inclemency of the weather in open carts. The storm having abated, the officers of justice re-assumed their business, and the unfortunate objects who were doomed to suffer were all tied up to the fatal tree, except Mr. Ryland, who yet remained in his carriage. After about half an hour spent in prayer by his fellow-sufferers, the unfortunate Mr. Ryland ascended the cart, dressed in mourning, and still preserving the utmost fortitude. Taking hold of the rope by which he was pinioned with much composure, the executioner having finished the previous necessary business of affixing the rope, the unhappy gentleman entered into conversation with the Rev. Mr. Vilette, for the space of ten minutes, during which time he preserved a serenity of countenance which astonished the numerous spectators; after which he joined his fellow-sufferers in singing a loud hymn, imploring forgiveness of that Deity they had so justly offended by violating his most holy precepts; and now, having taken a most affectionate leave of each other, the caps were drawn over their faces, and the executioner had the whip in his hand, to give the fatal stroke which was to put a period to their existence, when he was stopped by the Sheriff, it is presumed by the desire of Mr. Ryland, and a white handkerchief was taken from his pocket, and tied over his cap; which being done, they were instantly launched into eternity."

SPRING FLOWERS.

[By WM. HOWITT.]

But, oh, ye Spring-flowers! oh, ye early friends!

Where are ye, one and all?

The sun still shines, and summer rain descends,

They call forth flowers, but 'tis not ye they call.

On the mountains,

By the fountains,

In the woodlands, dim and grey,

Flowers are springing, ever springing,

But the Spring-flowers, where are they?

Then, oh, ye Spring-flowers! oh, ye early friends!

Where are ye? I would know

When the sun shines, when summer rain descends,

Why still blow flowers, but 'tis not ye that blow?

On the mountains,

By the fountains,

In the woodlands, dim and grey,

Flowers are springing, ever springing,

But the Spring-flowers, where are they?

Oh, then, ye Spring-flowers! oh, ye early friends!

Are ye together gone

Up with the soul of nature that ascends,

Up with the clouds and odours, one by one?

O'er the mountains,

O'er the fountains,

O'er the woodlands, dim and grey,

Flowers are springing, ever springing,

On heaven's highlands, far away!

Hotter and hotter glows the summer's sun,

But you it cannot wake,

Myriads of flowers, like armies marching on,

Blaze on the hills, and glitter in the brake.

On the mountains,

Round the fountains,

In the woodlands, dim and grey,

Flowers are springing, ever springing,

But the Spring-flowers, where are they?

Oh! no more! never, never more!

Shall friend, or flower return,

Till deadly Winter, old, and cold, and fore,

Has laid all nature lifeless in his urn.

O'er the mountains

And the fountains,

Through the woodlands, dim and grey,

Death and Winter, dread companions,

Have pursued their destined way.

Then, oh, ye Spring-flowers! oh, ye early friends!

Dead, buried, one and all;

When the sun shines, and summer rain descends,

And call forth flowers, 'tis ye that they call.

On the mountains,

By the fountains,

In the woodlands, dim and grey,

Flowers are springing, souls are singing,

On heaven's hills, and ye are they!

USEFUL RECIPES.

(From the Receipt Book for the Million.)

TO EXTRACT GREASE SPOTS FROM SILKS, MUSLINS, &c.—Scrape French chalk, put it on the grease spot, and hold it near the fire, or over a warm iron or water-plate filled with boiling water. The grease will melt, and the French chalk absorb it; brush or rub it off. Repeat if necessary.

TO POLISH VARNISH.—Take two ounces of tripoli powdered, put into an earthen pot or basin with water to cover it; then take a piece of fine flannel, folded four times, lay it over a piece of cork, after wetting it with the tripoli and water, proceed to polish your varnish. You will know when the process is done by wiping a part of the work with a sponge, and observe whether there is a fair even gloss, then take a bit of mutton suet and fine flour and clean off the work.

TO CLEANSE OLD COINS.—Copper, Brass, and Silver.—The red rust may be removed from silver coins by vinegar or by lemon juice; the green by a solution of ammonia; the rust on copper or brass coins should not be disturbed, as a coin which cannot be read when oxidized is seldom improved by being cleaned, but often rendered quite useless; a graver may occasionally be employed, but its safe use presumes a knowledge of the coin to be operated on, both portrait and legend.

WASH TO WHITEN THE NAILS.—Diluted sulphuric acid two drachms, tincture of myrrh one drachm, spring water four ounces. Mix. First cleanse with white soap, and then dip the fingers into the wash.

FLEXIBLE VARNISH.—Flexible Varnish for Balloons, &c.—India-rubber in shavings, one ounce, and mineral naphtha two pounds. Digest at a gentle heat in a close vessel until dissolved, then strain.

TO CLEAN RUST FROM IRON.—Pound some glass to fine powder; and having nailed some strong linen or woollen cloth upon a board, lay upon it a strong coat of gum-water, and sift thereon some of your powdered glass, and let it dry; repeat this operation three times, and when the last covering of powdered glass is dry, you may easily rub off the rust from iron utensils, with cloth thus prepared.

TO CLEAN LOOKING-GLASSES.—Remove the fly stains, and other soil, by a damp rag; then polish with woollen cloth and powder blue.

TO RENDER PLASTER FIGURES DURABLE.—Set the figure in a warm place to get thoroughly dry; then have a vessel large enough to contain it, which fill, so that when the plaster figure is placed in it, it will be quite covered with the best and clearest linseed oil just warm. Let it remain in the vessel for twelve or fourteen hours; then take it out, let it drain, and set it in a place away from dust. When the oil is quite dry the ornament, or whatever is prepared, will look like wax, and bear washing without injury.

DYES FOR BONE AND IVORY.—*Red.*—Make an infusion of cochineal in water of ammonia, then immerse the pieces therein, having previously soaked them for a few minutes in weak aquafortis and water. Or, boil the bone, &c., with one pound of Brazil dust, in one gallon of water for three hours, then add a quarter of a pound of alum, and boil for one hour more. *Green.*—Steep in a solution of verdigris, to which a little aquafortis has been added. Or, dissolve verdigris in weak vinegar, and steep the bone therein. *Black.*—Immerse the bone in weak solution of nitrate of silver for a short time, then expose it to the sunlight. Or, steep for two or three days in a decoction made with one pound of galls and two pounds of logwood; then steep for a few hours in acetate of iron. *Blue.*—Stain it green, then steep it in a hot and strong solution of pearl-ash. Or, boil it in a strong decoction of logwood, and afterwards steep it in a solution of blue vitriol. It may also be done thus:—Steep it for a short time in a weak solution of indigo, to which a little salt of tartar has been added. *Yellow.*—Boil for one hour in a solution made with one pound of alum in one gallon of water, then take out the bone, and steep it in a decoction made with half a pound of turmeric in two quarts of water; lastly, mix the two liquors, and boil it therein for one hour. *Purple.*—Steep in a weak solution of perchloride of gold. Or, boil for six hours in a decoction of one pound of logwood in half a gallon of water, adding more water as it wastes by boiling, then add two ounces of alum, and boil for one hour more.

TO CLEAN ALABASTER.—Alabaster objects are liable to become yellow by keeping, and are especially injured by smoke, dust, &c. They may be in some measure restored by washing with soap and water, then with clear water, and polished with shave grass. Grease spots may be removed either by rubbing with tale powder or oil of turpentine.

TO FUMIGATE A ROOM.—Make a strong brine of saltpetre and water. Dip pieces of thick brown paper into it, and dry them before the fire. Keep them for use. When wanted, tear a strip, set it on fire, and carry it about the house on a shovel or plate; it should smoke, but not blaze.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

. Letters for the Editor must in future be addressed to 179, Fleet-street.

M. A.—(Church-lane, Belfast).—Desire your bookseller to apply to Mr. Strange, Paternoster-row, for the number you require.

Fabricus.—The "Lover" is the same size as the "School-boy." We shall endeavour to meet the wishes of you and your friends by making an arrangement to have it in a page of our monthly publication, that it may be bound up in the volumes. We have no treaty for a continuance of the articles entitled "the Fall of the Century." We cannot speak with certainty of the natural or chemical qualities of guita percha or plaster of Paris.

A Subscriber, Reginald, A Reader from the first, A Norfolkman, and J. B. K., have been received.

F. J. C.—(Penceance).—You will find the "School-boy" in the August monthly part. Our publisher Mr. Vickers will supply in the separate sheet, the "Lover," with the September part.

Robert.—It is true that the objectionable cheap literature has been suppressed by the Bow-street authorities. It is, however, to be feared that the unhappy demand for such will again bring it to a further circulation among the lowest orders. Its banishment from the shop windows will to some extent reduce the chances of sale. We heartily join you in your earnest deprecation of the fast intellect which degrades even itself by ministering to the unwholesome tastes of a vitiated population; but we think you are hasty in saying that the greatest minds have exhibited the greatest depravity. Rochester, Swift and Byron are exceptional. Rochester was courtly, gay, and yielded to the tendencies of his time; Swift, in his fifth, was merely funny; and Byron was the victim of early bad habits, bad companions, and an infuriated set of passions. Our best writers are of the purest class of moralists.

Catholicus.—The words left out in the first coining of the two-shilling piece were *def. Ad.*, that is, *defender of the faith*. This title was bestowed on Henry the Eighth, by Pope Leo the Tenth, for writing a book against Luther! Singular it was that Mr. Sheel, a faithful Catholic, as we presume you are, was Master of the Mint when that emblem of Romanism was for the first time omitted! In any sense its sustenance among the armorial bearings of the British monarch is an absurdity. The monarch is now the opponent of the faith indicated, in so far as this is declared to be a Protestant government.

J. W. P.—By applying to our publisher, Mr. George Vickers, you may have any of the last ten numbers of this Journal. He has a few of each for sale.

S. S.—We wish we could meet your views, but Mr. Paxton's plan has been superseded by another, the invention of the Commissioners. What it is as yet we know not. Our contemporary, the *Illustrated London News*, some weeks ago, gave a picture of the building in the park, for the great exhibition of 1851, but it was merely an elevation of Paxton's submitted plan. We wait an un-illustrated and agreed upon form and structure before engraving it for these pages.

An Anonymous.—We cannot give you wisdom. If you are always in debt it is simply a pity. Why not try to get rid of your debts by the simplest and most independent way? You may do so in, when the slightest exercise of mind and body will make you safe and comfortable. It is an old maxim, but it is true. It is not what we eat but what we eat of that makes us rich; so it is not what we earn, but what we make us rich.

Review.—We have, on more than one occasion, received communication to other correspondents. You say you are a regular reader of this Journal, but your oversight of these replies is a simple and forcible manner contradicts your assertion.

Ex uno disce omnes.—We have many poems sent but, like yours, they are not so good as are daily published by our contemporary. Your "Cloud" is your best. Pray read Shelley—

"I bring fresh show'rs for the thirsty sow
From the seas and the streams—
I bring light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams."

We quote no more of this, the best poem of perhaps our time, the ethereal poet, because you, to find out your own weaknesses, must carefully and repeatedly peruse the whole of it.

PENNY ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

THIS WEEK IS PRESENTED, GRATUITOUSLY,
A SPLENDID ENGRAVING

OF
THE LOVER

As described by Shakspeare in his "Seven Ages."

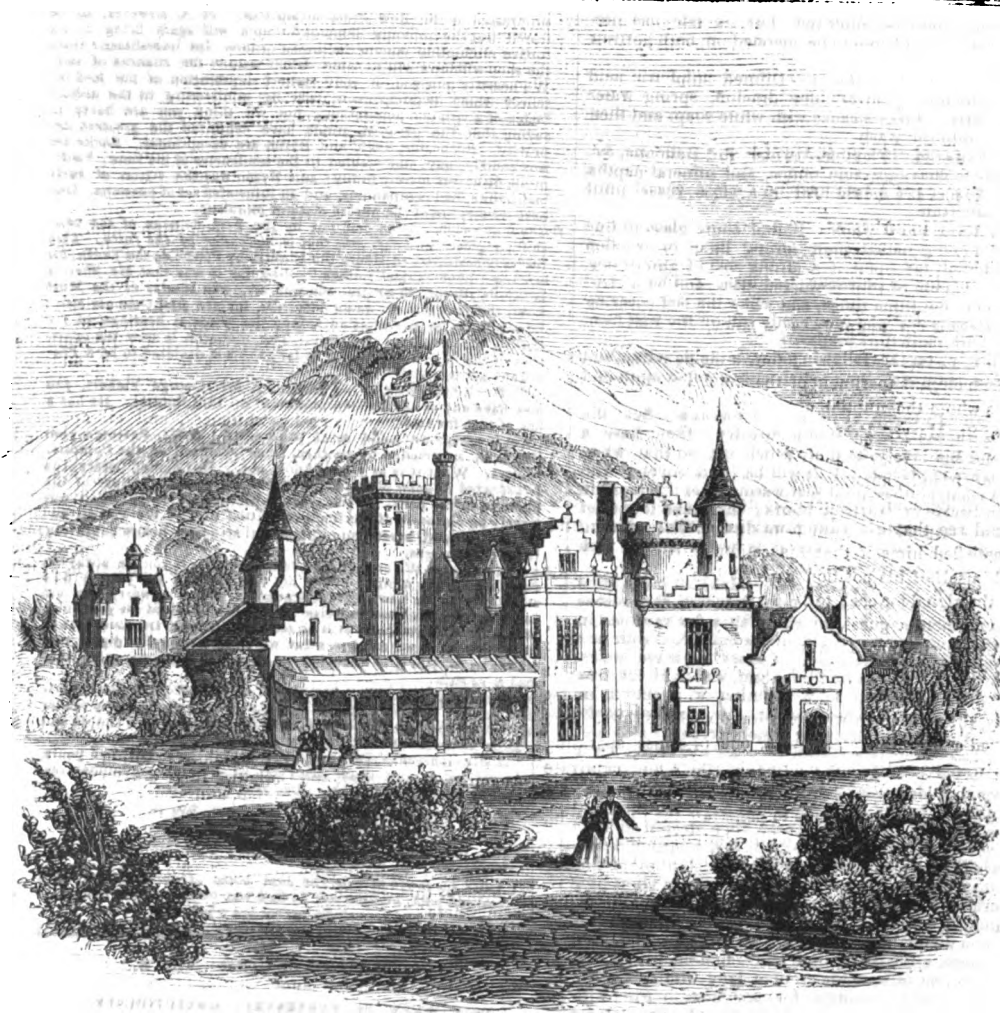
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THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED NEWS

No. 46.—Vol. I.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1850.

{ ONE PENNY.
POST FREE, 2d.



BALMORAL CASTLE.

Our picture to-day is the Highland home of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria. Last week we presented our readers with Holyrood House, the Royal Palace of Edinburgh; but those who are acquainted with that city are well aware that, though the structure has its own elegancies, its approaches and its vicinities are far from being tasteful or odoriferous. In fact, as Mr. Hume stated, in his place in parliament, Holyrood

Palace was in the most unhealthy and insalubrious district of the Northern metropolis.

Now, however, our Queen has gone to breathe the sweet air of the Highlands. The felicities of a country life are known to all—to the happy resident among the hills, the dales, the brooks, and the flowing banks, and likewise to the care-worn citizen who has simply heard of these delights.

Fresh air, sweet flowers, the solemn hum of bees, 'the sweet melody of birds, and the fair field of healthful recreation, render the country which God made far superior to the man-made town.

"On the matted grass he lies,
No god of sleep he need awake;
The stream that o'er the pabble flies
With gentle slumber crowns his eyes.
The wind that whistles through the sprays
Maintains the concert of the song,
And hidden birds, with native lays,
The golden sleep prolong."

Such, says the poet, is the sweet slumber of the country in contrast with the startled, irregular sleep we endure in the town. On the banks of the Dee our esteemed Sovereign will, it is to be hoped, find these national refreshments, which the poet has promised, and, having exchanged the Piccadilly and Pall Mall for flowery pastures where lambs are bleating, the pestilent Serpentine for the silvery Dee, and the most densely-peopled portion of Middlesex for the most solitary wilds of Aberdeenshire, she and her happy family will secure health and vigour and every earthly blessing.

REVENGE:

OR, REGINALD AND ANGELINA.

AN HISTORICAL TALE OF ROME.

By the Author of "*The Brothers*," an Historical Tale of the Seventeenth Century, &c. &c.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

Accordingly, on the following day, a table sumptuously served in an elegant apartment of the hotel Tregaldi awaited the guests whom the nuptial ceremony had united in the Church of St. Mary. Presently Reginald entered, leading by the hand his lovely, blooming bride, followed by a great number of friends, among whom was Antonino. In his quality of bridegroom, Reginald deemed it his duty to glance around and see that everything was in perfect order; and having satisfied himself that his estimable cousin had acquitted himself of his position as host like a true Cardinal, he gave the signal for each to take his seat at the table.

At this moment a guest, on whom they had not reckoned, entered the apartment. It was the Seigneur Colletti. But who was that sparkling, dazzling beauty by whom he was accompanied? The ladies gazed on her with astonishment and envy, the gentlemen with admiration, almost awe. She was indeed a magnificent creature, one of those sparkling beauties whose resplendent charms bewilder and captivate the senses, but leave the heart unscathed; the fire from whose large, dark, lustrous eyes seems to penetrate the inmost-soul, and at once strike the beholder with admiration and respect.

The Seigneur Colletti advanced with his fair companion towards the bridegroom:—

"Chevalier Tregaldi," he observed, "it would appear that my memory is somewhat better than yours, since you have forgotten that you had invited me to your nuptials, while I have recollected the invitation and repaired hither. But," he continued, turning to the strange lady who was reclining on his arm, "I must apologise for presuming to bring with me my sister Florina, who has not been invited, but, on learning that I was about to join a nuptial party, she wished to accompany me."

"There need be no apology, Seigneur," responded Reginald, bowing, "for both yourself and sister are heartily welcome; and, moreover, I deem it a great favour to be honoured with your company. It is true I had forgotten you for the moment," he added, "for amongst this numerous assemblage of friends and acquaintances the absence of a single friendly face I had not yet observed. But no matter, Seigneur, have the kindness to be seated among us, and you will greatly add to the general enjoyment."

The Seigneur Colletti then bowed, when Reginald conducted them to their seats at the table.

Whether by chance or design, it so happened that the Seigneur's beautiful sister took her seat next to that of our old acquaintance Antonino, whose handsome features, which we have described in a preceding chapter, had probably attracted her attention; and, if such really was the case, it will account for their proximity. Be that as it may, it will here be well to inform the reader that she was one of those arrant coquettes who delight in captivating, by their dazzling beauty, handsome, elegant young men, and thereby rendering them subservient to their whims or caprices, or persecuting them by their cold, heartless treatment, if they presume to declare their love. But if, on the other hand, her more tender feelings were aroused, nothing—not even the blackest, foulest deed would cause her to pause in her attempt to obtain the object of her passion.

During the repast the conversation was most spirited and gay; the dishes attested great ability in the culinary department of his Eminence; the wines were exquisite, and each guest seemed animated with a desire to conduce to the general gaiety. Amongst them the beautiful Florina, Seigneur Colletti's sister, was not the least conspicuous, and she had completely captivated the handsome Antonino, by her surpassing beauty and spirited repartees; she, too, seemed quite smitten with her young and elegant companion. But had he forgotten his lovely, artless, unassuming Juliana? We fear he had, at least for the moment. Antonino's position appeared to be envied by all the young noblemen present, for each seemed desirous of being noticed by, and forming Florina's acquaintance.

In his quality of poet—for he was a bit of a poet—Antonino had composed an epithalamium; and, considering it was now the most fitting time to recite his verses, he rose and enjoined attention.

The most profound silence was immediately preserved. Antonino then coughed slightly, assumed a theatrical attitude, and gave to his eyes a poetical expression. But before even he had commenced the first word of his dithyramb the doors were suddenly burst open with a loud crash, and the dreaded Barigel made his appearance, followed by a whole troop of sbirri, who were all armed to the teeth.

Each face assumed an ashy whiteness, and all appeared as though panic-struck—the beautiful stranger not excepted—so great was the universal terror and consternation. Antonino, with open mouth and extended arms, appeared as though petrified by the incident which had so abruptly interrupted him in the aurora of his lyrical enthusiasm. Reginald, without fully appreciating the danger which menaced him, had instinctively gazed in the direction of his rival, the Seigneur Colletti. On that countenance, which the latter strove to render impassible, Reginald fancied he perceived a vague smile of the most infernal joy, and despite himself, in spite of all his courage and sang froid, he trembled, for he remembered that nuptial present which that man, his most implacable enemy, had promised him.

After having gazed round the room, the Barigel remarked in a cold tone:—

"Gentlemen, in the name of our Holy Father, I command you all to follow me."

"Sir Barigel," responded Reginald, regarding by turns Angelina, her mother, and Colletti, "there are present ladies and gentlemen of high standing, and you cannot possibly think of arresting them like criminals?"

"I have already said," returned the official, "that every one must accompany me, without exception."

"Of what crime are we accused? To whom am I indebted for this treachery—for surely there must be treachery somewhere?"

"My business is not to answer interrogations, Chevalier Tregaldi."

Reginald again turned to Colletti, who was now smiling malignantly, and he no longer doubted that this unfortunate circumstance was attributable to his hated rival.

"Coward! villain!" he exclaimed, advancing to Colletti, "It is thus you repay an act of civility, then? Traitor!" he continued, mad with rage and indignation, "draw and defend thyself!"

Swords were immediately drawn, but at this moment the rivals were surrounded by the sbirri, who quickly disarmed them. Nevertheless, Reginald's indignation at the vile proceedings of Colletti had become so great that nothing scarcely short of his life could appease him.

"And whither do you intend to conduct us?" demanded Reginald of the Barigel, in a voice almost choked with rage.

"To the Vatican—into the presence of his Holiness the Pope," was the reply.

At that terrible name each trembled, and Angelina would have fallen had not Reginald hastened to her aid. When the general consternation had somewhat subsided they all departed for the Vatican. Reginald and his young bride led the way, followed by Antonino and Colletti's charming sister, for despite the evident treachery of her brother, she had not quitted her handsome companion; and we must do her the justice to add, that she was quite ignorant of any evil design on the part of Colletti.

CHAPTER VI.

PAPAL JUSTICE.

In truth, it was a perfect novelty to see a bride, bridegroom, and the whole of their guests being conducted through the streets of Rome, between two files of *sbirri*, and commanded by the Barigel in person. A gloomy silence seemed to pervade the whole company, with the exception of Antonino and her fair companion, who appeared to be engaged in deep conversation.

"Were you previously aware of your brother's intended treachery, lady?" asked Antonino of his companion.

"I," she replied indignantly, "no, Sir; had I been aware of anything of the kind, I should never have accompanied him."

These words, pronounced in a tone of sincerity, convinced Antonino of their veracity.

"Neither can I account for this unmanly conduct on the part of my brother," she continued.

"With the motives which induced him to act thus basely I am well acquainted," said Antonino; "your brother is passionately in love with Angelina, my friend Reginald's young bride, and is, therefore, mad with jealousy at his happiness; hence the cause of his base conduct."

"Is it possible!" ejaculated the young girl in amazement.

"Such is the case, lady," returned Antonino.

By this time they had arrived at the gates of the Vatican, and the crowd had now become so considerable, that the Swiss guards, who were on duty, were compelled to interpose in order to prevent an invasion of the interior of the pontifical palace.

The prisoners were introduced into a large saloon, where the Pope was in the habit of holding public meetings. An immense canopy of crimson velvet was placed at the extremity of the apartment, which covered a magnificent seat elevated two feet above the marble floor. It was on this kind of throne that the pontiff was seated. That robust and formidable figure, on which the reflections of the crimson hangings of the canopy fell; that severe cold eye, whose rigid regard it was almost impossible to meet with impunity; that *ensemble*, in fine, produced on the beholders its wonted effect of solemn terror. Yes, it was the tyrant whose name was a source of dismay and alarm; whose menace alone once caused the death of one of his subjects; it was, in a word, that monster who, on his accession to the throne of Saint Peter, had dared to take for device: *I have not come to bring peace, but the sword.*

On his right were several officers of his household, and some Cardinals. On the left were the Governors of Rome, and two Criminal Judges.

Presently the most profound silence was preserved, and the Barigel respectfully advanced to the foot of the throne:—

"Holy Father," said he, "your commands have been faithfully executed."

"A crime has been perpetrated in the streets of Rome, Sir Barigel," remarked the Pope; "and are the guilty parties in your power?"

"There is only one guilty person, Holy Father," replied Reginald, hastily approaching the throne, "and he is before your Holiness."

The Pope gazed at the young man for a moment with a scrutinizing look, and appeared somewhat surprised by his haughty regard.

"Young man," he at length observed, "you are accused of a crime, which, in fact, you do not deny, and by what means do you justify your audacity?"

"I was enamoured of a lovely young girl, Holy Father," returned Reginald fervently; "yes, your Holiness, I loved her fondly, devotedly, and without her life were as nought; my passion was reciprocated, but they refused to consent to our union. Driven to despair, I carried her off by force to prevent any further pretext to our nuptials: I am aware that I have been guilty of a crime, but the nuptial benediction has atoned for it, and no one now has cause for complaint."

"That we shall see," observed the Pope; then motioning

to the Barigel, who was bringing forward Angelina's mother, "Signora Morisini," he added, addressing her, "is it true that this young man has been pardoned by you?"

"Holy Father," murmured the Signora in a tremulous voice, "this young man has become my son-in-law, and I could not do otherwise than pardon him."

"And the young girl who has been outraged?" demanded the Pope.

"The young girl who has been outraged," cried the trembling Angelina, advancing to the Pope and falling on her knees at his feet, "is now a wife, who has come to crave, at the feet of your Holiness, my husband's pardon."

The tears of the lovely young bride—the convulsive sobs which almost choked her voice, sufficiently proved the sinister and fearful presentiments which had taken possession of her soul at the sight of that sumptuous display of a tardy justice. That profound grief would, doubtless, have touched any heart besides that of the tyrant at whose feet the suppliant young girl was kneeling.

"Indeed," said he, without in the least altering the cold, severe tone of his voice: "there is, then, no other cause of complaint against this young man?"

A solemn silence followed those words.

"There is no other charge against this young man, then," reiterated the Pope in a terrible tone, "and every one is satisfied?"

This time the silence was interrupted by a grave, solemn voice, which cried out:—

"Yes, your Holiness, there is another charge against the Chevalier Tregaldi—far more serious than the former."

Each gazed with horror and alarm at the Governor of Rome, for it was he who had spoken.

"This young man is guilty of heresy," he continued, in the same solemn tone.

It will be well to inform the reader that, in the eyes of the tyrannical Pope and his vile Cardinals, this was one of the greatest crimes of which our hero could have been guilty. Yes, gentle reader, because this young man differed in opinion respecting religion with those monsters, they deemed him a fitting object for their damnable persecution. Alas! how well would this case not apply to the present time, with, perhaps, a slight modification in the mode of punishment? Yes, the present Pope and his hypocritical Cardinals are little better in many respects than their infamous predecessors. But we must return to our story.

"What! an unbeliever?" exclaimed the Pope with rage, and gazing at Reginald with a savage look, he continued addressing him: "What do you say in reply to this charge, Sir, a charge the most serious?"

"Nothing, your Holiness," responded the young man in a firm, calm tone, "Save that I am culpable, if it be a crime to follow the dictates of one's conscience, and embrace that religion which one considers most acceptable in the eyes of that Supreme Being from whom we each and all receive life and light."

"What, Sir!" thundered the Pope, "you dare to admit your crime in my presence? Be it so, then," he continued, turning to the Governor of Rome, "and now, Sir Governor, do your duty."

Before the auditory had recovered from the strange stupor into which this short dialogue had plunged them, the Governor, who performed his part admirably in this comedy, which had previously been prepared, rose and read in a loud voice the charge against Reginald, which was followed by the depositions of several witnesses, who had been interrogated in secret, the whole of which was unnecessary, since Reginald had confessed his guilt, as the tyrants were pleased to designate it. Nevertheless, he concluded by a decree which condemned their victim to the Inquisition.

A deep, prolonged murmur immediately ran through the assembly, the greater part of whom stood aghast with horror and affright at this infamous sentence. Reginald, perhaps, was the only one who preserved his courageous *sang-froid*. With a fixed gaze and head erect, he had listened to that awful condemnation without betraying by a word or gesture the frightful tempest which was raging in his soul. Almost mad with despair, rage, and indignation, Reginald could however scarcely refrain from rushing on his hated rival and thrusting his sword through his vile heart, for the latter was smiling at the idea of having succeeded so admirably in his base projects; but suddenly an individual advanced to the foot of the throne, and, if his position as Cardinal had not already entitled him to respect, his advanced age, and the kind benevolent expression of his fine open countenance, must certainly have inspired universal veneration. It was Cardinal Tregaldi, the young man's relation.

"Holy Father," said he, prostrating himself at the feet of the Pope, "permit your humble servant to implore your clemency and pity in behalf of this young man. Deign to reflect that he is young, and may repent."

"Justice must take its course," returned the obdurate Pope, "and as to repentance, we will compel him to repent."

And taking from the hands of the Governor a paper, which he was at this moment respectfully presenting to him, he affixed his signature beneath the sentence.

"Perform your duty, Sir Governor," he resumed, rising.

A piercing cry resounded through the apartment, and a few minutes afterwards Angelina was carried out of the hall by Antonino, in a swoon.

Sixtus paid no attention to this incident, but gravely withdrew.

CHAPTER VII.

THE INQUISITION.

LET us cast a veil over this sad scene and follow our hero, who was hurried from the audience-chamber by several of the

birri, and conducted to a kind of cell in the criminal's prison where he remained the whole of the day, and we must leave the reader to judge of the excruciating agony of his feelings. Torn from her who was more dear to him than life, at the moment, too, when she so much required his presence to console and protect her; uncertain as to her fate, and apprehensive lest she should fall into the power of that vile wretch, his rival, it would be utterly impossible to give even a faint idea of his grief.

Reginald remained in close confinement the whole of the day; but just before midnight the guard was changed, at which he was somewhat surprised, and still more so with the appearance of the individuals who now composed it. When he compared the conduct of the former with that of his present guard, he fancied he discovered in the first the mere ferocity of ruffians only, but in the latter the instincts of cunning and cruelty, which especially appeared to characterise inquisitors.

(To be continued.)



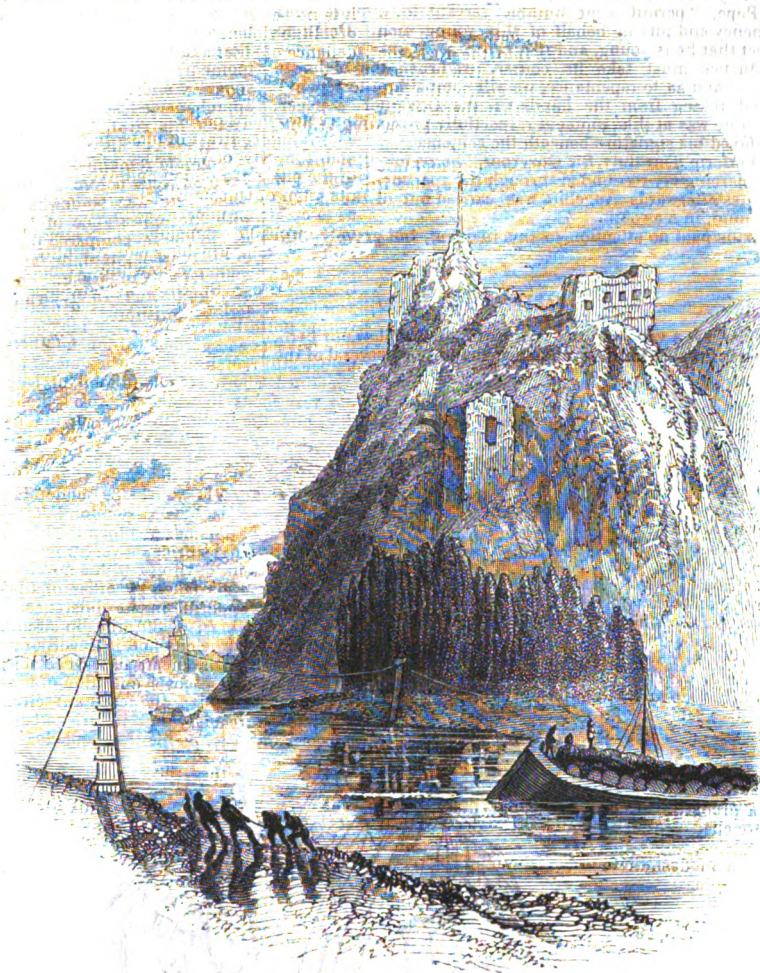
THE QUEEN OF THE FRENCH.

IN our last we gave a portrait of his late Majesty Louis Philippe, ex-king of the French. The above is a likeness of his Consort.

In 1807, the family of *Egalite* consisted of three sons and a daughter—of whom his Majesty Louis Philippe was the eldest. His brother, the Duke de Montpensier died in England in 1807, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. The health of his other brother, the Count Beaujolais, soon afterwards declined. He was ordered to a warmer climate, and proceeded to Malta, where he died in 1808. Louis

Philippe, who had accompanied him on the invitation of the king, paid a visit to Palermo. During his residence in that city he gained the affections of the Princess Amelia; with the king's consent he married her, and she now is his sorrowing widow.

It appears that her Majesty interfered very little in state affairs. The King's sister, the Princess Adelaide, was his chief counsellor. The cares and anxieties incident to a large family, in their high rank of life, engaged and engrossed the entire attention of this much-esteemed Princess.



CHATEAU GAILLARD.

MYSTERIES OF THE OLD CASTLES OF FRANCE.

A work replete with information of a highly interesting character. Each castle of *la belle France* is beautifully illustrated, and the incidents connected with each are truthfully and graphically described. We give the following as a specimen:—On the banks of the Seine, in the valley of Gambon, and about seven leagues above Rouen, there are still to be seen the extensive ruins of a fortress which played an important part in the Anglo-Norman wars. The place was originally called the Castle of the Rock, on account of its position upon a scarpèd rock, which the King of England, Richard Cœur de Lion, had fortified, that it might serve at once as his palace and as the bulwark of Normandy on that side. He even gave this fortress the name of Chateau Gaillard, as if to declare that in it he derided and laughed to scorn all the efforts of France.

Some historians of that time speak quite enthusiastically of this fortress. "Never," says one of them, "never was the land of Normandy; never, perhaps, was even the land of France, crowned with ramparts that joined so much strength to so much elegance; never had enclosing walls a gentler swell, never were the machecoulis of a donjon supported by counter forts at once more strange and more graceful; never, finally, was the gaze of a warrior delighted by a more enchanting landscape. Admirable military architecture which had no model, and has had no imitation."

We add a description of the place, as given by a contemporary author:—

"Close to the town which is now called the Petit-Andeley, there was a large round islet, called the Isle of Andeley; in

the course of time the river had intruded in a portion of it, and formed several smaller isles, one of which still bears the name of Andeley. Richard, King of England, had built a palace on the largest isle, with a high and strong tower, the lower portion of which still remains and bears the name of The Tower of the Chateau. The tower and the chateau were surrounded by good ditches and walls, and there were two bridges communicating with the two banks of the river.

"At about the distance to which a stone could be sent at thrice, throwing from a sling, on the bank of the side of Andeley, rose a very lofty and steep rock, so scarpèd that, seen from below, on the river side, it appeared to be a tower. It was somewhat less lofty on the eastern side, where there was a sort of great platform terminating in a point, and surrounded by a very deep hollow, which separated it from a higher hill, and extended on the two sides down towards the river. On the edge of this species of platform there was placed a very massive wall, flanked by towers, and pains had been taken to scarp the rock that it could not be scaled on any side in any manner. Another wall had been constructed across the platform, and in front a spacious ditch had been hollowed out in the rock; it was as a very strong entrenchment to which the garrison might retire in case of the first wall being forced by the enemy.

"Advancing thence into the interior of the place, we came to the summit of the rock, which had also been scarpèd, and on the edge a very strong wall had been built. This rock was again surrounded by a ditch hollowed out of the rock. The wall is built in the form of a vast tower, but the surface is not even. It is composed, not of towers, but of segments of towers, which have not a foot of projection, between which is

a small flat space in the way of curtain, which is scarce a foot and a half in width.

"On entering this enclosure we perceive, between the east and the south, a gallery hollowed very far into the rock, the entrances to which are in the form of arcades; it was apparently intended to receive the horses. At the end, on the left, there is a large opening, by which it is said that there was a covered way to the river. Near to this there was a well for supplying the garrison with water, in addition to another which was within the wall of which I have spoken, and this latter appeared to be so deep that it seems probable that it was sunk to the level of the river."

SELF-ESTEEM—MODESTY.

THE self-sufficiency and vanity of some, indeed of all small-minded persons, is so generally known and so generally despised, that they have ceased to attract the attention of the moralist. They are permitted to revel in their judicial blindness beyond the pale of recovery or hope, just because they, moving in their own small mental sphere, cannot recognise the lessons of society and the teachings of experience. In their little circle of thought they find no rebellious argument to overturn that crude opinion which some slight circumstance may have engendered, and they, in the haste of a mind of no thinking, conclude that they are as usual right, and that, therefore, every other person is wrong, and all those who make an attempt to convince them of error are deficient in sense, education, or experience. The world is filled with these self-conceited coxcombs, and every one can mention them in hundreds. The successful tradesman is frequently a painful specimen of the class. Although the possession of money is no proof of sagacity, it is used as a warrant for assurance, and self-admiration is thus fenced in and permitted to take deep root and to put forth an exuberant vegetation. His associates are in general his dependants or necessitous or empty-pursed acquaintances. The well-known expected deference to wealth gives him rope—he utters his dogma, hears his own voice, and becomes steeled against instruction; regarding every attempt to reverse or correct his opinion as a proof of folly, ignorance, or villany. We dismiss these wretched professions and pretenders with a single word of advice, which there is little hope of their following:—Try the modest, the humble, the inquiring, and see if some change does not come over the spirit of your estimate of your neighbours.

There is, however, a very great grievance and a heavy loss suffered by society from the sensitiveness, the delicate feelings, and it may be the irritable pride of many truly ingenious persons. By the pert self-esteem of the little-minded good taste meets with offence; but the fruits of much talent is lost to the world by the modesty and bashfulness of true genius. How many books are daily published by vain people, who if they had better judgments and more exquisite tastes, would feel ashamed to see them in print; and how many sons of genius want the requisite boldness to come forward, or are oppressed with the refinement and delicacy of their own judgment of what is fit for public inspection, and thus deprive their fellow-men of the benefits of their instruction. Truly "fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

The late Dean of St. Paul's has, with his usual tact, made pointed reference to this timid class of our species. He goes on to say that every day sends to their grave a number of obscure men who have only remained obscure because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort, and who, if they could only have been induced to begin, would, in all probability, have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that in order to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank, and thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks, and adjusting nice chances; it did all very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterwards; but at present a man waits, and doubts, and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and his first cousins, and his particular friends, till one day he finds that he is sixty-five years of age—that he has lost so much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends, that he has no more time to follow their advice. There is such little time for over-squeamishness at present, the opportunity easily slips away, the very period of life at

which a man chooses to venture, if ever, is so confined, that it is no bad rule to preach up the necessity, in such instances, of a little violence done to the feelings, and of efforts made in defiance of strict and sober calculation.

LONDON AS IT WAS AND AS IT IS.

THE two maps of the Metropolis recently published present a striking contrast in many respects of the city of Elizabeth and the city of Victoria. The first of these is a large map of the cities of London and Westminster in the early part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. London was already so large as to create an uneasiness in the royal mind as to the effects of its probable extension. The Tower stands separated from London, and Finsbury and Spitalfields exhibit nothing but trees and hedgerows; while Temple Bar, the village of Charing Cross, St. Giles's, and other scattered hamlets, are segregated, and Westminster is a distinct city. The intervening north bank of the river Thames, or the Strand, has a line of seats and gardens of the nobility—a fact traceable in names still remaining. At the date of this old map, London contained about 145,000 inhabitants; and was then, as now, the very focus in which the royal, the legislative, the scientific, and the trading interests of the nation were concentrated; being, as Camden said, "the epitome of all Britain, as much above the rest as the cypress is above the little sprig." In the narrative of the visit of the Duke de Najera to the court of Henry VIII., in 1543, London is described as one of the largest cities in Christendom, "its extent being near a league." The Thames was then the highway of the Metropolis, and its single bridge a very wonder. The latest map of London and its environs, with a novel and important addition of the levels taken by order of the Commissioners of Sewers, is wonderful in its difference. We now see a very world of dwellings, of 30 miles in circuit, with a population of 2,200,000 in the city and its incorporated suburbs. Their food—wheat, flesh, meat, fish, vegetables, fruit, milk, wine, and malt liquors—costs a million of money weekly; and to this must be added the constant circulation of cash in clothing, moveables, and luxuries—besides the enormous expenses of warming, lighting, and cleaning so vast a space.

ADDISON'S ANTICIPATIONS OF THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

It is curious to observe how often that which is regarded as fantastical and chimerical in one age, acquires the character of cold reality in another. "Strada," says Addison, "gives an account of a chimerical correspondence between two friends by the help of a certain loadstone, which had such virtue in it, that if touched by two several needles, when one of these needles so touched began to move, the other, though at ever so great a distance, moved at the same time and in the same manner. He tells us that two friends, being each of them possessed of these needles, made a kind of dial-plate, inscribing it with twenty-four letters, in the same manner as the hours of the day are marked upon the ordinary dial-plate. They then fixed one of the needles on each of these plates in such a manner that it could move round without impediment, so as to point to any of the twenty-four letters. Upon their separating from one another into distant countries, they agreed to withdraw themselves punctually into their closets at a certain hour of the day, and to converse with one another by this their invention. Accordingly, when they were some hundred miles asunder, each of them shut himself up in his closet at the time appointed, and immediately cast his eye upon the dial-plate. If he had a mind to write anything to his friend, he directed his needle to every letter that formed the words that he had occasion for, making a little pause at the end of every word or sentence, to avoid confusion. The friend, in the meanwhile, saw his own sympathetic needle moving of itself to every letter which that of his correspondent pointed at. By this means, they talked together across a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an instant over cities or mountains, seas or deserts." If M. Scudery, or any other writer of romance (continues Addison) had introduced a necromancer, who is generally in the train of a knight-errant, making a present to two lovers of a couple of those above-mentioned needles, the reader would not have been a little pleased to have seen them corresponding with one another when they were guarded by spies and watches, or separated by castles and adventures. "In the meanwhile, if ever this invention should be revived or put in practice, I would propose that on the lover's dial-plate there should be written not only the twenty-four letters, but several entire words, which have always a place in passionate epistles—as flames, darts, die, language, absence, cupid, heart, eyes, haug, drown, and the

like. This would very much abridge the lover's pains in this way of writing a letter, as it would enable him to express the most useful and significant words with a single turn of the needle." Addison wrote this in 1711. Had he lived a hundred and forty years later, he would have seen not only the sympathetic needles of Strada, but even the alphabetic dial literally realised.

THE HAUNTS OF SONG.

"Where is thine ancient home? fair spirit, say,
Through the green valley I have sought thee long,
And by the lonely hill, while early day
Yet slumber'd on the steep, till bright and strong
Came the first tones of thine awaking lay
In the fresh lark's glad song;
Then the pale stars have closed their gentle eyes,
And like a fading lily, coldly bright,
Dropping her veiled head within the skies,
Pass'd to her silent realm, the Queen of Night;
And 'mid the splendours of the morn unseen,
There hath thy presence been.

In the noon's fervent light,
Hast thou not led me to the forest shade?
Where, as thy fairy steps the branches climb,
Hath thy lone voice to some far distant chime
Melodious answer made;
Startling the ring-dove in her haunt retir'd,
Sweeping thy pinions by the pebbly spring,
Rising aloft like holy thought inspir'd,
Music was with thee on the rushing wing,

Far on thy pleasant way,
Where the wood violet dwells,
Where the moist dews have made the fairy bells,
And rippling waters sound;
Where the wild bee hath stor'd her secret cells,
And by thy side the antler'd strangers bound;
There, like the tender Psyche, fondly stray
Thy children, ling'ring o'er the haunted ground.

Alas for them, those pilgrims of the lyre,
More desolate than Love's devoted bride,
She gained her home by his immortal side.
But, for the child of Song,
Where is the gushing fount of his desire?
The burning lamp that lures his footsteps far
Is but a wand'ring star;
And the high impulse passionate and strong,
Insatiate as the grave,
Teaches the ear on its own sweets to prey,
'Till, with departing life, the power decay.

Autumn is fleeting by,
With purple bells and crimson poppies wave,
And thou, sweet spirit, once again art nigh,
Breathing sad music o'er the fallen leaves;
Or where, like banded brothers nobly slain,
Scatter'd on earth, lie thick the golden sheaves,
O'er many a hill and plain.

When the rich grape's dark stain,
Blessing the peasant's toil,
Flows far and free beneath a southern sky,
Spread thou the beck'ning hand, immortal Poesy!
And lead thy child through that enchanted land,
Where song lies hid like flow'rs within the soil.

Oh! to be there with thee,
Beneath the sunny Heavens that brightly smile,
To love the very earth, whose plainest stone
Hath legends writ that shame the marble pile;
'To dream where mighty genius feebly lies,
And from the classic throne that is thine own,
Say to the dust of ages past, arise—
Alas, I stand alone.

Unfetter'd Song, beside thine altar stair,
Thy girdle is unbound;
And swift as fleeting thought through empty air,
Ends the created light so rarely found.

Spirit below'd! I know thy place of rest,
It is not where the rippling waters play,
Where bright fawns bound or summer leaves decay.
Nor in those sunny vales that train the vine;
Nor where rich treasures sleep,
Far in the boundless deep,
Nor where the dark fountains twine.
No, dearer far to thee, and doubly blest,
Thine own unsullied home the *Minstrel's breast*.

The light thy presence sings
Is like the prophet's mantle round us cast,
And the o'erflowing heart, whose silver springs
Will drain their fount at last,
Bears to that native heav'n from whence it sprung,
The happy Angel's gift, a tuneful tongue."

MARIAN.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

Absence	Wormwood
Accommodating Disposition.....	Valerian
Activity	Thyme
Acute Sorrow or Affliction	Aloe
Afterthought	Oatsby's Star-Wort
Agitation	Moving Plant
Amiable.....	White Jasmine
An Appointed Meeting	Pea
Anger	Whin
Anticipation	Gooseberry
Ardour	Cackoo Pink
Argument	Fig
Arrogance	Lobelia
Artifice	Virgin's Bower
A Spell	Witch Hazel
Assiduity	Lavender
Assignment	Pimpernel
Attachment	Scarlet Flowered Ipomœa
Attractive Grace	Cowslip
Austerity	Common Thistle
Aversion	China or Indian Pink
Bashful Modesty	Sensitive Plant
Bashful Shame	Peony
Beauty	Full-blown Rose
Beauty always new.....	China Rose
Beauty is your only attraction....	Japan Rose
Beautiful Eyes	Variegated Tulip
Benevolence.....	Calycanthus
Betrayer, The	Dragon Plant
Beware	Oleander
Beware of the Coquette.....	Catalpa Tree
Bloneness of Manners.....	Borage
Blushes	Marjoram
Boaster	Hydrangea
Bond of Love	Honeysuckle
Bonds of Affection	Gillyflower
Bravery and Humility	French Willow
Bury me amid Nature's Beauties..	Perismon
Busybody	Quamoclet
Calm Repose	Buckbean
Calumny	Hellebore, Madder
Candour and Innocence.....	Small White Violet
Capricious Beauty	Musk Rose
Charity	Wild Grape
Chaste Love	Acacia
Chastity	Orange Flower
Cheerfulness	Crocus
Childishness	Buttercup
Cleanly	Hyssop
Cold-hearted.....	Lettuce
Comforting	Scarlet Geranium
Complaisance	Common Reed
Concealed Love	Motherwort
Confidence	Polyanthus
Conjugal Fidelity.....	Lime, or Linden Tree
Consolation	Snowdrop
Consolation to the Sick.....	Poppy
Constancy	Blue Pyramidal Bell Flower
Content	Houstonia
Coquetry	Yellow Day Lily
Courage.....	Black Poplar
Craftiness	Sweet William
Critic	Squirting Cucumber
Cruelty	Stinging Nettle
Cure for the Heart-ache.....	Asclepias
Danger	Rhododendron
Dangerous Insinuations.....	Great Bindweed
Death and Eternal Sorrow	Cypress Tree
Deceit	Venus's Flytrap
Deceitful Charms	Thorn Apple
Deceitful Hope	Daffodil
Deception	Winter Cherry
Declaration of Love	Red Tulip
Deeply Interesting	Siberian Crab Tree Blossom
Delay	Eupatorium
Delicacy	Blue-bottle Centaury
Delicate Pleasure	Sweet Pea
Desire	Jonquil
Desire to Please	Mezerion
Despair	Cypress
Despondency	Humble Plant
Devotion	Cross of Jerusalem
Difficulty	Black Thorn
Diffidence	Cyclamen
Dignity	Elm
Disappointment.....	Spring Caroline
Disdain	Yellow Carnation
Disgust	Frog Orphrys
Dissension.....	Pride of China
Distinction	Cardinal's Flower
Docility.....	Rush
Domestic Industry	House Leek
Domestic Virtue	Sage
Drunkenness	Vine
Durability.....	Dogwood, or Cornet Tree

(To be continued.)

USEFUL RECIPES.

(From the Receipt Book for the Million.)

CERPHALIC SNUFF.—Cephalic snuff is made from the powdered leaves of the assarabacca. It is a very powerful discharger of mucus from the nostrils, and occasions much sneezing. It is sometimes useful when parts about the mouth and tongue are palsied. It also removes some cases of obstinate headache.

TO PREVENT THE SMOKING OF A LAMP.—Soak the wick in strong vinegar, and dry it well before you use it; it will then burn both sweet and pleasant, and give much satisfaction for the trifling trouble in preparing it.

GOLD SIZE.—Drying or boiled oil thickened with yellow ochre, or calcined red ochre, and carefully reduced to the utmost smoothness by grinding. It may be thinned with oil of turpentine.

TO CLEAN SHELLS.—The impurities adhering to shells are removed by the following process:—Wash the shells as clean as you can in warm water, and then take spirits of salts one part, and water eight parts, and give the shells another cleaning.

LIP GLUE.—Take of isinglass and gum-tragacanth, of each one ounce; sugar candy and gum-tragacanth, of each two drachms; add to them an ounce of water, and boil the whole together till the mixture, when cold, is of the consistency of glue; then form the same into small rolls, or any other figure that may be most convenient, and it will be fit for use. This glue may be wetted with the tongue, and rubbed on the edges of the paper, silk, or leather, that are to be joined, and on being laid together, and suffered to dry, they will be united as firmly as any other part of the substance.

WASHES FOR STUCCO.—Blue.—To four pounds of blue vitriol, and a pound of the best whiting, put a gallon of water in an iron or brass pot. Let it boil an hour, stirring it all the time. Then pour it into an earthen pan; and set it by for a day or two till the colour is settled. Pour off the water, and mix the colour with whitewasher's size. Wash the walls three or four times according as is necessary. —Yellow.—Dissolve in soft water over the fire equal quantities separately of umber, bright ochre, and blue black. Then put it into as much whitewash as you think sufficient for the work, some of each, and stir it all together. If either cast predominate, add more of the others till you have the proper tint. A most beautiful white wash is made by mixing the lime and size with skimmed milk instead of water.

TO REMOVE GREASE SPOTS FROM DRAWINGS.—If a little magnesia is powdered over the grease spot, with a piece of clean thin blotting paper laid again on that, and a common laundry iron moderately passed a few times over it, the grease is often readily removed. If it does not come out at once, or if there is a very large spot, it will be well to shake off the magnesia which cakes with the heat, sprinkle a fresh quantity over it, and pursue the same plan.

EASY METHOD OF DYEING YELLOW OR GREEN.—The plant called weld, or dyers' weed, affords a most beautiful yellow dye for cotton, woollen, mohair, silk, and linen, and is that which is most commonly used by dyers for that purpose, as it gives the brightest dye. Blue cloths dipped in a decoction of it becomes green. The yellow colour of the paint called Dutch pink is got from this plant; the tinging quality resides in the stems and branches, and it is cultivated in sandy soils, because rich soils are apt to lessen its value, by making the stalk hollow.

TO MAKE MOULDS OF HORN.—If you wish to take the impression of any coin, medal, &c., previously anoint it with oil; then lay the horn shavings over it in their softened state. When dry the impression will be sunk into the horn, and this will serve as a mould to re-produce, either by plaster of Paris, putty and glue, or isinglass and ground egg-shells, the exact resemblance of the coin or medal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

. Letters for the Editor must in future be addressed to 170, Fleet-street.

Smike, (Bristol), has been received.

P. Q.—Whether in a quizzical sense or not we cannot tell, but we have heard that the origin of the very popular but very vulgar expression "My eye and Betty Martin," is, *Mihi beatus Martinus*. Under no rule or definition of wit, whether as a resemblance or a contrast, is there the slightest reason for according it a place. There are modern phrases, such as "John Bull," "Brother Jonathan," &c., that are as mysterious in their origin as the discovered relics of the old world of the megatherium and the megacrodontia.

Volens.—We have overlooked for weeks your communication of the 1st August. In Wales and among the Aborigines of Cornwall, the ancient language of Britain is alone to be found. Some time before the commencement of the Christian era, Julius Cæsar, when Cassivellaunus was king of South Britain, made a descent upon England. This Roman, however, soon abandoned the attempt to overpower the fierce barbarian, retreating to the genial climes of the sweet South. In the year 45, however, the Emperor Claudius sent Aulus Plautius with a well disciplined force, who, with very little trouble, overthrew two of our ancient kings. A Roman colony was planted at Maiden in Essex, and the whole neighbourhood was speedily reduced to the form of an imperial province. Soon afterwards, under the sway of Domitian, as far as the Frith of Forth, the island became subject to the Roman power. The remains of the conquered Britons who would not submit to the strange dominacy, returned to the wilds of Wales, carrying the language with them over the mountains. For between two and three hundred years the Romans sustained their authority by the presence of their legions, in this, our loved fatherland. Although our forefathers zealously resisted the imposition of the Latin language, in which the laws were written, we have yet much latinity in our ordinary discourse. Monsieur Pourceaugnac was surprised when his tutor told him he spoke prose; so would many be, to be told that they spoke a great deal of Latin.

G. E.—Our Exmouth-street correspondent has assuredly received, instead of the *Penny Illustrated News*, a copy of one those weekly pollutions recently stigmatised by the Bow-street magistrate. If he refers to the picture of the "Lover," he forgets the rank of life from which Shakespeare drew his portraits. The "School-boy" goes to school, he is not driven in the family coach; the best estate is the "Justice"—one who has by successful industry attained wealth, civic dignity, and indulges in the aldermanic gastronomic luxuries of life. They are all of the middle order of society. So is the "Lover." He is described as writing a sonnet to his mistress's eyebrow, where will he con it, study it, elaborate it? Certainly at his lodgings. These are pictured forth as they probably existed, with few of the conveniences which the higher classes enjoy. There is no suite of room, no boudoir, library, study, or saloons. The entire domestic establishment, with all its varied appurtenances, is seen, and no harm is meant. To delineate a lodging now-a-days, a jet of gas, and a severely figured paperhanging would be its garniture. In Shakespeare's time they had a lamp and a statue, and so it is in our picture.

A. E. (Bristol).—A poem must have a purpose. You say "the streams are singing in their gladness," and that "the waves are murmuring half in sadness." Why so? If some ecstatic bride were on the banks of the river then the rippling plunging water would be gladness to her; so, if a dull phlegmatic were contemplating suicide on the sea-shore, then let the waves be redolent of grief and gloom. The morning has been so beautifully described by our early poets that none but very daring thinkers will make the attempt to add to the illustrations employed. Hear old John Milton:—

"Now morn, her rosy steps in the orient clime,
Advancing, sowed the earth with eastern pearl."

"Dim night her shadowy cloud withdraws; the morn
Wak'd by the circling hours, with rosy hand
Unbarr'd the gates of light."

"And now went forth the morn array'd in gold,
And from before her vanished gloomy night,
Shot through with orient beams."

Virgil, in the hands of Dryden, says:—

"And now the rising morn with rosy light
Adorns the skies and puts the stars to flight."

Shakespeare, in "Romeo and Juliet," has the following beautiful lines:—

"Behold what streaks
Of light embroider all the cloudy east!
Nights' tapers are burnt out, and jocund day
Upon the mountain tops sits gaily dress'd,
While all the birds bring music to his love."

With such gorgeous descriptions, more than two hundred years old, we must have something really poetical and substantially good for the public taste. You are sixteen years of age, and might do better than you have done if study and elaboration were assiduously employed. We do not discourage, we advise and affectionately befriend.

R. Winter.—Your puns are very good. For the moment they surprise or to use an old word, they bitch; being harmless, the surprise pleases. But in the garden of the mind no fruit is found. Try to remember last year's or last week's puns. What were they? What, therefore, is the benefit you derived from them? We are no cynical opponents of humour or wit; but let us have either and we will be pleased even with a pun. "Why is a bad shot like a very amusing fellow? Because he is the boy to keep the game alive." Now a bad shot does not keep hares and partridges alive, he simply leaves them so. To put it truly: "Because he leaves the game alive," would not serve the purpose of the pun. Dr. Johnson said, he that makes a pun would pick a pocket. But the ferocious Doctor was wrong. If he had said that it was an idle occupation he would have spoken its proper doom.

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GROUSE SHOOTING.—PRINCE ALBERT AT BALMORAL.

THE *Court Circular*, which was wont to chronicle the alternations between Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle, and those who joined the royal circle at dinner, have now such announcements as these, "To-day Her Majesty went to the top of Ben-na-bourd. Prince Albert went out shooting." Our illustration to-day is of the latter event.

His Royal Highness is to be congratulated on his present far more congenial position as a sportsman in these wilds of Balmoral, the natural haunt of game, where expanse of hill and dale require daring and skill, than when at a *battue* in our southern preserves, waiting in ambush at some fixed

avenue, where hundreds of over-fed half-tamed birds are herded to the muzzle of the gun.

Her Majesty's consort enjoys a richly-deserved popularity. His many personal accomplishments, his ready service of the people in all their social institutions, and, above all, the designing and promoting of the great meeting of the representative industry of the species in May, 1851, have earned for him a highly-honoured name. His is the most untainted popularity. He enters into no cabals, intrigues, or political plots; he patronises the arts and the sports of the country with a great minded moderation, for we have heard that his

horses simply consist of the moderate stud in the name of Major Pitt. It is seldom that one in his position keeps free of the besetting vices of the great, and he is the better accounted, because, in the midst of great temptation, he is unusually pure and undefiled.

REVENGE: OR, REGINALD AND ANGELINA.

AN HISTORICAL TALE OF ROME.

By the Author of "The Brothers," an Historical Tale of the Seventeenth Century, &c. &c.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

Without the slightest ceremony he was hurried into a coach that dashed off in the direction of the Corso, which was quickly passed, when for some time it proceeded through dark, deserted streets, wherein the most gloomy silence prevailed. True, at intervals the moon's rays exhibited to view for awhile some of those mighty monuments of Rome's undying name—those sacred ruins, those gigantic structures, which once enclosed a soul whose energies governed a world! Reginald even, despite his agonizing feelings, could not behold with indifference the sublimity of those scenes of antique glory without experiencing a melancholy awe—a kind of enthusiasm, that drew him, as it were, from himself. But the illusion was transient; his own misfortunes weighed too heavily upon him to remain long dormant.

A returning gleam of the moon now illumined the rude extensive area which the carriage was at this moment crossing. It appeared to be a portion of the city, entirely abandoned by the modern inhabitants: not even the shadow of a human form crossed the waste, nor any edifice made its appearance which might be supposed to shelter one. The deep sound of a bell, however, rolling on the silence of the night, announced the haunts of man to be not far distant; and Reginald perceived in the distance an immense extent of lofty walls and towers, which, so far as the gloom would permit his eyes to penetrate, bounded the horizon. He judged these to be the prisons of the Inquisition.

The carriage, having reached the walls, followed their bendings for some time. They then passed what appeared to be the principal entrance, from the grandeur of its portals and the gigantic loftiness of the towers which rose above it, and shortly afterwards the vehicle stopped at an archway in the strongly defended walls. One of the escort alighted, and, having struck upon the bars, a door within was immediately opened, and a person bearing a torch made his appearance. No words were exchanged between him and the guard; but on perceiving who were without, he opened the gate, and the prisoner having alighted, passed beneath the arch, followed by the guard. They then descended a flight of steps, leading to a kind of hall, which was imperfectly lighted up by a lamp, suspended from the centre of the ceiling: Reginald presumed that this was one of the burial vaults of the victims who perished in the Inquisition, and his whole frame thrilled with horror. Several avenues opened from this gloomy chamber, into one of which they struck, when Reginald perceived a person attired in black, and who carried in his hand a lighted taper, crossing silently in the distance, and he understood too well that he was a member of this horrible tribunal.

The sound of footsteps appeared to reach the stranger, for he turned round, and then paused, while some officials advanced. They then exchanged a few words, which, however, Reginald did not understand, when the stranger, pointing with his taper along another avenue, disappeared. Our hero followed him with his eyes, until a door at the extremity of the passage opened, and he saw the inquisitor enter an apartment from which a brilliant light emanated, and where several other individuals, habited like himself, were manifestly waiting to receive him. The door suddenly closed, and Reginald fancied he could distinguish half-stifled groans, as of a person enduring the most excruciating agony.

The passage through which they now proceeded at length opened into an immense apartment, gloomy and dismal as the former. They remained here, and an individual quickly made his appearance, who seemed to be the keeper or gaoler, into whose hands Reginald was delivered. Some mysterious words having been exchanged, one of the officials crossed the hall and ascended a spacious staircase, while the other,

with the gaoler and guard, remained below, as though awaiting his return.

A somewhat lengthened interval elapsed, during which the stillness of the place was occasionally interrupted by the closing of a door, or indistinct sounds, which still appeared to Reginald like lamentations and subdued moans. Inquisitors, in their long black robes, issued from time to time from the different passages and crossed the hall to other avenues. They glanced at the prisoner with curiosity, but without commiseration. Their countenances seemed impressed with the characteristics of demons; and Reginald could not look upon the ferocious impatience their visages expressed without reading in them the horrible fate of some fellow-creature. But he followed their receding figures, as they proceeded in their work of horror, to where the last glimmering ray faded into darkness, expecting to see the doors of other chambers open to receive them. Whilst meditating upon these horrors, Reginald lost every selfish consideration in astonishment and indignation of the horrible tortures which the frantic wickedness of man prepares for his equal, and who, at the moment even when he inflicts the punishment, dares to insult his victim with assertions of the justice and necessity of such a proceeding.

"Can it be possible?" murmured Reginald to himself; "is it indeed in human nature? Can such atrocious perversion of right be permitted? Can man, who deems himself immeasurably superior to every other created being, persuade himself with the commission of such horrible crimes—such damnable cruelty as surpasses all the acts of the most ferocious brute?" But the most horrible part of these proceedings is, that their unhappy victims are guilty of no crime, have harmed no one, but have, simply, different ideas with respect to religion; hence the inveterate hatred and unrelenting persecution of these vile Jesuits—those demons in human form.

Reginald was no stranger to this accursed tribunal; he had long understood the nature of the establishment, but although he had before believed, it was now only that conviction appeared to impress his understanding. A novel view of human nature seemed at once to burst upon his mind, and he could not have experienced greater surprise had this been the first moment of his knowledge of the existence of such a tribunal. But when he thought of his adored Angelina—presumed that she might possibly be in the room of his hated rival and most implacable enemy, grief, rage, indignation, and despair exasperated him nearly to frenzy. He seemed suddenly animated with supernatural strength, and ready to attempt impossibilities for his escape. It was by a powerful effort of self-control that he contrived to forbear bursting his bonds, and making a desperate effort to escape. Reflection, however, had not so far forsaken him, but that he perceived the utter impossibility of succeeding in the attempt. His passions, thus restrained, seemed to become virtues, and to display themselves in the energy of his courage and fortitude. His soul became strong and vigorous in despair, and his manner and countenance assumed a calm dignity, which appeared to awe, in some measure, his guards. Yes, in these moments of elevation, he could probably have endured the torture without shrinking.

At length the chief officer descended the staircase, and requested Reginald to follow him. He then ascended the steps, preceded by the officer, when they passed through a kind of gallery to an ante-chamber, where, being delivered over to some persons in waiting, his conductor disappeared behind a folding door which conducted to an inner apartment.

Reginald conjectured that in this chamber they were preparing for him the instruments of torture; and although he knew little of the regular proceedings of this tribunal, he had always been given to understand that the torture was inflicted upon prisoners until they confessed their error, and acknowledged the Catholic religion to be the only true and lawful one. But he considered this circumstance undauntedly; every faculty of his soul was bent up to fortitude and endurance. He felt firm in the belief that the doctrine which he had embraced, and which was the reformed religion, was most acceptable to his Maker, and he resolved to meet his doom with firmness.

The officer again made his appearance, and, beckoning Reginald to advance, uncovered his head. He then conducted him through the folding door into a chamber; after which he withdrew, and the door, which shut out all hope, closed upon him.

Reginald found himself in a spacious apartment, where three persons only were visible, who were seated at a large table, or desk, in the centre of the room. Two of them were attired in black, and appeared by their piercing eyes and

savage physiognomies to be Inquisitors: each wore on his head a kind of black turban, which heightened the natural ferocity of their repulsive-looking countenances. The other was habited like a monk, and was not so savage looking, but there was something in the expression of his countenance at once so treacherous and crafty that he only seemed calculated to inspire one with contempt and loathing; he appeared, in fine, to be one of those vile wretches whom gold will tempt to undertake any crime, however base and atrocious.

The office of this wretch was chiefly to preach to, and endeavour to persuade, their victims to acknowledge their crime, as those monsters were pleased to denominate it.

One of the Inquisitors requested Reginald to advance, and, when he had reached the table, placed a book in his hand, and bade him swear, in case he should ever leave the walls of the Inquisition, not to reveal whatever he might witness in that chamber.

"What!" exclaimed Reginald indignantly, "swear never to reveal anything I may witness, when I know that the most diabolical cruelties are hourly practised here? Never!"

"Very well, Sir," returned the Inquisitor, in a voice which would have made a heart less courageous than Reginald's tremble, "it will probably be unnecessary, for I doubt much whether you will ever leave this place alive. In the next place," he continued, gazing at Reginald with his dark, piercing eyes, "you must confess your error, and admit that the Popish religion is the only true and holy doctrine."

"Never, Sir," said the young man, firmly; "rather would I die a thousand deaths, than breathe a syllable calculated to belie my conscience."

"Are you aware what an awful doom awaits you, young man," resumed the Inquisitor, in a milder tone, "in the event of your remaining inflexible?"

"Whatever be my fate, Sir," replied Reginald, "I will strive to bear it patiently, but never will I submit to, or acknowledge Popery."

"Be it so, then," observed the Inquisitor, "and, since neither persuasion nor threats have any effect, we will try what the rack will do; for it is the wish of our Holy Father, the Pope, that unless you acknowledge your error, you shall be placed on the rack."

"Holy Father!" murmured the young man to himself. "God! what perversity, what mockery, to denominate that monster Holy Father! He who seems to take a savage delight in causing his fellow creatures to be tortured. Surely a day of retribution will shortly arrive; yes, such horrible atrocities cannot long remain unpunished."

He was suddenly interrupted in these gloomy reflections by the abrupt entrance of several individuals, who had been summoned by the monk, and whose visages were concealed in large black masks.

On a sign from one of the Inquisitors, they approached Reginald, and quickly divested him of his upper garments.

"I ask you once more, young man," remarked one of the Inquisitors, addressing our hero; "whether you repent and are ready to admit your fault?"

"Never!" responded Reginald, firmly.

"To the rack, then," he resumed in a terrible tone, "to the rack with him."

He was then hurried, by the masked individuals, down several flight of steps, closely followed by the Inquisitors and the Monk, into a capacious, gloomy-looking chamber, which was liberally strewn with instruments of torture of every description and denomination, and which amply testified to the work of death that was incessantly going on. The aspect of this sombre apartment, with its thousand instruments of death, caused the young man to shudder with horror; nevertheless, he was determined to suffer with fortitude.

O religion, how great is thy empire when pure and holy, and divested of that hypocrisy and bigotry which renders it a curse rather than a consolation! How many are the virtues we derive from thee! Oh! how happy is that being, who, inspired with thy sublime truths, ever finds in thy bosom a protection against vice—hope in misfortune! Thy very severities are blessings; for, if persecution oppresses a soul submissive to thy holy statutes, it is then that it more particularly finds in thee the surest support. Thou interest the wounded heart, to soothe its poignant griefs, to offer it eternal hope; and never dost thou destroy that pure emotion which supports it under its afflictions. And thus it was with Reginald, for he watched these horrible proceedings with the calm and holy dignity of a martyr.

The rack was quickly prepared by the masked ruffians whilst the Inquisitors and the Monk looked on in stern silence.

"Now do your duty," said one of the individuals, addressing the officials.

Reginald was immediately seized and placed on the rack without offering the slightest resistance, for he knew full well it would be vain to struggle with his tormentors, there being no less than six, besides the two Inquisitors and the Monk. At first the cords were strained slightly, when Reginald was again asked whether he had repented; but the answer still being in the negative, they were drawn quite tight, and the pain became horrible, excruciating; but not a cry escaped his lips, or a tear dimmed his handsome, manly countenance. Again were they strained, when a low moan escaped him, and, oh! the agony was horrible; he felt as though every member was being torn from his body, his eyes turned wildly in their sockets, large drops of icy perspiration streamed down his pallid cheeks, a cold convulsive shudder thrilled his whole frame, and he lost all consciousness.

"Enough!" suddenly exclaimed an Inquisitor, "release him."

The apparently lifeless Reginald was quickly taken from the rack, and conveyed to one of the criminal's cells, where he was placed on a wretched pallet, and left to the care of the Monk, who was charged to administer to his wants, and endeavour to prevail on him to acknowledge his error. The Inquisitors and tormentors repaired to their respective departments, perchance to perform the same atrocious functions with respect to other victims.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BEAUTIFUL FLORINA.

We left Reginald's young bride at the moment she was being conveyed from the Pope's audience-chamber, by Antonino, in a state of insensibility. On reaching the street Antonino called a coach, in which he placed her, then, having assisted the beautiful sister of the author of this sad calamity—who insisted upon accompanying them to offer her assistance in any way she might be of service to Angelina, and to assure her of her ignorance of any evil design on the part of her brother—to ascend the coach, he leaped in himself, and the vehicle drove off in the direction of Reginald's apartments.

On their arrival, the still unconscious Angelina was placed on a bed, and the kind-hearted hostess was unremitting in her attentions to endeavour to restore the young bride to consciousness, which she was not long in accomplishing, and the first word she pronounced was the name of her husband. On gazing round the room her eyes met those of Antonino, and a faint smile played on her lips; she beckoned to him to approach her, then taking his hand she pressed it fervently, observing, in a weak tremulous voice:—

"Where is my Reginald, my husband, dear friend?"

"Alas! lady," replied Antonino, sorrowfully, "I am not in a position to inform you at present, but rest assured that I will lose no time in endeavouring to ascertain his place of confinement, and seeking, if possible, a means for his escape."

This assurance appeared to console the lovely young bride in some measure, and she sincerely thanked him for his devotion and kindness; but her eyes suddenly rested on the beautiful stranger, who had remained at the other end of the room, and a dark cloud passed over her pale, though lovely features. This sudden change had doubtless been observed by the fair stranger, for she hastily approached the young bride, and remarked in a sweet respectful tone:

"Lady, you are doubtless somewhat surprised at beholding me, a stranger, in your chamber, but I have come for the purpose of assuring you that I was perfectly ignorant of every detail connected with this sad calamity, and proffering my services in any way I can be of assistance to you."

This assertion, replete with candour and simplicity, caused a smile of gratitude to pass over her lips, and she sincerely thanked the sister of Colletti for her kindness.

The worthy hostess, thinking that a little repose would be of great service to the young bride, informed Antonino that it would be advisable for her to be left alone and kept as quiet as possible. Accordingly, after having bade the young girl adieu, and expressed a wish for her speedy restoration to health, with a promise to do all in their power for the emancipation of Reginald, they departed, and, as a matter of course, Antonino could not do less than escort the beautiful Florina to her residence. This it was which she so much desired, and for which, probably, she had repaired to Reginald's apartments. It was, however, a fortunate circumstance, inasmuch as it occurred to Antonino as they were proceeding along, that being a niece of the Pope, she might be of immense service in connecting with

him a scheme for Reginald's escape from the Inquisition. He, consequently, affected to be greatly smitten with the surpassing loveliness of his fair companion, which, indeed, certainly was the case to some extent. It was not, however, that holy—that divine love with which his sweet retiring Juliana had inspired him, but that transient passion which makes no lasting impression on the heart. And who, we ask, could have been insensible to the grace, beauty, and elegance of that enchanting creature? Oh! no; it was not in human nature.

We will now pass over the space of three or four days, during which Antonino had visited Colletti's beautiful sister two or three times, but had not heard anything of poor Reginald, and introduce the reader into an elegantly furnished apartment of a splendid mansion situated near the Corso, which belonged to the Seigneur Colletti. It was evening, and the Seigneur was not in, but the lady Florini might have been seen reclining on a couch in the apartment first alluded to. At this moment Antonino was announced by a pretty little page, who again withdrew, closing the door after him. She appeared to pay no attention to

Antonino, who noiselessly approached the couch. Her eyes were half closed; her thin, ruby, pouting lips, partially open, thus exhibiting to view a double range of teeth white as the purest pearls; her neck was dazzlingly white, pure, and spotless, and her dress, being open in front, presented a bosom sufficiently charming to have tempted a saint. In short, that voluptuous beauty was at once the type of the Christian angel and the Pagan goddess.

Antonino remained for awhile as though transfixed to the spot, forgetting what was his real object in repairing thither, but he quickly approached and took her hand. It was one of those inebriating moments when every surrounding object seems to disappear; when one only beholds the enchanting beauty; when hands join, lips meet, and respiration combines; when the enchantress seems to say: "Did you know the treasures of love I would award to my lover! If you knew what rapture there is in my caresses, and fire in my kisses! To him who loves me are abandoned all the beauties with which nature has endowed me, and every idea of my inmost soul, for I am young, loving, and beautiful."

(To be continued.)



THE DUKE DE NEMOURS.

This is the eldest surviving son of the late King of the French is now in his thirty-sixth year, having been born on the 25th October, 1814. Ten years ago he was married to a cousin of Prince Albert—namely, the daughter of Duke Ferdinand of Saxe Gotha.

The brothers of Nemours have made more noise in the world than he. Prince Joinville by his hectoring seaman-ship, the Duke d'Aumale's severities in Algiers, and the Duke de Montpensier's matrimonial intrigue in Spain, have given these princes a rather questionable fame. The original of our illustration seems to have preferred domestic quiet to the agitations, the jealousies, and the vanities of sovereignty.

M. Janin recently published a highly flattering eulogium on Louis Philippe. In this eloquent paper M. Janin communicated a very singular letter, which the King had written five years ago to his eldest son. It had been picked up in the street at the sacking of the Tuileries in February 1848. It is as follows:—

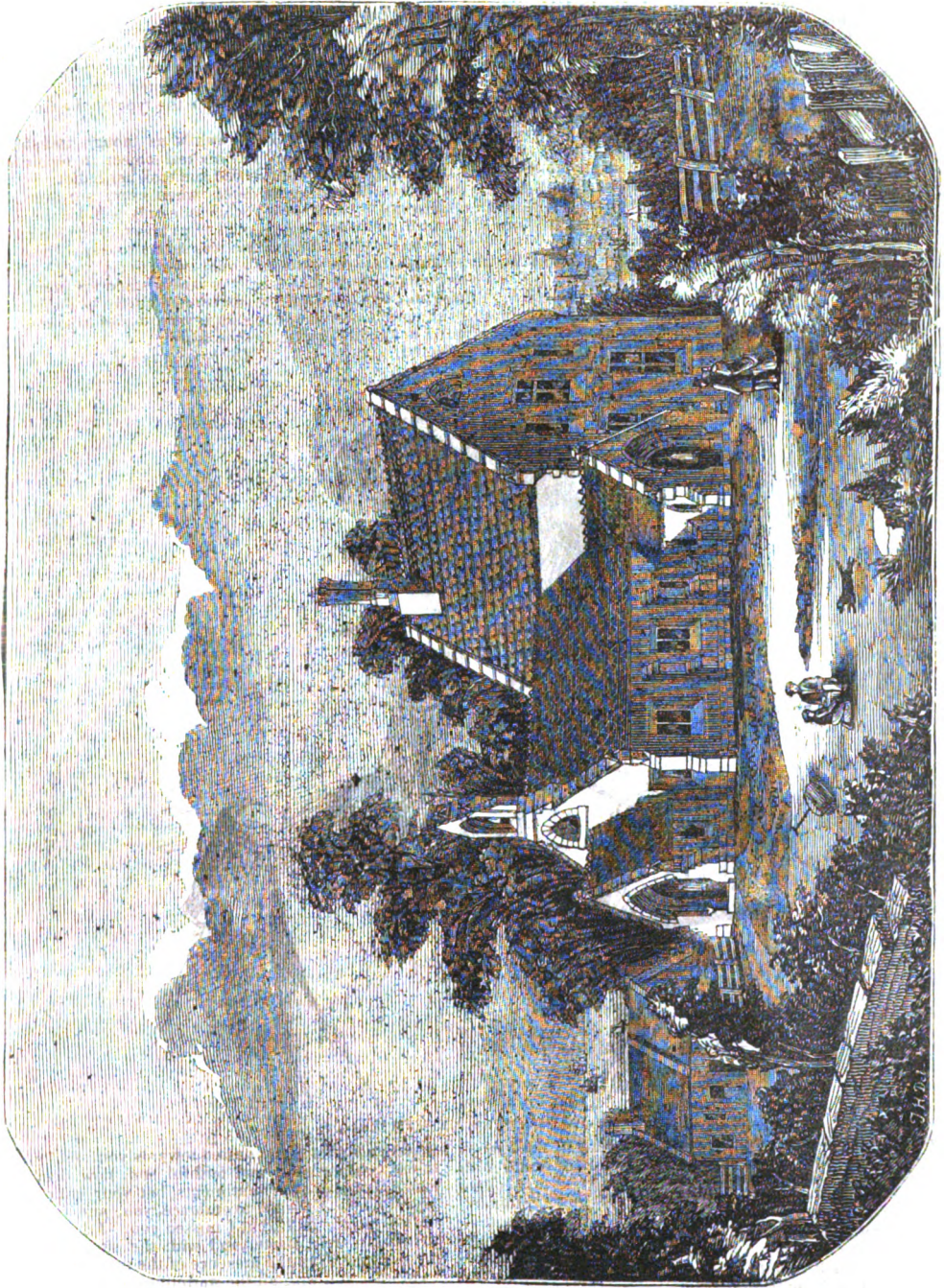
"St. Cloud, Tuesday, 25th Nov., 1845.

"My very dear friend and very good child,—I am afflicted to think that everybody should have witnessed the burst of

impatience that I manifested towards you, and I was anxious to tell you, my good and faithful son, how deeply I appreciated, not only your sentiments, but your entire conduct as regards me. I wished to embrace you, and to tell you this on leaving the table, but I missed you. I do it, therefore, in writing, in great haste, and with the sincere regret of not having done so in the presence of the persons who heard me embrace you with all the warmth of my heart."

The letter is addressed—"To my well-beloved son the Duke de Nemours, at the Tuileries—in haste."

It would appear that the King had used some hasty expression to his son in the presence of strangers, but in his earnest apology there is a proof of the tenderness of the son's disposition which thus called it forth. M. Jules Janin, with judicious taste, considering the surreptitious way in which he became possessed of the letter, remarks:—"And as to you, Prince, forgive me for publishing this letter, which is in the same degree honourable to the father and to the son. Be tranquil, however, as to this letter; a pious hand plucked it from amid the ruins of a great storm—a pious and faithful hand will place it in yours."



SCHOOLS AT NEW BRIGHTON, CHESHIRE.

THE PROPERTIES OF LIGHT AND ELECTRICITY.

BY DR. EDWARDS.

MANY persons are aware that some shrubs grow more rapidly during and after a storm, than at any other time. This effect has been particularly noticed in hops; and we have noticed it in the melon and other creeping plants. Some may say that the rain which accompanies the storm may cause the rapid growth of the vines, but it will be observed that they grow just as rapidly whether rain falls or not, provided the earth is sufficiently damp for their growth. It has been ascertained, by the experiments of a philosopher who has devoted much time to this subject, that where vegetation is deficient, the air

is highly charged with electricity; and, *vice versa*, that where vegetation grows luxuriously, the air contains a comparative small charge of the electric fluid—the vegetation abstracting it for its own use. It may be ascertained by the experiment with any plant, and indications by the electrometer, that it will abstract electricity with great rapidity. We have seen the experiment where, in a very short time, by means of the application of the electric fluid, plants have been made to sprout from their seeds, and make their appearance above the ground.

There is no doubt but that the design of the Creator can be traced into the geographical distribution of plants, from the

facts with which we are already acquainted. Cedars, Pines, Firs, &c., we notice are always found in high latitudes. This species of tree always has pointed foliage; and this rapid conducting away of the electricity from the air, aids in the production of those changes which are most congenial to the formation of snow, hail, &c. There is no doubt from what we have said that electricity exerts a far greater influence on the growth and development of plants. In fact, so much benefit has already been derived from the experiments hitherto made, that horticulturists and others are preparing to carry forward these interesting facts upon a much larger scale. The galvanic battery, with its wondrous energy, has been brought into play with the greatest success; and copper wires have been suspended in the air at a great height and the fluid which they collect brought down within the influence of the plants.

There is no doubt but that electricity, or its modification, magnetism, exerts a wonderful influence upon the system. It has been said by a great philosopher, that the brain is nothing more than a galvanic battery; and a learned man has written a book to prove that the electric fluid is the *primum mobile* of all life and motion—that all diseases are caused by its disturbance, an over or under-charge, and that upon this principle all diseases may be cured. It is certain that paralysis, nervous pains, rheumatism, deafness, blindness, and numerous other similar diseases, have been cured by the successful application of electricity. There is a remarkable identity between the electrical and the nervous fluids—they are the same. The *Gymnotus electricus*, or electrical eel, is an instance of the nervous fluid being converted into the electrical; and fine steel needles have been magnetised by the nervous fluid, thus proving beyond doubt that these fluids are identically the same.

The brain is a galvanic battery—it generates the nervous fluid necessary to carry life and motion; and animal heat may probably be caused in part by its passage from the brain, through the exceedingly minute nerves, to the various parts of the system, causing heat in the same manner that the fluid will, if passed from a metallic galvanic battery through wires insufficiently large to conduct it freely. The nerves are the conductors of the electricity developed by the brain. Not a motion, however small, takes place in the body—not a thought is conceived in the brain, without being attended with a development of electricity. The operations of no faculty can go on without being in connection with the brain, that from thence it may receive the stimulus necessary to the fulfilment of its task. The severing of the nerves of the stomach leading to the brain, will cause that organ to become immediately deranged. Pass a current of electricity along the nerves to the stomach, and it will as soon regain its normal condition. It is so with all the faculties; sever the nerves which lead from them to the brain, and an abnormal condition is instantly established; substitute the electrical for the nervous, and the faculty regains its power as before. Every process or disturbance in nature, is also attended with a development of the electric fluid; for it is everywhere, nothing can go on without it, for everything which moves—the slightest impulse of an atom—appears to prove the presence of electricity—of this prime moving, governing cause—this great servant of the Creator, which—though too subtle to be weighed by our most delicate balances—still exerts the energy—the mighty influence to heave up mountains, and to quake the solid earth, or else, in the bosom of the whirlwind, to uproot the gigantic oak, and hurl to the ground the most solid structures.

NEVER TOO LATE TO IMPROVE.

THE following good advice Mr. Haydon gives with his wonted confidence:—"I am no friend to that lachrymose croaking about time of life; I am just as able now, at fifty-eight years, to set to work on a new acquirement as at eighteen years, and perhaps more able. 'Was I to begin the world again,' said Reynolds; of course he would do all sorts of things he had neglected to do, and follow Michael Angelo's steps. Now, he had been saying this forty years, why did he not at once, like Tintoretto, write over the door of his painting-room, 'The day to Titian, the night to Michael Angelo?' and in six months we should have his limbs more like legs and thighs than nine pins. Why? because he had only the consciousness of imperfection without sufficient power to impel the remedy. After lamenting thus to Burke, he would sit down to a game of whist, or adjourn to the club, to listen to the declamations of Johnson. Let every man begin at once, not to-morrow, but to-day, not by and bye at four, but now, at six in the morning, or as soon as it is light."

MIDDLE CLASS IN FRANCE.

THE middle class in France, before the Revolution, was in much the same situation as the middle class in England under Charles I., previously to the civil war. They perceived great abuses in the state; they found themselves in a situation inferior to what, from their property, they were entitled, they wished to defuse the power of the crown, and to obtain and secure their own rights and privileges: yet the existing government was so besotted as not to see the advancing movement, nor take warning by the example held out by our civil wars; and refused to grant voluntarily that which the middle class was determined to obtain—limit to the power of the crown, and the right of all to aspire to the highest situations or rank in the state, if qualified by talents, property, or public service. The middle class was thus highly dissatisfied with the state of things: or, in other words, public opinion in France was in favour of a revolution; and the lower class, influenced by the numbers, the property, the information, and connections of the middle class, united cordially with them in desiring a change. Public opinion and popular clamour being thus united, the middle and lower classes became an overmatch for the king and that part of the noblesse, attached to the court, to which we may add the heads of the church, and the higher officers of the army. The result, as might easily be imagined, was, that the throne, the noblesse and the clergy, were annihilated by the states-general, that is, by the middle class.—*MacKinnon's History of Civilisation.*

THE MORMONS.—The founder of the sect—Joseph Smith, jun., as he was called till within a year or two of his death—was born in 1805. The first congregation of Latter-day Saints was organised in 1831, and now, in less than twenty years, the sect numbers nearly 30,000 people in Great Britain, and about four times, or according to some statements six times, that number in America. Joseph Smith was a digger for gold before he took up the trade of preacher and prophesying. The Mormons are now the principal inhabitants of a State to which they have given the name of "Deseret," a word that occurs in their new Bible, or Book of Mormon, and which is to signify a "honey-bee." They expect, within a short time, by means of immigration from Great Britain, and by the gathering together of their people from all parts of the Union, to muster a sufficient number in Deseret to claim formal admission into the American Union. The number of inhabitants requisite for this purpose is 60,000, and there can be little, if any doubt, that, in a few years, the object of the Mormons will be accomplished. Such is the present position of the Latter-day Saints. The growth of Mahomedanism, rapid as it was, is not to be compared to the rise and growth of Mormonism.

TO CLEAN GOLD AND SILVER LACE.—Sew the lace in clean linen cloth, boil it in a pint of soft water and two ounces of soap, and then wash it in cold water. If it be tarnished, apply a little warm spirits of wine to the tarnished parts.

SUMMER RAIN.

GENTLE dew, not vainly art thou sent,

Oh! not alone to cheer the drooping flower

And thirsty land with its long yearning spent,

But o'er a human heart that only grieves

Hast thou the greater and the nobler power.

Sweet spirit, stirring all the joyous leaves,

Thy tiny footsteps, like a Fairy train,

Go softly stealing by the lattice eaves,

Or lightly dash upon the casement pane.

Whispering the rose, in language she doth know,

For her fair face is turn'd to thee again.

A pleasant song thy wondrous music weaves,

For beauty's child, so lately faint and low,

Bless'd in thy coming she methinks doth rise

With mantling cheek and joy-inspiring eyes!

What is thy secret power, sweet Summer Rain?

Oh, art thou not the tear of Pity shed

From its pure fount within a mortal breast?

Life's truest balm the word of kindness spread

In darken'd homes where sorrow seeketh rest.

The dew of fond Affection deeply blest

Above its own, in lavish freedom pour'd,

Or Mercy's gift to prayer and thankfulness

When health and peace united are restored.

These, like heaven's moisture on the lifeless land,

Creation's flower the folded mind expand,

Till with the freshen'd herb we turn and bless

A power unseen, for happy days renewed

In our accepted songs of Gratitude.

MARIAN.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

Early Youth.....	Primrose
Egotism.....	Narcissus
Elegance.....	Acacia Pink
Elevation.....	Silver Fir
Enchantment.....	Holliherb
Ennui.....	Mosses
Envy.....	Raspberry
Esteem.....	Garden Sage
Extinguished Hope.....	Convolvulus Major
Falsehood.....	Apocynum Ruglos
False Riches.....	Sunflower
Fascination.....	Fern
Fate.....	Flax
Feast.....	Parsley
Felicity.....	Sweet Sultan
Female Fidelity.....	Wall Speedwell
Feminine Modesty.....	Calla Ethiopica
Fidelity (In Friendship).....	Ivy
Fidelity (In Misfortune).....	Wallflower
Flame of Love.....	Yellow Iris
Fraternal Love.....	Woodbine
Freedom.....	Water Willow
Flattery.....	Venus's Looking-glass
Folly.....	Columbine
Foolishness.....	Pomegranate
Foresight.....	Holly
Forget-Me-Not.....	Mouse-ear Scorpion-grass
Forsaken.....	Lilac
Frankness.....	Osier
Freshness of Complexion.....	Damask Rose
Friendship.....	Acacia Rose
Frivolity.....	London Pride
Frivolous Amusements.....	Bladder Senna
Frugality.....	Endive
Gaiety.....	Butterfly Orchis
Generosity.....	Orange Tree
Genius.....	Plane Tree
Gentle.....	Rose
Glory.....	Laurel
Good Education.....	Cherries
Good-nature.....	White Mullain
Goodness.....	Bonuss Henricus
Gossip.....	Cobaea
Grace.....	Hundred-leaved Rose
Gracefulness.....	Birch
Grandeur.....	Ash
Gratitude.....	Small White Bell Flower
Hatred.....	Basil
Health.....	Iceland Moss
Honesty.....	Honesty
Hope.....	Hawthorn
Horror.....	Creeping Cereus
Hospitality.....	Oak
Humanity.....	Marsh Mallow
I burn.....	Common Cactus
Idleness.....	Fig Marigold
Immortality.....	Amaranth
Impatience.....	Balsam
Imperfection.....	Henbane
Importunity.....	Fuller's Teasel
Inconstancy in Love.....	Wild Honey-suckle
Incorruptible.....	Cedar of Lebanon
Independence.....	Plum Tree
Indifference.....	Ever-flowing Candy Tuft
Indiscretion.....	Split Reed
Industry.....	Bee Orchis
Infidelity.....	Yellow Rose
Ingenuous Simplicity.....	Mouse-ear Chickweed
Ingratitude.....	Yellow Gentian
Injustice.....	Hop
Innocence.....	Wild Daisy
Innocence and Beauty.....	Daisy
Inspiration.....	Angelica
Instability.....	Dahlia
Instruction.....	Bay Berry
Intellect.....	Walnut
Intoxicated with Pleasure.....	Perviana Heliotrope
Inutility.....	Diosma
Irony.....	Sardony
I wish I was rich.....	King Cap
Jealousy.....	French Marigold
Jeal, or Bantering.....	Southern Wood
Justice.....	Radbeekia
Lamentation.....	Aspen Tree
Lasting Beauty.....	Gilly Flower
Lasting Pleasure.....	Everlasting Pea
Levity.....	Larkspur
Liberty.....	Live Oak
Life.....	Lucerne
Light-heartedness.....	Shamrock
Lively and Pure Love.....	Red Pink
Love.....	Myrtle
Love at First Sight.....	Coreopsis
Love Forsaken.....	Creeping Willow
Love Match, A.....	London Pride
Love Returned.....	Ambrosia

(To be continued.)

THE SIREN'S SONG.

Come rest thee here by the sparkling tide,
 Lone is thy path through the valleys wide;
 Oh rest, for the parching sun rides high,
 The springs of thy fainting land are dry:
 And grieve no more o'er the fragile flowers
 That fall in those sultry groves of thine,
 The Ocean Maids have unfading bowers,
 Where every path is an emerald mine.
 The rose thou lovest shall yield thee there
 A lustrous reath of the ruby rare!
 And many a pearl from its crystal cell
 Enrich thy brow for the lily's bell!
 Then dwell no more in the woodland wild,
 Come to the Sea-Maid's home, fair child!

Why wilt thou linger, our sister dear?
 Bride of the Ocean, oh! what is thy fear?
 If yon black speck in the heaven it be,
 The storm and the cloud, love, seek not thee,
 But turn the light of those dewy eyes
 Hither again to the Western Isle!
 Our god forsaketh his throne, the skies,
 And glides the deep with his rosy smile!
 Ay, ever thus at the twilight hour,
 Doth that bright being resign his power!—
 He foldeth the weary wing to rest
 And sinks to sleep on the water's breast!
 Then leave thy cot for the sparry cave,
 Hither, fair girl, to our home, the wave!

Still dost thou tarry? Oh, maiden bright,
 Day hath departed! 'tis starry night!
 Look up, sweet one, in the moonlight pale,
 Whose is yon bark with its slack'ning sail?
 Where is the power to hold thee now!
 Thy feet are treading the golden sand!
 That vision of light is thy lover's prow,
 Come back at last from the stranger's land!
 And his eager arms are held apart
 To fold thee here to his faithful heart.
 Ha! thou art ours, the charm is done,
 Fair flowers, bright stars, and thou radiant sun,
 Hide ye for ever beneath the wave,
 Love leads the way to our home, the Grave!

USEFUL RECIPES.

(From the Receipt Book for the Million.)

TO ETCH IVORY.—For etching ivory, a ground made by the following receipt is to be applied to the polished surface:—Take of pure white wax and transparent tears of mastic each an ounce, asphalt half-an-ounce. The mastic and asphalt having been separately reduced to fine powder, and the wax being melted in an earthenware vessel over the fire, the mastic is to be first slowly strewn in and dissolved by stirring, and then the asphalt in like manner. This compound is to be poured out into lukewarm water, well kneaded, as it cools, by the hand, into rolls or balls about one inch in diameter. These should be kept wrapped round with taffety. If white resin be substituted for the mastic, a cheaper composition would be obtained, which answers nearly as well; two ounces of asphalt, one ounce of resin, and half an ounce of white wax, being good proportions. Either of the two first grounds being applied to the ivory, the figured design is to be traced through it in the usual way; a ledge of wax is to be applied, and the surface is to be then covered with strong sulphuric acid. The effect comes better out with the aid of a little heat, and, by replacing the acid as it becomes diluted by absorption of moisture, with concentrated oil of vitriol. Simple wax may be employed instead of the copper-plate engraver's ground; and strong muriatic acid instead of sulphuric. If an acid solution of silver or gold be used for etching, the design will become purple or black, on exposure to sunshine. The wax may be washed away with oil of turpentine. Acid nitrate of silver affords the easiest means of tracing permanent black lines upon ivory.

COLD CREAM.—Take half an ounce of white wax, half an ounce of spermaceti, and three ounces of almond oil; put these into a basin, which place into hot water until melted; then gradually add three ounces of either rose water, elder water, or orange-flower water, stirring all the while with a fork or small whisk. Any perfume may be put in, but, medicinally, it is better without. When cold it is fit for use.

MARINE GLUE.—Digest from two to four parts of caoutchouc, cut into small pieces, in thirty four parts of coal-tar naphtha, promoting solution by the application of heat, and by agitation. The solution, when formed, will have the consistency of thick cream; to this add 62 or 64 parts of powdered shell-lac, and heat the mixture over the fire, constantly

stirring it until complete fusion and combination has been effected. Pour the mixture while still hot, on plates of metal so that it may cool in thin sheets like leather. In using the cement, put some of it in an iron vessel, and heat it to about 248 deg. Fahr. and apply it with a brush to the surfaces to be joined. It is said to make a perfect union of pieces of wood, and it is recommended for use in ship-building—hence its name.

IMPRESSION OF MEDALS.—A very easy and elegant way of taking the impression of medals and coins is the following:—Melt a little isinglass glue with spirits of wine or brandy, and pour it thinly over the medal, so as to cover its whole surface; let it remain on a day or two, till it is thoroughly dry and hardened, and, then taking it off, it will be fine, clear and as hard as a piece of Muscovy glass, and will have a very elegant impression of the coin. It will also resist the effects of damp air, which occasions all other kinds of glue to soften and bend, if not prepared in this manner.

TO PRESERVE FLOWER SEEDS.—Those who are curious about saving flower seeds, must attend to them in the month of August. Many kinds will begin to ripen apace, and should be carefully sticked and supported, to prevent them from being shaken by high winds and so lost. Others should be defended from much wet: such as asters, marigolds, and generally those of the class Syngenesia; as from the construction of their flowers they are apt to rot, and the seeds to mould in bad seasons. Whenever they are thought ripe, or indeed any others, in wet weather, they should be removed to an airy shed or loft, gradually dried, and rubbed or beat out at convenience.

PEARL WATER.—Put half a pound of best Spanish oil soap, scraped very fine, into a gallon of boiling water. Stir it well for some time, and let it stand till cold. Add a quart of rectified spirits of wine, and half an ounce of oil of rosemary. Stir them again. This compound liquid, when put up in proper phials, in Italy, is called tincture of pearls. It is an excellent cosmetic for removing freckles from the face, and improving the complexion.

COPYING MACHINE.—Take a roller of beech, or any hard wood, about eighteen inches long and one inch in diameter, and having cut a longitudinal slit therein, nearly the whole length, and fasten very nearly with glue, a strip of strong cloth, about fourteen inches wide and eighteen inches long; the remaining part of the roller will serve as a handle, and may be cut with several faces to obtain firmer hold. To use this copying-press, lay the sheet of paper of which the letter is written upon the strip of cloth; on that place the thin copying paper, and upon these lay a thick baize or horse-hair pad; then roll the whole round the roller, and grasping that part where the cloth is with the left hand, turn the roller round with the right, gradually increasing the grasp with the left; the pressure becomes very great, and quite sufficient to transfer the letter to the copying paper.

GREEN FLAME.—Take three and a quarter ounces of sulphur, nineteen ounces of exsiccated nitrate of barytes, one ounce and a quarter of powdered chlorate of potash, half an ounce of orpiment in fine powder, and six drachms of powdered charcoal. Mix all together.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

. Letters for the Editor must in future be addressed to 170, Fleet-street.

Polycromenon.—The riddle is an old one, and was, after a weary circulation among small wits in society, inserted in many of our provincial newspapers. We have no correspondent in Sydney.

A Farmer.—It may be that you will not find the word cereal in our dictionaries. It is of recent use, though its root is as old as the Greek mythology. Ceres, the goddess of corn and of harvests, was the daughter of Saturn and Vesta—the superseded ruler of the barbarians' heaven. From that ancient lady comes our modern term cereal; which is applied to crops of the grain department, wheat, barley, oats, &c.; but, not to potatoes, turnips, and other tuberos plants. Although we answer your literary query, we cannot say what is the best arrangement of a home-stead. Stephens' "Book of the Farm" is the best guide you can have.

An Enemy to Cheap Sunday Excursions.—The Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway meetings have afforded the lovers of discussion a very ample supply of arguments for and against Sunday trains. The proprietors have, by large majorities, determined to refuse the accommodation which our English lines, without exception, bestow on the public. The Sunday cheap excursion trains are an extension of the principle, simply so far as the Great Western, to which you refer, has determined to give the poor the same facilities as the rich, under high rates, had for years enjoyed. We do not enter into the question of the propriety or impropriety of Sunday travelling; but, as a mere matter of equity, those of the lower class who wish

to spend the Sabbath in the form of recreation, and not of rest and devotion, should have the power of doing so, as well as those who have been blessed with better fortunes. It may be wrong, but, every man must be free to select his own way of life. By putting on high rates, the poor are virtually and actually restrained and coerced. Let your clergy double their diligence and keep their flocks at home by the power of persuasion, and the inculcation of those higher principles which make the pleasures of life look like follies and absurdities, but leave your fellow-men free.

A Parent (Wiseack).—We replied in our last, to a correspondent whose letter was of similar import to yours. If you will take the trouble to peruse that defence of our artist, we flatter ourselves you will be persuaded that no departure from our usual course was exhibited in this particular.

Conservative.—Your version of Sir Robert Peel's remark on leaving office is not the correct one. In a short memoir of that truly great minister, published in this journal, at the time of his decease, we gave it as it was delivered. To-day we have chanced upon a very pretty inornate version of it, which says:

"Yes! by those hearths that he has helped to cheer,
His memory shall abide for many a year;
And the swart sons of toil, as they recruit
Their task-worn strength with earth's abundant fruit,
No longer leavened by the sense of wrong,
Shall breathe his name with blessings loud and long."

E. L.—Sir John Franklin left England in 1845.

I. S. N.—Send us the engraved block and your picture shall be published without delay.

S. R.—The accounts of the sea-serpent in the Irish newspapers are probably produced by the florid fancies of our neighbour of the "first gun of the sea." It must be a recent creation, for the naval annals of the world are silent on the subject. Had any creature 180 or even 120 feet, been seen in previous ages, the libraries would have been full of its history, and probably our Museum of specimens.

A Cockney.—You have asked many questions, but we shall reply to them as far as our information on such topics extends. Bartholomew Fair is still in existence, but instead of the bawling, roystering, frolicing crush, it is a meagre exhibition of two or three booths, and very few people around them. Within the last four weeks this once famous fair was quietly held. The daily papers tell us that the Lord Mayor, under the incubus of an ancient charter, with a retinue of civic authorities, proceeded in great pomp to Smithfield, and proclaimed Bartholomew Fair. This august ceremony was a sorry farce. There were only three booths, on the rude benches of which was arrayed some pounds of gilt gingerbread, and the varieties of sweet-stuff indulged in by the extreme youth of our species; a few huxtering barrow-men were vociferous in offering nuts and apples to the sprinkling of gossers on the grounds. It was truly comic writing which, by order of the Lord Mayor, was extensively placarded over the district, commanding, under fearfully heavy penalties, all shows, theatres, and exhibitions to be closed during the three fair days precisely at ten o'clock. The civic dignity seemed little in thus employing a wheel to break a fly. Is he greater when feasting, at enormous expense, the Common Councillors? or is the boating on the Thames, and the counting of the bob-nails ceremonies consistent with the onerous responsibilities of his rank?—The sacred nomenclature of our booksellers' streets, *Ave Maria* and *Paternoster*, is referable to those dark days when literature was wholly in the service of the church. It is said that, besides the penmen of prayers, creeds, and graces, the manufacturers of beads located themselves at the back of Saint Paul's.—Covent Garden is a shortening of Convent Garden. The property was once ecclesiastical, and was a royal gift to the house of Bedford. Much has been said about our early monarchs robbing the church to enrich their parasites, but a great portion of the wealth of our monastic establishments was extorted by ghostly violence from the superstitious, the ignorant slaves of priestly domination.

Canova (Belcast).—We presume, under this signature, we are addressed by an old and diligent correspondent. He must be under some mistake. The same engraver that supplied pictures for this work at first is still employed on it, and we presume he has not changed his artist. What can Canova mean by asserting he is "a blunt Irishman, and speaks his mind regardless of offence?" We would rather that he was a sharp Irishman, and studious to avoid all manner of offence.

F. J. H. (Toftness).—You may try Mr. Strange for 1, 2, 7, 8, 9, and 29, but it is doubtful if he has them. Mr. George Vickers, Holywell-street, Strand, can, we think, let you have 39. We only reply through these pages.

Vernus.—We know nothing more of the Sibylline Books than you do. That Tarquin bought three out of the nine first offered to him is generally believed, but their contents remain a mystery. There is a dreamy dreaminess about the whole story of the Sibyls which puzzles the world. What they were, or how many there were, is quite uncertain. Plato says there was only one, Varro almost proves there were ten. The Cumæan Sibyl had the greatest fame. Probably they were like Macbeth's weird sisters, industrious caterers of intelligence, and dealing in dark hints, so as to earn a name for supernatural gifts. We wish one of them had lived in these railroad and newspaper times.

S. D.—Your good wishes are highly gratifying. We are proud to learn that we please one evidently of a highly cultivated mind, a good scholar, and a person of good taste.

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POST FREE, 2d.



MARSHAL HAYNAU.

WHEN this too-celebrated Austrian General put "Haynau" on Barclay's visitors' book he little imagined that these six letters had authenticated the presence of one against whom the whole British people had vowed revenge, and that he had, as it were, insured his own destruction.

We learn that after his escape from the premises he was met by the loudest execrations from a crowd collected on the street. Some carmen with their heavy whips lashed him un-

mercifully, after having been assured that "this is the fellow that flogged the women." The Marshal succeeded in reaching Bankside, but an attempt by some of the more excited in the mob to drag him into the river was made. His nephew and interpreter, who accompanied him, however, with great address rescued the aged malefactor. The mob, however, followed in his track, booted, pelted, and lashed him in the most furious style with whips and brooms. After much sul-

fering he escaped by a boat to Waterloo Bridge, where a cab received him, conveying him to Morley's Hotel. A few more minutes in the hands of the mob, from the fast-growing excitement observable in many of them, and this rigorous soldier would have ceased to exist.

This sad but singular scene is the great topic of the day. Let public writers say what they please, Haynau is not much worse as a woman-flogger than many American slaveholders, who are daily permitted to walk these streets and to sit at the tables of our citizens. The Austrian laws, which he simply obeyed, are remnants of the dark ages, and if he was their administrator, under the orders of his government, perhaps he is less individually in fault than we of these islands are inclined to consider. Our own law visits rebellion with the highest penalty, but, as in the case of O'Brien, it is, under certain circumstances, commuted. Still, had it been found indispensable, in order to allay the Irish ferment, to make an example, Lord Clarendon must have carried out the sentence of death. Would this have tarnished the fame of the Lord-Lieutenant? But, apart from any reasoning which may arise on the question, it is evident that this luckless Austrian had not broken any British law, nor offended any British subject. It is, therefore, evidently an outrage which has been committed by these too earnest politicians of Barclay's brew-house.

There is no apology for the Emperor of Austria permitting, in the nineteenth century, laws so sanguinary to remain on the statute book, but it is very questionable whether the officers of that empire should be judged and executed by the labourers at our factories. We to-day present our readers with a portrait of Haynau because he is the lion—peradventure the tiger, of the time.

REVENGE:

OR, REGINALD AND ANGELINA.

AN HISTORICAL TALE OF ROME.

By the Author of "*The Brothers*," an Historical Tale of the Seventeenth Century, &c. &c.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

She drew him towards her, when he clasped her in his arms; that being, beautiful as Venus, chaste as a Madonna, and supple as a tigress, whose kisses burnt the lips, whose words, for the moment, fell on the heart like molten lead.

"I have been expecting you for some time, Antonino," observed the young girl in a tone of reproach.

"And extremely sorry am I for having kept you in suspense, sweet lady," returned the young man, imprinting a kiss on her marble forehead; "but," he continued in a soft penetrating tone, "I have now arrived, my Florina, and believe me that I am never more happy than when in your presence."

"Oh! Antonino, that I could believe you were sincere—that you love me as fondly—as devotedly as I love you."

"Yes, yes, lady, I love you, but—" and the last word was pronounced so faintly that it was not understood by Florina.

He then seated himself in a seat by the side of the couch, and the beautiful being passed her delicate fingers through the glossy curls of his fine dark hair.

"Do you speak truly, Antonino? You surely are not deceiving me?" she murmured.

"Oh! no, no," replied the young man, covering her soft delicate hand, which he was pressing in his own, with kisses.

She then ceased speaking, the tears which had appeared on her soft velvet lashes vanished, and her respiration, which seemed difficult, caused the charming contours of her swan-like neck to exhibit themselves to greater advantage.

At this moment the ardent piercing gaze of Antonino was replete with love and tenderness, and, for the moment at least, he loved that dazzling beauty. But scarcely had he abandoned himself to that momentary weakness when the recollection of his lovely, artless, retiring Juliana rushed to his

mind, and who was at that moment, probably, thinking of her absent lover, and offering up a prayer for his welfare and speedy return to her father's castle. He, consequently resolved to change the subject, and observed in an under tone:—

"Have you learnt anything of my friend, Florina?"

"Yes," she replied, "I have ascertained of Father Rinaldo, who attends him, that he was put on the rack the same night on which he arrived, and that he evinced the greatest fortitude."

"The rack!" exclaimed Antonino with horror, "and for what, pray?"

"Because he would not admit his fault, and acknowledge the Popish religion to be the only true doctrine," was the rejoinder.

"Oh! Church of Rome, thou accursed persecutor! how long shall the avenging angel hover over thy proud towers, battlements, and steeples without striking that terrible blow which assuredly is in store for thee?" cried the young man passionately, at the same time rising from his recumbent position.

Then, suddenly becoming more calm, he demanded in a tremulous voice:—

"He is an inmate of the Inquisition, then?"

"He is, unfortunately," responded Florina; "but," she continued gaily, "I have completely won over Father Rinaldo, who, I find, is not proof against that powerful tempter, gold!"

"Oh!" cried the young man joyfully, "you have bribed him, then?"

"Exactly; and it was well that I lost no time in doing so, as the night after to-morrow he will again be put on the rack, and will not, perhaps, survive the next trial, for the punishment will be horrible."

It will be well here to inform the reader that Father Rinaldo was no other than the monk who was left with Reginald, after having been taken from the rack in a state of insensibility, and who was present during the terrible scene in the Inquisition, which, as the reader is aware, took place on the night of Reginald's arrival there.

"Poor Reginald!" murmured Antonino, "would to God thou hadst remained at the Castle of Ultranto."

"Do not despair," resumed Florina, "for I have provided for thy friend's escape."

"Oh! thanks, a thousand thanks!" cried the young man, taking her hand and pressing it to his lips; but tell me, tell me, Florina how you have arranged for the liberation of my friend?"

"You must know," replied the young girl, "that there are several monks connected with the Inquisition, amongst whom is Father Rinaldo, and who, fortunately, has been selected to attend your young friend. Having learnt that Father Rinaldo had charge of the cell in which Reginald is confined, I lost no time in seeking an interview with him, which I easily accomplished, for I am well known to the majority of the door-keepers, guards, and turnkeys, having frequently visited the Inquisition with my brother. Father Rinaldo has promised to lend your friend a gown and crucifix, the latter of which he must wear suspended round his neck over the gown, and, thus attired, he will have no difficulty in making his escape, for the turnkeys and doorkeepers will presume that he is a monk. We have therefore arranged, that a carriage shall be stationed on the eastern side of the Inquisition—the principal entrance, and that by which he will make his escape, being on the western—about twelve o'clock to-morrow night. You must, consequently, be there with a carriage at the time appointed, in order that your friend may not be kept waiting, for I doubt not that Father Rinaldo will perform his duty faithfully."

"Sweet lady," murmured Antonino, falling on his knees at the feet of the beautiful Florina, "how shall I ever repay so much kindness, so much gratitude?"

"Your love, Antonino, will amply repay me," she replied in a soft, musical, penetrating voice, which caused his whole frame to thrill with a feeling of anguish and delight; for, on the one hand, it was pleasing to listen to such language from so enchanting a beauty, on the other, he felt he was doing wrong; then again, it was through love for his friend—the friend of his childhood. Moreover, Florina's affection for him, presuming he had been in a position to have returned it, would doubtless have been of short duration, for she was one of those capricious, fickle-minded coquettes, whose love is changeable as the wind.

"Hark!" suddenly ejaculated Florina, "I hear footsteps approaching; it is my brother. You must leave by a different way, Antonino."

Then, taking the young man by the hand, she led him to a door on the opposite side of the apartment to the one where he had entered, hurriedly told him that it opened on to a flight of stairs, which conducted to a back-door that led to the street, and closing it after her, returned to receive her brother, who entered immediately afterwards.

CHAPTER IX.

REVENGE.

THE night following the events just recorded was most unpropitious. The violence of the storm, which had burst forth early in the evening, had increased tenfold; the streets of Rome were beginning to transform themselves, as it were, into rivulets, whose tumultuous streams mingled their noise with the roaring of the thunder, and the most profound solitude reigned throughout the Eternal City. This frightful disorder of nature did not, however, arrest Antonino, who at this moment was rapidly crossing the Corso in a carriage; no, far from being an obstacle, he only saw in it a succour from heaven, a powerful auxiliary which would favour his views. No human being, indeed, was perceptible in the dark, dreary, deserted streets; even the sbirri, who had been charged to watch over the town, deemed it prudent to seek a shelter from the furious storm. Antonino thus proceeded in the direction of the Inquisition without the slightest fear of being arrested in his march, and he arrived at the eastern side of the terrible structure at the moment the different church clocks were pealing forth the hour of midnight.

The young man was not kept long in suspense, for a few minutes after the arrival of the carriage, the dark shadow of an individual might have been seen gliding along the eastern side of the Inquisition, which was faintly lighted up by an occasional lamp. It gradually approached the carriage, and the personage himself was now perceptible; he was doubtless, too, recognised by Antonino, for at the moment he reached the vehicle the door was thrown open, and an exclamation of delight, followed by the name of Reginald, was heard to emanate from the carriage. Yes, it was indeed Reginald, who had escaped from that horrible place, the accursed Inquisition, thanks to the gown and crucifix which had been furnished by Father Rinaldo.

Reginald immediately leaped into the carriage, when he dashed off with the velocity of lightning in the direction of Antonino's residence, which was situated not far from that of Reginald, where his young bride was located. It was Angelina's wish to remain there, for she was apprehensive that, if she proceeded to her mother's, the Seigneur Colletti might insult her, and, as she presumed, he was ignorant of the locality in which Reginald had apartments.

Scarcely a word was exchanged between the two friends, until they had arrived at Antonino's residence, when Reginald quickly divested himself of the monk's attire, and they embraced each other with the most heartfelt joy. Antonino was the first to subdue his emotion and address his friend:—

"Reginald," said he, "have you quite recovered from the effects of the rack?"

"Nearly; yes, my friend, I feel but little of it now," replied Reginald in a gloomy tone; "but oh, God! Antonino, you cannot conceive what excruciating—what horrible pain those infamous instruments inflict! Monsters," he continued in a terrible tone, "I have vowed vengeance, and my revenge shall be terrible!—terrible as the devastating plague in its most rapid progress! Swear to aid me my friend, to the utmost of your power, in chastising those monsters of iniquity."

"I swear!" exclaimed Antonino, "but let us think only of your safety at present; you must at once set out for the Castle of Ultranto, as that will be the only way of obtaining the necessary means for vengeance."

"Never! Antonino," returned Reginald, "without my Angelina. What do I care for my vengeance or the entire world, if doomed to loose her—she who is dearer to me than life itself. Oh! no, my friend, Angelina, my adored wife, first, and vengeance afterwards. But, where, where is she?" he continued, imploringly, "is she well, safe, and without the reach of that villain, Colletti?"

"Yes, Reginald," responded Antonino, "she is quite well, and safely located in your apartments. It was her wish to remain there, being aware she should be less likely to be annoyed by Colletti."

"And to whom am I indebted for my release from that horrible place?" demanded Reginald, "for, in the excitement of the moment, I had forgotten to ask that question."

"Oh! my friend," answered Antonino, in a voice of emotion, "you little think, perhaps, that it was the sister of your most implacable enemy."

"What! the sister of that vile wretch, that beautiful being who accompanied him to our nuptial feast?"

"The same," was the rejoinder.

"Would to heaven it had been otherwise!" resumed Reginald, "but how does it happen that the sister of him who would gladly see me a lifeless corpse, has taken so much interest in my fate?"

"Through love for me," responded Antonino, bitterly, "which passion I was constrained to, in appearance, reciprocate, for it was the only means by which I could ensure your liberation from that den of infamy."

"Thanks, thanks, my friend, for your devotion," cried Reginald, fervently pressing the hand of Antonino; "but it was wrong of thee, Antonino. I could almost have preferred remaining there, despite the horrible torture to which I should again have been subjected, and which, perhaps, would have cost me my life."

"The fault is not so great, Reginald, as thou mayest imagine, for, in the first place, it was she who made advances to me; secondly, she is one of those fickle beauties who have smiles for every handsome cavalier, whose love is transient as the rainbow; lastly, my love for thee prompted me to act thus."

"Thou art indeed a noble, a kind friend, Antonino," and now let us think of repairing to my Angelina, for I am determined not to leave Rome without her.

"It is most rash on thy part, Reginald," said Antonino, "but since thou art resolved, let us at once to the carriage, which is still waiting at the door. Let us, however, go well armed, as we may have occasion for making use of them."

"True," observed Reginald, "I had forgotten that, and am not even armed with a sword, for it was taken from me by order of the Inquisitors."

Reginald then armed himself with a sword and a brace of pistols, whilst Antonino took a brace of pistols only, having previously been armed with a sword. They then again leaped into the carriage which soon arrived opposite Reginald's apartments.

On alighting, Reginald fancied he heard a singular movement in the house. One of the chinks of the shutters suddenly became illumined, which, however, was as quickly darkened; he then thought he heard a cry, that was immediately succeeded by a violent—a noise, in fact, similar to that of persons engaged in deadly strife.

At this moment Antonino approached; he, too, had heard the noise, and hastily seizing Reginald by the arm:—

"Angelina is not alone," said he with vivacity.

"No," replied Reginald in an agitated tone, for he doubtless apprehended all was not right.

It was impossible for Antonino to restrain his friend's impatience, for the latter rushed against the door with such force that it flew open with a loud crash. Despite the obscurity which reigned around, he dashed up the stairs with the agility of a hungry lion when pursuing its prey. He quickly arrived at a small door, from beneath which emanated a faint light, closely followed by Antonino; Reginald listened and could distinguish the half-stifled cries of some one as though struggling with an enemy whose strength was superior to the one from whom the sounds proceeded. Unable to contain himself longer he burst open the door, and there, oh, God! the spectacle which met his eyes! There, in that chamber, was his adored Angelina struggling for the preservation of her honour, in the arms of his most inveterate, his most implacable enemy. Reginald spoke not; but, like a cloud, his lofty forehead became black as night, his face paler than death itself, and his glaring eyes appeared like balls of flashing fire. Then with one gigantic bound he sprang upon his hated rival, caught him by the nape of his neck—for in his struggle with Angelina, Colletti had not remarked the presence of Reginald—and dashed him on the floor with as much ease as though he had been a child.

At this moment Angelina recognised her husband, uttered a piercing cry, and fell backwards in a swoon.

Let the reader figure to himself, if possible, the frightful spectacle which this nocturnal scene presented to the beholder, for the pen is incompetent to the task of describing with accuracy that awful sight. There was, however, the beautiful Angelina extended, apparently lifeless, on the disordered bed, with her glossy tresses dishevelled, and partly denuded of her attire; Antonino standing like a statue at the door, gazing on that scene with a mixture of astonishment, grief, and indignation, and the two rivals glaring at each other with the hatred and animosity of tigers.

By this time Colletti had risen from the floor, which Reginald permitted him to do, and was confronting his adversary.

"Coward! traitor! villain!" exclaimed the infuriated Reginald, almost mad with rage; "it was to gratify thy vile passion, then, that thou betrayedst at me, and caused me to be consigned to that living tomb, from which I have had the good fortune to escape, just in time, too, to save my adored wife from dishonour, and avenge myself for thy infamous conduct. Defend thyself miserable reptile as thou art!" he continued in a thundering voice, advancing towards Colletti with a menacing step.

Colletti required not another invitation to be on his guard, for he, too, was brave as a lion, and the appellation of coward had stung him to the quick. Swords were immediately crossed, and the combatants, no longer human, but like wild beasts in deadly warfare, with glaring eyes, clenched teeth, and strained nerves, clashed away like madmen. The most consummate skill was exhibited on both sides, and, for several minutes, the issue of the sanguinary conflict was extremely doubtful; each in his turn had been wounded, and, although not severely, sufficiently so to render them more

furious than ever, if possible; for the pain must have been excruciating. Reginald had evidently become tired of this mode of proceeding; accordingly, he retreated a step or two, then, making a well disguised feint which threw Colletti off his guard, he rushed upon him with a furious bound, and buried his sword to the hilt in his opponent's body, who, with a terrible shriek, fell dead at his feet.

"Thus perish all tyrants and traitors!" cried Reginald exultingly.

Scarcely, however, had he uttered these words when the sound of footsteps was heard on the stairs.

"We are lost," he resumed in a tremulous voice, approaching Antonino, who had remained standing at the door, petrified with horror.

"Ah! yes, yes, I hear footsteps," murmured the latter, at length recovering from the kind of stupor into which he had plunged.

"See to my Angelina," continued Reginald hastily, "while I occupy the attention of the sbirri, for it is doubtless they, and make your escape with her if possible; flee with her to the Castle of Ultranto, and inform my uncle of all."

(To be continued.)



THE PRINCE DE JOINVILLE.

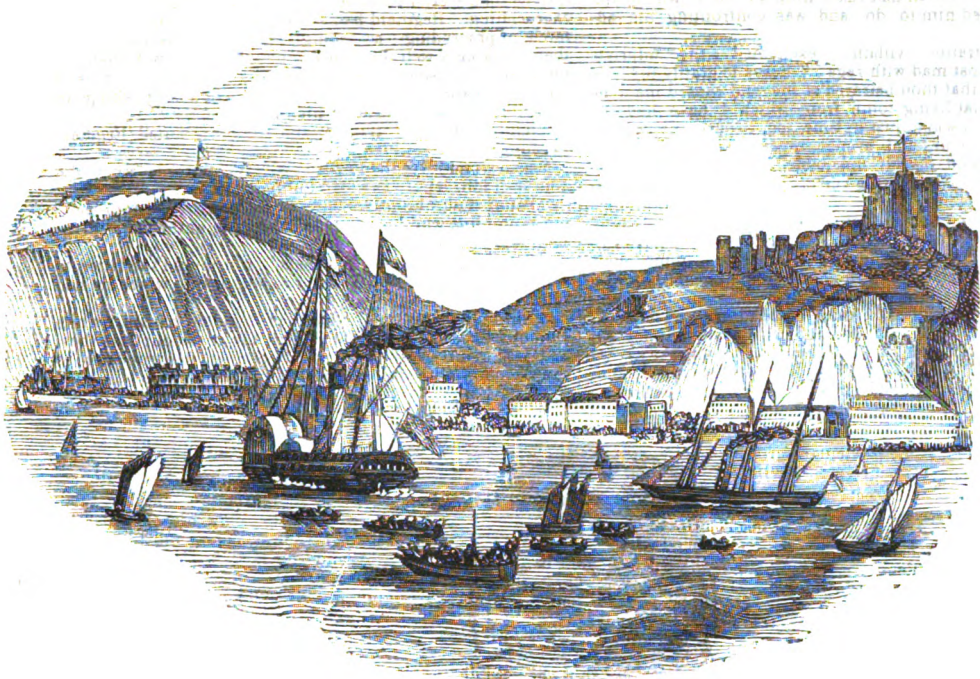
PRINCE JOINVILLE, the most ambitious son of his late Majesty the ex-king of the French, was born on the 14th of August, 1818, and is therefore now only 32 years of age. He was, at an early period of life, appointed Commander-in-chief of the French navy, and, after performing a few marine evolutions, he was vain enough to sit down and write a book describing the plan he would adopt for the invasion and overthrow of the British State! The wretched pamphlet, it is said, was intended merely for the perusal of his father and the principal officers of the French Government; but it was made public, and reached England to meet the scorn and contempt of every man, and the ridicule of our wits. As one of our noble poets told him, in the pages of a daily paper, he was all prattle, but—

"The ancients had a way with them to hold
Their tongues and fight."

Now this vaunting invader of this hitherto impregnable kingdom is a sojourner at Claremont, without a ship, or a gun, or a man, at his command. No Englishman will taunt any one while in distress; but, if Haynau is cuffed, let Joinville be requested to furnish a second edition of his book.

We now wish to know how easily he can make a martial descent on Britain, take possession of London, and occupy the throne of Victoria! Would this second edition not rather show how much favour was shown him and his banished family by the securities of Claremont? Would he not add that it was with almost insurmountable difficulties he could secure a chop at Bertolini's? With Haynau we have no sympathies, but he never said one word against our fatherland. This prince plotted and wrote and undermined our Imperial powers, and we think he is a contemptible enemy.

Joinville is proposing himself as a candidate for the Presidency of the Republic, from which his family scarcely escaped with their lives. His nephew, the Count of Paris, ought to be, in his eyes, the ruler of France, after the earthly career of Louis Philippe has been closed; but he sets aside every equitable right, and is now protocolising and intriguing for the Presidency! We leave this ambitious man to his fate, with the fullest, clearest conviction that he will find that honesty and modesty would have been better policy than vanity and deceit.



DOVER.—THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

THE submarine telegraph between England and France was successfully laid down. After the connection between the thirty miles of telegraphic wire 1.10th of an inch in diameter, and encased in a covering of gutta percha, the thickness of a little finger, and which was coiled round a large cylinder or drum amidship 15 feet by 7, had been made good to 300 yards by the same wire enclosed in a leaden tube on shore, to prevent it being bruised by the shingle on the beach and to enable the experimenters, as they proceeded out to sea, to send communications on shore, the vessel being fully under weigh steamed out at the rate of three or four miles an hour into the open sea in a direct track for Cape Grinez, 24 miles across channel, the nearest landmark to the English coast, and lying midway between Calais and Boulogne. The wire weighed five tons, and the cylinder two. The 30 miles of wire was continuously streamed out over a roller at the stern of the vessel, the men at every 16th of a mile being busily engaged in rivetting on to the wire square leaden clamps or weights of from 14 lb to 24 lb and which had the effect of sinking the wire in the bottom of the sea, which on the English coast commences at a depth of 30 feet, and goes on varying from that to 100 and 180 feet, which latter, or 80 fathoms, is anywhere the greatest depth. The whole of the casting out and sinking was accomplished with great precision and success, owing to the favourable state of the day. At length the successful termination of the undertaking was made known at Dover by the following despatch:—"Cape Grinez, Coast of France, half-past 8 p.m. The 'Goliah' has just arrived in safety, and the complete connection of the underwater wire with that left at Dover this morning is being run up the face of the cliff."

It is not to be concealed that since the sinking of the first wire circumstances have occurred calculated for a short time to retard the carrying out the project to completion, seeing that, in order to the complete establishment of an integral line of telegraphic service between London, Paris, and the Continent, the promoters have to obtain a grant from the French governments of the 18 miles of line extending from the coast to Calais, from which point to Paris the wires are erected. To secure the concession of this section, in the way of which some difficulties present themselves, Messrs. Brett, Wollaston, and Edwards, directors of the undertaking, are now in Paris, awaiting the return of the President of the Republic, who granted the original decree, and to negotiate with the government authorities on the subject. Complaints are made by the fishermen, both on the English and French coasts, that the existence of this wire will interfere with their

deep-sea fishing and subsistence, and that its track over the Varne and elsewhere is in the way of places most frequented by fish. It is intended, however, at the suggestion of Mr. J. W. Brett, the originator of this species of submarine communication, to pay these people an annual rental, and to establish for their families a philanthropic fund, to induce them to unite in the protection and conservation of a great national enterprise. The assistance of the Admiralty has also been secured for the issue of prohibitory orders against fishing on the route of the electric sea-line, and against ships, unless in unavoidable stress or storm, dropping or dragging anchor over its site. The authorities of Calais and Boulogne have intimated that they will send drummers round the town to advise fishermen not to fish in these spots, and the company will apply for powers to punish, as a misdemeanour, any attempts at injuring the wire. In order to meet all existing or conjectured difficulty, the character of the undertaking, so far as its magnitude and solidity are concerned, will now assume quite an altered complexion. The electric wire, thin as a lady's staylace in itself, will now, it is determined on, be encased either in a 5 or a 10 inch cable, of the diameter of those that placed the Britannia tubes in position, and these will be submerged by the aid of enormous heavy weights, almost sufficient to resist the raking of anchors. The wire will be imbedded in this gigantic coil or cable, to be composed of what is called whipped plait with wire rope, all of it chemically prepared, so as to protect it from rot. It is the intention of the promoters, should their negotiations with the French government succeed, to carry on the communication to Marseilles, the chief seaport of France.

ANECDOTES OF DESPOTISM.

MEX are often discontented and unhappy under every form of government. The evils and mortifications known in a country boasting that it is free, and glorying in self-government though freely chosen representatives, are such that they sometimes feel disposed

"To fly from petty tyrants to a throne."

but really the history of "Russia as it is" does not greatly encourage that idea. We first show how a gentleman and an officer may be dealt with by a Russian prince:—

"The grand duke was one day abusing, with the utmost violence, an officer whom he had sent for to reprimand for

some insignificant offence. The delinquent kept retreating, and the grand duke following him step by step, until he drove him against the wall, venting, in the storm of passion into which he had lashed himself, his saliva through his teeth with his expletives, till at last the officer, losing all patience, tore the insignia of his rank from his shoulders, exclaiming, 'Since your imperial highness has spat in my face and on my epaulettes, I will no longer wear them.' 'It was afterwards represented' (says a note) 'both by this delinquent, and repeated by some of his brother officers of the guard, that he had said, "Spit on me, but do not spit on the emperor's epaulettes." "As for my part," observed the Englishman to whom they related the circumstance, "I should have said, "Spit on the epaulettes as much as you like—they are the emperor's—but not on me."'

A talent for poetry is often found very pleasant, but its professor must be careful how he exercises it in Russia. Our own poet tells us "the muses are with freedom found." Where liberty is unknown they are unwelcome guests. Here is the proof:—

"In the privacy of a very small circle, a young officer repeats some humorous lines he had composed, in which he facetiously calls on the emperor to favour him with an *ukase* for some particular purpose, since *ukases* were promulgated on every subject;—the lines terminating with—

Tout se fait par *ukase* ici
C'est par *ukase* que l'on voyage,
C'est par *ukase* que l'on rit.

The next morning, before he was up, he was sent for to count Benkendorff's office. 'My young friend,' said the count, 'you have got a very pretty talent for writing verses, we hear. We must send you to cultivate the muses in solitude for a few years. You recited some very charming poetry last night, in which you contemplated a journey. I announce it to you. (Vous avez prévu un voyage. Eh bien! je vous l'annonce.)' The Feld Jaegar and his post waggon were waiting at the door to convey him into exile."

This, however, it is but fair to remark, could only have chanced in consequence of one member of "the very small circle" being a scoundrel informer.

The following prank of the emperor himself is worthy of the late grand duke Constantine. In Russia those who possess power use it in wantonness. Sometimes the object is to frighten, not to hurt.

Constantine, in a seeming rage, ordered a poor actor to be thrown out of a high window. Instant death was expected, when the sufferer fell on a mountain of feather-beds.

In the case of Taraknow, the empress Catherine had a splendid banquet placed before the victim she was about to immure in a dungeon. The rarest fruits and richest viands were pressed upon her, and then by machinery, like that of the theatre, in a moment withdrawn. Her imperial grandson, in the case about to be quoted, took the less reprehensible course.

"A certain Jakovleff, one of the wealthiest men in Russia, and proprietor of one of the most productive iron works, presuming on his wealth, as people are apt to do, was supposed to have shown a tone too independent to be tolerated, in having evaded such honours and offices as it was supposed his fortune would invest with *éclat*. A man who indulges in any allusions of any sort of independence in Russia is, however, soon made sensible of the chain to his leg. He was refused permission to travel. He had three or four hundred thousand pounds in the national bank; but when he attempted to draw out a large sum at once, it was intimated that he could not be allowed to do so, unless he could show very satisfactorily what he intended to do with it. As a peace-offering, he placed one of his sons in the chivalier guards, where, after some years' service, he was appointed to superintend the purchase of regimental horses. It is customary in all the regiments of the guards to intrust this commission to young men of fortune, as an economical means of getting expensive horses at a cheap rate. They have a year's leave of absence granted them, and, usually, at the expiration of this time are promoted; but they are expected to bring back no animals which are not worth about double the regimental price, so that an undertaking of this nature usually costs them from one to several thousand pounds. Jakovleff acquitted himself much to the satisfaction of the colonel; but, nevertheless, he was not promoted. As soon as it was possible to do so, naturally not much enamoured with the service after this, he left it; but he also was, and has been ever since, refused permission to travel. Obligated thus to remain at home, Jakovleff consoled himself by going the full length of Anglo and Gallo-mania, and whilst in this state of mind was one day disporting in the Newsky Prospect,

in all the glorious foppery of the most *outré* Parisian costumes; on his head was a little peaked hat, resembling a flower-pot reversed; a handkerchief, with a gigantic bow, was tied round his neck; a cloak, so short that it seemed a cape, was thrown over his shoulders; on his chin he wore a beard, 'à la Henri Quatre.' He had an enormous oaken cudgel in his hand, a glass stuck in the corner of his eye, and a bull-dog following at his heels. As he was sauntering complacently along the broad pavement of the St. James' Street of St. Petersburg, the emperor's carriage drove past, and abruptly stopping short, the emperor himself leaned out, and beckoned the beau to approach him. 'Pray,' said Nicholas, eyeing him with humorous curiosity, 'who is God's name, are you, and where do you come from?' 'May it please your majesty, I have the honour to be your majesty's most faithful subject, *Save Saveitch Jakovleff*.' 'Indeed,' replied the emperor, with mock gravity, 'we are enchanted to have the opportunity of making your acquaintance, *Save Saveitch*. Oblige us by just stepping up, and taking a seat beside us. *Jakovleff* slyly let drop his cudgel, and with some misgivings, took his seat. 'But stop,' said the emperor, who had not noticed this proceeding at first, when they had driven on a little way, 'where is your stick, *Save Saveitch*?' 'Oh, never mind the stick, your majesty.' 'Oh, we must have your stick, *Save Saveitch*. Turn back,' he said to the coachman. The stick was picked up, and the emperor gave orders to drive on straight to the palace. He alighted, and beckoned to the dandy to follow him. 'Oh, no, *Save Saveitch*, don't take off your cloak; we must have you just as you are—hat, stick, and cloak, and all.' The emperor led the way straight to the apartment of the empress. 'Pray, my dear, he inquired of her, 'do you know who this is?' 'No,' replied the empress, bursting into a fit of laughter at the sight of the extraordinary figure before her. 'Then allow me to inform you, this is our faithful subject, *Save Saveitch Jakovleff*. What do you think of him? is he not a pretty fellow?' The unfortunate beau, whose feelings may be conceived, after furnishing food for some moments merriment, was dismissed, half dead with terror and confusion; but before he departed, he was admonished that the emperor did not always punish the foolery of his subjects so leniently. Lenient, however, the punishment inflicted on this harmless being, ridicule proved not to have been, for the man went home, took to his bed, and fell very dangerously ill, from the consequence of the fright and mortification he had endured. We will make no comment on this transaction: for after the first smile at reproved foppery, it will furnish the reader with sufficiently grave reflections."

SCIENCE AND LABOUR.

MATTER is one of the readiest and most useless substances without mind; and mind, thought, science, and invention can do little without matter. The whole material creation, in its thousand varied forms, is a proof of what can be effected by mind; for the whole universe, however vast and complicated it may appear to us, is nothing more than one of those simple but brilliant ideas which, from all eternity dwell in the heart of the Eternal. Man is a miniature divinity, and has an immense power over the material world, so that he does with it almost whatsoever he pleases. He makes it his servant, or rather his slave. He eats it and drinks it, breathes it, and bathes in it. He gives it an innumerable variety of forms. He wears it as his clothing, sleeps on it as his couch, travels with it over the land, across the sea, or through the air. It cools him, or keeps him warm, it conceals or communicates his thoughts, and he melts it, hardens it, moulds it, carves it, or makes it his chronometer, his dial, or microscope, his telescope, and his acoustic apparatus. But all this is the result of mind, and not of minds generally, but of those which have studied, and reasoned, and contrived. Hence we see the connection between the head and the hand. We must have the head of the mathematician and philosopher to reason and invent, and the hand of the operative to work.

TRUE NOBILITY.

"THE genuine idea of nobility contains in it," says Dr. Knox, "generosity, courage, spirit, and benevolence; the qualities of a warm and open heart, totally unconnected with the accidental advantages of riches and honour." According to this definition, there is many a nobleman even at the loom, the plough, and in the shop. Of all the effects of man's capricious admiration, there are few less rational than the preference of illustrious descent to personal merit—of diseased and degenerate nobility, to health, to courage, to learning, and to virtue.

GUTTA PERCHA.

PREVIOUS to 1844 the very name of gutta percha was unknown to European commerce. In that year two cwt. of it were shipped experimentally from Singapore. The exportation of gutta percha from that port rose in 1845 to 169 piculs (the picul is 133½ lbs.); in 1846 to 5,384; in 1847 to 9,296. In the first four and a half years of the trade, 21,698 piculs of gutta percha, valued at \$74,190 dollars, were shipped at Singapore, the whole of which was sent to England, with the exception of 15 piculs to Mauritius, 470 to the continent of Europe, and 922 to the United States. But this rapid growth of the new trade conveys only a faint idea of the commotion it created among the native inhabitants of the Indian Archipelago. The jungles of the Johore were the scene of the earliest gatherings, and they were soon ransacked in every direction by parties of Malays and Chinese, while the indigenous population gave themselves up to the search with unanimity and zeal. The Tamungong, with the usual policy of oriental governors, declared the precious gum a government monopoly. He appropriated the greater part of the profits, and still left the Malays enough to stimulate them to pursue the quest, and to gain from 100 to 400 per cent. for themselves on what they procured from the aborigines. The Tamungong, not satisfied with buying at his own price all that was collected by private enterprise, sent out numerous parties of from 10 to 100 persons, and employed whole tribes of hereditary serfs in the quest of gutta percha. The organised body of gum-hunters spread itself like a cloud of locusts over the whole of Johore, peninsular and insular. They crossed the frontier into Linga, but there the Sultan was not long of discovering the new value that had been conferred upon his jungles. He confiscated the greater part of what had been collected by the interlopers, and in emulation of the Tamungong declared gutta percha, or gatta taban, a royalty. The knowledge of the article stirring the avidity of gatherers, gradually spread from Singapore northward as far as Penang, southward along the east coast of Sumatra to Java, eastward to Borneo, where it was found at Brune, Sarawak, and Pontianak on the west coast, at Keti and Passir on the east. The price at Singapore was originally 8 dollars per picul; it rose to 24, and fell about the middle of 1848 to 13. In the course of three and a half years 270,000 taban trees were felled, in order to get at the gum.

WAR.

THE war-banner floats,—there are spears on the coasts,—
And the valley resounds with the landing of hosts!
The ships in the offing like bacchanals reel,
And the bayonets flash forth like a river of steel!
The villagers flee from the coming of war,
And their docks speed alarm'd to the mountains afar;
Mead, vintage, and garden, that toil had made sweet,
Lie trodden and toss'd 'neath the tempest of feet;
And the church where each Sabbath their homage was given,
Seems lifting its spire as appealing to heaven!
But vain supplication,—the war-blast is there,
And the red breath of slaughter is loading the air;
The carnage rolls onward, nor ebbs in its flow
'Mid the storm-blaze of havoc, and rage, and woe:
See! the ranks have been routed, the centre hath broke,
And, like lightning, the sword thro' the sulphurous smoke
Flashes doom on the flying; resistance is gone;—
Whilst the madness of passion yields mercy to none!
The steed, whose proud neck in war's tempest was tost
Now leaps from the strife, but its rider is lost!
The columns are shatter'd—the banners o'erthrown,
And the lips are now stiff that the trumpet have blown;
All struggling and wounded the steed pants for breath,
Or lifts its wild head in the grandeur of death;
The limbs that shook earth 'neath the fire of their speed,
Now quiver, and quail, and grow weak as a reed:
They gaze that, like starbeams, glanced light o'er the plain,
Glare bloodshot and filmed in convulsion and pain!
Slow straining each nerve one last effort to make,
While his nostrils distended with agony shake.
He springs—and, with forelock extended in air,
Is dead—with the effort that mock'd his despair!

Alas, for the leaves and the flowers of the spring!
The lark has just left them with blood on her wing;
The hive of the bee, so untainted before,
Lies plashed by the feet that have waded through gore;
And the cot with its roses—where beauty and love
Seem'd link'd to the angels and Eden above;
Now ruined—in embers—'neath the flame-blasting shot,
Sinks shatter'd in heaps 'neath the flame-blasting shot.
And the crucifix—with a sin that humanity loathes
Is turned to a stable, and ringing with oaths!
For ruin, and rapine, and murder, and wrath,
Still follow, like demons, War's desolate path!

CHARLES SWAIN.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

Love, Sweet and Secret.....	Honey Flower
Love's Memory	Red Bay
Lustre	Aconite-leaved Crowfoot
Luxuriance	Horse Chestnut
Majesty and Power	Crown Imperial
Maternal Care	Coltsfoot
Maternal Love	Mossy Saxifrage
Maternal Tenderness	Wood Sorrel
Matrimony	American Linden
Medicine	Swallow Wort
Melancholy	Dark Geranium
Melancholy Lover	Weeping Willow
Memory	Mock Orange
Mental Beauty.....	Kennedia
Message	Iris
Misanthropy.....	Teasel
Modesty.....	Sweet Violet
Music.....	Bundle of Reeds with their Panicles
Neatness.....	Genista
Neglected Beauty	Throat Wort
Night.....	Convulvulus Minor
Oblivion.....	Poppy
Obstacle.....	Ox-eye
Obstinacy	Small Bindweed
Old Age.....	Tree of Life
Oracle.....	Dandelion
Ornament.....	Hornbeam Tree
Painting.....	Auricula
Parental Affection	Wild Sorrel
Participation.....	Double Daisy
Paternal Error	Cardamine
Patience.....	Patience Dock
Patriotism.....	Nasturtium
Peace.....	Olive
Pensive Beauty.....	Laburnum
Pensiveness	American Cowslip
Perfect Goodness.....	Strawberry
Perfidy.....	Common Laurel, in flower
Perplexity.....	Love in a Mist
Perseverance	Canary Grass
Pity.....	Pine
Play, or Games	Hyacinth
Plenty.....	Maize
Poetry.....	Eglantine, or Sweet Briar
Poor but Happy	Vernal Grass
Poverty.....	Evergreen Clematis
Precaution.....	Golden Rod
Preference.....	Scarlet Geranium
Presumption	Snap Dragon
Pretension.....	Lythrum, Willow Herb
Pride	Amaryllis
Profit	Cabbage
Promptitude.....	Ten Weeks' Stock
Prosperity.....	Bryony
Protection.....	Bearded Crepis
Provident.....	Purple Clover
Prudence.....	Mountain Ash
Purity and Modesty.....	White Lily
Parity of Sentiment	White Violet
Quick-sightedness	Hawkweed
Rarity.....	Mandrake
Reason.....	Goat's Rue
Recluse.....	Moss
Reconciliation.....	Filbert
Refusal.....	Striped Pink
Remembrance.....	Pheasant's-eye, or Floss Adonis
Remorse.....	Bramble
Resemblance	Spiked Speedwell
Reserve.....	Maple
Resignation.....	Indian Cress
Resistance.....	Tansy
Restoration.....	Persicaria
Return of Happiness	Lily of the Valley
Revenge.....	Bird's-foot Trefoil
Reward of Virtue	Crown of Roses
Reward of Merit.....	Bay Wreath
Riches	Buttercup
Royalty.....	Angrec
Rural Happiness.....	Yellow Violet
Rustic Beauty.....	French Honeysuckle
Safety.....	Traveller's Joy
Satire.....	Pepper Plant
Sculpture.....	Hoya
Sensibility.....	Verbena
Sensitiveness	Mimosa
Sensuality.....	Spanish Jasmine
Serenade.....	Dew Plant
Severity.....	Branch of Thorns
Shyness.....	Vetch Bush
Sickness.....	Anemone
Silence.....	Lotus Flower
Simplicity.....	Full-blown Eglantine
Sincerity.....	Garden Chervil
Slander.....	Nettle
Sleep of the Heart	White Poppy
Smiles.....	Crocus

(To be continued.)

USEFUL RECIPES.

(From the Receipt Book for the Million.)

RED FLAME.—Take ten ounces of dried nitrate of strontian, three and a quarter ounces of sulphur, one and a quarter ounces of powdered oxymuriate of potash, and one ounce of finely pulverised sulphuret of antimony. Reduce the whole of the ingredients to a fine powder, and well mix them.

TO CONSTRUCT A SIMPLE BAROMETER.—Let a line be made of good whipcord that is well dried, and a plummet affixed to the end of it, be suspended against a wainscot, and a mark drawn exactly under the spot which the plummet reaches; in very moderate weather the plummet will be found to rise above the mark before rain, and sink below it when the weather is likely to become fair. But a better contrivance still, is a good pair of scales, in one of which place a brass weight of a pound, and in the other a pound of salt, or, saltpetre, well dried; a stand being placed under the scale, so as to prevent its dropping too low. When rain is about to fall the salt will swell and sink the scale; when the weather is growing fair, the brass weight will regain its ascendancy.

TO TAKE CASTS OFF MEDALS.—The following is an excellent composition for this purpose:—Melt eight ounces of sulphur over a gentle fire, and with it mix a small quantity of fine vermilion. Stir it well together, and it will dissolve like oil, and then cast it into the mould, which is first to be rubbed over with oil. When cool, the figure may be taken and touched with aquafortis, and it will have the appearance of fine coral.

TO CLEAN ALABASTER OR MARBLE.—Beat pumice stone to an impalpable powder, and mix it up with verjuice; let it stand for two hours, then dip into it a sponge, and rub the marble or alabaster, wash it with a linen cloth and fresh water, and dry it with clean linen rags.

RUSSIAN HAIR OIL.—Put one gallon of salad oil into a pipkin with a bag containing four ounces of alkanet root, cut and bruised. Give the whole a good heat, but not a boiling one, until the oil is completely impregnated with the red colour. Then pour the whole into a jar, let it stand till cold, and then add four ounces of essence of burgamot, four ounces of oil of jasmine, and three ounces of eau de millifleur. When properly mixed, put the compound liquid into small bottles for use.

WASHING KID GLOVES.—Have ready a little new milk in one saucer, and a piece of brown soap in another, and a clean cloth or towel, folded three or four times. On the cloth spread out the gloves smooth and neat. Take a piece of flannel, dip it in the milk, then rub off a good quantity of soap to the wetted flannel, and commence to rub the gloves downwards towards the fingers, holding it firmly with the left hand. Continue this process, until the glove, if white, looks of a dingy yellow, though clean; if coloured, till it looks dark and spoiled. Lay it to dry, and old gloves will soon look nearly new. They will be soft, glossy, smooth, shapely, and elastic.

HAIR OIL.—Boil half a pound of green southern wood in a pint and a half of sweet oil, and half a pint of port wine. When sufficiently boiled remove it from the fire and strain off the liquor through a linen bag. Repeat this operation three times with fresh southern wood, and the last time add to the strained materials two ounces of bear's grease. It is excellent for promoting the growth of the hair, and preventing baldness.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * * Letters for the Editor must in future be addressed to 170, Fleet-street.

☞ You should apply to the Royal Dispensary, at 10, Dean-street, Soho. In cases of deafness acoustic instruments should be the last things resorted to. In the report of the managing committee of the Dispensary it is remarked that instruments ought not to be employed without great caution, particularly in incipient deafness, or in discharges from the ear. It is impossible to lay down rules which would be generally applicable to the choice of instruments, for those that might suit one person might prove worse than useless to another. It is also stated to be a fact which has been conclusively settled by the experience derived from this Dispensary, that nothing is gained by bold surgical modes of treatment, particularly in reference to the removal of glands or other parts about the throat; indeed, this operation has been found frequently to end in disappointment and distress to the patient. Mr. Harvey, surgeon, states that there has been scarcely a case of incipient deafness treated at this Institution,

in which the patient scrupulously adhered to the directions and treatment proscribed, that was not benefited.

Patrick.—We scarcely coincide in the strong opinion you express regarding the social improvement of Ireland. Take one quiet statistical fact—the number of persons taken into custody for drunkenness and disorderly conduct at Donnybrook Fair, was 140 last year; it is 237 this year. We, however, readily join in your hopes that the transfer of estates from the listless and extravagant to the hands of intelligent active owners will provide work and wages for the rising generation, and that education being alternately diffused, the morals and habits of the people will be permanently improved.

D. A.—Bailey defines a *spinster* to be "a title given in law to all unmarried women, from a Viscount's daughter to the meanest." We presume an Earl's daughter is not a spinster.

A Norfolk Man.—We have not now before us the official returns which would enable us to reply with precision to your question. We did receive your first letter, and delayed replying until in possession of the data requisite for a correct opinion. When we have it we shall give you the alleged proportion of crime affixed to your county.

T. H. (Radnorshire).—Mr. Sirage, Paternoster-row, was the publisher of the May part of this Journal. If your bookseller applies to him without success try Mr. Vickers and Mr. Dipple, 6, Holywell-street.

The Hon. Miss M.—We have to-day (Monday) given orders to send you No. 34, if it can be found. We shall take notice next week if the order has been fulfilled.

A. P. (Plymouth).—We shall, by and bye, let you know all about the volume and the index. We did speak of 400 pages; but certain circumstances lead us to think now, that it must contain more. We are happy to learn you are better served. You may have this journal on Wednesday if you wish it.

T. B. (Birmingham).—You know we don't print riddles. They may amuse you for the time but the permanence of print would give them a disproportionate place in life. We are aware that other journals have their page or column for this extremely profitable literature; but they have more space, and, peradventure, less solidity and gravity than we have.

J. R.—Shakespeare's description of the "Schoolboy" you will find in his play. We dare not profanely otherwise describe him but in the words of the immortal writer, who, so graphically portrays him. We may, ere long, have some of Hogarth's designs in these pages. The "Good and Bad Apprentice" is a proper and suitable subject.

C. D. E.—We have noticed the new version of Cinderella's slipper. But, though it seems plausible, the old way of it is the best. Very meaning able, may be convertible into *serre*, a glass; but a few shoes may be forced on a foot which could not enter the strict defined boundaries of glass, and the exact rights of the modest Cinderella would be in more suspense than our old nursery tale leaves them. As we once read, the foot must be unequivocally small.

J. J.—The Britannia bridge has at last been completed at a cost of 804,900*l.* It is nearly a quarter of a mile in length.

P. (Chester).—We think the Messrs. Chambers, of Edinburgh, have recently published books of instruction in Book-keeping by single and double entry. Hamilton's system is a plain and easy one. Jones's, though fitted for a great establishment, would be found cumbersome in your line as a publisher. The principle is extremely simple, place all you give to any one's debit, and place all you receive to any one's credit. The difference is owing.

E. D.—The papers of Saturday confirm the rumour of Friday, that a balloon ascent has proved fatal to Mr. Gale. In a Sunday paper we find the following narrative:—"Paris, Friday.—The celebrated aeronaut, Lieutenant Gale, who made about a hundred and twenty ascents without accident, has at last terminated his career under most painful circumstances. All kinds of rumour and conflicting accounts have been received in Paris, but we have just received private letters which give us fresh details. Lieutenant Gale was engaged by two spirited Bordeaux men to make twelve ascents—two in Bordeaux, two in Bayonne, and the rest at Madeira. It was expected, as the ground was rather new, the ascents would take place under brilliant auspices. Every arrangement was made for the display to take place at the Hippodrome of Bordeaux, on Sunday last. The late going up of Portevin with his horse had set everybody mad for balloon ascents with animals, and Lieut. Gale, with his usual intrepid spirit, determined on following his example. The departure took place early on Sunday afternoon, before a prodigious assembly of people. All the neighbouring villages and hamlets sent in their inhabitants. Lieut. Gale was mounted on a horse weighing nearly four hundred pounds. He rose rapidly, and made towards Merignac and Certas, whence he came down without accident. A number of peasantry were collected, and they rushed to his assistance. The horse was detached without any difficulty, and what follows will, in all probability, never remain a mystery. The peasantry declare that Lieut. Gale insisted on going up again, but it must be recollected that the aeronaut spoke not one word of French, while the peasants, of course, understood not one word of English. It is most probable that the balloon acquired a vast ascensional force from the horse being detached, and darted upwards with terrific velocity; the peasantry, not understanding the mechanism of the affair, instead of holding on, no doubt let go the cords."

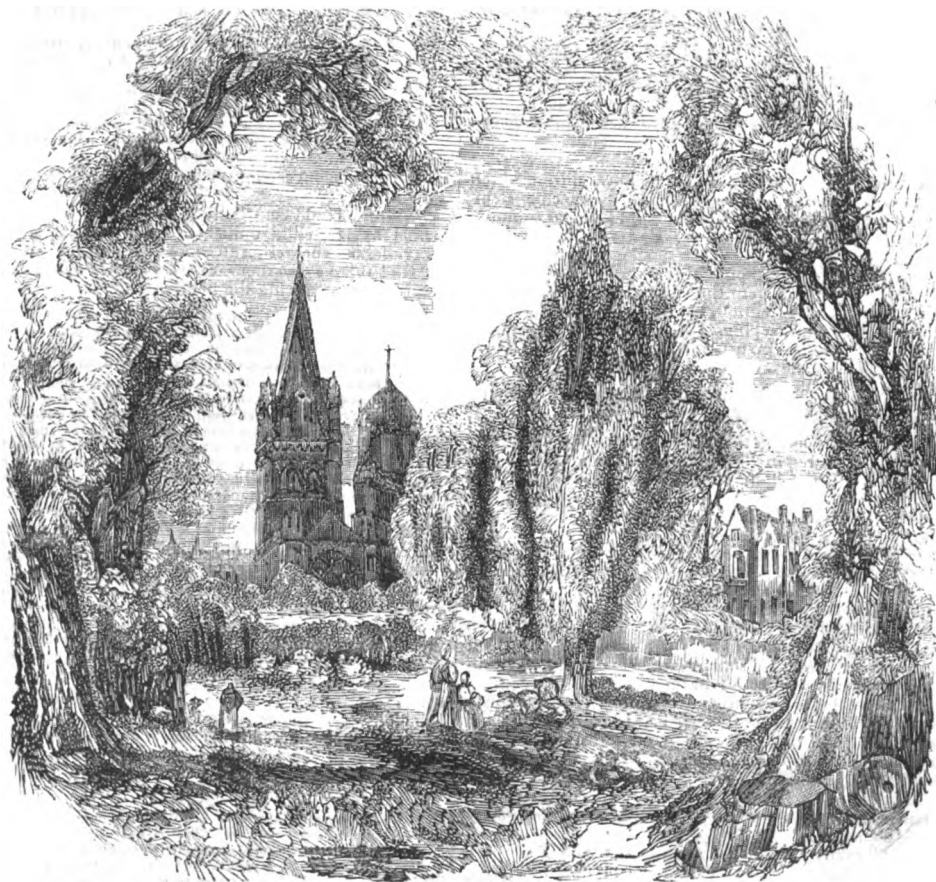
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OXFORD CATHEDRAL.

OXFORD Cathedral forms a part of the structures which constitute Christ Church College, Oxford, and is in fact both the cathedral of the bishopric of Oxford and the chapel of the college of Christ Church. The cathedral is built on the site of a convent which appears to have been founded by Didan, an Earl of Oxford, about 790, in which his daughter Frideswide, or Frideswide, and twelve other "noble virgins" were established, and which was dedicated to St. Mary and All

Saints. Alger, Earl of Leicester, fell in love with Frideswide, and attempted, in opposition to her vows of chastity, to compel her to marry him. She fled from his persecution, and, as the legend states, Alger was miraculously struck blind for his impiety and wickedness, and was afterwards, on his repentance, no less miraculously restored to sight at the intercession of Frideswide.

REVENGE: OR, REGINALD AND ANGELINA. AN HISTORICAL TALE OF ROME.

*By the Author of "The Brothers," an Historical Tale
of the Seventeenth Century, &c. &c.*

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

"Rely upon me, my friend," returned Antonino, "and if it please God that I should arrive safe at thy uncle's castle rest assured that we will return and avenge thee at least."

At this moment the door was flung open, when five or six sbirri rushed into the apartment, and instantaneously the report of a pistol echoed through the whole extent of the house, which was quickly followed by a second, a third, and a fourth, and the dying shrieks of more than one of the sbirri. The most terrible confusion then ensued, in the midst of which Antonino contrived to escape down the stairs with the still inanimate form of Angelina in his arms. He soon reached the carriage, which was stationed at the corner of a street about twenty paces distant, in which he placed his precious charge, then taking his seat beside her, the vehicle dashed off in the direction of his residence.

But where was poor Reginald? Alas! in the hands of the brutal officers, and half dead with the wounds he had received whilst endeavouring to defend himself against their furious attack on him.

CHAPTER X. RETRIBUTION.

LET us now pass over the space of ten days, during which Antonino had been sufficiently fortunate to execute Reginald's request: the letter, as also to fulfil his own promise, at least thus far—and introduce the reader to the depths of the forest of Campo Forma, where a small army, consisting of about eight hundred or a thousand men, was encamped, and whose principal leaders were the Chevalier Aladino, our old friend Antonino, and Valentino, the Chevalier's lieutenant.

Night was fast approaching, tents were struck around a vast oak, through whose luxuriant foliage murmured the cool refreshing breeze of the evening, and a few sentinels were watching at their different posts, but the majority of the soldiers were preparing themselves for repose. Presently the trumpet sounded, and shortly afterwards the most death-like silence reigned throughout the whole camp. Suddenly the doors of what appeared to be the principal tent were thrown aside, when a brilliant light emanated therefrom, and persons the surrounding foliage; directly afterwards two individuals appeared at the entrance, whose brilliant costumes and martial figures were exhibited to advantage by the soft glimmering light which proceeded from several lamps suspended from different parts of the tent. These two individuals were no other than the Chevalier Aladino and Antonino, the latter of whom had just arrived from Rome—having left the camp about mid-day, disguised as a peasant—with intelligence of Reginald.

The reader will probably wonder how a band of eight hundred or a thousand men could have traversed the country from Parma to the neighbourhood of Rome with so much secrecy. We will inform him: They had marched nights and encamped in the depths of woods and forests days; the whole tract of country between Parma and Rome being well known to the Chevalier.

"Well, my young friend," at length remarked the Chevalier, in a low tone, "what is the news? What is my nephew's doom?"

"Alas! Chevalier," replied Antonino in a tone of anguish, "he is condemned to be hanged, and the gallows is already erected in the middle of the Corso; I beheld it with my own eyes."

"What!" ejaculated Aladino passionately, "hanged! My nephew to be hanged like a dog! The monsters will not, then, allow him to die the death of a brave Chevalier! No, no, Antonino," he continued in a calmer tone, "this must not—shall not be, for if we cannot release him from the hands of his persecutors, we will, at least, prevent his meeting with so ignominious an end. Yes, rather would I slay him with my own trusty sword than it should be so!"

"Do not despair, sir," returned the young man, striving to appear gay, "for the whole of this day I have experienced a kind of presentiment which seems to tell me that all will yet be well."

"Heaven grant that it may," murmured the Chevalier. "And when is the execution to take place?" he continued in a tone of inquiry mingled with emotion.

"By to-morrow's dawn," was the rejoinder.

"Poor Reginald!" murmured Aladino, as though communing with himself, "thy hours are indeed numbered."

"Speak not thus, sir Chevalier," said Antonino, "is there not a chance of saving him?"

"True," replied Aladino hastily, and recovering from his momentary reverie, "thou art perfectly right, my friend; besides, this is not the time for words or grief, but action."

"Yes," said Antonino, "no time must be lost."

"I must now inform you, Antonino," resumed the Chevalier, "that previous to leaving the Castle of Ultranto I made my will, which step I deemed absolutely necessary, for no one can tell what to-morrow may bring forth, especially as the enterprise in which we are all engaged is likely to be fraught with so much peril. You will find therein, should you have the good fortune to survive to-morrow's conflict, which will certainly be a sanguinary one, that I have equally divided my property between my daughter and nephew, with the exception of the Castle of Ultranto, which I have bequeathed to my daughter. The documents you will find in my desk, which always stands in the library. It was originally my intention to have mentioned this to my daughter, but I could not sum up sufficient courage to speak to her on this sad subject; besides, had I done so, she would never have consented to my departure, which I had resolved to do at any price."

"God forbid that such should be the case!" replied Antonino in a tremulous voice; "for, despite the love your sweet daughter entertains for me, I much fear whether she would survive so sad—so terrible a calamity. But let us change this gloomy subject, my dear sir, my—father, for such I hope shortly to denominate you, and oh! mine will then indeed be happiness. Yes, it will be something more, it will be bliss!"

"Nothing could contribute more to my happiness than to behold my dear child united for ever to so brave—so worthy a cavalier as yourself, Antonino."

"Oh! thanks—a thousand thanks!" cried the enamoured youth, fondly pressing the hand of Aladino.

"And now let us speak of business," resumed the Chevalier in a tone at once calm and dignified. "Thou hast said, Antonino, that the place of execution is to be the Corso, that the scaffold is already erected, and that the execution is to take place by to-morrow's dawn?"

"Exactly so, Chevalier," responded the young man; "and I also learnt that the Pope, the Governor of Rome, and the greater portion of the Cardinals will be present to witness the awful ceremony."

"Tyrants! demons!" exclaimed the Chevalier passionately, "such a horrible spectacle will be most acceptable to your ferocious, depraved tastes; but you shall yet rue your diabolical tyranny and persecution! Yes, fortune favours us, and we will avail ourselves of this happy chance to chastise those fiends—for such they are. It is in the Vatican that are accumulated the fruits of rapine, plunder, and exaction, the emoluments arising from benefices, the hard earnings of the poor, and the widow's mite which have been wrung from them under the plea of religion, and on which the Pope and his satellites fatten! those vile wretches, who for a length of time—too long—have been the scourge and curse of the whole country. The Church has again returned to the principle of feodality, and is an obstacle to every kind of virtue; it seeks to cramp the understanding and poison the mind with the most stupid ideas of superstition and bigotry, and all for her own interests. But we will teach the tyrants a lesson, a terrible one too!"

This discourse seemed to inspire Antonino with the courage of a lion, and the enthusiasm of a true patriot, and he exclaimed in an impassioned tone, striking the hilt of his sword:—

"Yes, Chevalier, we will indeed teach them a terrible lesson, such a one as they will not easily forget!"

The two chiefs now entered the tent for the purpose of taking a little repose, but it was not of long duration. After the lapse of a couple of hours the clock of St. Peter's pealed forth the hour of three in the morning of that day so fatal for the Eternal City, whose streets and squares were about to become the theatre of one of the most obstinate and sanguinary conflicts ever witnessed in proportion to the number of combatants.

By this time the whole camp was in commotion, and the Chevalier, Antonino, and Virgilio, Aladino's lieutenant, might have been seen grouped together near the spot where we left the two former, previous to taking their short repose.

"Antonino," he observed, "our force, I believe, numbers a thousand as nearly as possible, and, as the execution is to take place on the Corso, it will be necessary for us to divide our men. I purpose, therefore, that you, at the head of four hundred, ascend the Tiber as far as the Castle of St. Angelo, whilst I and Virginio, with the remaining six hundred, cross the river nearly opposite. By giving you a quarter of an hour's grace, we shall be enabled to enter the Corso almost simultaneously, and at different points. We shall doubtless have to contend with double our force. I do not presume more, for the bulk of the Papal troops, assisted by a number of Swiss, are employed in different parts of the States. But our's is a good cause, of which every man is aware, and I doubt not that we shall triumph over every obstacle. Besides, the citizens are justly aggrieved by the many acts of oppression and persecution which have been heaped upon them, and, if they do not assist, will certainly not oppose us; for they, too, long to see their persecutors chastised."

The troops were quickly in motion; those under Antonino met with no opposition—which was expected—at the Castle of St. Angelo, for only a few sentinels were left to guard the place, who were easily made prisoners, without being able to give any alarm, Antonino's band not having been perceived until close upon them, in consequence of a dense fog, which favoured the advance. The Chevalier's band scarcely met with a single individual, for the majority of the inhabitants were still soundly sleeping, and totally unconscious of any impending danger, or the sanguinary conflict which was about to ensue.

About half an hour had now elapsed since the Chevalier's little army left the forest of Campo Forma, and by this time a numerous *cortège* might have been seen traversing the streets which separated the Vatican from the Corso. This procession consisted of the Pope, the Governor of Rome, the Cardinal Connerlingul, with several other Cardinals, and a number of officers of the Papal household, followed by a company of Swiss guards.

Not a voice was raised in token of respect as the procession advanced towards the Corso; but, on the contrary, the crowd, which was certainly not very great at that early hour, preserved a solemn silence. It was, however, remarked that a great change had taken place in the appearance of the Pontiff within the short space of a week. Indeed, instead of that vigorous old man, whose mien had hitherto been so haughty and imposing, one only beheld an attenuated, bent form, scarcely able to support itself, a wasted figure, and weak, lustreless eyes. In lieu of that powerful, vibrating, and terrible voice, you only heard a faint croak, more like the moan of a dying man than the voice of a human being. Notwithstanding, however, the precarious state of his health,—the cause of which we shall learn hereafter—the Pope had resolved to be present at the execution, so well did such horrid spectacles accord with his vile, depraved taste.

At the moment the *cortège* arrived on the Corso the scene was at once solemn and imposing. In the middle was the gallows, beneath which was poor Reginald, whose hands were securely fastened behind with strong cords; he was surrounded by several officials, the executioner, and a priest, the latter of whom was reading to him. Around the Corso were stationed not less than seventeen or eighteen hundred Swiss soldiers, who, as the procession entered, presented arms. The Pope and his attendants advanced almost to the foot of the scaffold, in order the better to behold the awful tragedy which was about to be enacted.

Scarcely had the Pope and his followers who composed the little escort taken up their positions near the gallows, when a terrible tumult commenced, and the roar of musketry was heard at the two principal entrances to the Corso. Yes, happily, the troops under Antonino and those under the Chevalier and his Lieutenant had arrived almost at the same instant, and commenced the work of death.

The effect of this sudden attack was awful, and can better be imagined than described. Had the earth opened beneath their feet, and enveloped them in the yawning gulf, the confusion, consternation, alarm, and terror, of all present could scarcely have been greater, so unexpected was the appearance of a hostile force, thanks to the intensity of the fog, which, although it had now partially evaporated, greatly favoured the march of the Chevalier's troops, the earliness of the hour and the novelty of the scene, which had absorbed the entire attention of the citizens who happened to be about.

The Swiss soldiers were panic struck, so murderous was the fire poured in upon them by the Chevalier's troops, the whole of whom were excellent marksmen, and dozens of the former were mown down before a shot was returned, or they had recovered from their momentary dismay and terror.

By this time the two sections of the Chevalier's troops had gradually approached the centre of the Corso, and at the same instant Aladino and Antonino might have been seen exchanging a few hurried words, which manifestly had reference to the gallows, for the latter, followed by a dozen men, dashed towards it; but Reginald, the Pope, Cardinals, and the whole escort had disappeared. Yes, profiting by the universal confusion, they had escaped to the Capitol with their prisoner. Not so with the Governor of Rome, for at this moment he had placed himself at the head of the Swiss troops, whom he partially succeeded in rallying; and, then commenced a most terrific hand-to-hand encounter, and the carnage became horrible, every inch of ground being disputed with the greatest animosity. Both sides fought with the blind courage of lions.

The Chevalier and Antonino had again rejoined each other, and both remarked the courage and intrepidity of two mere youths, who were fighting side by side and close to them, one of whom had saved the life of Aladino more than once during the contest, and the other that of Antonino; hence it was that they had both been observed by the two chiefs. But neither Antonino nor the Chevalier had much time for conjecture—although each felt a latent desire to ascertain who these intrepid youths were—for the Swiss soldiers seemed to have regained their wonted courage on perceiving that the Governor of Rome was foremost in their ranks, and encouraging them by his gallant conduct. The eagle eye of Aladino at once perceived that, despite the bravery of his troops, it would be necessary to dispose of the Governor before the victory could be gained; he, consequently, rushed forward, and was quickly engaged in deadly strife with the Governor of Rome, who, although brave as a lion, was not so skilful in the management of the sword as the Chevalier. For a few moments the conflict was sustained on both sides with the utmost skill and bravery; presently the Governor made a desperate thrust at Aladino, which the latter judiciously parried, and, quick as lightning, plunged his sword to the hilt in the body of his adversary, who uttered a piercing cry and fell down a lifeless mass. At this moment a Swiss soldier stole behind the Chevalier, before he had time to turn himself round, and, making a desperate thrust with his sword, pierced him through the side; but, quick as thought, and before he could repeat the thrust, he was shot through the brain by an unknown hand, and fell dead at the feet of Aladino, who seemed to be reeling and on the point of falling to the ground from loss of blood, occasioned by the wound in his side, which, although not mortal, was most severe. The Chevalier staggered, and would now have fallen had he not been caught in the arms of the person who had just saved his life by laying the perfidious Swiss dead at his feet.

"To whom am I indebted for the preservation of my life?" demanded Aladino in a faltering voice, gazing on the pale, delicate countenance of the individual who was supporting him in his arms. "Ah!" he continued "it is the brave youth who has more than once saved my life during this sanguinary conflict. To whom, then, am I indebted for this generous conduct? Who are you?"

No reply was returned; but, on the contrary, his young, gallant preserver, averted his head, and scalding tears coursed each other in rapid succession down those pallid cheeks, smooth and polished as the purest marble.

Again the Chevalier gazed, and this time more stedfastly, on the features of the youth, but oh God! what were now his feelings on recognising in the intrepid youth his own sweet, beauteous, loving daughter, Juliana!

"My child!" cried the Chevalier in a transport of joy, mingled, however, with astonishment and alarm, as he fondly pressed the sweet girl to his breast, despite the excruciating agony of his wound, and his weakness from loss of blood; for everything appeared to be forgotten in the contemplation of his child.

"Father, my dear father!" murmured the young girl, entwining her arms around his neck and covering his face with kisses, for she could say no more, violent sobs choking her utterance.

Oh! this was indeed a touching scene, an accurate description of which it would be impossible to portray.

(To be Continued.)

EYE SNUFF.—Grind and mix well in a marble mortar five grains of sulphate of mercury, and forty grains of the powder of liquorice root. A pinch of this now and then (that is not exceeding once or twice a day) will cause considerable discharge from the nose and give great relief in inflammation of the eyes.



LANCASTER CASTLE.

THIS castle stands on the top of the eminence on which the town of Lancaster is built, and is supposed to have been erected in the year 305 by Constantius Chlorus, who was then governor of the western division of the Roman empire, and died at York in the year 306. The principal part of the castle, as it now stands, was erected by Edward III. and his son John O'Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. The walls of the keep, which are of amazing thickness, are ascribed to the Saxons.

Both the town and the castle were prominent scenes in the War of the Roses and the civil wars of Charles I. The castle, which is now occupied as the county jail, is much admired for its extent and the peculiar character of its architecture, including within its walls an area of 380 feet by 350. It received considerable improvements a few years back and is now supposed to be capable of accommodating 5000 men.

LORD CHANCELLOR TRURO.

SIR T. WILDE was bred an attorney and solicitor. In 1817 he was called to the bar, and he soon became distinguished on the Western Circuit; in 1820 he was the junior of Queen Caroline's counsel; soon after he became a sergeant-at-law, and rose to the lead in the Common Pleas.

In 1831 he was returned for Newark. In 1839 he was made Solicitor-General, and when the government was re-constructed in 1846, he was for a few days Attorney General, when the lamented death of Lord Chief Justice Tindal opened to him the Common Pleas, where he presided till the late promotion.

His experience as a solicitor makes him, at the least, not new in Chancery practice. His experience in common law, both as an attorney and a barrister, will prove invaluable to him as an equity judge. His talents are of a high order. He is a most honourable and upright man, of a firm and independent mind.

Lord Chancellor Truro will not discourage efforts to improve and amend the law; and the opinions he comes to will be carefully formed, and when formed will be honestly and steadily adhered to.

CHIROGRAPHY.

THERE is more in the style of writing than most people are aware of. To look at the autograph of President Taylor. Every letter seems to be put there by positive orders from head-quarters, fearful to move in the least. He wrote a slow, bold, and plain hand. There is no spare room in a line written by Taylor; every word is properly spaced, every letter distinctly made. There seems to be in his writing the self-same energy for which he was so distinguished. The style of his hand altered materially from the commencement of the war up to the time of his election to the presidency. For-

merly it was an upright, and rather unsteady looking, but recently it had changed to more of what is called a "running hand." The writing of a man tells his character as truly as he could himself. You can imagine almost the looks of a person by the tenor of a note, the style in which it is written, or the manner it is folded.

"BUBKING" THE SUBLIME AND BRAUTIFUL.—The sun was just rising o'er the noble range of hills which formed the magnificent back-ground of a landscape equal in grandeur to the finest conceptions of a Claude. The fleecy clouds of the morning were chasing each other in sportive gladness for the break of day. The spicy breezes, laden with fragrance from "Araby the blest," kissed with their perfumed breath the intertwined branches of the white blossomed pimento, the magnificent magnolia, and the golden fruit and deep green foliage of limes and orange trees. The boundless expanse of the deep and dark blue ocean rolled in the distance, its plaintive murmurings just audible, and its white-crested waves leaping up as if to kiss the god of day, an image of which was enshrined in the bosom of each billow. The groves resounded with the warblings of many a feathered songster, and all nature shouted for gladness, when Phoebe, more beautiful than Aurora, more chaste than Diana, tripped forth from a retreat where the woodbine and the rose, where the clematis and the convolvulus, the jasmine and eglantine, vied to render their homage: she stopped with a blushing modest grace, and began to feed the pigs.

"Who is that lovely girl?" exclaimed the waggish Lord Norbury, riding in company with his friend. "Miss Glass," replied the barrister. "Glass," reiterated the facetious judge, "by the love which man bears to woman, I should often be intoxicated could I place such a glass to my hips!"



THE DUKE DE MONTPENSIER.

THIS young prince was, in early life, married to the Infanta of Spain. His father, the wise Louis Philippe, seemed to make sure that the Queen of the South would not have a family. He, therefore, with haste, and, in contradiction of the proverb, with speed and success, had his fourth son, the Duke de Montpensier, married to the sister of the youthful and rollicking Queen of Spain. Her Majesty, however, has had a son, and, though he died, the nation has the best hopes of another, so the ambitious *noce*s of the French Prince, whose portrait is prefixed, may not take the national position they were designed to occupy. He was born July

31, 1824, and was forcibly affianced to the Spanish lady in 1847, at the age of twenty-three. It appears, however, that they are, as their wild world goes, comfortably happy, and though neither they nor their family are destined to sit upon the throne of Charlemagne, they are wending their way through life with less of the discomforts of D'Aumale, Joinville, or Nemours. They are banished, but he is at home in the possession of an ample revenue, a handsome wife, and all the appliances of fashionable society. He is like Prince Albert, a "fortunate young man."

LET WOMEN TALK.

DURING one of the campaigns in Germany, the Emperor, in his celebrated grey coat, was riding about in the environs of Munich, attended only by two orderly officers. He met on the road a very pretty looking female, who, by her dress, was evidently a vivandiere. She was weeping, and was leading by the hand a little boy about five years of age. Struck by the beauty of the woman and her distress, the Emperor pulled up his horse by the roadside, and said, "What is the matter with you, my dear?"

The woman, not knowing the individual by whom she was addressed, and being much discomposed by grief, made no reply. The little boy, however, was more communicative, and he frankly answered, "My mother is crying, sir, because my father has beaten her."

"Where is your father?"

"Close by here. He is one of the sentinels on duty with the baggage."

The Emperor again addressed himself to the woman, and inquired the name of her husband; but she refused to tell, being afraid lest the captain, as she supposed the Emperor to be, would cause her husband to be punished. Napoleon, I am sorry to say, had but little confidence in the fair sex. On this occasion his habitual suspicions returned to his mind, and he said—"Malpeste! your husband has been beating you; you

are weeping, and yet you are so afraid of getting him into trouble, that you will not even tell me his name. This is very inconsistent. May it not be that you are a little in the fault yourself?"

"Alas, captain! he has a thousand good qualities, though he has one very bad one; he is jealous, terribly jealous, and when he gets into a passion cannot restrain his violence."

"But that is rather serious; in one of his fits of jealousy he may inflict on you some very severe injury, perhaps kill you."

"And even if he did, I should not wish any harm to come to him, for I am sure he would not do it willingly. He loves me to well for that."

"And if I guess rightly, you love him."

"That is very natural captain; he is my lawful husband, and the father of my dear boy."

So saying, she fondly kissed her child, who, by the way he returned her caresses, proved his affection for his mother. Napoleon was moved by this touching picture in spite of the heart of iron, of marble, or of adamant, which has so often been allotted to him.

"Well," said he again, turning to the woman, "whether you and your husband love each other or not, I do not choose that he shall beat you—I am—I am one of the Emperor's aides-de-camp, and I will mention the affair to his majesty—tell me your husband's name."

"If you were the Emperor himself I would not tell you, for I know he would be punished."

"Silly woman! all I want is to teach him to behave well to you, and treat you with the respect you deserve."

"That would make me very happy, captain; but though he ill-treats me I will not get him punished."

The Emperor shrugged up his shoulders, made some remark upon female obstinacy, and galloped off.

When he was out of the woman's hearing, he said to the officers who accompanied him, "Well, gentlemen, what do you think of that affectionate creature? There are not many such women at the Tuileries. A wife like that is a treasure to her husband."

In the course of a few minutes the baggage of which the boy had spoken came up. It was escorted by a company of the 52nd. Napoleon despatched one of the officers who was riding with him, to desire the commander of the escort to come to him.

"Have you a vivandiere in your company?"

"Yes, sire," replied the captain.

"Has she not a child?"

"Yes, little Gentil, whom we are all so fond of."

"Has not this woman been beaten by her husband?"

"I was not aware of the circumstance till some time after the occurrence. I have reprimanded the man."

"Is he generally well conducted?"

"He is the best behaved man in the company. He is very jealous of his wife, but without reason. The woman's conduct is irreproachable."

"Does he know me by sight?"

"I cannot say, sire; but, as he has just arrived from Spain, I think it is probable he does not."

"Try and ascertain whether he has ever seen me, and if he has not, bring him hither. Say you wish to conduct him before the general of the division."

On inquiry, it appeared that Napoleon had never been seen by the grenadier, who was a very fine looking man of about five-and-twenty. When he was conducted to Napoleon, the latter said in a familiar tone—"What is the reason, my lad, that you beat your wife? She is a young and pretty woman, and a better wife than you are a husband. Such conduct is disgraceful in a French grenadier."

"Bah, general! if women are to be believed they are never in the wrong. I have forbidden my wife to talk to any man whatever; and yet, in spite of my commands, I find her constantly gossiping with one or other of my comrades."

"Now, there is your mistake. You want to prevent a woman from talking—you might as well try to turn the course of the Danube. Take my advice; do not be jealous. Let your wife gossip and be merry. If she were doing wrong it is likely she would be sad instead of gay. Your comrades are not absolutely capuchins, but I am much mistaken if they will not respect another man's wife. I desire that you do not strike your wife again; and, if my order is not obeyed, the Emperor shall hear of it. Suppose his majesty were to give you a reprimand, what would you say then?"

"Ma foi! General, my wife is mine, and I may beat her if I choose. I should say to the Emperor, 'Sire, you look to the enemy, and leave me to manage my wife.'"

Napoleon laughed, and said, "My good fellow you are now speaking to the Emperor."

The word produced its usual magical effect. The grenadier looked confused, held down his head, lowered his voice, and said, "Oh, sire! that quite alters the case. Since your majesty commands, I, of course, obey."

"That's right. I hear an excellent character of your wife. Everybody speaks well of her. She braved my displeasure rather than expose you to punishment. Reward her by kind treatment. I promote you to the rank of sergeant, and when you arrive at Munich, apply to the Grand Marechal du Palais, and he will present you with four hundred francs. With that you may buy a sulder's caravan, which will enable your wife to carry on a profitable business. Your son is a fine boy, and at some future time he shall be provided for. But mind, never let me hear of your beating your wife again. If I do, you shall find that I can deal hard blows as well as you."

"Ah, sire! I can never be sufficiently grateful for your kindness."

Two or three years after this circumstance, the Emperor was with the army in another campaign. Napoleon, you know, had a wonderful power of recollecting the countenances of persons whom he had once seen. On one of his marches he met and recognised the vivandiere and her son. He immediately rode up to her, saying, "Well, my good woman, how do you do? Has your husband kept the promise he made to me?"

The poor woman burst into tears, and threw herself at the Emperor's feet.

"Oh, sire! Oh, sire! Since my good star led me into the gracious presence of your majesty, I have been the happiest of women."

"Then reward me by being the most virtuous of wives."

A few pieces of gold were presented with these words; and, as Napoleon rode off, the cries of *Vive l'Empereur*, uttered amidst tears and sobs, by the mother and her son, were enthusiastically repeated by the whole battalion.

THE HYDRO-CARBON GAS.

THE very important subject of obtaining a supply of cheap and good gas has for a length of time engaged the attention of the first scientific men of our day; but, as their whole efforts were directed to neutralise or absorb the noxious compounds inevitably contained in all gas prepared from coal, they have been only partially successful. The lighting of the town of Southport, and other important places, by Mr. Stephen White of Manchester's patent "hydro-carbon gas," where no coal is required except to heat the furnace, has secured the desideratum. A visit to this watering place will satisfy any one that this "water gas" is of the greatest brilliancy, throwing a fine, beautiful, soft light over their principal street, which is about a mile long; and a look into the first-rate shops and hotels will satisfy any observer of its superior brilliancy to any coal gas—the ceilings, after nine months' use, being untarnished, proves that, unlike coal gas, it emits no smoke whatever.

The gas-house is a handsome erection, admirably arranged, and ought to be taken as a model; neither smell nor filth of any kind is observable. The man who has the charge of making all the gas for the town not only does the whole himself, but could attend, he says, to three times the quantity required, if needful. The retort into which the liquid resin is constantly running in a small stream only requiring being cleared of any sooty deposit every six or eight hours, and the water retort only every few days. This is a most striking circumstance to every observer. The ordinary filthy process necessary to purify coal is altogether avoided. While the brilliancy of this gas is decidedly superior to that from the best Cannel coal, it is produced at a much cheaper rate. Its adoption is rapidly spreading, both in Lancashire and Yorkshire, where large establishments are now lighted up by it.

It is gratifying to find that, instead of injuring gas property, it would materially enhance it, as, by merely changing their retorts, they can adopt this at once, at a comparatively small cost.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF LIEUT. GALE.

THE unfortunate aeronaut was an actor of repute at the Coburg, Astley's, and the Surrey Theatre. With the artiste Ducrow he was a particular favourite, for the admirable manner he used to dress his characters. In 1832 he left England for America, where he produced the far-famed piece of "Ma zeppe," at the Borri Theatre, in New York. The spectacle ran 200 nights, in which time Hamblin, the manager, made a large sum of money. Gale himself was paid a handsome salary, and while in America he made the acquaintance of the Chief Ma Const, an Indian of high rank, with whom he returned to Europe, accompanied with a party of six Indians. They appeared first at the Victoria Theatre, with their chief, who realised the story of "William Tell," by hitting an apple on the head of his son with a ball from a rifle. The speculation was very productive, and Gale and his Indian pupil were in great request for a time. An event happened shortly after, which placed the person of the Indian chief in peril. He was arraigned for a serious offence at the bar of the Old Bailey, and after a trial of thirteen hours the jury brought in a verdict of acquittal.

The late Sir Augustus D'Este, son of the Duke of Sussex, took a lively interest in the affair, and on the acquittal of the Indian, he paid Gale a high compliment for his exertions in getting up the evidence for the defence, offering him his influence in procuring any appointment he could serve him in. The result was an appointment in the blockade service, in the north of Ireland. Here Gale continued for six years. On quitting that, he again embarked in the sea of theatricals: but the altered state of the drama induced him once more to seek a way in scientific pursuits, to which he had ever given much attention, and he entered the field as a balloon navigator. He began at the Rosemary Branch Tavern, in Peckham, in the year 1847. From that period till the time of his

death he had gone up more frequently than any one who had ever navigated the clouds. His age was fifty.

PHILOSOPHERS AT FAULT.

THE chemical philosophers, Dr. Black and Dr. Hutton, discoursing together upon the folly of abstaining from feeding on the testaceous creatures of the land, while those of the sea were considered as delicacies, at length determined that a gastronomic experiment should be made on snails. The snails were procured, dieted for a time, then stewed. A huge dish was placed before them; but philosophers are but men, after all, and the stomachs of both the doctors began to revolt against the proposed experiment. Nevertheless, if they looked with disgust upon the snails, they retained their awe for each other; so that each, conceiving the symptoms of internal revolt peculiar to himself, began, with infinite exertion, to swallow, in very small quantities, the mess which he internally loathed. Dr. Black at length "showed the white feather," but in a very delicate manner, as if to sound the opinion of his messmate. "Doctor," said he, in his precise and quiet manner, "Doctor,—do you not think that they taste a little—a very little, green?" "D—d green, d—d green,—tak' them awa'—tak' them awa'," vociferated Dr. Hutton, starting up from the table and giving full vent to his feelings of abhorrence.

PEACE.

Slowly the early mists of dawn arise,
A change, a movement, trembles o'er the skies:
Valley and forest, mead and mountain height,
Seem with faint breath to wait the morning light:
And, lo! a foot of beauty from its sphere,
Beaming with jewels, climbs the mountain near,
Whate'er it touches by some magic bold,
Blushes to ruby, or transmutes to gold!
Lac'd by a thousand tissues, rich and fair,
Woven from rainbow-loomis from threads of air,
Auroras of a moment glad the sight,
The poetry of clouds, and dews, and light!
Turn where ye will, on every side behold,
Ethereal pictures framed in Nature's gold!
See, the dark beech-leaf, like an Indian's ear,
Glitters with crystal gold, and gem-drops clear:
And every reed on which the south hath blown
Seems dancing to a music of its own!

Come, let us mount the cliff, the crested height,
Where Dover rears her fortress to the sight!—
Like beings of the deep the vessels glide,
Proud of their own reflections in the tide;
Proud of her mission,—which is War no more,
But Commerce, Christian-love, from shore to shore;
The cannon—sentence'd ne'er again to float,
Still'd the red thunder in its murderous throat—
Lies, by the majesty of Truth, o'erthrown.
Rusted, dismounted, weed and moss o'ergrown,
The cautious lamb hath dared to make its way
Unto the very mouth which spoke—to slay!
Whilst e'en the butterfly with its dips,
And grass and flow'rs spring from its iron lips!

Oh, might of Peace, that in the throat of death
Can scatter bloom with thine immortal breath,
And bid the timid lamb no longer heed
The cannon's mouth, but there in safety feed!—
Crop the wild flow'rs that live within its breast,
And taste the sweets of nature and of rest!
When will men learn, who still to battle haste,
That Peace is *property*,—and War is *waste*?
That Education makes a Nation great,
And Knowledge is the safeguard of the State?

False is the triumph of the Battle-hour,
The noblest triumph is in Moral pow'r.
Time laughs at battles, and the fruits they earn;
The conqu'ring sword lies conquered in its turn.—
But there's a pow'r which even Time can bind;
E'en Time itself is vanquished by the MIND!
It grasps beyond the victor's blood-won name,
And marshals cent'ries on the path of fame.

Then, welcome Peace!—may Nations build thy shrine,
Profess thy creed, and own thy breath divine;
May Science, Lit'rature, and Genius, spring,
Like rays of glory, from thine angel wing!
Strike down deception—let no wrong endure—
Take to thy heart the interests of the poor;
And prove, O Peace! that War usurps thy right—
Not his, but *thine*, the vict'ry and the might!
Strength, with simplicity, with grandeur, rest!
And majesty, with meekness, guard thy breast,
'Till War, and Misery, and Crime, are gone,
And all the people of the earth ARE ONE.

CHARLES SWAIN.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

Solace in Adversity	Evergreen Thorn
Solitude	Lichen
Sorrow	Yew
Spiritual Beauty	Cherry Tree Blossom
Splendour	Scarlet Nasturtium
Strength	Cedar Tree
Submission	Harebell
Superstition	Vervain
Surprise	Betony
Susceptibility	Wax Plant
Suspicion	Mushroom
Sweet Disposition	Mallow
Sweets to the Sweet	Daphne Odora
Sympathy	Thrift
Talent	White Pink
Taste	Scarlet Fuchsia
Tears	Helenium
Temperance	Acacia
Temptation	Apple
Thoughts	Heart's Ease
Time	White Poplar
Timidity	Marvel of Peru
Tranquillity	Madwort, Rock
Transient Beauty	Night-blooming Cereus
Transient Happiness	Spider Wort
Treason	Whortle Berry
True Love	Forget-Me-Not
Truth	Bitter Sweet Nightshade
Unchangeable	Globe Anaranth
Unchanging Friendship	Arbor Vitæ
Uneasiness	Garden Marigold
Unexpected Meeting	Nutmeg Geranium
Unfortunate Attachment	Scabius
Union	Whole Straw
Utility	Dried Flax
Vicissitude	Locust
Victory	Palm
Virgin Pride	Gentian
Virtue	Mint
Vivacity	House Leek
Voluptuousness	Tuberose
Voraciousness	Lupine
Watchfulness	Dame Violet
Weakness	Moschatell
Widowhood	Sweet Scabious
Winter, or Age	Guelder Rose
Wisdom	Red Mulberry
Wit	Ragged Robin
Witchcraft	Enchanter's Nightshade
Woodland Beauty	Sycamore
You are Perfect	Pine Apple
You freeze me	Ice Plant
You please all	Branch of Currants
Youth	Fox Glove
Youthful Love	Catchfly
Zealousness	Elder
Zest	Lemon

USEFUL RECIPES.

(From Dippie's Receipt Book for the Million.)

ECONOMY IN SOAP AND LABOUR.—Take a gallon of furze blossoms and burn them to ashes, then boil them in six quarts of soft water; this, when strained off, you may use in washing with your suds, as occasion requires, and you will have lace or linen, &c., not only exceedingly white, but it may be done with half the soap and little trouble.

TO TAKE SPOTS OF INK OUT OF LINEN.—Take a piece of mould candle (or common candle will do nearly as well), melt it, and dip the spotted part of the linen into the melted tallow. It may then be washed, or sent afterwards to the laundress, and the spots will be washed clean away, without injuring the linen. This is the best method hitherto discovered.

TO CLEAN SILVER PLATE.—Put your plate into some strong ley, made of pearl-ash, wherein half an ounce of cream of tartar and the like quantity of alum have been dissolved; set it over the fire, let it boil five or six minutes, then take out your plate. Let it dry either in the sun or by the fire, and afterwards rub it with a soft leather and well-sifted ashes of burnt wheat straw. By this means the plate looks like new, and remains so a long time; but where time will not permit to do as above directed, you may clean with the ashes only.

EXTRACT OF MYRRH.—Take a pound of bruised gum myrrh, and boil in a gallon of water for some time. Decant the clear liquor, and evaporate to a proper consistence.

ROYAL PERFUME.—Essences of cloves and bergamot, of each three quarters of a drachm, neroli about a drachm, essence of musk half an ounce, eau de rose, spirit of tuberose, and the strongest spirits of wine, of each half a pint, spirits of jasmine and cassia of each one pint. Dissolve the essences in the spirits of wine, then add the other spirits, and when well mixed add the rose water.

EAU DE COLOGNE.—Take of essence of cedrat, essence of orange, essence of citron, essence of bergamot, each thirty-eight drops, essence of neroli thirty-two drops, essence of rosin twenty-six drops, and one pint of spirits of wine, 32 deg. over proof. Distil.

TO MAKE ARTIFICIAL MUSK.—Artificial musk is made of one part of oil of amber and four parts of nitric acid; digest; a dark matter is deposited, which may be dissolved in water. As a remedy for whooping cough it is perhaps the best.

INDELIBLE MARKING INK.—To make this ink, press the juice from a sufficient number of ripe sloes to make half a pint, then burn two ounces of horse beans in a tin shovel, or old saucepan lid, and putting them in a linen rag, simmer them in the sloe juice for about an hour. Strain the decoction thus made through a muslin bag and it is ready for use. Take care that the article to be marked is perfectly dry before doing so. When washed, the marks on the linen will be of a purple colour, and cannot be removed by chemical means.

JAPAN VARNISH.—Take oil of turpentine eight ounces, oil of lavender six ounces, copal two ounces, camphor one drachm. Use a suitable degree of heat. This is a transparent varnish, used for tin ware.

NEWLY-INVENTED WRITING FLUID.—Take half a pound of green copperas, a quarter of a pound of logwood, and two quarts of rain water; boil it gently in an iron vessel with a close lid for the space of an hour; put in two drachms of gum arabic in the lump, and strain it off in two days.

ODORIFEROUS ESPRIT.—Take two drachms of oil of rosemary, two pints of spirits of wine, half an ounce of essence of Tonquin bean, twelve drops of oil of origanum, twenty ditto of cassia, ten ditto of cajuput, one drachm of tincture of angelica, six drachms of bergamot, one drachm of oil of cloves, two drachms each of essence of lemon, essence of musk, and essence of ambergris, six drops each of essence of almonds and otto of rose, mixed altogether.

LAVENDER WATER.—Take an ounce each of English oil of lavender and bergamot, a pint of rectified spirits of wine, and four cloves. Shake them well together and let stand a month, then add two ounces of distilled water, and distil.

SOAP FOR IMPROVING THE COLOUR.—Dilute two ounces of Venice soap in two ounces of lemon juice; add one ounce of oil of bitter-almonds, and a like quantity of oil of tartar. Mix the whole, and stir it till it has acquired the consistence of honey.

TO CLEAN PAPER-WORK.—Articles made of papier-maché require careful cleaning. Boiling water will spoil them. Soap and water, moderately warm, will remove grease spots, &c.; and then polish with a little sweet oil and woollen cloth.

TO OBTAIN THE TRUE SHAPE AND FIBRES OF A LEAF.—Rub the back of it gently with any hard substance, so as to bruise the fibres; then apply a small quantity of linseed oil to their edges; after which press the leaf on white paper, and upon removing it, a perfect representation of every ramification will appear, and the whole may be coloured from the original.

WATERPROOF CLOTH.—The following is the Chinese method of rendering cloth waterproof.—To one ounce of white wax, melted, add one quart of spirits of turpentine, which, when thoroughly mixed and cold, dip the cloth in and hang it up to dry. By this cheap and easy method, muslin, as well as the strongest cloths, will be rendered impenetrable to the hardest rains, without the pores being filled up, or any injury done, when the cloth is coloured.

TO STAIN WOOD A FINE BLACK.—Drop a little oil of vitriol into a small quantity of water, rub the same on your wood, then hold it to the fire until it becomes a fine black, and when polished it will become exceedingly beautiful.

AMALGAM OF GOLD.—Amalgams of gold or silver are thus formed:—Put two drachms of mercury into a crucible, and heat it until a vapour be seen to arise from it; then throw into the crucible one drachm of gold or silver, and stir it with an iron rod. When the gold or silver is known to be fused, the amalgam is then formed, and should be poured into a basin of cold water. When cool, pour off the water, and collect the amalgam, which will be a yellowish silvery mass of about the consistency of soft butter. This, after being bruised in a mortar, or shaken in a strong phial with repeated portions of salt and water (till the water cease to be fouled by it), is fit for use, and may be kept for any length of time without injury in a corked phial.

VARNISH FOR PAPER.—Dilute a quarter of a pound of Venice turpentine with a gill of spirits of wine; if too thick add a little more spirit till you bring your varnish to the consistence of milk; lay a coat of this on your print, and when dry it will shine like glass and resist water.

CHINESE FIRE.—Chlorate of potassa two ounces, sulphur six ounces, charcoal eight ounces, steel filings ten ounces, nitre twelve ounces, and meal powder one pound. Reduce the whole of the ingredients to a fine powder, and well mix them.

WHITE FLAME.—Take sifted charcoal and chlorate of potassa one ounce each, bismuth filings two ounces, camphor, in fine powder, three ounces, and meal powder nine ounces.

HINDOO LUSTRES.—Bismuth filings half an ounce, chlorate of potassa half an ounce, sulphuret of antimony one ounce, sifted sulphur one ounce and a half, sifted nitre two ounces, sifted resin three ounces and a half, pounded shell-las two ounces and a half, and meal powder nine ounces.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* Letters for the Editor must in future be addressed to 170, Fleet-street.

J. P.—Lest your manuscript should be of service to you, we have left it to your address at our office, 170, Fleet-street. We sincerely regret that it is not suitable for our pages.

T. J.—We shall in good time publish our index and title page for the first volume. We do not intend to print the picture you mention in our weekly number. A position is generally used: we are not medical, but we successfully used it ourselves some years ago.

Mr. H.—In last week's number we made reference to the Institution for the Cure of Diseases in the Ear.

The *Humble Miss M.*—Number 34 was sent to you on Friday, the 20th instant, by post, duly stamped. Should it not arrive safely at the Royal island, Mr. Rowland Hill's underpaid postmen have kidnapped it.

Victor.—You know as well as we do that from Scylla to Charybdis is the same as from the "frying-pan into the fire," a choice of two distinct evils. Charybdis, we learn from Virgil, proved fatal to a portion of the fleet of Ulysses, and the poet appends a *Har:* "*Incidit in Scyllam qui vult vitare Charybdis.*"

which has become a proverb. It appears that the other vortex Scylla was in close proximity. The ancients have a funny legend regarding Charybdis. They say she was a thief, stole the oxen of Hercules, and by Jupiter was turned into a whirlpool. All our thieves are such; sucking in neighbouring property. We cannot read your extract from Horace. You have left out a word, and we presume, have misquoted another. As we do not at present remember the ode from which your imperfect and illegible extract is taken, we cannot say more about it. Lord Bacon wrote his *Novum Organum* in Latin. It has been translated, but you will find no difficulty in following his lordship in his Latinity, for though chaste and rigidly classical, he avoids all the ambiguities of Tacitus and the elaborate phraseologies of Cicero. He is simple, clear, and easily comprehended, and will be to you a pioneer to the more abstruse Roman authors. Thomas Aquinas wrote in monkish Latin. It is easily understood by any one conversant with French or English; who is acquainted with the *verbe* of Latinity. We never heard of any work by the *Admirable Critchton*. He has an unbounded fame, but better scholars in a brighter time have since appeared. He was ready and flashy, and therefore in such an age wonderful. Parr, Johnson, and Porson would have shut his mouth in less than no time.

S. B. T.—You quote Flemish, or some other northern corruption; it is not French, not even old French. Where you have got it you don't say, and you need not care, for it means nothing beyond stating a fact which any one conversant with similar dialects may guess to be that *necessity excludes law*; or as the old saying goes, "need makes the old wife trot."

Rever.—We have several times stated that the Industrial Exhibition will be opened to the public on the 1st of May, 1851, which happens to be on Thursday. You will find no difficulty of access, as it is very probable the great crush will be during July, August, and September, when the more distant countries shall have sent in their specimens. You say you are "Rover and a constant reader," but we presume you are a careless one, for on many occasions, and in replying to correspondents, we have stated our wish to enlarge this Journal, if the public will give us, and not our profane rivals, its countenance. Let our sale be simply doubled, and we, without delay, double the size of the *Penny Illustrated News*. We are not conversant with the contents of the *Family Herald*, but as it sells its tens of thousands it is probably of what is termed a popular complexion. We do not compete with these papers for the million.

H. S.—Our London billiard rooms are infested by the *hitherto* unconvicted members of the swell-mob. You will *assuredly* lose your money and as *assuredly* leave your morals among these plausible villains. In what are termed private rooms you will often be victimised by a cozening trickster. Keep away from them till—we were going to say you are twenty—but we considerably say till you are eighty years of age.

St. Martin's.—Your communication has been received: It shall be perused.

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HARDWICK HALL.

HARDWICK HALL is a perfect specimen of a mansion at the commencement of the seventeenth century.

The appearance of Hardwick as you first come upon it is very striking. On the brow of a bold and commanding hill stands a massive-looking edifice, thickly overgrown with ivy, and evidently fallen into complete ruin. Close by it is seen another structure, also of antique appearance, but in perfect repair. The forms of these buildings project strongly from the dense woods that rise beyond and on either side of them. As you draw nearer, the more modern mansion loses nothing of the interest its first appearance excited. The quaint uncommon character of the architecture at once recalls its date, and brings to the me-

mory a busy crowd of associations; and what appeared at a distance to be the elaborate carved battlements of the towers—resolving itself, when close at hand, into the well-known E S—reminds you that it is the work of the famous “castle-building” Countess of Shrewsbury. But not merely on the turrets of the Hall has she set her mark: every part within and without bears the stamp of stout “Bess of Hardwick.” The house is very large, and in the quaintest form of the Elizabethan style of architecture; the walls are pierced with numerous large windows, many of them forming goodly bays; at the angles are towers, which, as was said, have the initials of the Countess pierced in the parapet that surmounts them. Round the top of

the building is carried a balustrade. The wall which surrounds the garden partakes of the quaintness of style that distinguishes the building itself. The central gateway, by which you enter, is rather a fine structure; and with the other erections at the angles of the wall, accords well with the house. The elaborate quaintness seems so characteristic, and is so consistently maintained throughout, that the building produces altogether a degree of pleasure which more classic piles often fail to excite. It has, happily, escaped almost unaltered from the first, and it is now preserved with the most scrupulous care. It is the property of the Duke of Devonshire, who occasionally resides in it for a few weeks; else, although quite habitable, it is not occupied.

REVENGE: OR, REGINALD AND ANGELINA.

AN HISTORICAL TALE OF ROME.

By the Author of "The Brothers," an Historical Tale of the Seventeenth Century, &c. &c.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

At this moment Antonino approached to inform the Chevalier that the Swiss troops were retreating in every direction, closely pursued by the victors, at whose head was Valentino. But what was his grief on finding that Aladino was severely wounded, and his astonishment on learning that one of the youths, whose prowess he had remarked more than once during the conflict, was no other than his adored Juliana. He was almost overcome by so many conflicting emotions, but feeling it was not a time for words or tears, and apprehensive lest the scene should unman him, he hastily collected about a hundred of his men, had the Chevalier's wound dressed, placed him on a litter, procured steeds for his Juliana and Reginald's young bride—for the other courageous youth proved to be no other—requested them to return to the forest of Campo-Formo, where he hoped quickly to rejoin them, and dashed after his victorious troops.

It was with the greatest reluctance Angelina consented to accompany this little band back to the forest, for she had resolved to assist in rescuing Reginald, or perish in the attempt, and this duty had not yet been accomplished; but Antonino had sworn to save and return with him to the forest of Campo-Formo before the setting of the sun; hence it was that she at length complied with Antonino's request.

Courageous, devoted, loving maidens, what trials had you not undergone—what grief had you not experienced! Let us hope, however, that brighter days were in store for you.

CHAPTER XI.

We must now leave the wounded Chevalier, his fair companions, and the little troop, which served as an escort, to pursue their way to the forest of Campo-Formo, whilst we follow Antonino, Valentino, and the victorious soldiers in their career of glory. Many of the Papal troops, as we have already stated, fled in different directions, but the majority of them retreated towards the Capitol, whither the Pope, Cardinals, and the company of Swiss guards had sought a refuge with their prisoner, determined, if possible, to prevent his falling into the hands of the Chevalier's troops, so great was their thirst for vengeance on one who had embraced the reformed religion. The death of Colletti, by the hand of Reginald, was, in the eyes of the Pope and the Cardinals, a secondary consideration, when in juxtaposition with the awful crime of being opposed to their hypocritical doctrine; but, although they would gladly have immolated the young man at once, they scarcely dared to do so; the action would have been too barefaced—too glaring.

Antonino quickly rejoined his troops, who were closely pursuing the retreating Swiss, and dealing death and destruction around. The retaliation was indeed awful—tremendous! The streets between the Corso and the Capitol were literally strewn with the dead and dying, and the shrieks, groans, and cries of the wounded were heart-rending. Yes, the judgment of heaven had at length fallen with terrible effect on those monsters, who had been the cause of so much misery, grief, and woe; whose administration had been so tyrannical and

despotic, so obnoxious and disgusting to the feelings of every true patriot and generous hearted person, whether patrician or plebeian, that for years popular outbreaks and demonstrations had only been prevented by the aid of Swiss bayonets.

By this time the fighting was principally confined to the front of the Capitol and the contiguous streets, whither the bulk of the Swiss troops had retreated. At this moment Antonino might have been seen under the gates of the Capitol hastily giving orders to the brave Valentino, the Chevalier's Lieutenant, on whom, since Aladino had been wounded, the command principally devolved. His orders were to complete the defeat of the Swiss troops, whilst he, with about a hundred picked men, stormed the Capitol, and rescued Reginald, if possible. Accordingly, the conflict without was continued with redoubled fury, while the Capitol was quickly stormed, for the resistance was but feeble, it only being defended by the company of guards who had served as an escort to the Pope and the Cardinals. Although the guards fought gallantly, they were quickly cut down, and the edifice entered by Antonino and his victorious band. Before proceeding to search the different apartments of this immense structure, Antonino enjoined all, under pain of death, not to touch an article, his sole object being the rescue of Reginald.

Antonino rushed up the first flight of stairs, followed by the whole band; on the landing directly facing him, was a ponderous door, securely locked and bolted. He ordered his men to burst it open, which was immediately done, when Antonino was the first to bound into the apartment, hoping to find his friend Reginald, who, however, was not there; but, great heavens! what a spectacle presented itself to his bewildered eyes! There, on a kind of ottoman, and surrounded by several female attendants, was extended the once beautiful, captivating, dazzling Florino, in the last agonies of death: Her once magnificent features were horribly distorted, and assumed a greenish appearance, whilst her eyes were like balls of fire, and seemed ready to burst from their sockets. This afflicting scene thrilled Antonino's whole frame with a mingled feeling of grief, terror, and horror, and he stood aghast, with glaring eyes and open mouth, scarcely knowing whether he was awake or dreaming.

Then, by a desperate effort, recovering himself from the effects of the shock which this sad, terrible scene had occasioned him; he inquired of one of the females the cause of so sad a calamity, who informed him that the young girl had been poisoned. It appeared that the Pope had become so despotic and cruel even towards his domestics, that one or other of them had resolved to be revenged on the tyrant for some cruel treatment, and had administered poison to his food and drink, of which, unfortunately, his niece had partaken; hence the cause of her present deplorable condition, and the change in the appearance of the Pontiff, which had been remarked by several persons, as he proceeded to the Corso in company with the Cardinals.

Desirous of quitting this apartment, which presented to his view a spectacle at once so horrible and heart-rending, and aware that every kind of human aid was useless, he commanded his men, the majority of whom had entered the chamber, to withdraw, which they did, when he quickly followed them, and ascended another flight of stairs, at the top of which was another door. This, too, was securely barred and bolted; but it soon yielded to the united efforts of Antonino and several of the band. The young man had determined to search every nook and corner of this gigantic edifice, in quest of Reginald: and this time, his efforts were crowned with signal success. At the extremity of the apartment sat Reginald, bound hand and foot, and guarded by two Swiss soldiers, one of whom, on perceiving Antonino, who entered the chamber first, hastily drew his sword, and was on the point of stabbing their prisoner to the heart, when, quick as lightning, and before he could raise his arm to strike the fatal blow, he was shot through the brain by Antonino, reeled, and fell dead at the feet of Reginald. The next moment the two young men were embracing each other; whilst Antonino's men secured the other soldier, who offered not the slightest resistance; for, on seeing his comrade so suddenly disposed of by Antonino, and so many of the band make their appearance at the same time, he deemed it prudent to surrender, it being the only means of avoiding a similar fate.

"My friend, my brother, my preserver!" murmured Reginald, as the tears trickled down his pale, but, handsome manly countenance.

"Cheer up, my boy," said Antonino gaily, "we have avenged thee. Yes, we have taught the tyrants a lesson which they will not easily forget. The greater portion of our troops, at the head of whom is Valentino, thy uncle's brave Lieutenant, is at this moment finishing the defeat of the Swiss



soldiers. It has been a sanguinary conflict, Reginald; but, thank God, we have triumphed!"

"Would to heaven I had been there, to have assisted you in chastising those demons!" cried the young man passionately; "but no matter," he continued in a calmer tone, and warmly pressing Antonino's hands, "thou hast, no doubt, worthily performed thy promise."

"We have, indeed," returned Antonino, "as the horrid spectacle on the Corso, and in the streets which lead therefrom, will attest"

"Thanks—a thousand thanks!" cried Reginald, again embracing Antonino, "for thy devotion and perseverance. God! but for your opportune arrival, I should now have been a lifeless mass!"

"True, true," said Antonino; let us not, however, think of the past, but of the future."

"Yes, yes," resumed Reginald, "and where is my adored wife, my beloved uncle, and cousin? Are they all safe? Oh! speak, speak, my friend!"

"Yes, they are safe, but, your uncle is slightly wounded, nothing more: he was wounded on the Corso, and I deemed it advisable to despatch him back to the forest of Campo-Forno, where we were encamped the whole of yesterday, and during the night."

And my Angelina and cousin, your affianced, Antonino, are they safe at the Castle of Ultranto?"

"They are quite safe, Reginald," replied Antonino, "but they are with your uncle."

"With the Chevalier?" demanded Reginald, in astonishment. "What mean you, Antonino?"

"I mean," rejoined the young man, "that those courageous, devoted, angelic beings, accompanied us in our march, fought side by side on the Corso, saved my life and that of your uncle's more than once during the conflict, and, in brief, comforted themselves with the daring and intrepidity of veteran soldiers!"

"Can it be possible!" exclaimed Reginald in the most profound astonishment; "but why did you permit them to accompany you, my friend?"

"We knew it not Reginald," returned Antonino, "until a few moments before I left the Corso. Your uncle had just slain the Governor of Rome in a terrific hand-to-hand encounter when he was suddenly set upon from behind by a dastardly Swiss soldier, who had already desperately wounded him, and was about to repeat the blow, when your sweet, courageous cousin, in the garb of a volunteer, dashed up to him, pierced the assassin through the heart, and caught her sire in her arms at the moment he was about to fall from loss of blood. Then it was that the Chevalier recognised in the intrepid youth—as he presumed, and whom he had observed more than once during the action combating so courageously—his beloved child. At this moment I arrived, as also did the other brave youth, as we had believed, who, however, was no other than Angelina, your beautiful loving bride. Oh! Reginald," continued Antonino, "the scene was touching in the extreme—affecting—heart-rending; and, notwithstanding my desire to address, and embrace them, I dared not, for it would have unmanned—unnerved me. I consequently hastened to have steeds prepared for the maidens, and a letter for your uncle, with an escort of a hundred of our men, after which, and without pronouncing a syllable—I dashed off to your rescue, and, thank God, I have accomplished my task!"

(To be Continued.)

ORIGIN OF THE NAMES OF THE STATES OF AMERICA.

1. Maine was so called as early as 1633, from Maine, in France, of which Henrietta Maria, Queen of England, was at that time proprietor.

2. New Hampshire was the name given to the territory conveyed by the Plymouth Company to Captain John Mason, by patent, Nov. 7, 1639, with reference to the patentee, who was Governor of Portsmouth, in Hampshire, England.

3. Vermont was so called by the inhabitants in their declaration of independence, Jan. 16, 1777, from the French *vert*, green, and *mont*, mountain.

4. Massachusetts derived its name from a tribe of Indians in the neighbourhood of Boston. The tribe is supposed to have derived its name from the Blue Hills of Milton. "I have learned," says Roger Williams, "that the Massachusetts were so called from the Blue Hills."

5. Rhode Island was so called in 1644, in reference to the Island of Rhodes, in the Mediterranean.

6. Connecticut was so called from the Indian name of its principal river.

7. New York (originally called New Netherlands) was so called in reference to the Duke of York and Albany to whom this territory was granted.

8. New Jersey (originally called New Sweden) was so named in 1644, in compliment to Sir George Carteret, one of its original proprietors, who had defended the island of Jersey against the Long Parliament during the civil war of England.

9. Pennsylvania was so called in 1681 after William Penn, the founder of Philadelphia.

10. Delaware was so called in 1703 from Delaware Bay, on which it lies, and which received its name from Lord De la Warr, who died in this bay.

11. Maryland was so called in honour of Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I., in his patent to Lord Baltimore, June 30, 1682.

12. Virginia was so called in 1584, after Elizabeth, the virgin Queen of England.

13 and 14. Carolina (North and South) was so called in 1664 by the French, in honour of Charles IX. of France.

15. Georgia was so called in 1772, in honour of George II.

16. Alabama was so called in 1817, from its principal river.

17. Mississippi was so called in 1790, from its western boundary. Mississippi is said to denote the whole river; that is, the river formed by the union of many.

18. Louisiana was so called in honour of Louis XVI. of France.

19. Tennessee was so called in 1790, from its principal river. The word Tennessee is said to signify a curved spoon.

20. Kentucky was so called in 1782, from its principal river.

21. Illinois was so called in 1809, from its principal river. The word is said to signify the river of men.

22. Indiana was so called in 1802, from the American Indians.

23. Ohio was so called in 1802, from its southern boundary.

24. Missouri was so called in 1821, from its principal river.

25. Michigan was so called in 1805, from the lake on its borders.

26. Arkansas was so called in 1819, from its principal river.

27. Florida was so called from Juan Ponce de Leon, in 1562, because it was discovered on Easter Sunday, in Spanish, *Pascua Florida*.

28. Texas was so called by the Spaniards in 1690, who that year drove out a colony of French, who had established themselves at Matagorda, and made their first permanent settlement.

29. Wisconsin was so named in 1836, from the river of the same name, when the territorial government was formed.

30. Iowa was so called in 1838, after a tribe of Indians of the same name, and a separate territorial government formed.

THE UPHOLSTERER BEE.

THERE is a little insect, an ingenious, industrious little creature, that invariably employs the red poppy in building her cell. This wild bee, called the upholsterer bee, from its habits, leads a solitary life, but she takes a vast deal of pains in behalf of her young. About the time when the wild poppy begins to blossom, this little insect flies into a corn field, looks out for a dry spot of ground, usually near some pathway; here she bores a hole about three inches in depth, the lower portion being wider than the mouth, and quite a toil it must be to so small a creature to make the excavation; it is very much as if a man were to clear out the cellars for a large house with his hands only. But this is only the beginning of her task: when the cell is completed, she then flies away to the nearest poppy, which, as she very well knows, cannot be far off in a corn field; she cuts out a bit of the scarlet flower, carries it to the nest, and spreads it on the floor like a carpet; again she returns to the blossom and brings home another piece, which she lays over the first. When the floor is covered with several layers of this soft scarlet carpeting, she proceeds to line the sides throughout in the same way, until the whole is well surrounded with these handsome hangings. This brilliant cradle she makes for one little bee, laying only a single egg amid the flower leaves. Honey and bee-bread are then collected and piled up to the height of an inch; and when the store is completed, the scarlet curtains are drawn loose over the hole, and the cell is close, the careful mother replacing the earth as neatly as possible, so that after she has finally smoothed the spot over, it is difficult to discover a cell you may have seen open the day before.



THE COUNT DE PARIS.

THIS youthful prince is now a claimant of the French crown. He is the eldest son of the late Duke of Orleans, who, by an accident, lost his life, some years ago. He was born on the 24th of August, 1838, and is, therefore, now in his thirteenth year. Although a simple, innocent boy, the ambitious party, who espouse, for their own aggrandisement, the cause of the House of Orleans, will yet make his name the watch-word of a new and ferocious revolution. His early years may delay the political demonstration, but, sooner or later, thirst for power of his false friends will precipitate France in another convulsion.

But even this youth himself may catch the infection, for, as the poet says,—

"O energy divine of great ambition!

That can inform the souls of beardless boys,
And ripen them to men, in spite of nature."

If such be the unhappy tendency of his disposition, there is

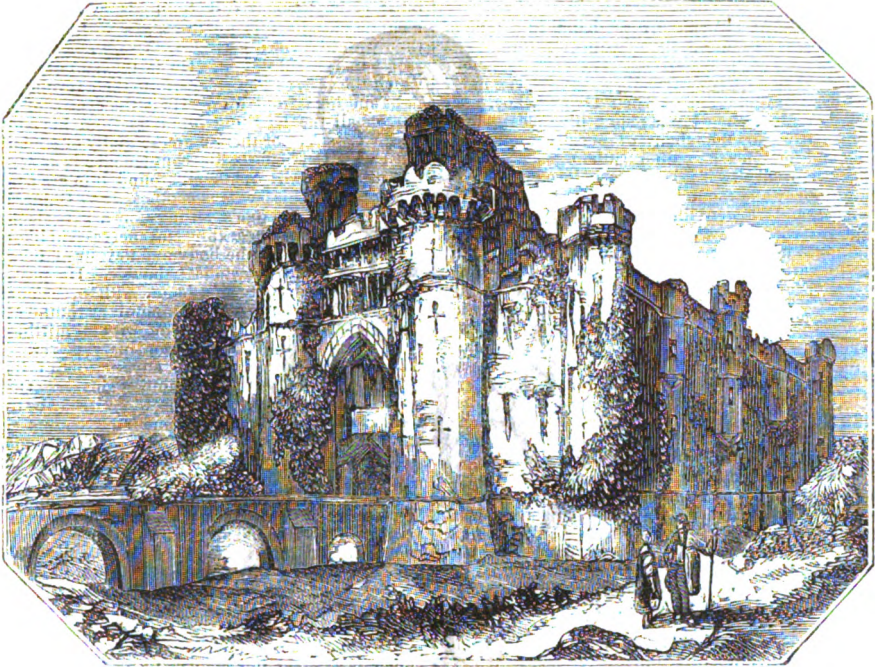
a time coming when he will look back on the peaceful years he passed at Claremont as the wisest and the happiest of his life.

There is a sad fatality attending the history of the House of Orleans. Within the last sixty years the great-grandfather of this prince was publicly executed in Paris. His grandfather, Louis Philippe, underwent countless miseries, and his father was thrown out of his carriage and killed. Without any mysterious aid from superstition, it is evident that the political tendencies of the party with which the Orleans branch of the Bourbons is connected are not in agreement with the mind of the people of France, and that the attempt to rule is fraught with a thousand elements of danger. It would be wise in this youth to follow the example of Cromwell's son, and seek and find, in the quiet of private life, the true happiness of man.

THE LITTLENES AND GREATNESS OF MAN.

MAN's place on the earth seems to lie in a wonderfully narrow compass, when we compare the thin envelope of air to which our existence is limited with the bulk of the earth, on the one hand, or with the abysses of space on the other. The sheet of varnish which covers an artificial globe is not thinner, in proportion to the body which it surrounds, than is this shallow pond of air in which we live, compared with the vast subjacent body of the earth. Within this thin, invisible medium, all the generations of man, since the creation of the world, have played their parts—planting and reaping, founding states and cities, and waging war by sea and land. Through its vital envelope man may range horizontally, as far as the surface of the globe extends, but a depth of a few miles bounds his sphere of locomotion vertically. Below this limit the solidity of the earth opposes an impenetrable barrier to his explorations downward; above it the tenuity of the ether equally baffles his efforts to ascend. But confined in bodily presence though he is, man darts his intellect into the worlds beyond, weighs his own planet against the suns and planets of the external abyss, calculates the law which prescribes their motions and periods, and of the wandering host of heaven makes guides and sentinels for his own paths over the desert and the ocean. Arguing from the seen to the unseen, he speculates on the condition of the interior of the globe, estimates the heat and density of its parts at different

depths, and determines the disposition of the strata of rock and water which underlie any given point of its surface. But the surface itself, and the lower stratum of the air, are his proper and peculiar sphere; and narrow as these limits are when compared with the vast dimensions of all around and above them, God has so disposed the objects existing within them—has so proportioned the faculties of man to the phenomena which immediately surround him, that [there is no emotion of sublimity and grandeur comprehensible by our nature which may not be called forth in our daily walk by objects perceptible to the naked eye, by sound audible to the unassisted ear, and forces tangible by the bare hand. The vault of heaven, seen by the shepherd on the hills, is as great and glorious a spectacle as can be realised by the most strenuous imagination of the astronomer. We may reflect that the mountains which surround us would seem but mole-hills, and the torrent which flows by our feet a thread hardly discernible, in the eyes of beings capable of beholding the surface of the earth from a sufficient distance: yet there is a capacity for ideas of magnitude and grandeur in our nature which the aspect of the mountains actually seen by us does not fill; and if we would paint to ourselves the mighty vortex of the world, and suns, and stars running the races of eternity, from the ends of space, round the central throne of the universe, we shall find no image in our minds of greater or nobler adequacy than that of the actual running river visibly evident to our senses.



HERSTMONCEAUX CASTLE, SUSSEX.

FROM the stern looking castle of the Norman dynasty, with its huge keep, its long array of defensive provisions, its prison-like windows and inaccessible situation—to the manor-house of the Tudor and Stuart period, with its sunny bays and oriels, and picturesque assemblage of gables, and cheerful prospect, the transition was not immediate. There came first a time when comfort and somewhat of ornament began to be sought after, while security was not overlooked. The form of a castle was still retained, but not the dreariness of it. It was thought sufficient for a mansion by means of its thick and embattled walls, its strong towers and pierced turrets, its moat and drawbridges, to withstand the casual attack of any wandering band, although incapable of enduring a regular siege. Of these "castellated mansions" Herstmonceux Castle is

perhaps the finest remaining example; it is generally thought to be the oldest existing edifice constructed of brick after the re-introduction of that material. It was built in 1440, by Sir Roger de Fiennes, who was treasurer to Henry VI., and who obtained from that monarch a license "to embattle and fortify his manor-house at Herstmonceux," and to enlarge his park to six hundred acres. This Sir Roger had attended Henry V. in his French wars with a retinue of thirty men-at-arms and archers. The Fiennes family had succeeded to the estate, in the reign of Edward II., by the marriage of a Sir John de Fiennes, with Maud, the heiress of the De Hursts, a Norman family to whom the manor was granted by the Conqueror.

"HAVEN'T THE CHANGE."

It was house cleaning time, and I had an old woman at work scrubbing and cleaning the paint.

"Polly is going," said one of the domestics, as the twilight began.

"Very well, tell her that I shall want her to-morrow."

"I think she would like to have her money for to-day's work," said the girl. I took out my purse and found I had nothing in it but gold. "I haven't the change this evening," said I, "tell her that I'll pay her for both day's to-morrow."

The girl left the room, and I thought no more of Polly for an hour. Tea time had come and passed; when one of my domestics, who was rather communicative in her habit, said to me, "I don't think Polly liked you not paying her this evening."

"She must be very unreasonable, then," said I, without reflection; "I sent her word that I had no change. How could she expect that I could pay?"

"Some people are queer, you know," remarked the girl, who had made the communication more for the pleasure of telling it than anything else.

I kept thinking over what the girl had said until other suggestions came into my mind.

"I wish I had sent and got change," said I, as the idea

that Polly might be really in want of the money intruded itself, "It would have been very little trouble."

This was the beginning of a new train of reflections, which did not make me very happy. To avoid a little trouble, I had sent the poor old woman away after a hard day's work without her money. That she stood in need of it was evident from the fact that she had asked for it.

"How very thoughtless in me," said I, as I dwelt longer on the subject.

"What's the matter?" inquired my husband, seeing me look serious.

"Nothing to be very much troubled at," I replied.

"Yet you are troubled."

"I am, and cannot help it. You will, perhaps, smile at me, but small causes sometimes produce much pain. Old Polly has been at work all day, scrubbing and cleaning. When night came she asked for her wages, and I, instead of taking the trouble to get the money for her, sent word that I hadn't any change. I didn't reflect that a poor old woman who has to go out for daily work must need her money as soon as earned. I'm very sorry."

My husband did not reply for some time. My words seemed to have made considerable impression on his mind.

"Do you know where Polly lives?" he inquired at length.

"No, but I will ask the girl." And immediately ringing

the bell, I made inquiries as to where Polly lived; but no one in the house knew.

"It can't be helped now," said my husband in a tone of regret; "but I would be more thoughtful in future. The poor always have need of their money. Their daily labour rarely does more than supply their daily wants. I can never forget a circumstance that occurred when I was a boy. My mother was left a widow when I was about nine years—and she was poor. It was by the labour of her hands she obtained shelter and food for her three little ones. Once—I remember the occurrence as if it had taken place yesterday—we were out of money and food. At breakfast time our last morsel was eaten, and we went through the long day without a taste of bread. We all grew very hungry at night; but our mother encouraged us to be patient a little while longer until she finished the garment she was making, when she would take that and some other work home to a lady, who would pay for the work. Then, she said, we should have a nice supper. At last the work was finished, and I went with my mother to help to carry it home, for she was weak and sickly, and even a light burthen fatigued her. The lady for whom she had made the garment was in good circumstances, and had no want unsupplied that money could supply. When we came to her presence she took the work, and after glancing at it, carelessly said, 'It will do very well.' My mother lingered; perceiving which, the lady said, rather rudely, 'You want your money I suppose. How much does the work come to?' 'Eight shillings,' replied my mother. The lady took out her purse and said, 'I haven't the change this evening. Call over at any time and you shall have it.' And, without giving my mother time earnestly to urge her request, turned from us and left the room. I shall never forget the night that followed. My mother's feelings were sensitive and independent. She could not make known her wants. An hour after our return home she sat weeping, with her children around her, when a neighbour came in, and learning our situation, supplied our present need."

This relation did not make me feel any the more comfortable. Anxiously I waited on the next morning the arrival of Polly. As soon as she came I sent for her, and handing her the money she had earned the day before, said, "I'm sorry I hadn't change for you last night, Polly. I hope you didn't want it very badly."

Polly hesitated a little, and then replied, "Well, ma'am, I did want it very much, or I wouldn't have asked for it. My poor daughter Hetty is sick, and I wanted to get her something nice to eat."

"I am sorry," said I, with sincere regret. "How is Hetty this morning?"

"She isn't so well, ma'am, and I feel very uneasy about her."

"Come up to me in half an hour, Polly," said I.

The old woman went down stairs. When she appeared again, according to my desire, I had a basket for her, in which were some wine, sugar, fruit, and various little matters that I thought her daughter would relish, and told her to go at once and take them to the sick girl. Her expressions of gratitude touched my feelings deeply. Never since have I omitted, under any pretence, to pay the poor their wages as soon as earned.

LABLACHE.

LABLACHE is the oldest and the best-established favourite of her Majesty's Theatre. He made his first appearance in this country some twenty years ago, and from that time, with the exception, we believe, of one year's secession, he has returned hither every spring with increased popularity. Twenty years is a long test applied to public performers; and he that could pass such an ordeal of time must possess merits of the very highest order, which could conquer the appetite for novelty, and overcome the fickleness of popular applause. All this Lablache has effected. The public, so far from being wearied at the long-continued cry of "Lablache the Great," as were the Athenians of hearing Aristides everlastingly called "the Just," elevates him if possible into greater popularity yearly. His place is not to be supplied; no other *artiste*, not even Herr Formes, could compensate for his loss. Independently of his powers as an actor and a singer, so great a lover is he of his art, that he will undertake with delight the most trifling character in order to ensure the success of a piece. From *Brabantio* to *Don Pasquale*—from *Marino Faliero* to *Dandolo*. Through all the gradations of passion and humour, he exhibits a superior insight into humanity, and with the finest dramatic artifice and discrimination he

seizes on the salient points and strikes them out into bold relief, giving life and verisimilitude to its abstractions. In a comic part he fills up the stage with his acting, no less than with his voice and size. Every character around him seems merely subsidiary. He is the sun of humour, about which the rest, as planets, perform their revolutions, deriving light and heat from him. He is the centre of gravity, that attracts all the laughing humours from his auditory. You we say *gravity*, nor therein are we guilty of a "bull." In the most whimsical efforts his countenance is as serious as that of a mid-day owl. While all around him are convulsed with cackinnations, his face is as composed as a Chinese mandarin's or a Spanish *hidalgo's* sitting for a genealogical portrait. His comedy is not sparkling and effervescent like champagne, it partakes more of the body and flavour of toky; you may sip it—the smallest taste is palatable. He possesses somewhat of the stolidity of *Liston*, with occasionally the rich raciness of *Downton*. His humour is as retentive as his person, and his person is a hoghead of wit and mirth. Lablache's voice is an organ of most extraordinary power. It is impossible by description to give any notion of its volume of sound. He is an *opicleide* among singers. One may have some idea of this power of tone, when it may be truly asserted that with the entire opera band and chorus playing and singing *forte*, his voice may be as distinctly and separately heard above them all as a trumpet among violins. He is the very Stentor of vocalists. When he sings he rouses the audience, as the bugle doth the war-horse, or as the songs of *Tyrtæus* re-animated the Spartans. With this prodigious vehicle of sound, his singing is distinguished by superior softness and expression. Lablache is a thorough musician, and no *artiste* on the stage excels him in the knowledge and appliances of his art: He has written a work on the principles of singing, which has been published in England; and he was chosen, some years since, as the vocal instructor of her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria. This great singer is as great in person as he is in fame. He is nearly, if not fully, six feet high. His figure, though exuberant, is portly and commanding; and his entire head one of the finest that ever decorated a human body. Notwithstanding the opinions about his age, and the segnomen of "old," which for many years has attached itself to his name, Lablache is still comparatively young. For the space of twenty years has he been the pride and delight of the frequenters of her Majesty's Theatre. This season Lablache has been particularly fine. His *Caliban*, in Halévy's opera, *Le Tempeste*, has added another wreath to a brow already glowing with these proofs of popularity.

THE PRODUCTION OF FIRE WITHOUT SMOKE.

THE inconveniences occurring in large towns, especially where manufactories are numerous, from the diffusion, in the shape of smoke, of the unconsumed particles of the fuel, and the consequent deterioration of health, have promoted the invention of many methods for the prevention and destruction of smoke. One of the most novel of these inventions is suggested by Mr. D. O. Edwards. It is named the "atmopyre," or solid gas fire. A small cylinder of pipe-clay, varying in length from two to four inches, perforated with holes the fiftieth of an inch in diameter, in imitation of Davy's safety lamp, is employed. The cylinder has a circular hole at one end, which fits upon a "fish-tail" burner; gas is introduced into the exterior of the cylinder, with the air of which it becomes mixed, forming a kind of artificial fire-damp. This mixture is ignited on the outside of the vessel, and burns entirely on the exterior of the earthenware, which is enveloped in a coat of pale blue flame. The clay cylinder, which Mr. Edwards calls a "hood," soon becomes red hot, and presents the appearance of a solid red flame. All the heat of combustion is thus accumulated on the clay, and is thence radiated. One of these cylinders is heated to a dull redness in a minute or two; but an aggregate of these "hoods" placed in a circle or cluster, and enclosed in an argillaceous case, are heated to an orange colour, and the case becomes bright red. By surrounding this "solid gas fire" with a series of cases, one within another, Mr. Edwards has obtained a great intensity of heat, and succeeded in melting gold, silver, copper, and even iron. Mr. Palmer, the engineer of the Western Gas-light Company, by burning two feet of gas in an atmopyre of twelve "hoods," raised the temperature of a room, measuring 8,561 cubic feet, five degrees of Fahrenheit in seventeen minutes. The heat generated by burning gas in this way is 100 per cent. greater than that engendered by the ordinary gas flame, when tested by the evaporation of water. Twenty-five feet of gas, burnt in an atmopyre per hour, produces steam sufficient for one horse power. Hence

the applicability of the invention to baths, brewing, &c. The inventor's attention has been chiefly directed to the warming of invalids' apartments, and for this purpose he employs the following apparatus:—A battery of twelve "hoods" is enclosed in an earthenware case, which, becoming heated to 500 degrees Fahrenheit, forms a repository of heat. This is placed in an outer case of china, terra cotta, or any other ornamental ware. The products of combustion are carried away by a small pipe into the chimney. It would be better to let this pipe remain in *also relieve* in the apartment. The fresh air is brought from outside the dwelling through a tube about six inches in diameter, which communicates, by means of a valvular iron plate with the space between the two cases. The air ascends in this area in large quantities, is warmed in its transient contact with the inner case, enters the room through large holes in the top of the stone, at a blood temperature, and spreads equally through the apartment. This fire presents a cheerful aspect through the wide orifice of the stone, which is covered with glass, and is visible to every inmate. The expense of such a fire is sixpence a day, at the present price of gas: and its application to cooking, evaporating liquids, desiccating aromatic plants, &c., is decidedly economical. Hydrogen burnt in the "atmopyre" produces great heat, and a very bright fire.

THE REMAINS OF JAMES THE SECOND.

THE following curious account was given to me (says a writer in *Notes and Queries*) by Mr. Fitz-Simons, an Irish gentleman, upwards of eighty years of age, with whom I became acquainted when resident with my family at Toulouse in September, 1840; he having resided in that city for many years as a teacher of the French and English languages, and had attended the late Sir William Follett in the former capacity there in 1817. He said—"I was a prisoner in Paris, in the convent of the English Benedictines, in the Rue St Jacques, during part of the Revolution. In the year 1793 or 1794, the body of James the Second of England was in one of the chapels there, where it had been deposited some time, under the expectation that it would be one day sent to England for interment in Westminster Abbey. It had never been buried. The body was in a wooden coffin, enclosed in a leaden one, and that again enclosed in a second wooden one, covered with black velvet. While I was so a prisoner, the sans-culottes broke open the coffins to get at the lead to cast into bullets. The body lay exposed nearly a whole day. It was swaddled like a mummy, bound tight with garters. The sans-culottes took out the body, which had been embalmed. There was a strong smell of vinegar and camphor. The corpse was beautiful and perfect; the hands and nails were very fine; I moved and bent every finger. I never saw so fine a set of teeth in my life. A young lady, a fellow prisoner, wished much to have a tooth; I tried to get one out for her, but could not, they were so firmly fixed. The feet also were very beautiful. The face and cheeks were just as if he were alive. I rolled his eyes; the eyeballs were perfectly firm under my finger. The French and English prisoners gave money to the sans-culottes for showing the body. They said he was a good sans-culotte, and they were going to put him into a hole in the public churchyard like other sans-culottes; and he was carried away, but where the body was thrown I never heard. King George IV. tried all in his power to get tidings of the body, but could not. Around the chapel were several wax moulds of the face hung up, made probably at the time of the King's death, and the corpse was very like them. The body had been originally kept at the palace of St. Germain, whence it was brought to the convent of the Benedictines. Mr. Porter, the prior, was a prisoner at the time in his own convent."

FORECAST.

SOUTHWAY, writing to a friend in 1810, says, "I incline to think there will come a time when public opinion will no more tolerate the extreme of poverty in a large class of the community than it now tolerates slavery in Europe. Meantime it is perfectly clear that the more we can improve the condition of the lower classes, the greater number of customers we procure for the home market, and that if we can make people pay taxes instead of claiming poor rates, the wealth as well as the security of the state is increased. The poor-rates are a momentous subject. I see, or I think I see, palliatives and alleviations, in providing the labourers with garden and grass land, in establishing savings banks, in national education, in affording all possible facilities and encouragement for emigration, and in colonising at home upon our waste lands."

A HIGH AUTHORITY.

MR. CURRAN was once engaged in a legal argument; behind him stood his colleague, a gentleman whose person was remarkably tall and slender, and who had originally intended to take orders. The Judge observed that the case under discussion involved a question of ecclesiastical law. "Then," said Curran, "I can refer your lordship to a high authority behind me, who was once intended for the church, though in my opinion he was fitter for a steeple."

WALK ON.

WALK on! tho' a dark and murky night,
The winds be roaring with ghostly tone;
Tho' there be not a star to bless thy sight,
Yet still—Walk on!
The morning cometh—the day will dawn,
The sun will mount to his radiant throne;
Thou shalt tread thro' a fairy flowery lawn,
Walk on!
Thou of the sad and earnest face;
Thou of the sad and tearful eye;
Shall a smile never dwell where care hath place?
Is nothing left but to droop and die?
Spirits are round thy panting heart,
And their voices chaunt in a hopeful tone;
Thy sorrows in angel hearts have part,
Walk on!

Prophet and teacher, will none believe?
Seemest thou here like a voice alone?
Who bade thee the glorious work to leave?
Speak on! speak on!
Speak on! though thou die thy voice shall be
Lasting, perennial in its tone;
If it ring in a charnel, O never flee!
Speak on! speak on!
Weary wanderers, panting for rest,
Toll onwards and soon the rest shall come;
Labour to bless, and ye shall be blest;
And lo! where the light shines there is your home.
Though the icy breath of the world be round,
And 'neath you the sad and cold grave stone;
Beyond is a clime where all joys are found,
Walk on! Walk on!
We should sorely droop if we could not see
Bright fringes around the thunder cloud;
And cold, and sad, and hopeless he
Who knoweth no life beyond the shroud;
But we, wherever our spirits move,
Will lift up our voice in a prophetic tone;
We go to a land of peace and of love,
Walk on! Walk on!
E. P. HOOD.

THE YEW TREE.

THY ring of the oak, and the felon stroke
That layeth his branches low,
And loud and free for that honoured tree
Their ready numbers flow.
Oh, a thousand lays have sung his praise
(And praise to him is due),
But why pass by with a careless eye
The claim of the sturdy yew?
In the days of yore, ere the cannon's roar
Through startled earth had rung,
The trumpet shrill, o'er dale and hill,
Its notes of battle rung;
And, bearing death on its twanging breath,
The shafted arrow flew—
Oh, a weapon then for Englishmen
Was the archer's bow of yew.
There was Cressy's fight, when the Frenchman's might
Seemed terrible and strong;
There was famed Poitiers, where a host of spears
Gleamed from their battle throng.
In a hostile land was the English band,
Its numbers brave but few;
But a friend in need, and a friend in deed,
Was the sturdy bow of yew.
But those days are past, and a gloom is cast
On the yew tree's solemn brow,
And drear and alone, by gravel and stone
He waveth sadly now;
For the archer bold, through wood and wold
No longer sweeps the dew,
The turf doth rest on his silent breast,
His mourner is the yew.
Then come, let us fill, with a right good will,
To the sturdy old yew tree,
Who hath crowned with fame Old England's name
In many a victory;
And when we are clay, and the light of day
Beams forth on ages new,
Be our ashes laid near the sacred shade
Of the faithful English yew.

USEFUL RECIPES.

(From Dipple's Receipt Book for the Million.)

FAINTING.—Apply to the nostrils and temples some spirits of compound spirits of ammonia, and give a few drops in a wine-glass of water inwardly.

DISORDERS OF THE EYES.—An excellent eye-water. Take eight grains of sugar of lead, sulphate of zinc ten grains, and dissolve them in a pint of spring water.

EYE-OINTMENT.—Dip a feather in a little ointment of tatty, and gently rub it across the eyes every night when going to sleep.

LIP-SALVE.—Melt together two ounces and a half of white wax, three ounces of spermaceti, seven ounces of oil of almonds, one drachm of balsam of Peru, and one ounce and a half of alkanet root wrapped up in a linen bag. Pour the salve into small gallipots or boxes, and cover with bladder and white leather.

ADHESIVE PLASTER.—Take of common or litharge plaster five parts, and white resin one part. Melt them together, and spread the liquid compound thin on strips of linen, by means of a spatula or table-knife. This plaster is very adhesive, and is used for keeping on other dressings, &c.

BOUQUET DE LA REINE.—Take one ounce of essence of bergamot, three drachms of English oil of lavender, half a drachm of oil of cloves, half a drachm of aromatic vinegar, six grains of musk, and one and a half pint of rectified spirits of wine. Distil.

WASH FOR DESTROYING BUGS.—Take half an ounce of oxy muriate of mercury, two ounces of muriate of ammonia, and two pints of water, mixed together. Wash the bedstead thoroughly with this wash.

FOR THE TOOTHACHE.—Alum in powder one drachm, nitrous spirits of ether three drachms. Mix and apply it to the tooth on the linen.

ANOTHER.—The following receipt has been used for this distressing complaint with extraordinary success:—Take sulphuric ether one drachm, camphor half a drachm. Dissolve and add ammonia (strong) one drachm, creosote ten drops, tincture of opium one drachm.

ARTIFICIAL SPA WATER.—Natron prepared twenty grains, magnesia a scruple, tincture of steel ten drops, muriate of soda three grains, water six pints, oil of vitriol eight drops. Add all the ingredients together before adding the acid, and cork up immediately.

TO TAKE OUT MILDEW.—Take soap, and rub it well; then scrape some fine chalk, and rub that also in the linen; lay it on the grass; as it dries wet it a little, and it will quickly disappear.

POMADE DYE.—Take four drachms of nitrate of silver, dissolved in an ounce of nitric acid, to which add two ounces of iron filings. Let them stand together for five or six hours; add to it about half an ounce of distilled water; pour off the fluid, and mix with lard, to which put one ounce of oatmeal finely powdered. This pomade is used for dyeing hair for wigs.

STYPTIC WATER.—Dissolve twenty grains of sulphate of copper, one drachm of sulphate of alum, and add twenty drops of sulphuric acid. Useful application for fresh wounds to stop hemorrhage.

TO DYE COTTON A PUCK COLOUR.—Boil the cotton in archil to a full violet, then handle it quickly through your blue vat; it must then be taken from the vat, rinsed, and passed through weak sumach water, and saddened in copperas.

SHAVING PASTE.—Spermaceti, almond oil, and white wax, of each an ounce, melt, and whilst warm beat in eight squares of Windsor soap, previously reduced to a paste, with rose water.

TO KILL COCKROACHES.—A teaspoonful of well bruised plaster of Paris, mixed with double the quantity of oatmeal, to which add a little sugar; then strew it on the floor, or in the chinks where they frequent.

DRAFFNESS.—Syringe the ears well with some warm milk and oil; then take a quarter of an ounce of liquid opodeldoc, and as much oil of almonds; mix them well, and drop a few drops into each ear, stopping them with a little cotton or wool; repeat every night going to rest. Keep the bowels very open. Try a few gentle shocks of electricity.

TO CLEAN KID GLOVES.—First see that your hands are clean, then put on your gloves and wash them, as though you were washing your hands, in a basin of turpentine, until quite clean; then hang them up in a warm place, or where there is a good current of air, which will carry off all smell of the turpentine.

HAIRDYE.—Take two drachms of silver, half an ounce of steel filings, and an ounce of nitric acid, and eight ounces of rain water. Pour off the supernatant liquor, which constitutes the dye. To be applied by brushing with a clothes brush. Although there is a great objection to the use of nitrate of silver as a dye, from its liability to darken the skin, nevertheless it is very far preferable to caustic earths, from their almost certainty to act as depilatories.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

. Letters for the Editor must in future be addressed to 170, Fleet-street.

A. C.—Biology is the name given by Dr. Darwin to his peculiar system, or phase of meamerism. The full title of this American jugglery is "Electro-Biology." We observe that in Glasgow, where the Doctor has been lecturing, and exhibiting specimens of trances, a very warm controversy has arisen between Mr. Clark and Mr. McKemie; the former asserting the truth of the spiritual influence, and the latter, with his well-known heat and haste, denouncing it as a quackery of the most unblushing complexion. Some years ago we met the famous Mr. Spencer T. Hall, who so powerfully operated on Miss Martineau. He proved most satisfactorily that a meameric influence could be exerted over the susceptible; but, as he himself said, he knew not what it was. It is probably magnetic or electric; but, before you are many years older, it is probable the active intelligence of our time will have resolved the question. There are really many more things in heaven and earth than have been dreamt of in any system of philosophy.

E. Y. O.—We are still arranging for "The Salt of the Century." The expense necessarily incurred to do it well would require, for remuneration, an additional sale of not less than two thousand copies weekly. If, therefore, our sale should remain at its present number, our loss would be considerable. It is our determination to have none rather than imperfectly finished likenesses of the persons portrayed. If we succeed in our present plans, we feel confident that our subscribers will have full value for their money. Though, as you say, our periodical is small, we shall for a week or two longer, continue to insert a careful selection of the recipes. They are found (as many letters prove) of service to a great number of our readers. When we promised some directions for the management of parrots, and which we must yet fulfil, though a very small portion of our journal will be required for all we have to say on the subject, we merely followed up the request of several correspondents, who were puzzled with the care of that exotic bird. You must be aware that for our pages such is much more suitable than for those of the *Family Herald*. We devote a column only for the Recipes.

C. H. P.—The siege of Troy took place 1,300 years before the Christian era. As a matter of course, it is somewhat a mystery. Helen, the wife of Menelaus, of Lacedæmon, was persuaded by Paris, the son of Priam, to leave her home and follow him to Troy. After the war she returned to her husband. It is said she was strangled by order of Polyxo, who was King of Rhodes, to which country she had fled, from the persecutions of the sons of her deceased husband. There is so much superstitious fiction in the pages of Homer, and even later Greek authors that the whole Trojan war may be safely regarded as a romance. As a proof of the fantastic character of these poetical historians, it is gravely alleged that this very handsome woman sprang out of an egg. The world is growing wise, and sick of the puerilities of the ancient classics and their gross mythology.

Political.—The expenditure of the United States government is not one-sixth of that of Great Britain. The population is probably about equal. The Electric Telegraph, as a commercial speculation, is a complete failure in this country. In America it yields the shareholders a very handsome per centage.

Price.—The flattering turmoil to which Jenny Lind is so sadly exposed is much beyond any *favor* on record. The Mr. Barnum, who has made the contract with her, is the very person who brought Tom Thumb to England. Mr. Barnum is a man of very considerable property. He is the owner of the famous museum in New York; in fact, he is the great curiosity dealer of the New World. The tickets for Lind's concerts are worth from five to seven pounds sterling. A hatter paid forty-five pounds for the first one, sold by auction. His purpose was simply to bring his name and wares into notice—to make his shop the rage. The list of purchasers is published by the American newspapers, and at the top is the name of Mr. Genia, hatmaker, with 225 dollars attached. This is his method of advertising. It is called New York because it was granted, when a British colony, to the Duke of York.

M. A. C.—We cannot supply No. 36—it is out of print. We shall send you this week's number for your postage stamps.

Calcd.—Desire your townsman, Mr. Shepherd, to order Ockberry's book from his London agent. If it is in print, Dipple or Vickers, or who ever may be his agent, will readily find it.

J. G., F. J., W. K.—The *trio* we leave to take their own course. We expend all we receive from the public on this Journal, which is something more than most of our contemporaries do.

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